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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXLIII

JUNE—NOVEMBER, 1921



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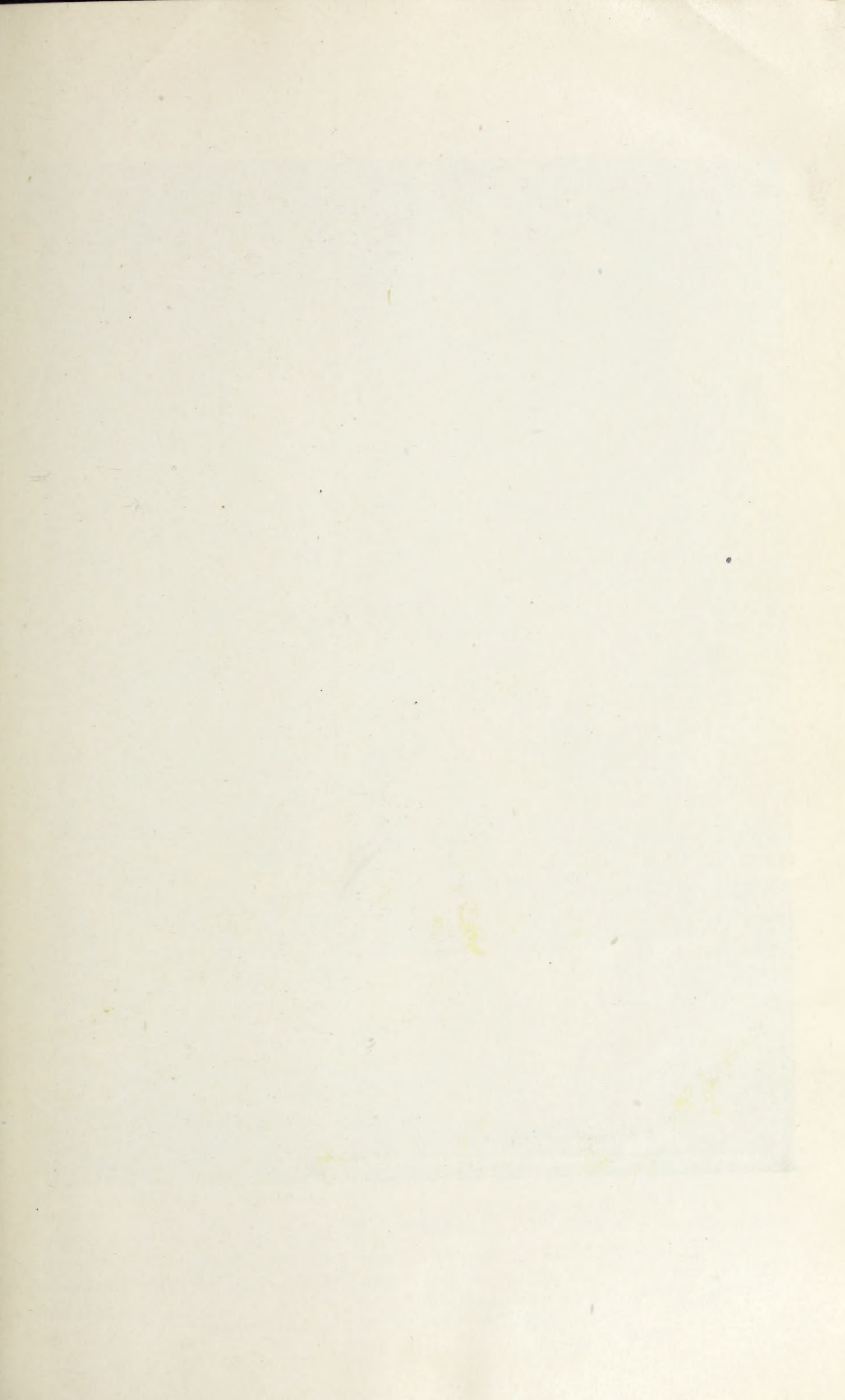
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Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The Harbor Master"

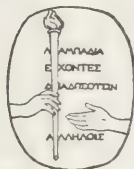
"IS IT TRUE THAT YOU DESPISE WOMEN AS THEY SAY?"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXLIII

JUNE, 1921

NO. DCCCLIII



THE SILVER LINING IN IRELAND

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

IT was the old story of the wooden horse before Troy. The father, one of His Majesty's judges in Ireland, had given it to his little girl to read, and he was delighted to find she was thrilled by it. She wanted to tell it all to him in the hour before bedtime.

"And so," she breathlessly came to an end, "they pulled it into the city. And at midnight the horse opened up—and all the Sinn Feiners came out!"

The judge didn't bargain for it, but there it was, the Sinn Feiners had caught another imagination. It was like a child who knew nothing of her elders' world, their patriotism or politics or propaganda, to adapt this legend to the quick-witted drama of her day. Often in the months we were in Ireland we had reason to think of the legend made over. It gave us the real tune of the Irish tragedy.

At half past nine one morning in the Dublin post office the sorters were waiting for the mail bags to come down the chutes. The first thing that came down was a man—with a revolver. He was hardly on his feet before thirty others came clattering in. The mail clerks found themselves with their hands in the air, relentlessly covered, and Sinn Fein walked off with the Lord Lieutenant's mail bag.

Instructed by a number of such scoops, in which Sinn Fein procured a lot of useful information, the authorities decided to use the army airplane for the transmissal of military dispatches in Ireland. The Irish, at any rate, had no airplanes. The first day that this order went into effect the military mail was to be dropped into a field in Cork which had a large whitewash ring marked on it. The Sinn Feiners, who knew enough to paint another ring a little nearer to Dublin, deceived the aviator into dropping the mail and then whisked away with it in a Ford.

The comedy reached its height when the government authorities decided to raid their own mails in Dublin instead of adopting a censorship. The south-bound trains were actually held up by a large detachment of troops while military lorries carted away the mail bags purloined from His Majesty's postal officials.

The exasperation of such incidents was not confined to mail raids. There was the awful problem of the Sinn Fein flag. More ingenuity was spent on keeping the Irish tricolor flying, or keeping it torn down, than would have bridged the Hudson. One of the most heartbreaking episodes, properly enough, came at a lunatic asylum in Clare. The lunatics erected a flagpole on the roof, from which

they flew the orange, white, and green. The first batch of troops that came by in a motor lorry stopped short to put an end to this outrage. As they stormed the institution to pull down the flag, the lunatics gibbered at them out of the windows and were entranced when it was seen that the soldiers could nowhere discover a ladder. The soldiers set their jaws. While the madmen jeered at the delay they sent the lorry to fetch a ladder from camp, and then, when the flag was ignominiously lowered, the soldiers departed triumphant, though unable to crowd the ladder in. Next day a few of them returned for it, to be greeted by a deluge of ridicule. The ladder had been painted with the Sinn Fein colors and, as the soldiers picked it from the wall, it fell into three sections, to the lunatics' impish delight.

But conflicts over the flag had no seriousness as compared to the raids for arms. On a certain day last year the British authorities let it be known that, in spite of the crows and the rabbits, they would intern all the licensed shot-guns and sporting weapons in the south of Ireland. The week before this order took effect Sinn Fein did its best to save the authorities the trouble. The result was a circus of raids.

One nervous lady thought she was to be shot as well as disarmed when a motor rolled up to her country house at midnight. All her menfolk were away at a dance. She flung a fur wrap around her and stood chattering.

"They can shoot me if they like," she called to the maids, "but I'll absolutely refuse to let them put me standing in a draught."

"I'll open the door, in any case," said one of the bolder servant maids. "Sure, they can only kill us." She opened the door. "What is it you want?"

One muffled man promenading up and down in front of the dark house pointed to the chauffeur as spokesman. The chauffeur spoke in a meek voice:

"Am I too early to take Miss May home from the dance?"

"God forgive you!" said the maid, laughing. "You have the wrong house." And another "outrage" faded away.

Many of the people in country houses and out of them remained neutral as long as possible between the Crown forces and the Irish Republican army. They suffered the two armies in prudent silence and prayed for relief. But few of them had the trying experience of one local gentleman who had been enjoying himself on a house boat on the Shannon and was picking his way home through the dark. His pleasant alcoholic meandering was rudely interrupted by a harsh, "Halt!" and he heard a metallic rattle.

"Are you a Sinn Feiner?" the inquiry shot at him.

He could make out a man in uniform, but what sort of uniform he could not even guess.

"No," he answered, very slowly. The armed man gave an ominous move. "No. But I have great sympathy with the cause!"

How he got by he doesn't know, but his wife says he arrived home perfectly sober.

The midnight "Halt!" was one of the commonest sounds we heard in Ireland. "Halt! Hands up! Fire!" That is the sequence of these exclamations that leap out of black night in Irish towns and villages.

We arrived one afternoon in Galway, some days after an imported policeman had been killed in a shooting scrape, which was followed by reprisals. A youth was taken by eight policemen from his bed at three in the morning, propped against a lamp-post, and loaded with bullets below the waistline. He died in an hour. When we arrived we were told at the hotel to have our lights out by nine o'clock, or a bullet might shoot them out. We invited no bullets, but at ten minutes past nine we crept to the dark windows to watch the patrol. It was an impressive sight. Sixteen straight-backed cavalymen, single file, rode at a slow walk in a line down

the center of the empty street, each man with his rifle on his hip. No sound but the staccato of the hoofs. Then, "Halt!" and the line broke, the lonely pedestrian surrounded on all sides by mounted men ready to fire. In an instant we hear shots, and cantering, and excited shouts, to head off some frightened civilian down a side street. Until light dawns, with a few long intervals, this shouting and scampering and stray shooting continues. No one is killed, we learn in the morning. But as the days go on the arrests multiply, one or two careless civilians are shot dead, the tension and the terrorism increase.

"I don't know your politics, sir," an elderly man in Galway who was too late for ten-o'clock mass loitered to say to me, "but there is one thing certain: You might as well try to lift the stars out of the sky as pull down the British Empire."

Another man in Galway, this time a university student, gave me the other side of the picture. "I'm glad they killed poor Quirk," he said. "Until they did that this town was nothing! It was a back yard of the Empire."

Still another man confirmed this Sinn Fein view. "We had a decent police inspector here. If he had been here the other night he'd have shot with his own revolver the policemen who seized Quirk. He was ruining Sinn Fein in Galway, he was so decent. But the present inspector is a different man. He has ambitions."

We went to see a young priest named Griffin, whose name was given to us by a youth on the street. Father Griffin was a clean-cut, clear-spoken, spirited young man, evidently closely identified with Sinn Fein. He told us that a cross, pasted together from police documents, had been plastered on his door with the words, "You are Doomed." Indeed he laughingly gave me a section of this cross, lamenting that the inscription had already been presented to an Australian colleague. He was strong in denouncing the newly imported police, called the

Black-and-Tans. "They're devils!" He spoke so freely of Sinn Fein that I said:

"Stop. I'm a stranger. You mustn't trust me."

He said, proudly enough, "We have nothing to conceal."

This young priest was kidnaped from his house in Galway in November, and some days later his body was dug from a bog, where the imported police who murdered him had tried to bury him.

We met another young priest, much less intense. He had a good deal to say about General Lucas, the British soldier whom the Sinn Feiners had managed to kidnap.

"Yes, it was great sport," said this priest, with a twinkle in his eye, "but it nearly wrecked the organization. You couldn't leave an important prisoner like that under the charge of an ordinary Volunteer. It took all of the best brigade commandants to keep him guarded night and day. We asked him what papers he was accustomed to read. He said the *London Times* and *Morning Post*. So we had to get those from London for him every day. And then we took him fishing. We had no time to attend to anything else."

"Did he talk politics?"

"No, not at first. He said: 'You are soldiers. So am I. Don't let's talk politics.' But after a while he said he thought the British Labor party could find a way out for Ireland."

"Did he escape?"

The priest's face veiled instantly. Then he smiled. "Ah, if we could only find out!"

Escapes and rescues, raids and ambushes, excursions and alarms—Ireland for several years has talked of little else. One woman I met, the housekeeper for a religious brotherhood, opened her door early one morning to find a youth standing in its shadow, in bare, bleeding feet, and around the high walls of the yard eighteen policemen waiting for a chance to catch him alive. When the door opened behind him the young man made a leap across the yard, bounded at a six-

foot gate, scrambled over it, and started the whole pack after him. The housekeeper told with glee how the "eighteen of them" ran wildly back and forward, thrusting their heads into a shed where nothing stood but an empty barrel, with its butt end toward the window, retracing their steps madly and wildly scrutinizing the bloody footprints where the fugitive had stood.

"When they took themselves away, after measuring the height of the wall and pacing the yard and writing it all down in their notebooks, I went to the shed where the little dog was barking. The head Brother told me to lay hold of the dog. 'Are you in there?' says I to the old barrel. 'I am,' says he. 'Well, you can come out now. It's all right.' 'I'm glad of that,' he says, and he came from within the barrel. And he was as fine a young man as you did ever see, but his feet were terribly cut. 'Come into the house,' I says, and I brought him in by the fire in the kitchen. Now the Brothers came in, and they were frightened lest he be found there, but I set the young one of them to watch by the window while I gave the young man a bowl of porridge.

"'They're coming again!' says the young Brother; and sure enough they were, the eighteen of them, marching back into the yard. Oh, all the Brothers wanted to save him now, to put him in behind the clock or hide him upstairs, or to dress him up in a soutane. But there wasn't a minute. 'Go in there,' says I to him—'in that place in under the stairs.' There was a little heap of potatoes emptied in front of him, and I threw the newspaper over him crouched in the corner, and locked the door. But you could see in easy enough through the window, and reach in and touch him, too. Oh, you never saw such wild searching in all your life. They opened up cupboards where you couldn't store a dog. Aye, they opened the tall clock to see if he was in with the works. I led them everywhere. 'You can search where ye like,' I says to them.

"'Open this cupboard,' they says to me when they came to the place he was hid. 'I haven't the key, but you can put your head in the window and see everything is to be seen.' And they hurried on.

"And that time, after they were well gone, I took him out and we gave him a good breakfast, the poor fellow. Oh, it would break your heart to see his feet. I sent the young Brother over to his room to bring back his clothes, and the lad dressed then, and climbed the back walls, and walked out the front door of his own lodging house between the policemen afterward."

"What happened to him since?"

"He was from Clare, sir, and was 'on the run' for months. After he left us he went up north and he was in an attack on a police barrack, and as he was lying in the ditch, directing the attack, a stray bullet killed him. The Sinn Feiners gave out he died of pneumonia, not to give the police the satisfaction. And after a few days they took his body home to Clare. It was a great pity entirely; he was such a fine, clean young man, and he had such spirit in him."

The feeling about the Royal Irish Constabulary was cordial nowhere in Ireland. It was unfavorable in the south, where this old military police combined with the new auxiliaries from England to hunt down Sinn Fein; and it was unfavorable in the north, where the old military police combined with the military to stop Orange rioting. A Protestant clergyman in the south of Ireland was cycling home in the rain late at night when he got a bad puncture. He knew there was a police barrack in a small town near by, and, in spite of the sandbagged windows and the Lewis gun that peeped from the iron shutters upstairs, he ventured to knock.

"Who's there?" a gruff voice shouted to him.

He replied, "A friend."

"Be off to hell with you!" the voice responded. "We have no friends."

This conviction led to hundreds of

resignations from the police force when Sinn Fein began attacking isolated barracks and driving the police into crowded quarters in the towns.

"How do you spend your time in those crowded barracks?" a simple policeman was asked.

"Oh, drinkin' an' prayin', sir; drinkin' an' prayin'."

When Sinn Fein began to organize its own police courts it had no prisons. The only thing it could do, in the case of its wilder culprits, was to exile a batch of them to one of the Aran Islands. The British authorities naturally supposed that they'd welcome a rescue. One day the Royal Irish constables set out in a boat to release them. No sooner did it dawn on the prisoners that they might owe their rescue to the despised R. I. C. than they greeted the constables with a fusillade of stones. The police everywhere soon learned that local justice had become the prerogative of Sinn Fein, and I ran into one case where a local major, the victim of burglary, was directed by the police themselves to consult the Irish Volunteers. This he did, and within a week the burglar was captured. But what to do with him? He was a well-known local tough, and Sinn Fein temporarily installed him in a deserted castle. In a few days he managed to escape. Returning to town, he informed the military that a certain Sinn Feiner had been his jailer, and this young Sinn Feiner was arrested and sentenced to two years in jail.

"Think of it," said a British magistrate to me. "You have the police unable to act. You have the volunteer policeman acting successfully. And then you have the volunteer policeman put in jail for two years for bringing a scoundrel to justice, and you have the scoundrel walking scot-free around the town."

Justice at the hands of these young Volunteers is sometimes exemplary. There was the case of a farmer's wife who had for a long time vainly desired a son and heir. She had in her employment

a young country girl and one day she learned that this young girl was in trouble and was soon to be confined. So anxious was the farmer's wife to do the right thing by her lord and master, she decided to fulfill the letter as well as the spirit of maternity and she began to dress for her part. When the young girl's time was come the farmer's wife sent for an old nurse and then dispatched her husband to Dublin for some special medicine that insured his absence overnight. On his return he found himself the father of a splendid boy, the country girl was in bed with a severe cold, and the mother was doing as well as could be desired.

No hitch occurred for months. The country girl was satisfied, so was the farmer's wife, so was the farmer. But the old nurse could not keep her secret and it got to the ears of a Volunteer. He was a very stern Volunteer, with a fierce desire for justice. He and his comrades scoured the country until they found the real father of the child. Then they demanded that he acknowledge and claim his child and marry the baby's mother. Before they got through the Volunteers wreaked justice on every one concerned.

Yet the Volunteers, as a rule, do not concentrate on Blue Laws and a sinless universe. There is one decision quoted everywhere in Ireland—the decision in regard to dividing a farm by which the older disputant was to make the division and the younger to make the choice. This is much more the kind of verdict of which Sinn Feiners are inclined to boast. They are also inclined to boast, in Clare, how Clare prisoners are deported to Galway. And Galway people exult in the fact that they deport *their* prisoners to Clare.

In starting to fight an organization like the Volunteers, to which "every Irishman worth his salt" belongs, the professional soldier was at a great disadvantage. Because Ireland was nominally part of the Empire, the soldier was forced to assume that Ireland was friendly. But that friendliness, he soon

found, was a myth. If a young girl walked with a soldier she was boycotted in her community. If young ladies played tennis with the officers, other young ladies taunted them about the Army of Occupation. In Belfast the soldier was at first cheered by the familiar sight of the Union Jack. It was the only place in Ireland he saw the Union Jack. But after a week in Belfast he discovered that the Union Jack was the symbol of Orangeism, and armored cars turned their fire on mobs that thought the Union Jack would give them immunity. Until martial law in the south of Ireland established an open opposition between the people and the military, the occupation bewildered many of the new recruits from England. There was one harassed recruit who put his real grievance to his captors: "Here, Paddy; you can have my rifle. Shoot the bloody captain!"

Belfast is a city apart from the rest of Ireland. Underneath the apparent businesslike exterior of this semi-American city there is a heat of political and religious passion that reminds one of East St. Louis. The Sinn Feiners are in a compact religious, social, and economic minority; the community as a whole is definitely Unionist, mercantile, and Presbyterian. The stranger does not need to make a single inquiry as to the existence of passion. All he needs is to take any street car and then, as he travels from the center, look up and down the cross streets. In front of countless Belfast dwellings he'll observe a little mound of paving stones. These have been gathered up since the last row and are waiting for the next one. They are known as "kidneys." And the pocketfuls of bolts which the shipyard workers bring home with them to use as ammunition are known as Belfast butterflies or confetti. Up and down the thoroughfares on which the street cars run, the loose bricks and stones pepper the asphalt for miles. It is a battlefield several times a year.

To remove temptation, the municipal

council of Belfast once thought it would pass an ordinance to pave the whole of the city with asphalt. To this sane proposition both sides heartily agreed. Then the question arose, with which quarter to begin? Naturally, the majority in the corporation decided to begin with the Nationalists or Sinn Feiners. At this prospect the whole fighting Sinn Fein community revolted. Were they going to be deprived of their sole means of self-defense while Orange Belfast still had millions of cobblestones? They'd die first. So Belfast is still corrugated with ammunition.

The great shibboleths in Belfast are shibboleths of religion. During the riots of 1920, in which over eighty civilians were killed, an American newspaper photographer got sidetracked in an excited Unionist neighborhood. Strong men from every side surrounded him and glared at him.

"What are ye?"

"I'm an American," he stammered.

"Nay, but—what *are* ye?"

"I'm a newspaper photographer."

"Nay, nay! What relection are ye?"

"Lutheran."

"Lutheran?" They were horribly puzzled. "We never heard of that. Is that Protestant or Papish?"

The American saw light. "Protestant!" he shouted. And he was free.

But Belfast is very human. During the riots ten thousand Catholic workmen were driven from their employment and most of them were thrown out of their homes. One Catholic family was invaded by some young men who called themselves Ulster Volunteers, and the entire household was ordered to vacate in half an hour. The young women of the family had known their Presbyterian neighbors for years. They ran next door to tell that they were being evicted.

The Presbyterian neighbors, also Ulster Volunteers, said, "Who are they?"

"They say they're Volunteers."

"Wait a minute."

A group of the young men from up and down the street went into the Catholic

household. There was a brief interval, and then the young women were told they could return. It appeared that the strangers maintained that they were good Carsonite Volunteers, and even showed credentials, but their credentials were not considered satisfactory.

"What really happened?"

"Oh, we gave 'em a wee beatin'."

"Was that all?"

"Oh yes, that was all. Two of them are out of hospital already."

The spirit of neighborliness has shown itself to be the master of passion on both sides, all over Ireland, but when the patriot is cornered by a stranger he takes to rhetoric. One of Carson's members of Parliament said to my wife in Belfast: "We never imported rifles from Germany. And even if we did, it was for the good of the Empire." It is like the old story of assassination in the south of Ireland. "You have nothing to confess except shooting a landlord? Tell me a serious sin of your past life so that I may give you absolution."

But men of rival religions do not readily make friends in Ulster. A famous Presbyterian preacher fell into a pond in Lisburn. He was rescued by a total stranger.

"Whom have I to thank for this great kindness?" the preacher gasped.

"I am the new Catholic curate."

"I'm ruined," said the preacher. "For God's sake, throw me back again!"

It is the same perception of incompatibility that the little Belfast girl revealed at Sunday school.

"Who made you, my child?"

"I don't know."

"Oh yes, you do! God made you. God made everybody."

"Did he make the Papishes, too?"

"Oh yes, he did."

"He'll rue that!"

The religious situation in the south of Ireland is the situation of a Protestant minority so tiny that it is protected by its weakness. One Monday morning in the old cathedral in Limerick, now half boarded up and the rest used by the

Episcopalians, I got an idea of the size of things. I was chatting busily with a woman in a rusty black when the verger came up to her and said, "You're wanted." I begged her pardon as she hurried away to the morning service in a side chapel. There the parson stood in his surplice, engaging an elderly lady in prayer. I had been holding up the other half of the congregation.

The shibboleths in the south are political, not religious. Sir Horace Plunkett quotes a man in Tipperary who opposed a co-operative creamery on the ground that "Butter must be made on Nationalist lines, or not at all." But that was in the days before co-operative creameries were considered a stronghold of nationalism and were burned by the police and military to break down Sinn Fein. The later Philistine takes a less solemn tone in regard to the upper class's helping Ireland.

"What's Michael doing now?" one plain Irishman asked another at a wayside inn.

"Sure, he's gone to work for the Irish Agricultural Organization Society."

"Go to God! What does the like of him know about agriculture?"

"Well, he's after picking up this job with the Beekeepers' Association. I think that's what he called it."

"And what is he doing with them, the poor fellow?"

"Sure, he's going up and down Ireland with a stallion bee."

This unholy lightness is one way of taking life in Ireland. But suppressed emotion led to a very different popular expression in the middle of last summer. At a place called Curragheen, in the center of Catholic Ireland, a young man declared that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him and, after he had been directed to a spring that gushed from the earthen floor in his room, all his clay religious statues—of which he had many—began to bleed, and bled profusely. The import of this extraordinary happening was not clear, but as soon as the word of it spread, thousands and tens of

thousands went on a pilgrimage to Templemore, the town that was nearest to Curragheen. The properties of the little spring at Curragheen were at once said to be healing, and my wife and I traveled on a train to Templemore that was packed with pilgrims, many of them lame and halt and blind and tuberculous, with their faces pathetically illumined by desire and faith. In the same crowded train were peddlers and mendicants and harpies, all gathering to exploit the pilgrims. There was one grizzled adventurer who had a handful of cheap pictures of Archbishop Mannix, to be sold for two shillings apiece.

"Do you know Templemore?" I inquired from him.

"Aye, I do well. Ah, it's time they had a miracle there—it was an empty ould place."

But it would be absurd to think that of the ten or fifteen thousand visitors who came every day from all over Ireland in search of emotional outlet there were more than a small proportion of unquestioning faithful. I talked to one elderly farmer who made the excursion in a Ford with his entire family. "I never got a sight of the holy well at all at all. I stood in line for two hours until we came to a little stile, and as I was getting up on the stile a weighty woman fell back on me, and then a great wave of people came from behind, and I was swept out of the line. So I never got

to see it at all. But I heard the crowd was so big they had the water in buckets to fill the bottles. They didn't fill them any more from the well. And there was a box on the table for a collection. I don't know for what the collection was, but there is always a collection. But after we left there the real meracle happened, so it did, and I'm glad to be alive this day."

"What miracle?"

"Well, we were motoring home after dinner at Nenagh—and it was a good dinner itself. As we went round a turn we very nearly ran into a motor lorry full of armed soldiers. It came round the turn as big as a threshing machine, right in the middle of the road, and going I don't know how many miles an hour. Well, we went into the dike just in time to escape a second of them, and then I counted nine of them go thundering by in a cloud of dust the like of it I never saw before. And after they passed we went on safe and sound. And that was the meracle."

What is the use of trying to overawe a people like that? Their own intangible miracles they take with mysterious seriousness yet mysterious humor. The thunder of military power leaves them laughing. They have wiles, like the ancient Greeks, to baffle their great adversaries. And even when they lie captured, they cannot yield their wit or their will.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

V.—*THE FAD OF THE FISHERMAN*

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

A THING can sometimes be too extraordinary to be remembered. If it is clean out of the course of things, and has apparently no causes and no consequences, subsequent events do not recall it, and it remains only a subconscious thing, to be stirred by some accident long after. It drifts apart like a forgotten dream; and it was in the hour of many dreams, at daybreak and very soon after the end of dark, that such a strange sight was given to a man sculling a boat down a river in the West Country. The man was awake; indeed, he considered himself rather wide awake, being a rising political journalist named Harold March, on his way to interview various political celebrities in their country seats. But the thing he saw was so inconsequent that it might have been imaginary. It simply slipped past his mind and was lost in later and utterly different events; nor did he even recover the memory till he had long afterward discovered the meaning.

Pale mists of morning lay on the fields and the rushes along one margin of the river; along the other side ran a wall of tawny brick almost overhanging the water. He had shipped his oars and was drifting for a moment with the stream, when he turned his head and saw that the monotony of the long brick wall was broken by a bridge; rather an elegant eighteenth-century sort of bridge with little columns of white stone turning gray. There had been floods and the river still stood very high, with dwarfish trees waist-deep in it, and rather a narrow arc of white dawn gleamed under the curve of the bridge.

As his own boat went under the dark archway he saw another boat coming toward him, rowed by a man as solitary as himself. His posture prevented much being seen of him, but as he neared the bridge he stood up in the boat and turned round. He was already so close to the dark entry, however, that his whole figure was black against the morning light, and March could see nothing of his face except the end of two long whiskers or mustaches that gave something sinister to the silhouette, like horns in the wrong place. Even these details March would never have noticed but for what happened in the same instant. As the man came under the low bridge he made a leap at it and hung, with his legs dangling, letting the boat float away from under him. March had a momentary vision of two black kicking legs; then of one black kicking leg; and then of nothing except the eddying stream and the long perspective of the wall. But whenever he thought of it again, long afterward, when he understood the story in which it figured, it was always fixed in that one fantastic shape—as if those wild legs were a grotesque graven ornament of the bridge itself, in the manner of a gargoyle. At the moment he merely passed, staring, down the stream. He could see no flying figure on the bridge, so it must have already fled; but he was half conscious of some faint significance in the fact that among the trees round the bridgehead opposite the wall he saw a lamp-post; and, beside the lamp-post, the broad blue back of an unconscious policeman.

Even before reaching the shrine of his

political pilgrimage he had many other things to think of besides the odd incident of the bridge; for the management of a boat by a solitary man was not always easy even on such a solitary stream. And indeed it was only by an unforeseen accident that he was solitary. The boat had been purchased and the whole expedition planned in conjunction with a friend, who had at the last moment been forced to alter all his arrangements. Harold March was to have traveled with his friend Horne Fisher on that inland voyage to Willowood Place, where the Prime Minister was a guest at the moment. More and more people were hearing of Harold March, for his striking political articles were opening to him the doors of larger and larger *salons*; but he had never met the Prime Minister yet. Scarcely anybody among the general public had ever heard of Horne Fisher; but he had known the Prime Minister all his life. For these reasons, had the two taken the projected journey together, March might have been slightly disposed to hasten it and Fisher vaguely content to lengthen it out. For Fisher was one of those people who are born knowing the Prime Minister. The knowledge seemed to have no very exhilarant effect, and in his case bore some resemblance to being born tired. Horne Fisher was a tall, pale, fair man, with a bald brow and a listless manner, and it was seldom that he expressed irritation in any warmer form than that of weariness. But he was distinctly annoyed to receive, just as he was doing a little light packing of fishing tackle and cigars for the journey, a telegram from Willowood asking him to come down at once by train, as the Prime Minister had to leave that night. Fisher knew that his friend the journalist could not possibly start till the next day, and he liked his friend the journalist, and had looked forward to a few days on the river. He did not particularly like or dislike the Prime Minister, but he intensely disliked the alternative of a few hours in the train. Nevertheless, he

accepted Prime Ministers as he accepted railway trains—as part of a system which he, at least, was not the revolutionist sent on earth to destroy. So he telephoned to March, asking him, with many apologetic curses and faint damns, to take the boat down the river as arranged, that they might meet at Willowood by the time settled; then he went outside and hailed a taxicab to take him to the railway station. There he paused at the bookstall to add to his light luggage a number of cheap murder stories, which he read with great pleasure, and without any premonition that he was about to walk into as strange a story in real life.

A little before sunset he arrived, with his light suitcase in his hand, before the gate of the long riverside gardens of Willowood Place, one of the smaller seats of Sir Isaac Hook, the master of much shipping and many newspapers. He entered by the gate giving on the road, at the opposite side to the river, but there was a mixed quality in all that watery landscape which perpetually reminded a traveler that the river was near. White gleams of water would shine suddenly like swords or spears in the green thickets. And even in the garden itself, divided into courts and curtained with hedges and high garden trees, there hung everywhere in the air the music of water. The first of the green courts which he entered appeared to be a somewhat neglected croquet lawn, in which was a solitary young man playing croquet against himself. Yet he was not an enthusiast for the game, or even for the garden; and his sallow but well-featured face looked rather sullen than otherwise. He was only one of those young men who cannot support the burden of consciousness unless they are doing something, and whose conceptions of doing something are limited to a game of some kind. He was dark and well dressed in a light holiday fashion, and Fisher recognized him at once as a young man named James Bullen, called, for some unknown reason,



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

MARCH HAD A MOMENTARY VISION OF TWO BLACK KICKING LEGS

Bunker. He was the nephew of Sir Isaac; but, what was much more important at the moment, he was also the private secretary of the Prime Minister.

"Hullo, Bunker!" observed Horne Fisher. "You're the sort of man I wanted to see. Has your chief come down yet?"

"He's only staying for dinner," replied Bullen, with his eye on the yellow ball. "He's got a great speech to-morrow at Birmingham and he's going straight through to-night. He's motor-ing himself there; driving the car, I mean. It's the one thing he's really proud of."

"You mean you're staying here with your uncle, like a good boy?" replied Fisher. "But what will the Chief do at Birmingham without the epigrams whispered to him by his brilliant secretary?"

"Don't you start ragging me," said the young man called Bunker. "I'm only too glad not to go trailing after him. He doesn't know a thing about maps or money or hotels or anything, and I have to dance about like a courier. As for my uncle, as I'm supposed to come into the estate, it's only decent to be here sometimes."

"Very proper," replied the other. "Well, I shall see you later on," and, crossing the lawn, he passed out through a gap in the hedge.

He was walking across the lawn toward the landing stage on the river, and still felt all around him, under the dome of golden evening, an old world savor and reverberation in that river-haunted garden. The next square of turf which he crossed seemed at first sight quite deserted, till he saw in the twilight of trees in one corner of it a hammock and in the hammock a man, reading a newspaper and swinging one leg over the edge of the net.

Him also he hailed by name, and the man slipped to the ground and strolled forward. It seemed fated that he should feel something of the past in the accidents of that place, for the figure might well have been an early-Victorian ghost

revisiting the ghosts of the croquet hoops and mallets. It was the figure of an elderly man with long whiskers that looked almost fantastic, and a quaint and careful cut of collar and cravat. Having been a fashionable dandy forty years ago, he had managed to preserve the dandyism while ignoring the fashions. A white top-hat lay beside the *Morning Post* in the hammock behind him. This was the Duke of Westmoreland, the relic of a family really some centuries old; and the antiquity was not heraldry but history. Nobody knew better than Fisher how rare such noblemen are in fact, and how numerous in fiction. But whether the duke owed the general respect he enjoyed to the genuineness of his pedigree or to the fact that he owned a vast amount of very valuable property was a point about which Mr. Fisher's opinion might have been more interesting to discover.

"You were looking so comfortable," said Fisher, "that I thought you must be one of the servants. I'm looking for somebody to take this bag of mine; I haven't brought a man down, as I came away in a hurry."

"Nor have I, for that matter," replied the duke, with some pride. "I never do. If there's one animal alive I loathe it's a valet. I learned to dress myself at an early age and was supposed to do it decently. I may be in my second childhood, but I've not got so far as being dressed like a child."

"The Prime Minister hasn't brought a valet; he's brought a secretary instead," observed Fisher. "Devilish inferior job. Didn't I hear that Harker was down here?"

"He's over there on the landing stage," replied the duke, indifferently, and resumed the study of the *Morning Post*.

Fisher made his way beyond the last green wall of the garden on to a sort of towing path looking on the river and a wooded island opposite. There, indeed, he saw a lean, dark figure with a stoop almost like that of a vulture, a posture

well known in the law courts as that of Sir John Harker, the Attorney-General. His face was lined with headwork, for alone among the three idlers in the garden he was a man who had made his own way; and round his bald brow and hollow temples clung dull red hair, quite flat, like plates of copper.

"I haven't seen my host yet," said Horne Fisher, in a slightly more serious tone than he had used to the others, "but I suppose I shall meet him at dinner."

"You can see him now; but you can't meet him," answered Harker.

He nodded his head toward one end of the island opposite, and, looking steadily in the same direction, the other guest could see the dome of a bald head and the top of a fishing rod, both equally motionless, rising out of the tall undergrowth against the background of the stream beyond. The fisherman seemed to be seated against the stump of a tree and facing toward the other bank, so that his face could not be seen, but the shape of his head was unmistakable.

"He doesn't like to be disturbed when he's fishing," continued Harker. "It's a sort of fad of his to eat nothing but fish, and he's very proud of catching his own. Of course he's all for simplicity, like so many of these millionaires. He likes to come in saying he's worked for his daily food like a laborer."

"Does he explain how he blows all the glass and stuffs all the upholstery," asked Fisher, "and makes all the silver forks, and grows all the grapes and peaches, and designs all the patterns on the carpets? I've always heard he was a busy man."

"I don't think he mentioned it," answered the lawyer. "What is the meaning of this social satire?"

"Well, I am a trifle tired," said Fisher, "of the Simple Life and the Strenuous Life as lived by our little set. We're all really dependent in nearly everything, and we all make a fuss about being independent in something. The Prime Minister prides himself on doing without

a chauffeur, but he can't do without a factotum and Jack-of-all-trades; and poor old Bunker has to play the part of a universal genius, which God knows he was never meant for. The duke prides himself on doing without a valet, but, for all that, he must give a lot of people an infernal lot of trouble to collect such extraordinary old clothes as he wears. He must have them looked up in the British Museum or excavated out of the tombs. That white hat alone must require a sort of expedition fitted out to find it, like the North Pole. And here we have old Hook pretending to produce his own fish when he couldn't produce his own fish knives or fish forks to eat it with. He may be simple about simple things like food, but you bet he's luxurious about luxurious things, especially little things. I don't include you; you've worked too hard to enjoy playing at work."

"I sometimes think," said Harker, "that you conceal a horrid secret of being useful sometimes. Haven't you come down here to see Number One before he goes on to Birmingham?"

Horne Fisher answered, in a lower voice: "Yes; and I hope to be lucky enough to catch him before dinner. He's got to see Sir Isaac about something just afterward."

"Hullo!" exclaimed Harker. "Sir Isaac's finished his fishing. I know he prides himself on getting up at sunrise and going in at sunset."

The old man on the island had indeed risen to his feet, facing round and showing a bush of gray beard with rather small, sunken features, but fierce eyebrows and keen, choleric eyes. Carefully carrying his fishing tackle, he was already making his way back to the mainland across a bridge of flat stepping-stones a little way down the shallow stream; then he veered round, coming toward his guests and civilly saluting them. There were several fish in his basket and he was in a good temper.

"Yes," he said, acknowledging Fisher's polite expression of surprise, "I get

up before anybody else in the house, I think. The early bird catches the worm."

"Unfortunately," said Harker, "it is the early fish that catches the worm."

"But the early man catches the fish," replied the old man, gruffly.

"But from what I hear, Sir Isaac, you are the late man, too," interposed Fisher. "You must do with very little sleep."

"I never had much time for sleeping," answered Hook, "and I shall have to be the late man to-night, anyhow. The Prime Minister wants to have a talk, he tells me, and, all things considered, I think we'd better be dressing for dinner."

Dinner passed off that evening without a word of politics and little enough but ceremonial trifles. The Prime Minister, Lord Merivale, who was a long, slim man with curly gray hair, was gravely complimentary to his host about his success as a fisherman and the skill and patience he displayed; the conversation flowed like the shallow stream through the stepping-stones.

"It wants patience to wait for them, no doubt," said Sir Isaac, "and skill to play them, but I'm generally pretty lucky at it."

"Does a big fish ever break the line and get away?" inquired the politician, with respectful interest.

"Not the sort of line I use," answered Hook, with satisfaction. "I rather specialize in tackle, as a matter of fact. If he were strong enough to do that, he'd be strong enough to pull me into the river."

"A great loss to the community," said the Prime Minister, bowing.

Fisher had listened to all these futilities with inward impatience, waiting for his own opportunity, and when their host rose he sprang to his feet with an alertness he rarely showed. He managed to catch Lord Merivale before Sir Isaac bore him off for the final interview. He had only a few words to say, but he wanted to get them said

He said, in a low voice as he opened the door for the Premier, "I have seen Montmirail; he says that unless we protest immediately on behalf of Denmark, Sweden will certainly seize the ports."

Lord Merivale nodded. "I'm just going to hear what Hook has to say about it," he said.

"I imagine," said Fisher, with a faint smile, "that there is very little doubt what he will say about it."

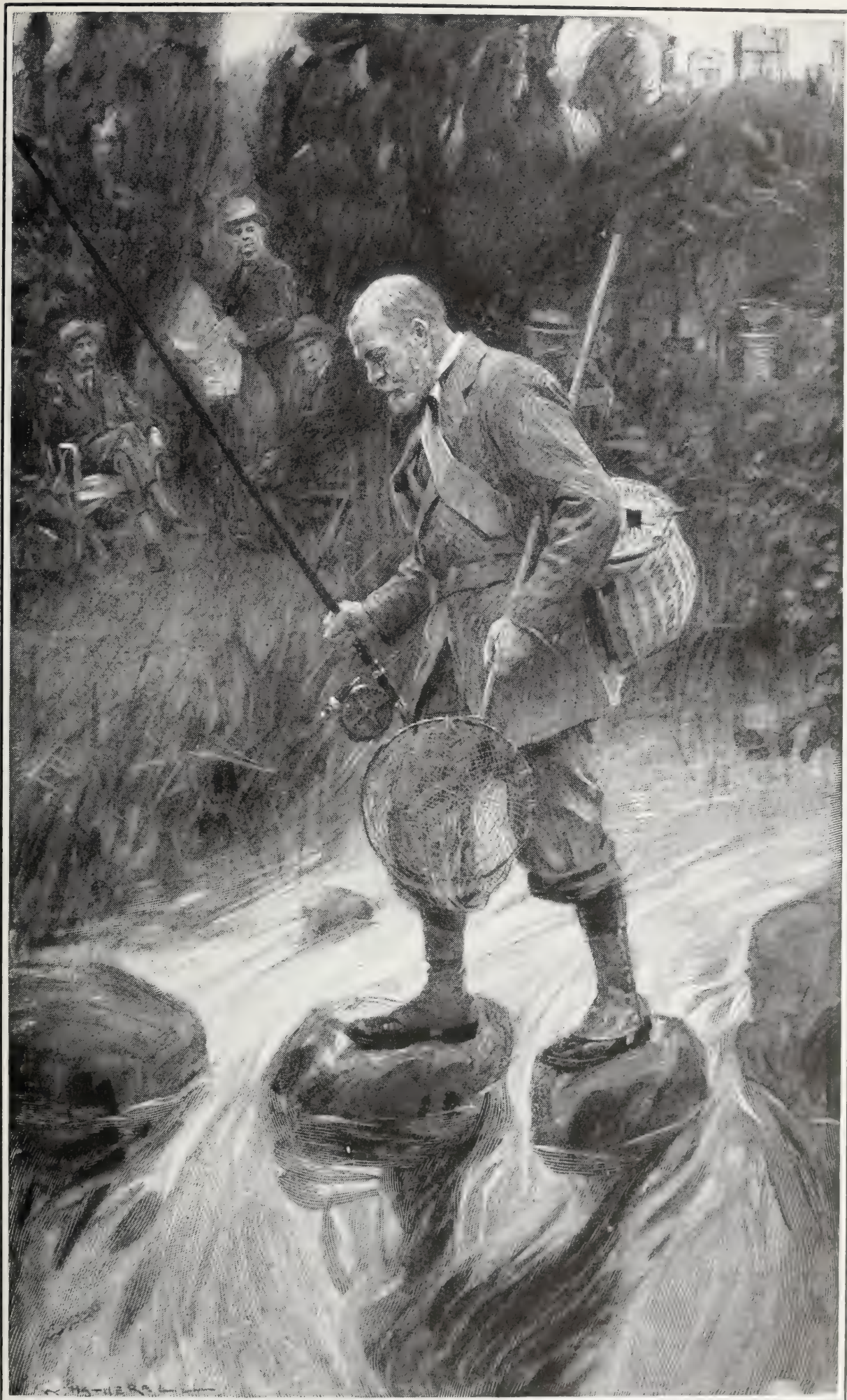
Merivale did not answer, but lounged gracefully toward the library, whither his host had already preceded him. The rest drifted toward the billiard room, Fisher merely remarking to the lawyer: "They won't be long. We know they're practically in agreement."

"Hook entirely supports the Prime Minister," assented Harker.

"Or the Prime Minister entirely supports Hook," said Horne Fisher, and began idly to knock the balls about on the billiard table.

Horne Fisher came down next morning in a late and leisurely fashion, as was his reprehensible habit; he had evidently no appetite for catching worms. But the other guests seemed to have felt a similar indifference, and they helped themselves to breakfast from the sideboard at intervals during the hours verging upon lunch. So that it was not many hours later when the first sensation of that strange day came upon them. It came in the form of a young man with light hair and a candid expression, who came sculling down the river and disembarked at the landing stage. It was, in fact, no other than Mr. Harold March, the journalistic friend of Mr. Fisher, whose journey had begun far away up the river in the earliest hours of that day. He arrived late in the afternoon, having stopped for tea in a large riverside town, and he had a pink evening paper sticking out of his pocket. He fell on the riverside garden like a quiet and well-behaved thunderbolt, but he was a thunderbolt without knowing it.

The first exchange of salutations and introductions was commonplace enough,



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

THERE WERE SEVERAL FISH IN HIS BASKET AND HE WAS IN A GOOD TEMPER

and consisted, indeed, of the inevitable repetition of excuses for the eccentric seclusion of the host. He had gone fishing again, of course, and must not be disturbed till the appointed hour, though he sat within a stone's throw of where they stood.

"You see it's his only hobby," observed Harker, apologetically, "and, after all, it's his own house; and he's very hospitable in other ways."

"I'm rather afraid," said Fisher, in a lower voice, "that it's becoming more of a mania than a hobby. I know how it is when a man of that age begins to collect things, if it's only collecting those rotten little river fish. You remember Talbot's uncle with his toothpicks, and poor old Buzzy and the waste of cigar ashes. Hook has done a lot of big things in his time—the great deal in the Swedish timber trade and the Peace Conference at Chicago—but I doubt whether he cares now for any of those big things as he cares for those little fish."

"Oh, come, come," protested the Attorney-General. "You'll make Mr. March think he has come to call on a lunatic. Believe me, Hook only does it for fun, like any other sport, only he's of the kind that takes his fun sadly. But I bet if there were big news about timber or shipping, he would drop his fun and his fish all right."

"Well, I wonder," said Horne Fisher, looking sleepily at the island in the river.

"By the way, is there any news of anything?" asked Harker of Harold March. "I see you've got an evening paper; one of those enterprising evening papers that come out in the morning."

"The beginning of Lord Merivale's Birmingham speech," replied March, handing him the paper. "It's only a paragraph, but it seems to me rather good."

Harker took the paper, flapped and refolded it, and looked at the "Stop Press" news. It was, as March had said, only a paragraph. But it was a paragraph

that had a peculiar effect on Sir John Harker. His lowering brows lifted with a flicker and his eyes blinked, and for a moment his leathery jaw was loosened. He looked in some odd fashion like a very old man. Then, hardening his voice and handing the paper to Fisher without a tremor, he simply said:

"Well, here's a chance for the bet. You've got your big news to disturb the old man's fishing."

Horne Fisher was looking at the paper, and over his more languid and less expressive features a change also seemed to pass. Even that little paragraph had two or three large headlines, and his eye encountered, "Sensational Warning to Sweden," and, "We Shall Protest."

"What the devil—" he said, and his words softened first to a whisper and then a whistle.

"We must tell old Hook at once, or he'll never forgive us," said Harker. "He'll probably want to see Number One instantly, though it may be too late now. I'm going across to him at once. I bet I'll make him forget his fish, anyhow." And, turning his back, he made his way hurriedly along the riverside to the causeway of flat stones.

March was staring at Fisher, in amazement at the effect his pink paper had produced.

"What does it all mean?" he cried. "I always supposed we should protest in defense of the Danish ports, for their sakes and our own. What is all this botheration about Sir Isaac and the rest of you? Do you think it bad news?"

"Bad news!" repeated Fisher, with a sort of soft emphasis beyond expression.

"Is it as bad as all that?" asked his friend, at last.

"As bad as all that?" repeated Fisher. "Why of course it's as good as it can be. It's great news. It's glorious news! That's where the devil of it comes in, to knock us all silly. It's admirable. It's inestimable. It is also quite incredible."

He gazed again at the gray and green colors of the island and the river, and his

rather dreary eye traveled slowly round to the hedges and the lawns.

"I felt this garden was a sort of dream," he said, "and I suppose I must be dreaming. But there is grass growing and water moving; and something impossible has happened."

Even as he spoke the dark figure with a stoop like a vulture appeared in the gap of the hedge just above him.

"You have won your bet," said Harker, in a harsh and almost croaking voice. "The old fool cares for nothing but fishing. He cursed me and told me he would talk no politics."

"I thought it might be so," said Fisher, modestly. "What are you going to do next?"

"I shall use the old idiot's telephone, anyhow," replied the lawyer. "I must find out exactly what has happened. I've got to speak for the Government myself to-morrow." And he hurried away toward the house.

In the silence that followed, a very bewildering silence so far as March was concerned, they saw the quaint figure of the Duke of Westmoreland, with his white hat and whiskers, approaching them across the garden. Fisher instantly stepped toward him with the pink paper in his hand, and, with a few words, pointed out the apocalyptic paragraph. The duke, who had been walking slowly, stood quite still, and for some seconds he looked like a tailor's dummy standing and staring outside some antiquated shop. Then March heard his voice, and it was high and almost hysterical:

"But he must see it; he must be made to understand. It cannot have been put to him properly." Then, with a certain recovery of fullness and even pomposity in the voice, "I shall go and tell him myself."

Among the queer incidents of that afternoon, March always remembered something almost comical about the clear picture of the old gentleman in his wonderful white hat carefully stepping from stone to stone across the river, like a figure crossing the traffic in Piccadilly.

Then he disappeared behind the trees of the island, and March and Fisher turned to meet the Attorney-General, who was coming out of the house with a visage of grim assurance.

"Everybody is saying," he said, "that the Prime Minister has made the greatest speech of his life. Peroration and loud and prolonged cheers. Corrupt financiers and heroic peasants. We will not desert Denmark again."

Fisher nodded and turned away toward the towing path, where he saw the duke returning with a rather dazed expression. In answer to question, he said, in a husky and confidential voice:

"I really think our poor friend cannot be himself. He refused to listen; he—ah—suggested that I might frighten the fish."

A keen ear might have detected a murmur from Mr. Fisher on the subject of a white hat, but Sir John Harker struck in more decisively:

"Fisher was quite right. I didn't believe it myself, but it's quite clear that the old fellow is fixed on this fishing notion by now. If the house caught fire behind him he would hardly move till sunset."

Fisher had continued his stroll toward the higher embanked ground of the towing path, and he now swept a long and searching gaze, not toward the island, but toward the distant wooded heights that were the walls of the valley. An evening sky as clear as that of the previous day was settling down all over the dim landscape, but toward the west it was now red rather than gold; there was scarcely any sound but the monotonous music of the river. Then came the sound of a half-stifled exclamation from Horne Fisher, and Harold March looked up at him in wonder.

"You spoke of bad news," said Fisher. "Well, there is really bad news now. I am afraid this is a bad business."

"What bad news do you mean?" asked his friend, conscious of something strange and sinister in his voice.

"The sun has set," answered Fisher.

He went on with the air of one conscious of having said something fatal. "We must get somebody to go across whom he will really listen to. He may be mad, but there's method in his madness. There nearly always is method in madness. It's what drives men mad, being methodical. And he never goes on sitting there after sunset, with the whole place getting dark. Where's his nephew? I believe he's really fond of his nephew."

"Look!" cried March, abruptly. "Why, he's been across already. There he is coming back."

And, looking up the river once more, they saw, dark against the sunset reflections, the figure of James Bullen stepping hastily and rather clumsily from stone to stone. Once he slipped on a stone with a slight splash. When he rejoined the group on the bank his olive face was unnaturally pale.

The other four men had already gathered on the same spot and almost simultaneously were calling out to him, "What does he say now?"

"Nothing. He says—nothing."

Fisher looked at the young man steadily for a moment; then he started from his immobility and, making a motion to March to follow him, himself strode down to the river crossing. In a few moments they were on the little beaten track that ran round the wooded island, to the other side of it where the fisherman sat. Then they stood and looked at him, without a word.

Sir Isaac Hook was still sitting propped up against the stump of the tree, and that for the best of reasons. A length of his own infallible fishing line was twisted and tightened twice round his throat and then twice round the wooden prop behind him. The leading investigator ran forward and touched the fisherman's hand, and it was as cold as a fish.

"The sun has set," said Horne Fisher, in the same terrible tones, "and he will never see it rise again."

Ten minutes afterward the five men, shaken by such a shock, were again to-

gether in the garden, looking at one another with white but watchful faces. The lawyer seemed the most alert of the group; he was articulate if somewhat abrupt.

"We must leave the body as it is and telephone for the police," he said. "I think my own authority will stretch to examining the servants and the poor fellow's papers, to see if there is anything that concerns them. Of course none of you gentlemen must leave this place."

Perhaps there was something in his rapid and rigorous legality that suggested the closing of a net or trap. Anyhow, young Bullen suddenly broke down, or perhaps blew up, for his voice was like an explosion in the silent garden.

"I never touched him," he cried. "I swear I had nothing to do with it!"

"Who said you had?" demanded Harker, with a hard eye. "Why do you cry out before you're hurt?"

"Because you all look at me like that," cried the young man, angrily. "Do you think I don't know you're always talking about my damned debts and expectations?"

Rather to March's surprise, Fisher had drawn away from this first collision, leading the duke with him to another part of the garden. When he was out of earshot of the others he said, with a curious simplicity of manner:

"Westmoreland, I am going straight to the point."

"Well?" said the other, staring at him stolidly.

"You had a motive for killing him," said Fisher.

The duke continued to stare, but he seemed unable to speak.

"I hope you had a motive for killing him," continued Fisher, mildly. "You see, it's rather a curious situation. If you had a motive for murdering, you probably didn't murder. But if you hadn't any motive, why, then perhaps you did."

"What on earth are you talking about?" demanded the duke, violently.

"It's quite simple," said Fisher. "When you went across he was either alive or dead. If he was alive, it might be you who killed him, or why should you have held your tongue about his death? But if he was dead, and you had a reason for killing him, you might have held your tongue for fear of being accused." Then after a silence he added, abstractedly: "Cyprus is a beautiful place, I believe. Romantic scenery and romantic people. Very intoxicating for a young man."

The duke suddenly clenched his hands and said, thickly, "Well, I had a motive."

"Then you're all right," said Fisher, holding out his hand with an air of huge relief. "I was pretty sure you wouldn't really do it; you had a fright when you saw it done, as was only natural. Like a bad dream come true, wasn't it?"

While this curious conversation was passing, Harker had gone into the house, disregarding the demonstrations of the sulky nephew, and came back presently with a new air of animation and a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"I've telephoned for the police," he said, stopping to speak to Fisher, "but I think I've done most of their work for them. I believe I've found out the truth. There's a paper here—" He stopped, for Fisher was looking at him with a singular expression; and it was Fisher who spoke next:

"Are there any papers that are not there, I wonder? I mean that are not there now?" After a pause he added: "Let us have the cards on the table. When you went through his papers in such a hurry, Harker, weren't you looking for something to—to make sure it shouldn't be found?"

Harker did not turn a red hair on his hard head, but he looked at the other out of the corners of his eyes.

"And I suppose," went on Fisher, smoothly, "that is why you, too, told us lies about having found Hook alive. You knew there was something to show that you might have killed him, and you

didn't dare tell us he was killed. But, believe me, it's much better to be honest now."

Harker's haggard face suddenly lit up as if with infernal flames.

"Honest," he cried, "it's not so damned fine of you fellows to be honest. You're all born with silver spoons in your mouths, and then you swagger about with everlasting virtue because you haven't got other people's spoons in your pockets. But I was born in a Pimlico lodging house and I had to make my spoon, and there'd be plenty to say I only spoiled a horn or an honest man. And if a struggling man staggers a bit over the line in his youth, in the lower parts of the law which are pretty dingy, anyhow, there's always some old vampire to hang on to him all his life for it."

"Guatemalan Golcondas, wasn't it?" said Fisher, sympathetically.

Harker suddenly shuddered. Then he said, "I believe you must know everything, like God Almighty."

"I know too much," said Horne Fisher, "and all the wrong things."

The other three men were drawing nearer to them, but before they came too near, Harker said, in a voice that had recovered all its firmness:

"Yes, I did destroy a paper, but I really did find a paper, too; and I believe that it clears us all."

"Very well," said Fisher, in a louder and more cheerful tone; "let us all have the benefit of it."

"On the very top of Sir Isaac's papers," explained Harker, "there was a threatening letter from a man named Hugo. It threatens to kill our unfortunate friend very much in the way that he was actually killed. It is a wild letter, full of taunts; you can see it for yourselves; but it makes a particular point of poor Hook's habit of fishing from the island. Above all, the man professes to be writing from a boat. And, since we alone went across to him," and he smiled in a rather ugly fashion, "the crime must have been committed by a man passing in a boat."

"Why, dear me!" cried the duke, with something almost amounting to animation. "Why, I remember the man called Hugo quite well! He was a sort of body-servant and bodyguard of Sir Isaac. You see, Sir Isaac was in some fear of assault. He was—he was not very popular with several people. Hugo was discharged after some row or other; but I remember him well. He was a great big Hungarian fellow with great mustaches that stood out on each side of his face."

A door opened in the darkness of Harold March's memory, or, rather, oblivion, and showed a shining landscape, like that of a lost dream. It was rather a waterscape than a landscape, a thing of flooded meadows and low trees and the dark archway of a bridge. And for one instant he saw again the man with mustaches like dark horns leap up on to the bridge and disappear.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "Why, I met the murderer this morning!"

Horne Fisher and Harold March had their day on the river, after all, for the little group broke up when the police arrived. They declared that the coincidence of March's evidence had cleared the whole company, and clinched the case against the flying Hugo. Whether that Hungarian fugitive would ever be caught appeared to Horne Fisher to be highly doubtful; nor can it be pretended that he displayed any very demoniac detective energy in the matter as he leaned back in the boat cushions, smoking, and watching the swaying reeds slide past.

"It was a very good notion to hop up on to the bridge," he said. "An empty boat means very little; he hasn't been seen to land on either bank, and he's walked off the bridge without walking on to it, so to speak. He's got twenty-four hours' start; his mustaches will disappear, and then he will disappear. I think there is every hope of his escape."

"Hope?" repeated March, and stopped sculling for an instant.

"Yes, hope," repeated the other. "To begin with, I'm not going to be exactly consumed with Corsican revenge because somebody has killed Hook. Perhaps you may guess by this time what Hook was. A damned blood-sucking blackmailer was that simple, strenuous, self-made captain of industry. He had secrets against nearly everybody; one against poor old Westmoreland about an early marriage in Cyprus that might have put the duchess in a queer position; and one against Harker about some flutter with his client's money when he was a young solicitor. That's why they went to pieces when they found him murdered, of course. They felt as if they'd done it in a dream. But I admit I have another reason for not wanting our Hungarian friend actually hanged for the murder."

"And what is that?" asked his friend.

"Only that he didn't commit the murder," answered Fisher.

Harold March laid down the oars and let the boat drift for a moment.

"Do you know, I was half expecting something like that," he said. "It was quite irrational, but it was hanging about in the atmosphere, like thunder in the air."

"On the contrary, it's finding Hugo guilty that's irrational," replied Fisher. "Don't you see that they're condemning him for the very reason for which they acquit everybody else? Harker and Westmoreland were silent because they found him murdered, and knew there were papers that made them look like the murderers. Well, so did Hugo find him murdered, and so did Hugo know there was a paper that would make him look like the murderer. He had written it himself the day before."

"But in that case," said March, frowning, "at what sort of unearthly hour in the morning was the murder really committed? It was barely daylight when I met him at the bridge, and that's some way above the island."

"The answer is very simple," replied Fisher. "The crime was not committed

in the morning. The crime was not committed on the island."

March stared at the shining water without replying, but Fisher resumed like one who had been asked a question:

"Every intelligent murder involves taking advantage of some one uncommon feature in a common situation. The feature here was the fancy of old Hook for being the first man up every morning, his fixed routine as an angler, and his annoyance at being disturbed. The murderer strangled him in his own house after dinner on the night before, carried his corpse, with all his fishing tackle, across the stream in the dead of night, tied him to the tree, and left him there under the stars. It was a dead man who sat fishing there all day. Then the murderer went back to the house, or, rather, to the garage, and went off in his motor car. The murderer drove his own motor car."

Fisher glanced at his friend's face and went on. "You look horrified, and the thing is horrible. But other things are

horrible too. If some obscure man had been hag-ridden by a blackmailer and had his family life ruined, you wouldn't think the murder of his persecutor the most inexcusable of murders. Is it any worse when a whole great nation is set free as well as a family? By this warning to Sweden we shall probably prevent war and not precipitate it, and save many thousand lives rather more valuable than the life of that viper. Oh, I'm not talking sophistry or seriously justifying the thing, but the slavery that held him and his country was a thousand times less justifiable. If I'd really been sharp I should have guessed it from his smooth, deadly smiling at dinner that night. Do you remember that silly talk about how old Isaac could always play his fish? In a pretty hellish sense he was a fisher of men."

Harold March took the oars and began to row again.

"I remember," he said, "and about how a big fish might break the line and get away."

THE WANTON

BY MILDRED SEITZ

THE wind is blowing across the sea
Flecking the waves with silver foam,
Filling the air with whispered tales
To lure a lad from his father's home.

Gaily it dances across the town
Scattering dust in a giddy whirl.
Darts through a window and leaves behind
A cool salt kiss on the cheek of a girl.

On it romps through the country-side
Tangling the curls of a laughing child.
Then whistles a hail to the pines that wait
Where mountain on mountain-top is piled.

To the ends of the earth and back again,
Brushing the sad with healing wings,
It laughs its way with a lilting song
That lives in the heart and sings and sings.

THE TOWN THAT WAS STRAWBERRY BANKE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

IN May, 1653, a group of colonists, sensible, far-seeing men of English extraction, petitioned the General Court in Boston to define the boundaries of their township, and to give it a proper designation.

Whereas the name of this plantation at present being Strabery Banke, accidentally soe called by reason of a banke where straberries were found, we now humbly desire to have it called Portsmouth, being a name most suitable for this place, it being the river's mouth, and good as any in this land.

So was the city of Portsmouth duly christened, and the old Arcadian title, Strawberry Banke, set aside as unfit for a workaday world, for a community which aspired to wealth and distinction, which built itself substantial and beautiful homes, and acquired, as Mr. Aldrich pleasantly puts it, "a liking for first mortgage bonds." Even as Strawberry Banke the settlement was one of importance and dignity. The pioneers sent over from England by the Laconia Company in 1623 and 1631 "to found a plantation on Piscataqua River, to cultivate the vine, discover mines, carry on the fisheries, and trade with the natives," were fairly well equipped for their multitudinous duties. They built the "Great House" on Water Street which had an estate of a thousand acres. John Mason, the head and front of the Laconia Company, an able and enterprising man whom death took too soon, sent them the best cattle and horses that had yet reached New England. If the earth was virgin of ore, and the climate hostile to grapes, the fisheries thrived, and trade was good. If the little graveyard at Odiorne's Point (the oldest in New Hampshire) filled rapidly in the

first winters, the survival of the fittest insured a population which the harshness of nature was powerless to subdue.

Five years after Mason's death, the settlers of Strawberry Banke established a government of their own on the simplest possible lines, and elected Francis Williams to be their chief magistrate. But they were too few, too weak, too inexperienced for self-protection; and willingly, though not without misgivings, permitted Massachusetts to extend her jurisdiction over their domain. A mighty help was Massachusetts in times of trouble, but a trifle exacting in times of peace. The Strawberry Bankers were for the most part members of the Church of England, with no taste for Puritanism, and no aspirations toward its uncompromising ideals. This does not mean that they were licensed libertines like the settlers of Merry Mount, the legend of whose Maypole has figured scandalously in history and fiction. Maypole dancing was to them, as to all sedate colonists, an unseemly diversion. But they wore gay clothes, liked cheerful company, and let their hair grow long after the English fashion—"a thing uncivil and unmanly," declared the close-cropped Puritan magistrates, "whereby men do deform themselves, and offend sober and honest citizens, and do corrupt good manners."

The stern exigencies of pioneer life made the best cement for holding together the groups of early settlers, obliterating their points of difference, and hardening them into an indissoluble whole. Thus the ever-present dangers of the wilderness compelled the township of Portsmouth to offer, in 1662, a bounty of five pounds for the head of

every wolf killed within its jurisdiction. And in the same year the steady pressure of Puritanism induced the town meeting to pass an ordinance, demanding that "a cage be made, or some other means invented by the selectmen to punish such as sleepe or take tobacco on the Lord's day, out of the meetinge, in the time of publique service." The village pump made a perfectly good whipping post, and saved timber and trouble, until the increase of malefactors, which kept pace with the increase of wealth, made it necessary to provide them with a place of punishment which would better represent the majesty and terrors of the law.

There was little sympathy wasted upon offenders in those rough years of struggle, nor for a century to come. The settlers were too dependent upon one another's honesty and good will to tolerate violence or theft. As late as 1764 a white woman was whipped in Portsmouth for stealing a pair of children's shoes; and the weekly *Gazette*, instead of drawing comparisons between New Hampshire and Siberia, or waxing poignant over the possible needs of a possible child for those pathetic little shoes, rejoiced with fervid incoherence that justice had been done:

Last Friday one of our female pilferers received a flagellation at the whipping post, who had a great number of spectators to see this good work performed. It is hoped that others who so justly deserve it will soon be brought to the same place to receive their deserts.

Four years later, Portsmouth was taught a lesson in humanity which she never forgot. Ruth Blay, a girl of decent parentage and fair education, was hanged for infanticide. She rode to the gallows bravely dressed in silk, but frenzied by fear, and "shrieking dismally." Efforts had been made to obtain a reprieve on the ground that the child, whose existence she had striven to hide, had been, as she affirmed, still-born. Even at the last hour, the crowd in the street hoped feverishly for some word from the governor, and besought

the sheriff, Thomas Packer, to delay the execution. But this man, hungry, it is said, for his dinner, bade his assistants make haste and draw away the cart. Twenty minutes later came a messenger bearing the reprieve. The pitifulness of the tragedy, the rankling thought that the poor girl might, after all, have been innocent, and the lack of mercy shown her, aroused the anger of the mob. They besieged the sheriff's house, and solaced their souls by hanging him in effigy before his own front door. On the rude scaffold which they built was this inscription:

Am I to lose my dinner,
This woman for to hang?
Come, draw away the cart, my boys,
Don't stop to say amen.

The story of Ruth Blay became to Portsmouth what the story of Skipper Ireson was destined forty years later to become to Marblehead, a town tradition, told to generations of children, and the subject of a lamentable ballad by Albert Lighton, which established the young woman's innocence as authoritatively in the public mind as Whittier's ballad established the skipper's guilt.

It was not only in matters of discipline that Portsmouth followed her Puritan neighbors' lead. Before the "cage" was completed, and fitted with substantial stocks for the correction of Sabbath breakers, the selectmen—who did not eat the bread of idleness—had been empowered to "lay out the hiwase for the towen"; and also to provide "an abell scollmaster, as the law directs, not visious in conversation." The picturesque variants in the spelling of the town clerk, his heroic enlargement of certain words and merciless curtailment of others, leave us in occasional doubt as to what really happened. But we know that the "abell scollmaster," Mr. Thomas Phippes, was secured in 1697, and put to work, "teaching the inhabitants children for this yr insewing, in such manner as other scollmasters yously doe throughout the countrie."

The Annals of Portsmouth, published by Nathaniel Adams in 1825, are full of interesting, and possibly accurate, information. From them Charles Brewster drew largely for his prolix *Rambles About Portsmouth*. From them Thomas Bailey Aldrich picked with discriminating art the choicest paragraphs in his *Old Town by the Sea*. From them Joseph Foster took some pleasant odds and ends for the *Portsmouth Guide Book*. A vast deal has been written about this historic little city; but Adams is the fountain-head, the original source of supplies. He tells us in his preface that he obtained "much valuable information from aged and intelligent persons"; which, it may be remembered, was the method employed by Froissart, and Philippe de Comines, and other old chroniclers who wrote engaging and unforgettable histories. His volume, beautifully printed by "C. Norris," at Exeter, is comely to look upon. A hundred years ago the printers of Exeter must have put their souls into their work, and it stands to their credit now.

It was a stout-hearted, strong-bodied race who built the substantial homes of Portsmouth. They knew the perils of the deep, the perils of savage warfare, the perils of ice-bound winters, of wild beasts, of devastating pestilence. They seem to have been almost as indestructible as their walls. After an Indian raid in the summer of 1696, Mary Brewster, wife of John Brewster, was found lying in the road, scalped and seemingly dead, her skull fractured by a tomahawk. She was a young woman, far advanced in pregnancy. Her neighbors, remembering how, two years before, Ursula Cutt, widow of Pres. John Cutt, had been murdered by red men in the fields of Wentworth farm, laid the bleeding body on a bed, swore vengeance, and condoled with her husband, before discovering that life was not extinct. A doctor was summoned, and the victim recovered from her hurts. She was safely delivered of her child, had four other sons ("Bring forth men children

only"!), and lived to be eighty-one, the fractured skull closed by a silver plate and covered decently with a wig. It took more than a scalping knife and a tomahawk to destroy our vigorous progenitors; but the bounty of a hundred pounds offered thirty years later for every Indian's scalp tells its tale of balanced savagery. In the matter of pitifulness there was little to choose between red and white, though the white men kept the records.

That there was, however, a gentle and reasonable strain in the English colonists of New Hampshire is shown by their kindness to their slaves, and by their easy disregard of witchcraft. The Portsmouth slaveholders allowed their negroes a modified form of self-government, and found them anything but lenient to one another's transgressions. It was slavery under its most genial aspect, permitting human relations, and sometimes a sense of justice. When Gen. William Whipple rode off with the first New Hampshire brigade to oppose General Burgoyne in 1777, his servant, Prince, manifested a decided reluctance to accompany him. Reproached for his cowardice, he answered plainly, "Master, you fight for your liberty, but I have none to fight for." "Prince," retorted the general, "you do your duty like a freeman, and a freeman you shall be." This was enough. Brave, but probably discreet (for he escaped unscathed), the negro went through the war by the white man's side, and lived for twenty years afterward, enjoying his freedom, and an agreeable reputation for valor.

The somber tragedy of Salem witchcraft was softened in Portsmouth to a fantastic trickery, more suggestive of Puck than of Satan. We have Cotton Mather's word for it that in June, 1682, a shower of stones, flung by unseen hands, fell upon Newcastle (then part of Portsmouth), which stones were hot to the touch, and broke many windows, but injured only one man, who was a Quaker and merited his misfortune.



Etching by Ada C. Williamson

MARKET SQUARE AND THE ATHENÆUM

Years later a picturesque variant of the popular delusion was afforded by a pauper named Molly Bridget, who bewitched the almshouse pigs so that they lost their reposeful placidity, and capered hither and thither in an unpiggish and distressing manner. The superintendent, Clement March, being wise in the ways of witchcraft, and knowing that the madness lay in the tips of the animals' tails (like the strength in Samson's hair), cut off these dangerous ex-

tremities. But before they could be destroyed, they were spirited mysteriously away, and the pigs kept up their feverish activities. As a last resource, Mr. March gave orders that all the odds and ends that littered the almshouse yard should be swept into a heap and burned—which was done. As the flames mounted, the witch fell into a convulsive frenzy; as they died down, her strength visibly declined; and when the last smoldering ember turned into gray ash,



PORTSMOUTH SEEN FROM THE RAPID PISCATAQUA

she gasped and died, thus vindicating the superintendent's sapiency, and saving the town from any further trouble in her regard.

That the men of Portsmouth should have turned to the sea for a living, and for the adventures which made life worth while, was natural enough. The stone in the graveyard at Newcastle, dedicated to the memory of drowned sailors and fishermen, resembles sadly the row of crosses in the graveyard of Paimpol, dedicated to the memory of Breton lads who lost their lives at sea. The first lighthouse was built by Gov. John Wentworth in 1771. He urged the Provincial Assembly to perform this imperative duty, reminding them with solemn eloquence that "Every expiring Cry of a drowning Mariner upon our Coast will bitterly accuse the unfeeling Recusant who wasted that Life to save a paltry, unblessed Shilling." Words being powerless to overcome the Assembly's thrift, the Governor promptly proceeded to build the rude structure at his own expense; and the townspeople, seeing the work done, were shamed, as he knew they would be, into paying for it.

Familiarity with the sea begot contempt for its dangers. If anyone should be inclined to doubt the kind of sailor which Portsmouth bred, let him read the

amazing history of Capt. Josiah Shackford, who, "having the misfortune of discontent with his wife" (a phrase I commend to chroniclers), sailed for South America in 1787. Thence he made his way to France, and there became the possessor of a "cutter-built sloop," of

fifteen tons. In this fragile little craft he returned *alone* (save for his dog) to Surinam, making the voyage, it is said, in five weeks—five weeks of loneliness and peril, of careworn days and sleepless nights, from which imagination shrinks aghast. A year or two later, Captain Shackford appeared again in Portsmouth, drank a dish of tea amicably with his wife, and departed never to return.

Distances, whether by sea or land, seem to have counted for little to these energetic townspeople. It is recorded of Mr. John Elwyn, an accomplished scholar who translated the Koran, and knew most languages living and dead, that he would vary his serious studies by taking a two months' or a five months'

tramp whenever the fancy seized him. On one occasion he walked to Philadelphia, stopped at his brother's house, found him out, turned on his heel, and walked back to Portsmouth, without making a second effort to see the relative who had afforded a reasonable excuse for the stroll.



DOORWAY OF THE PAUL JONES HOUSE

Small wonder that Mr. Aldrich claimed for Portsmouth a proud pre-eminence in eccentric characters. There was something in the air of the place, he said, which for two hundred years generated eccentricity. Perhaps the priceless barbarism of a small town is more universal than Mr. Aldrich suspected. His "elderly gentlewomen with family jewels and personal peculiarities" might have found their counterparts in Massachusetts and Virginia. But there are stories incrusting in the social history of Portsmouth which lend color and animation to its pages. It was, for example, an undoubted eccentricity on the

part of Gov. Benning Wentworth to marry his handsome serving maid, Martha Hilton, and make her mistress of the vast, rambling mansion on Little Harbor, with its family plate and family portraits, and the great ornamented council chamber where matters of state were discussed and settled. The story goes that Martha, when a bare-legged girl of fifteen, had told her skeptical townspeople that she would yet ride in her own chariot. At this point her prophetic vision seems to have closed. She saw no warning picture of the merry and well-born spendthrift she was to marry after the death of her august



THE OLD BLOCK HOUSE OPPOSITE PORTSMOUTH



DETAIL FROM THE WALLPAPER IN THE MOFFAT HOUSE

spouse, nor of the poverty which followed wealth when the Wentworth fortune slipped like a wine cup from his careless hand. It is something to be a gentleman, but it is not everything.

This truth was made manifest when another eccentric notable of Portsmouth, George Jaffrey, third of the name, left his estate—including a family mansion with a singularly beautiful porch—to a grandnephew aged thirteen, on condition that the heir should become George Jaffrey the fourth, should reside in Portsmouth, and should “adopt no profession excepting that of a gentleman.” The terms were complied with to the best of the legatee’s ability; but when he, too, came to die, “without issue or assets,” the only recorded comment at his obsequies is that of a cynical neighbor, “Mr. Jaffrey was a professional gentleman, but not eminent in his profession.”

The charming façade of the Athenæum, and the long, sleepy room where dignified volumes are guarded from the affront of handling, remind us that there

was a time when books were precious in proportion to their rarity. The first valiant effort to found a library, “consisting principally of works of divinity,” was made in 1750. A lottery, set on foot to pay for it, excited such interest, or awakened such cupidity, that a year later the selectmen were “authorized and empowered” to purchase one hundred and twenty-five lottery tickets, and to spend what profits accrued from them in building a workhouse. Among the historic relics preserved in the Athenæum is a tin box, not more than eight inches long and five inches wide, in which the weekly Boston and Portsmouth mail was carried during the war of the Revolution. Capt. John Noble, who was also Deacon John Noble, rode out of Portsmouth every Monday morning with this little box safely tucked away in some capacious pocket, and returned every Saturday night. Letters, like books, were made valuable by their fewness. It was a time fraught with anxieties, and shadowed by danger; but there must have been a singular placid-

ity in the lives of people who went a week without their most important mail, and who were immune from telegrams, telephones, and war correspondents.

When news did come, it made a dramatic entry, worthy of its interest and importance. Into Portsmouth rode Paul Revere on a winter night in 1774, bearing word that the British were about to reinforce the garrison of Fort William and Mary at Newcastle, and that the Americans were perilously short of ammunition. This Hermes of the Revolution made many a swift and perilous journey before the midnight ride to Lexington won him renown. He carried the news of the Boston tea-party to New York; and when the port bill threatened

Boston's commerce, he brought that word to Philadelphia, and was present at a meeting of its citizens, where protests were passed and help was proffered. Those were wild days for Paul Revere, and never a dull hour in them. Looking at his portrait, painted long afterward by Gilbert Stuart, one wonders if this portly and placid old gentleman ever recalled with a sigh the thrill of night winds and galloping hoofs, of angry men roused from their beds, of hopes and fears and defiance, and the splendor of living dangerously for a good cause.

The ride to Portsmouth bore fruit. Two militia companies, organized by the Committee of Safety, attacked and captured the little fort, garrisoned by only six men, and carried off a hundred barrels of powder, some of which they hid profanely under the pulpit of Parson Adams in Durham, until it was needed to sharpen and prolong the battle of Bunker Hill.

A patriotic town was Portsmouth, and practical in its patriotism, sensitive to the quick in the matter of taxes, and keenly alive to the profits of privateering. "Liberty, Property, and no Stamp!" was its slogan when on the 1st of November, 1765, its citizens, marching in solemn parade, carried the stamp master's commission on the point of a drawn sword, and buried it deep under the great flag-staff at the entrance of Liberty Bridge. The wharves now silent and decayed teemed with life in the days when Portsmouth, like Salem, competed with Boston for the trade of the West Indies, and the tall, luxury-laden ships came slowly up the Narrows. Across the strip of spark-



THE GARDENS HAVE AN OLD WORLD CHARM



THE MOFFAT HOUSE, SHOWING THE OLD SHIP HOUSE

ling water were built the little craft that, in the War of 1812, pillaged so deftly on the high seas. And here, too, John Paul Jones watched the *America* grow day by day into lines of strength and beauty.

It is given to sailors to love lightly, and to win hearts with an ease unknown to—and probably undesired by—the sluggish and discreet landsman. John Paul Jones, then Commodore Jones, was no exception to this good rule. He had

ample time while his ship was building to attain popularity. He could make a good speech and tell a good story. He could be merry with men and gentle with children. He anticipated the orators of to-day in lavishing his warmest praises on women, who were not then, as now, satiated with rhetorical eulogy. If Portsmouth brought him bitter disappointment (the *America* which he hoped to command was given to France



THE STately BOARDMAN HOUSE

to replace the *Magnifique*, lost in Boston Harbor), it made him what amends it could in friendship and affection.

It gave him sailors, too, men in whose veins ran fighting blood, and in whose hearts beat the rhythm of the sea. When his ship, the *Ranger*, lay at Brest, there served under him as midshipman a Portsmouth boy named John Downes, seventeen years old, and very small and slight. Jones seems to have been as

popular in France as in New England, and one day, when a gay party of visitors boarded his ship, a Frenchwoman of rank observed the singularly child-like appearance of the lad, and said to him kindly:

"You are too young for this rough work. Why did your mother let you come?"

"She did not *let* me," answered the boy. "She *sent* me."

"Sent you!" echoed the lady. "But how did she come to do that, when you are so small and frail?"

"Because, madam," said the boy, "she had no other son to send."

That mother had certainly raised her boy to be a sailor. It is pleasant, after all these years, to do honor to her name.

A taste for the drama began to assert itself in Americans immediately after the Revolution. It was frowned upon by the churches, and sadly hampered by lack of actors and theaters. When Philadelphia was the seat of government, one shabby little playhouse sufficed for the city's entertainment, and Washington scandalized many sober citizens every time he entered it. In Portsmouth there was no theater at all, but the old Assembly House served equally well for dancing and the drama. Here were seen the heavy tragedies and broad farces in which our forefathers took delight; and here, on the 21st of March, 1788, was acted "A favourite tragic piece called 'The Babes in the Woods,'" with especial features set down proudly and promisingly in the program:

After the death of the parents, which takes place before the audience, the uncle hires two ruffians to kill the innocent offspring. They fight, and one of them is slain. Also the death of the Babes. A Robin will descend, and cover them with leaves, being one of the greatest curiosities ever exhibited. Likewise an Angel will descend, uncover the bodies, and fly away with them. To conclude with the fatal end of the cruel uncle, who is carried off by a large Serpent.

That audience got the worth of its money.

Portsmouth can claim a fair number of distinguished sons. No lights of the first magnitude; but a reputable circle of luminaries whose memories are cherished, and whose homes are occasionally preserved. The governors of New Hampshire had indeed a habit of building houses so substantial that they defy time, and so nobly proportioned that their preservation is a boon. Even Washington spared a word of praise for

Governor Langdon's house in which he "dined and drank tea with a large circle of ladies," in the autumn of 1789. A quarter of a century later, Louis Philippe (who forgot nothing) said to a Portsmouth lady visiting France, "Is the pleasant mansion of Governor Langdon still standing?"

The governor's patriotism was stout and substantial like his home. When Burgoyne captured Ticonderoga, when credit declined, and discouragement lay heavy on every heart, he thus addressed the Provincial Legislature, then in session at Exeter: "I have a thousand dollars in hard money. I will pledge my plate for three thousand more. I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum which shall be sold for the most they will bring. They are at the service of the State." No glittering generalities in eloquence of that order! One is glad to remember that the man who offered seventy hogsheads of rum to his imperiled country had the honor to announce the election of its first president. Even in this bad little world there is sometimes a fine adjustment of events.

Portsmouth has had its men of letters as well as its men of affairs. Mr. James T. Fields was born there; and Mr. Albert Lighton who wrote the ballad of Ruth Blay, and who in his day enjoyed an agreeable reputation as a poet; and Mr. Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber, author of the *Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington*, a book which our unhumorous grandfathers persisted in thinking funny.

Celia Thaxter, although the Isles of Shoals sweetly enshrine her memory, was a native of Portsmouth. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a bright, particular star, is doubly and trebly dear to the old town because its familiar streets afford a setting for his best book, *The Story of a Bad Boy*. It is an enviable fate to be read by generations of children, who are less avid than their elders for novelty, and whose taste—until we tamper with it—is unvitiated. I once saw a small boy taken by chattering

parents and a chattering uncle and aunt through the Aldrich house, now fitted up as a memorial to the author. His manner was that of a shy but happy pilgrim at a shrine. Silently he gazed at the *Bad Boy's* tiny room, at the bed where he slept, at his washstand and curtained window. His guardians went noisily downstairs; but he lingered on, deeming himself alone, and living over for one rapturous moment the adventures of the youthful hero he would have liked to be.

To the adult visitor, the Aldrich house seems a trifle *étudié*. The rooms are railed augustly off from the gaping crowd. The dining table is elaborately set with a wealth of china and glass. In Grandfather Nutter's chamber we behold an open Bible lying on a table, a pair of spectacles half out of their case, a silk handkerchief wherewith to wipe the spectacles. Miss Abigail's room displays a book of fashion-plates instead of a Bible, and some handsome, old-fashioned clothes hanging in an open closet. Charming ornaments, strictly in keeping with the period, are scattered everywhere. One receives the impression of a house in which no boy, good or bad, could have turned around without breaking something of value. No wonder Tom played in the stable loft, or in a neighbor's barn.

The distinguishing feature of the stately Portsmouth "mansions" is the staircase. They have other characteristics which win our regard—amazing wallpapers, and tangled old gardens, graceful and beautiful like the garden of the Moffat house, now in the possession of the Society of the Colonial Dames of New Hampshire, or laid out in intricate patterns like the garden of the Wendell house, the summer home of Prof. Barrett Wendell of Harvard. But in the matter of staircases, broad, affluent, easy-stepping staircases, with slender, twisted balustrades and monumental newel posts, Portsmouth stands supreme.

And what an infinite variety! There

are beautiful spiral staircases curved like the convolutions of a sea shell. There are twin staircases starting from opposite sides of a spacious hall, and springing lightly to meet each other in a central landing place. There are Jacobean staircases hidden away in sad old houses that have fallen from their high estate, and stand desolate amid squalid surroundings. Sometimes a great elm drops its friendly branches over the moldering cornice of such a house, veiling its degradation from the world. Portsmouth is justly proud of its superb chestnut and linden trees; but the elm has a quality of its own. It associates itself intimately and caressingly with the human habitation which has been its neighbor for years.

The antique wallpapers, marvelously preserved, are too animated for restful companionship. Only a nerveless race could have gazed all their lives upon such a monotonous variety of incident. Mr. Aldrich tells us that a typical paper, familiar to his childhood, displayed over and over again a group of English country people wearing Italian hats, and dancing on a lawn which ended abruptly in a sea beach, on which stood a fisherman angling for a whale, and wisely indifferent to the issue of a terrific naval combat which was being fought just beyond the reach of his fishing rod. Grandeur in scale, but as irrelevant in detail, is a very handsome paper on the walls of the Athletic Club, where we behold gayly dressed ladies and gentlemen passing under Virginia's Natural Bridge to get a good view of Niagara Falls, and turning from the barbarous splendor of an Indian war dance to witness a drill of West Point cadets. The painted walls of the Warner house, discovered by chance in 1850, present a wide choice of disconnected subjects. Abraham prepares to sacrifice Isaac under the supervision of Governor Phipps, and foreign cities of impossible picturesque stretch before the eyes of fair Priscilla at her spinning wheel.

The Warner house is built of the old-

est bricks in Portsmouth, bricks brought from Holland in 1719. Tradition says that its lightning rod was put up by Benjamin Franklin in 1762, and tradition may speak truth. No relic is out of place in a town so closely linked with a memorable past. Still may be seen in Saint John's Church the silver service engraved with royal arms, the beautiful carved table, and the alms bowl presented to Queen's Chapel by the illustrious Caroline. Still the congregation beholds every Sunday morning the loaves of fair white bread, for the distribution of which to the poor Theodore Atkinson bequeathed in 1779 the sum of two hundred pounds. Turn where we may, some picturesque outline is presented, some historic incident recalled. On Fernald's Island was built the *Franklin*, Admiral Farragut's flagship, and the ever famous *Kearsarge*. On Seavey's Island that very gallant gentleman,

Admiral Cervera, was detained in the summer of 1898; and here, too, in September, 1905, was signed the Treaty of Portsmouth, which ended the Russo-Japanese War, and added one more laurel leaf to the crown of a great American, Theodore Roosevelt.

"Though much is taken, much abides." The foreign trade which amassed the noble old fortunes, built the strong old ships, and trained the ablest seamen in the country, has been diverted to other ports. There are left comfortable estates, an inheritance of good citizenship, and beauty which forever charms the eye. There are left the little islands nestling greenly in the harbor, the amazing loveliness of the view across Liberty Bridge to Kittery, the color of the water as blue as the Bosphorus, the shifting lights and tender shadows on the coast, "the lazy run of the river, the salt breath of the sea."

THE TOO HIGH

BY BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

THAT bird in the maple next my eaves,
 Last bud-break of May,
 At faintest of first dawn, one perceives,
 Loved—in his rapture of life and leaves—
 As I love to-day.

His heart was so full of it, his throat
 Could scarce, at first, free
 The song, that took fire, climbed, note by note,
 Neared heaven, came short, turned sad, fell remote,
 Lay still. So with me.

THE HARBOR MASTER

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

COMING ashore one summer's night from Meteor Island, Jethro Rackby was met by Peter Loud—Deep-water Peter he was called, because even so early he had gone one foreign voyage. Peter was going round with a paper containing the subscription to a dance.

"Come, Harbor Master," he said; "put your thumb mark in the corner along with the rest of us."

Rackby drew back. "Why should I dance?" he muttered.

He was town clerk as well as harbor master—a scholarly man with visionary, pale eyes, and a great solitary, as Peter knew.

"Why? I'll tell you why," said Peter. "To bring joy to Caddie Sill's heart, if nothing more. The girl would throw all the rest of us in a heap to-morrow for a firm hold of you, Rackby."

He winked at Zinie Shadd, who swayed on his heels soberly.

Rackby turned his eyes toward the black mound of Meteor, which lay like a shaggy stone Cerberus at the harbor's mouth.

The star-pointed harbor was quiet at his feet. Shadows in the water were deep and languid, betokening an early fall of rain through the still air. But from the rim of the sea, where the surf was seen only as a white glow waxing and waning, a constant drone was borne in to them—a thunder of the white horses' hoofs trampling on Pull-an'-be-Damned; the vindictive sound of seas falling down one after another on wasted rocks, on shifting sand bars—a powerful monotone seeming to increase in the ear with fuller attention. The contrast was

marked between the heavy-lying peace of the inner harbor and that hungry reverberation from without of waters seeking fresh holds along a mutilated coast. On damp nights when the wind hauled to the southeast, men stood still in their tracks, and said, simply, "There's the Old Roke," as if it was the Old Man of the Sea himself. The sound was a living personality in their ears. . . . Women whom the sea had widowed shivered and rattled irons when the Old Roke came close to their windows; but the men listened, as if they had been called—each by his own name.

"What's the ringle jingle of feet by the side of that?" Rackby said, his mystified face turned toward the water. "I'm a man for slow tunes, Peter. No, no, no; put your paper up again."

"No? You're a denying sort of a crab, and no mistake. Always seeing how fast you can crawl backward out of pleasure."

"I mistrust women."

"You cleave to the spirit and turn from the flesh, that I know. But here's a woman with a voice to waken the dead."

"That's the voice on the seaward side of Meteor," answered Rackby.

"Cad Sills is flesh and blood of the Old Roke, I'm agreed," said Deep-water Peter. "She's a seafaring woman, that's certain. Next door to ending in a fish's tail, too, sometimes I think, when I see her carrying on. . . . Maybe you've seen her sporting with the horse-shoe crabs and all o' that at Pull-an'-be-Damned?"

"No, I can't say that."

"No, it wasn't to be expected, you with your head and shoulders walking around in a barrel of jam."

The harbor master smiled wistfully.

"More I don't require," he said.

"Ah, so you say now. . . . Well, marry the sea, then. It's a slippery embrace, take the word of a man who has gone foreign voyages."

"I mistrust the sea," said Jethro.

"So you do. . . . You mistrust the sea and the like o' that, and you mistrust women and the like o' that. There's too much heaving and tossing in such waters for a harbor master, hey?"

"I'm at home here, that's a fact," said Jethro. "I know the tides and the buoys. I can find my way in the dark, where another man would be at a total loss. I'm never suffering for landmarks."

"Landmarks!" roared Deep-water Peter. "What's a landmark good for but to take a new departure?"

To the sea-goers, tilted on a bench in the shadow of the Customs House, he added, "What life must be without a touch of lady fever is more than I can tell."

A red-bearded viking at the end of the bench rose and took Peter's shoulders in a fearful grip.

"What's all this talk of lady fever?"

"Let be, Cap'n Dreed!" cried Peter. His boisterousness failed him like wind going out of a sail. He twisted out of the big seaman's grip and from a distance shouted, "If you weren't so cussed bashful, you might have had something more than a libel pinned to your mainmast by now, with all this time in port."

There was a general shifting along the bench, to make room for possible fray. It was a sore point with Sam Dreed that the ship chandler had that day effected a lien for labor on his ship, and the libel was nailed to the mast.

"Now they'll scandalize each other," murmured Zinie Shadd.

They were turned from that purpose only by the sudden passing at their

backs of the woman in question, Caddie Sills.

Quiet reigned. The older men crossed their legs, sat far down on their spines, and narrowed their eyes. The brick wall of the Customs House, held from collapsing by a row of rusty iron stars, seemed to bulge more than its wont for the moment—its upper window, a ship's deadlight, round and expressionless as the eye of a codfish.

Cad Sills ran her eye over them deftly, as if they were the separate strings of an instrument which could afford gratification to her only when swept lightly all at one time by her tingling finger tips, or, more likely, by the intangible plectrum in her black eye.

The man she selected for her nod was Sam Dreed, however.

Peter Loud felt the walls of his heart pinch together with jealousy.

It was all in a second's dreaming. "Gape and swallow," as Zinie Shadd said, from his end of the bench. The woman passed with a supercilious turn of her head away from them.

"That's a foot-loose woman if ever there was one."

With all her gift of badinage, she was a solitary soul. The men feared no less than they admired her. They were shy of that wild courage, fearful to put so dark a mystery to the solution. The women hated her, backbit, and would not make friends, because of the fatal instantaneous power she wielded to spin men's blood and pitch their souls derelict on that impassioned current. Who shall put his finger on the source of this power? There were girls upon girls with eyes as black, cheeks as like hers as fruit ripened on the same bough, hair as thick and lustrous . . . yet at the sound of Caddie Sills's bare footfall eyes shifted and glowed, and in the imaginations of these men the women of their choice grew pale as the ashes that fringe a fallen fire.

"She's a perilous woman," muttered the collector of the port. "Sticks in the slant of a man's eye like the shadow

of sin. Ah! there he goes, like the leaves of autumn."

Samuel Dreed trod the dust of the road with a wonderful swaying of his body, denominated the Western Ocean roll. He was a mighty man, all were agreed; not a nose of wax, even for Cad Sills to twist.

"Plump she'll go in his canvas bag, along with his sea boots and his palm and needle, if she's not precious careful, with her shillyshallying," said Zinie Shadd. "I know the character of the man, from long acquaintance, and I know that what he says he'll do he'll do, and no holding off at arm's length, either, for any considerable period of time."

Such was the situation of Cad Sills. A dark, lush, ignorant, entrancing woman, for whose sake decent men stood ready to drop their principles like rags—yes, at a mere secret sign manifested in her eye, where the warmth of her blood was sometimes seen as a crimson spark alighted on black velvet. She went against the good government of souls.

Even Rackby had taken note of her once, deep as his head was in the clouds by preference and custom. It was a day in late November. No snow had fallen, and she floated past him like a cloud shadow as he plodded in the yellow road which turned east at the Preaching Tree. She passed, looked back, slashed a piece of dripping kelp through the air so close that salt drops stung his pale eyes, laughed aloud, and at the top of her laugh, broke into a wild, sweet song unfamiliar to him. It was a voice unlike the flat voices of women thereabouts—strong, sweet, sustained, throbbing with a personal sense of the passion which lurked in the warm notes.

Her foot was bare, and more shapely in consequence than if she had had a habit of wearing shoes. Its shape was the delicate shape of strength native to such a foot, and each toe left its print distinct and even in the dust. With his eye for queer details, he remembered that print and associated with it the

yellow rutted road, the rusty alders in the meadow beyond, and the pale spire of the church thrust into a November sky.

He called this to mind when on the night of the dance information came to his ear that she had sold her pearls to lift the lien on Cap'n Sam Dreed's ship, with her own hands tearing down the libel from the mast and grinding it under her heel.

No man whom she had once passed and silently interrogated could quite forget her, not even Jethro Rackby. The harbor master swayed on his oars, collected himself, and looked forward across the dimpled floor of his harbor, which in its quietude was like a lump of massy silver or rich ore, displaying here and there a spur of light, a surface sparkle. The serenity of his own soul was in part a reflection of this nightly calm, when the spruce on the bank could not be known from its fellow in the water by a man standing on his head. Moreover, to maintain this calm was the plain duty of the harbor master. For five years he had held that office by an annual vote of the town meeting. With his title went authority to say where were the harbor lines, to order the removal of hulks, to provide for keeping open a channel through winter ice—in a word, to keep the peace. This peace was of his own substance.

It was rudely shattered. On the night following the dance Cad Sills put herself in his path for the second time and this time she gave him short shrift. He was pushing forward, near sundown, to take the impulse of an eddy at the edge of Pull-an'-be-Damned when he saw that predatory, songful woman balanced knee-deep in rushing water, her arms tossing.

"She's drowning herself after her quarrel with Sam Dreed," was his first thought. He had just heard a fine tale of that quarrel. The truth was not quite so bold. She had been caught by the tide, which, first peering over the rim of that extended flat, had then shot

forth a frothy tongue, and in a twinkling lapped her up.

Jethro presently brought up the webs of his two thumbs hard at her armpits, and took her into his boat, dripping.

"She's not so plump as she was ashore," he said to himself with a vague astonishment. She was as lean as a man at the hips, and finned away like a mermaid, as became a daughter of the Old Roke.

"Steady now, my girl. . . . Heave and away."

There they stood confronting each other. Enraptured, life given into her hand again, Cad Sills flung her arms about his neck and kissed him—a moist, full-budded, passionate, and salty kiss. Even on the edge of doom, it was plain, she would not be able to modulate, tone, or contain these kisses, each of which launched a fiery barb into the recipient's bosom.

The little fisherman had not known what elemental thing was in a kiss before. He bit his lip and fell back slowly. Then, after a second's vain reflection, he seized the butts of his oars, which had begun to knock together. Caddie Sills sank across a thwart and shivered a little to mark the crowding together of white horses at the very place where she had stood. Contrary currents caused the tide to horse in strongly over Pull-an'-be-Damned.

"What a ninny!" she whispered. "Was I sick with love, I wonder?"

The harbor master answered with the motion of his oars.

She glanced at him shrewdly, then struck her hands together at her breast, which she caused to rise and fall stormily. She was, in fact, a storm petrel in the guise of woman.

"You have saved my life," she cried out, "when not another man in all this world would have lifted so much as his little finger. Do what you will with me after this. Let me be your slave, your dog. . . . I am a lost woman if you will not take pity on me."

Rackby's heart came into his throat

with the slow surge of a sculpin on a hook.

"Nothing. . . . Nothing at all. Nothing in the world. I happened along. . . . Just a happen so."

The girl stood up, looked at him long and long, cried, "Thank you for nothing, then, Mr. Happen-so," and from the humility of gratitude she went to the extreme of impudence, and laughed in his face—a ringing, brazen laugh, with the wild sweetness in it which he had noted in the song she sang on that November hillside.

"You're a caution, little man, you're a caution," she said, slanting her lashes. "You certainly are. I've heard of you. Yes, I have, only this morning. I'm a solitary like yourself. See here. You and I could set the world on fire if we joined hands. Do you know that?"

The little man was struck dumb at his oars for very fear of the boldness of her advance. He recognized this for an original and fearsome, not to say delectable, vein of talk. She came on like the sea itself, impetuous and all-embracing. Unfathomed, too. Could fancy itself construct a woman so, pat to his hand?

"Is it true that you despise women as they say?" she whispered. She breathed close, and electrified the tip of his ear with a tendril of hair. He saw that she wore coral now, in place of the pearls. But her lips were redder than the coral. He raised his head.

"Yesterday morning you sold pearls for the benefit of Sam Dreed," he said, in dull tones. "And here you are with your brimstone fairly in my boat."

He looked at her as if the Old Roke himself had clambered into the boat, with his spell of doom.

"I am not afraid of helping honest men in trouble that I know of," said Cad Sills, sucking in her lower lip. "But do you throw that up to me?"

Jethro felt the wickedness of his position like a breath of fire fanning his cheek. Perilously tempted, he sagged back on the oars without a word.

"Soho! you're setting me ashore," said that dark woman, laughing. "I don't wear very well in the eye and that's a plain conclusion."

She laid a finger to her breast, and her eye mocked him. This brazen hardness put him from his half-formed purpose. He addressed himself to the oars, and the dory grated on the shore.

"Good-by, then, little man," she said, springing past him.

But even now she lingered and looked back, biting the coral and letting it fall, intimating that a word, a whispered syllable, might lay her low.

He sat like a man crushed to earth. When he raised his head she was gone.

Was this the voice from the seaward side of Meteor? True, the sea had yielded this wild being up, but did she speak with the sea's voice? She had at least the sea's inconstancy, the sea's abandonment.

Her words were hot and heavy in little Rackby's heart. Serene harbor master that he was, the unearthly quiet of his harbor was an affront upon him in his present mood. Now that she was lost to him, he could not, by any makeshift of reason, be rid of the impulse that had come upon him to jump fairly out of his own skin in an effort to recapture that tormenting woman. . . .

He drifted down upon Meteor Island, bowed and self-reproachful, like a spirit approaching the confines of the dead. He stepped ashore and passed the painter of his dory through its ring.

On the crest of the island, at the very spot where, scientists averred, a meteorite had fallen in some prehistoric age, there stood a thick grove, chiefly of hemlock trees. Here on this night he paused. A strange inertness filled all nature. Not a whisper from the branches overhead, not a rustle from the dark mold underfoot. Moonlight in one place flecked the motionless leaves of an alder. Trunk and twigs were quite dissolved in darkness—nothing but the silver pattern of the leaves was shown in random sprays. He felt for an instant

disembodied, like these leaves—as if, taking one step too many, he had floated out of his own body and might not return.

"Bear and forbear," he thought. "You wouldn't have stirred, let her say what she would," his heart whispered to the silver leaves.

But he could not forget that wild glance, the wet hand clinging to his wrist, the laugh repeated like an echo from the symphony of that November hillside. He reproached himself withal. What was known of Cad Sills? Little known, and nothing cared to be known. A waif, pursuing him invisibly with a twinkle or flare from her passionate eyes. She was the daughter of a sea captain by his fifth wife. He had escaped the other four. They had died or been deserted in foreign ports, but this one he could not escape. Tradition had it that he lost the figurehead from his ship on the nuptial voyage, attributed this disaster to his bride, and so left her at Rosario, only to find her, after all sail was set, in the forechains, at the very stem of his ship, half drowned, her arms outstretched, a living figurehead. She had swum after him. She outlived him, too, and died in giving birth to Cad Sills, whose blood had thus a trace of sea water. . . .

He entered his house. In his domestic arrangements he was the very figure of a bachelor. His slimy silver spoon, dented with toothmarks of an ancestor who had died in a delirium, was laid evenly by his plate. The hand lamps on the shelf wore speckled brown-paper bags inverted over their chimneys. A portrait of a man playing the violin hung out, in massive gilt, over the table, like a ship's figurehead projecting over a wharf's end. His red couch bore north-east and southwest, so that he might not lose good sleep by opposing his body to the flow of magnetic currents.

On this night he drew out from a hole in the upholstery of the couch a bag of stenciled canvas, which chinked. It was full of money, in gold and silver pieces.

He counted it, and sat thoughtful. Later he went out of the house and stood looking at the sea as if for a sign. But the sea gave him no sign; and on that night at least had no voice.

It was three days before he came up with Cad Sills again. Then he spied her at nightfall, reclining under the crab-apple tree at Hannan's Landing.

The little man came close enough to tread on her shadow, cleared his throat, and almost shouted:

"Did you mean what you said? Did you mean what you said, girl?"

She laughed and threw the core of an apple in his direction.

"I did when I said it, Mr. Happen-so. I did when I said it."

"I'm ready. . . . I'm ready now. We'll be married to-morrow, if you don't mind."

"But will I sell my cabbages twice, I wonder? I've had a change of heart since, if I must tell you."

"Surely not in this short space of time," Rackby gasped, dismayed.

A light throbbed in her eye. "Well, perhaps I haven't."

The storm petrel hovered high, swooped close, her lips parted. Her teeth shone with a native luster, as if she had lived on roots and tough things all her life. Again little Rackby felt that glow of health and hardness in her person, as if one of the cynical and beautiful immortals of the Greeks confronted him. He was heartily afraid of her mystifying power of enchantment, which seemed to betray him to greater lengths than he had dreamed. Even now perhaps all was lost.

"I will meet you to-night, then. . . at the top of the hill. See? By the Preaching Tree."

She nodded her head toward the church corner. "At eight sharp, by the west face of the clock. And, mind you, Mr. Man, not one jot late or early."

Although he heard the quick fall of her feet in the dust grow fainter, it pleased him not to turn. There was a prickling above his heart and at the

cords of his throat. The harbor was as blue as a map suddenly unrolled at his feet. Clouds with a purple warp were massing in the east.

The harbor master stared hard at the low ridge of an outlying island where a cow had been put to pasture. The hillocky back of that lone ruminant grew black as ink in the glow of sunset. The creature exhibited a strange fixity of outline, as if it had been a chance configuration of rocks. Rackby in due time felt a flaming impatience shoot upward from his heels. Water soughed and chuckled at the foot of the crab-apple tree, but these eager little voices could no longer soothe or even detain him with their familiar assurances.

He jumped up and stared hard at the west face of the clock, whose gilt hands were still discernible in the fading light. It was five minutes of eight.

When he slipped into the shadow of the Preaching Tree it had grown dark. Fitful lightning flashed. In the meadow fireflies were thick. They made him think of the eager beating of many fiery little hearts, exposed by gloom, lost again in that opalescent glare on the horizon against which the ragged leaves of elm and maple were hung like blobs of ink or swarms of bees.

He breathed fast; he heard mysterious fluted calls. A victim of torturing uncertainty, he strained his ear for that swift footfall. Suddenly he felt her come upon him from behind, buoyant, like a warm wave, and press firm hands over his eyelids. Her hair stung his cheek like wire.

"Guess three times."

Rackby felt the strong beat of that adventurous heart like drums of conquest. He crushed her in his arms until she all but cried out. There was nothing he could say. Her breath carried the keen scent of crushed checkerberry plums. She had been nibbling at tender pippins by the way, like a wild thing.

The harbor master remembered later that he seemed to have twice the number of senses appointed to mortals in

that hour. A heavy fragrance fell through the dusk out of the thick of the horse-chestnut tree. A load of hay went by, the rack creaking, the driver sunk well out of sight. He heard the dreaming note of the tree toad; frogs croaked in the lush meadow, water babbled under the crazy wooden sidewalk. . . . The meadow was one vast pulse of fireflies. He felt this industrious flame enter his own wrists.

Then the birches over the way threshed about in a gust of wind. Almost at once rain fell in heavy drops; blinds banged to and fro, a strong smell of dust was in his nostrils, beat up from the road by driving rain.

The girl first put the palm of her hand hard against his cheek, then yielded, with a pliant and surprising motion of the whole body. Her eyes were full of a strange, bright wickedness. Like torches they seemed to cast a crimson light on the already glowing cheek.

Fascinated by this thought, Rackby bent closer. The tented leaves of the horse-chestnut did not stir. Surely the dusky cheek had actually a touch of crimson in the gloom.

This effect, far from being an illusion was produced by a lantern in the fist of a man swinging toward them with vast strides. And now the clock, obeying its north face, struck eight.

Before the last stroke had sounded the girl was made aware of the betraying light. She whirled out of Rackby's arms and ran toward Sam Dreed. The big viking stood with his feet planted well apart, and a mistrustful finger in his beard.

"Touch and go!" cried Caddie Sills, falling on his neck. "Do we go at the top of the tide, mister?"

"What hellion is that under the trees?" he boomed at her, striking the arm down savagely.

"You will laugh when you see," said Cad Sills, wrung with pain, but returning to him on the instant.

"On the wrong side of my face, maybe."

"Can't you see? It's the little harbor master."

"Ah! and standing in the same piece of dark with you, my girl."

Cad Sills laughed wildly. "Did ever I look for more thanks than this from any mortal man? Then I'm not disappointed. But let me ask you, have you taken your ship inside the island to catch the tide?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you have. And would you have done that with the harbor master looking on? Hauled short across the harbor lines? Maybe you think I have a whole chest of pearls at your beck and call, Sam Dreed. Oh, what vexation! Here I hold the little man blindfolded by my wiles . . . and this is my thanks!"

The voice was tearful with self-pity.

"Is that so, my puss?" roared the seaman, melted in a flash. He swung the girl by the waist with his free arm. "You *have* got just enough natural impudence for the tall water and no mistake. Come along."

"Wait!" cried Jethro Rackby. He stepped forward. He felt the first of many wild pangs in thus subjecting himself to last insult. "Where are you going?"

The words had the pitiful vacuity of a detaining question. For what should it matter to Jethro where she went, if she went in company with Sam Dreed?

"How can I tell you that, little man?" Cad Sills flung over her shoulder at him. "The sea is wide and uncertain."

Her full cheek, with its emphatic curve, was almost gaunt in the moment when she fixed her eyes on the wolfish face of that tousle-headed giant who encircled her. Her shoulder blades were pinched back; the line of the marvelous full throat lengthened; she devoured the man with a vehemence of love, brief and fierce as the summer lightning which played below the dark horizon.

She was gone, planting that aerial foot willfully in the dust. Raindrops ticked from one to another of the broad, green leaves over the harbor master's head.

Water might be heard frothing in a nearby cistern.

Suddenly the moon glittered on the parson's birch-wood pile, and slanted a beam under the Preaching Tree. Sunk in the thick dust which the rain had slightly stippled in slow droppings, he saw the tender prints of a bare foot, and the cruel tracks of the seaman's great, square-toed boots pointing together toward the sea.

He raised his eyes only with a profound effort. They encountered a black-board affixed to the fat trunk of the Preaching Tree, on which from day to day the parson wrote the text for its preachments in colored chalk. The moon was full upon it, and Rackby saw in crimson lettering the words, "Woman, hath no man damned thee?" The rest of the text he had rubbed out with his own shoulders in turning to take the girl into his arms.

"I damn ye!" he cried, raising his arms wildly. "Yes, by the Lord, I damn ye up and down. May you burn as I burn, where the worm dieth not, and the fires are not quenched."

So saying, he set his foot down deliberately on the first of the light footprints she had made in springing from his side—as if he might as easily as that blot out the memory of his enslavement.

Thereafter the Customs House twitted him, as if it knew the full extent of his shame. Zinie Shadd called after him to know if he had heard that voice from the sea yet, in his comings and goings.

"Peter Loud was not so easy hung by the heels," that aged loiterer affirmed, "shipping as he did along with the lady herself, as bo's'n for Cap'n Sam Dreed."

Jethro Rackby took to drink somewhat, to drown these utterances, or perhaps to quench some stinging thirst within him which he knew not to be of the soul.

When certain of the elders asked him why he did not cut the drink and take a decent wife, he laughed like a demon, and cried out:

"What's that but to swap the devil for a witch?"

Others he met with a counter question:

"Do you think I will tie a knot with my tongue that I can't untie with my teeth?"

So he sat by himself at the back windows of a water-front saloon, and when he caught a glimpse of the water shining there low in its channels he would shut his lips tight. . . . Who could have thought that it would be the sea itself to throw in his path the woman who had set this blistering agony in his soul? There it lay like rolled glass; the black piles under the footbridge were prolonged to twice their length by their own shadows, so that the bridge seemed lifted enormously high out of water. Beyond the bridge the seine pockets of the mackerel men hung on the shrouds like black cobwebs, and the ships had a blighting look of funeral ships. . . .

He had mistrusted the sea. It was life; it was death; flow, slack, and ebb—and his pulse followed it.

Officials of the Customs House could testify that for better than a year, if he mentioned women at all, it was in a tone to convey that his fingers had been sorely burned in that flame and smarted still.

The second autumn from that moment under the Preaching Tree, found him of the same opinion still. He trod the dust a very phantom, while little leaves of cardinal red spun past his nose like the ebbing heart's blood of full-bodied summer. The long leaves of the sumach, too, were like guilty fingers dipped in blood. But the little man paid no heed to the analogies which the seasons presented to his conscience in their dying. Though he thought often of his curse, he had not lifted it. But when he saw a cluster of checkerberry plums in spring gleam withered red against gray moss, on some stony upland, he stood still and pondered.

Then, on a night when the fall wind was at its mightiest, and shook the house on Meteor Island as if clods of turf had

been hurled against it, he took down his Bible from its stand. At the first page to which he turned, his eye rested on the words, "Woman, hath no man damned thee?"

He bent close, his hand shook, and his blunt finger traced the remainder of that text which he and Cad Sills together had unwittingly erased from the Preaching Tree.

"No man, Lord." . . . "Neither do I damn thee: go, and sin no more."

He left the Bible standing open and ran out-of-doors.

The hemlock grove confronted him a mass of solid green. Night was coming on, as if with an ague, in a succession of coppery cold squalls which had not yet overtaken the dying west. In that quarter the sky was like a vast porch of crimson woodbine.

When this had sunk, night gave a forlorn and indistinguishable look to everything. A spark of ruddy light glowed deep in the valley. The rocking outlines of the hills were lost in rushing darkness. At his back sounded the pathetic clatter of a dead spruce against its living neighbor, bespeaking the deviltry of woodland demons. . . . It was the hour which makes all that man can do seem as nothing in the mournful darkness, causing his works to vanish and be as if they had not been.

At this hour the heart of man may be powerfully stirred, by an anguish, a prayer, or perhaps—a fragrance.

The harbor master, uttering a brief cry, dropped to his knees and remained mute, his arms extended toward the sea in a gesture of reconciliation.

On that night the *Sally Lunn*, Cap'n Sam Dreed, was wrecked on the sands of Pull-an'-be-Damned.

Rackby, who had fallen into a deep sleep, lying northeast and southwest, was awakened by a hand smiting his door in, and a wailing outside of the Old Roke busy with his agonies. In a second his room was full of crowding seamen, at their head Peter Loud, bearing in his arms the dripping form of

Caddie Sills. He laid her gently on the couch.

"Where did you break up?" whispered Rackby. He trembled like a leaf.

"Pull-an'-be-Damned," said Deep-water Peter. "The Cap'n's gone. He didn't come away. Men can say what they like of Sam Dreed; he wouldn't come into the boat. I'll tell all the world that."

The crew of the wrecked ship stood heaving and glittering in their oils, plucking their beards with a sense of trespass, hearing the steeple clock tick, and water drum on the worn floor.

"All you men clear out," said Caddie Sills, faintly. "Leave me here with Jethro Rackby."

They set themselves in motion, pushing one against the other with a rasp and shriek of oilskins—and Peter Loud last of all.

The harbor master, not knowing what to say, took a step away from her, came back, and, looking into her pale face, cried out, horror struck, "I damned ye." He dropped on his knees. "Poor girl! I damned ye out and out."

"Hold your horses, Mr. Happen-so," said Cad Sills. "There's no harm in that. I was damned and basted good and brown before you ever took me across your little checkered apron."

She looked at him almost wistfully, as if she had need of him. With her wet hair uncoiling to the floor, she looked as if she had served, herself, for a fateful living figurehead, like her mother before her. The bit of coral was still slung round her throat. The harbor master recalled with what a world of meaning she had caught it between her teeth, on the night of his rescue—the eyes with a half-wistful light as now.

"Come," she said, "Harbor Master. I wasn't good to you, that's true; but still you have done me a wrong in your turn, you say?"

"I hope God will forgive me," said the harbor master.

"No doubt of that, little man. But maybe you would feel none the worse for doing me a favor, feeling as you do."

"Yes, yes."

Her hand sought his. "You see me—how I am. I shall not survive my child, for my mother did not before me. Listen. You are town clerk. You write the names of the new born on a sheet of ruled paper and that is their name?"

Rackby nodded.

"So much I knew. . . . Come. How would it be if you gave my child your name . . . Rackby? Don't say no to me. Say you will. Just the scratching of a pen, and what a deal of hardship she'll be saved not to be known as Cad Sills over again."

Her hand tightened on his wrist. Recollecting how they had watched the tide horse over Pull-an'-be-Damned thus, he said, eagerly, "Yes, yes, if so be 'tis a she," thinking nothing of the consequences of his promise.

(To be continued)

"Now I can go happy," murmured Cad Sills.

"Where will you go?" said the harbor master, timorously, feeling that she was whirled out of his grasp a second time.

"How should I know?" lisped Caddie Sills, with a remembering smile. "The sea is wide and uncertain, little man."

The door opened again. A woman appeared and little Rackby was thrust out among the able seamen.

Three hours later he came and looked down on Cad Sills again. Rain still beat on the black windows. Her lips were parted, as if she were only weary and asleep. But in one glance he saw that she had no need to lie northeast and southwest to make certain of unbroken sleep.

A LOVER'S WARNING

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

WE that were born, beloved, so far apart,
 So many seas and lands,
 The gods, one sudden day, joined heart to heart,
 Linked severed hands to hands;
 Distance relented and became our friend;
 And met, for our sake, world's end with world's end.
 The earth was centered in one flowery plot
 Where passed thy feet, and all the rest was not.

Now wouldst thou rend our nearness, and again
 Bring distance back, and place
 Poles and equators, mountain range and plain,
 Between me and thy face,
 Undoing what the gods divinely planned.
 Heart, canst thou part; hand, loose me from thy hand?
 Not twice the gods their slighted gifts bestow;
 Bethink thee well, beloved, ere thou dost go?

UNEARTHING THE SECRETS OF THE AZTEC RUIN

BY CLARK WISSLER, PH.D.

Curator of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History

IT may be true that the discovery of the North and South Poles and the mapping of the most remote parts of the earth have made the ancient and honorable profession of exploring less appealing; but the course of daily events indicates that the hidden wonders of the world are by no means exhausted. Even within the United States there are still possibilities. For one thing, explorers in the states of Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado have brought to light some of the most fascinating ruins to be found anywhere in the world, and no doubt hundreds of others lie beneath the sands or are hidden in the almost inaccessible niches of overhanging cliffs. Imagine the sensation when, setting foot upon a spade to throw off the top of what seemed a mere mound of earth, you suddenly feel your homely digging implement break through into space. Further, conjure up the thrill resulting from a peep down through the opening thus made into a beautiful rectangular room with glistening white walls—an ancient sanctuary, sealed up and hidden away for no one knows how many centuries. This is about what happened to Earl H. Morris, on an expedition for the American Museum of Natural History, no longer ago than last June. But, to comprehend the significance of this experience, we must take up the story at the beginning.

In the northwest corner of New Mexico, not far from the Colorado line, near the town of Aztec, lies a group of impressive ruins. The largest and best preserved of these has long been known as the Aztec Ruin. The name may be a little unfortunate, for it calls to mind the

famous exploits of Cortes, who overthrew and destroyed a native kingdom of that name in Mexico, and thus suggests that the builders of these ruins were also Aztecs. Though it is true that for centuries historians have used the term Aztec as a general name for the prehistoric population of the entire country between Utah and Panama, we now know that this name applies properly only to the people dwelling in and around the City of Mexico when Cortes arrived upon the scene. So when we read of the ruin at the town of Aztec, New Mexico, we must not fall into the error of thinking of it as one of the homes of the valiant builders of Tenochtitlan, or ancient Mexico City.

This now famous ruin of Aztec stands upon an elevated plot overlooking a modern town of the same name, in the valley of the Animas River. When first observed it appeared as a large, low mound of sandy earth, overgrown with shrubbery. Mr. Morris, the head of the Museum's field party which began operations at this site in 1916, describes it as "nothing more than a patch of jungle rising above the surrounding level, an impenetrable tangle of thorns and weeds."

Obviously, the Museum's party were not the first visitors. The honor of discovery belongs to one J. S. Newbury, who saw the ruin on August 4, 1859, while passing through the country on an exploring trip for the United States government, and in his journal, under the entry for that day, one may read a brief description of the place. Another noted visitor was Lewis H. Morgan, July 22, 1878, who, after careful examination of the site, prepared a ground

plan and published a brief description. While in the days of Newbury and Morgan a journey to these ruins was an undertaking of no small magnitude, today one may ride to them by train or automobile with little or no discomfort. Few travelers now pass through that part of the country without visiting these ruins, where, thanks to the American Museum, they may see the whole structure laid bare, wander through its maze of walls, or creep through its low doorways into chambers long since deserted. The first question these visitors ask is, "How long since people lived here, and what manner of men were they?" And it is precisely such questions as these that the Museum's expedition seeks to answer. For one thing, we know that the ruin was abandoned long before the Spanish explorers came up from Mexico. This can be demonstrated by archæological methods.

When the archæologist wishes to know which of two civilizations is the older, he seeks a place where the debris of one is piled upon that of the other—superposition, he calls it. Again, if he wishes to determine the periods in the development of a single city, he seeks out the places where the daily refuse was dumped. Naturally, the bottom of the dump is the older, the top the most recent. Experience has shown that pottery decorations and styles are subject to frequent changes and that where pottery is made numerous fragments find their way to the dump, where they form successive layers in order of their dates. The first effective use of this method was in the Valley of the Nile, where lies the refuse of the ages, in the strata of which was found the key to the history of early Egypt. The same method has been applied to the Valley of the San Juan in New Mexico, in which lies the Animas River and this ruin, and to the neighboring valleys where similar ruins are found. The extensive researches of Kidder, Morris, and Nelson have established a relative chronology for the pottery types in this valley as follows:

1. Basket-maker Period.—A people of simple culture, skilled in basketry, having some knowledge of agriculture, but without pottery. These basket makers may have been the first visitors to the region, but the chances are that they were preceded by simple nomads, hunters who left behind no traces of their crude culture.

2. Pre-Pueblo Period.—Crude pottery appears for the first time.

3. Early Period of Black-and-white Pottery.—Small houses were built in this period from which were ultimately developed such buildings as Aztec (Period 4).

4. Late Period of Black-and-white Pottery.—Aztec was built near the close of this period. It was also the time of the large cliff houses in Mesa Verde Park and the famous ruins in Chaco Cañon.

5. Period of Two-color Glazed Ware.—Pueblo culture began in the valley of the Rio Grande around what is now Santa Fé and became extinct at Aztec.

6. Latest Prehistoric Period (?–1540).—Three-color Glazed and Painted Wares. During this period many of the Pueblo villages to be seen around Santa Fé came into existence.

7. Historic Period (1540–1921).—Pottery index, Two-color Glazed Ware. Also modern pottery, some forms of which are still made around Santa Fé, New Mexico.

All earlier than Period 6 fall before the coming of the Spanish explorers, almost four hundred years ago. At this ratio, counting backward to Period 3, to which the ruin at Aztec belongs, according to the prevailing type of pottery, one must allow at least one thousand years, with the probabilities favoring twice that interval.

When the ruin was first uncovered, its ground plan was found to be somewhat like a letter E, with a row of one-story rooms closing up the front, thus giving a large inner court. The outside dimensions of the building are approxi-

mately 280 by 360 feet. Judging by the highest sections of the walls now standing, parts of the building were originally of three stories, the whole cut up into small, rectangular rooms. Hence, it was a great apartment house with an inclosed court. Twenty-four rooms in the first story were found to be in perfect condition, with the ceilings still standing; the others are more or less tumbled in. In many cases the walls are standing to the second story, but filled within by stones from the walls above and sand blown in by the winds of centuries. Often, when this debris is dug away, the explorer finds upon the floor of the lower room utensils and other objects standing about, as left by the last occupants. It is these that tell the story of the builders. For example, in one room a workman had been making *metates*, or the stone troughlike slabs upon which cornmeal was ground. In the center of the floor was a partially finished *metate*, hewn from a large hard river boulder. In a corner were two untouched boulders awaiting their turn. Near by were the stonecutter's tools. These were halves of hard, smooth pebbles, broken through the middle, so as to present sharp edges. Holding the smooth part in the hand, it is obvious that the workman struck glancing blows on the surface to be worked down. In one corner was a heap of unbroken pebbles; in another, broken pebbles with the edges worn completely away. So this was the shop of a patient stone worker, who walked out of his door one day, no one knows where, leaving behind these fragments to tell the story of his toil.

The walls of the ruin are of sandstones, the outer surfaces of which are nicely dressed. The nearest quarry from which such stone can be obtained is at least two miles away. Here and at another outcrop of this same sandstone, some five miles distant, the Museum's party found the ancient workings of these old builders of Aztec and the huge stone hammers used to break up the layers into suitable lengths for human trans-

port, for beasts of burden there were none. The nicety with which some of the walls are faced is surprising. The doorways are laid up with perfectly squared blocks, so true to the vertical that a plumb line must have been used. Anyway, Mr. Morris found on the floor of a room two long cords with weights attached, about the size of plummetts used by modern masons. Certainly in the art of stone work the old dweller at Aztec was no novice, even if his tools were of stone. Stone cut stone, was his motto, no doubt; but wood was also skillfully handled without the aid of metals.

The lumberman of to-day would spurn a stone ax; yet this ruin contained enough heavy beams to have required the cutting of more than 250 spruce and pine trees approximating twelve inches in diameter. Something over sixty ceiling beams made from these logs may still be seen in perfect condition, while fragments of others and timbers of all kinds abound. The ends of unfinished beams are bluntly conical, coming almost to a point at the center, and look very much as if they had been gnawed off by beavers. Most of the timbers used in ceiling construction appear to have been cut in the spring when the sap was running. Every vestige of bark has been carefully removed and the knots rubbed smooth, so that the heavy pine stringers and smaller transverse beams of pine and cottonwood resemble lathe-turned cylinders more than peeled logs.

The old dwellers at Aztec lived in a stone age. Neither iron, silver, nor gold fell to their lot. Of copper they had but the faintest knowledge, since in all the ruin but two or three small bits of this metal have come to light, and upon examination these prove to be the remains of bells and beads imported from the land of the real Aztecs.

Besides being expert builders with wood and stone, these people were good potters. Pottery fragments cover the surface of the ground around the ruin and turn up in every shovel of earth



REMOVING THE WRECK OF A THIRD-STORY ROOM TO GET AT THE ROOMS BELOW

moved from within. A few vessels were found unbroken, but most of those left upon the floors were crushed by falling stones and by the dead weight of the debris accumulating above. Yet, most of these can be repaired, for our excavators not only keep in separate boxes the contents of the different rooms, but whenever their practiced eyes give the hint of a broken vessel beneath their shovels all the fragments are picked out, placed in a bag, and labeled. Later, these are examined and fitted together in their original form. In this way something more than four hundred complete vessels have been recovered, not to mention many more in partial restoration. The decorated vessels are the most interesting. Though somewhat dulled by age and use, these vessels are finished in creamy white and in many cases ornamented with geometric designs in black. The common forms are mugs, pitchers, dip-pers, bowls, and water jars. Occasionally, ornamental forms occur, such as vessels in the shapes of birds, animals, and, rarer still, human beings. While it

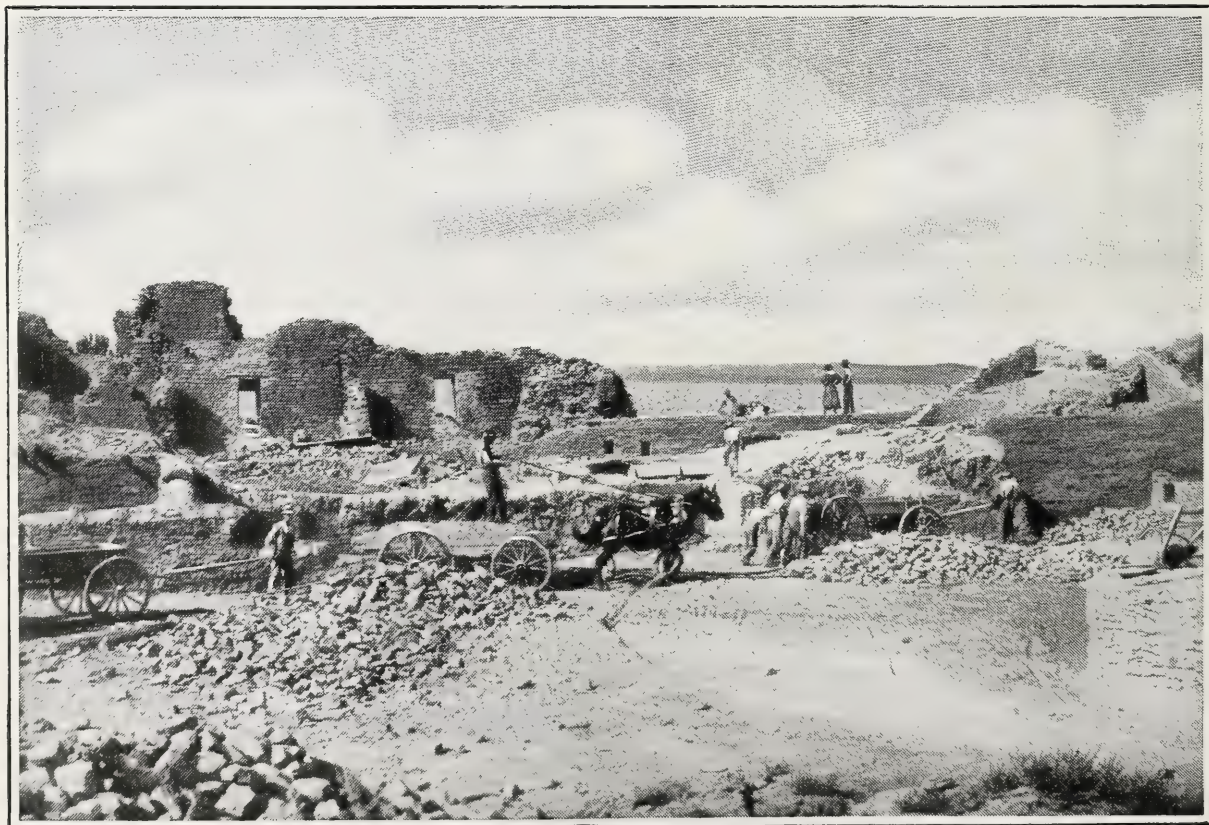
is evident that the greater part of these decorated vessels were for household use, they were outnumbered ten to one by the homely cooking pot, finished in black and showing the original coils of the potter, for it should be noted that no such thing as the potter's wheel was known in the New World and that everywhere pottery was made by coiling up slender rolls of clay. In decorated pottery the ridges left by these coils have been carefully smoothed over, but in the case of cooking vessels and others for rough usage they still appear, even bearing the marks of the potter's fingers which pressed them into place. Pots of this type are so numerous that the Museum's party long ago ceased restoring them, merely taking note of the fragments to see that no new forms appeared. Had all of those so far found been mended it would have required several moving vans to have carted them away.

You may wonder what it was that filled these many hundred dinner pots. This also the archæologist can tell, for

about and in the ruin were many little accumulations of refuse containing bones of the turkey, deer, and rabbit; but what is of more significance, storage room or bins filled with corncobs and the remains of beans were found in the ruin. The land around the ruin has been under cultivation since the white settlers came, but it is said that when this land was first cleared old irrigation ditches and field boundaries were plainly visible. Thus we see that the old dweller at Aztec was not a wandering hunter, but an agriculturalist of no mean order, and yet a town dweller, with sufficient leisure to indulge in architecture and other arts. In one small storeroom Mr. Morris found a pile of cornstalks, or fodder, as our farmers call it. The blades and husks were bright and glossy, as if taken from the field a year ago, but they were brittle and easily crushed, showing the effect of their long storage. These cornstalks were carefully removed and placed in a pile. At the lunch hour one of the teamsters employed to cart the dirt away from the excavations turned out

his mules to graze and a little later one of them was detected blissfully masticating one of these stalks.

Interesting examples of weaving were found, though usually in a fragmentary condition. Baskets and mats, however, were sometimes encountered in perfect condition. Traces of neither beds nor chairs were observed, but the numerous fragments of mats leave little reason to doubt that these were spread upon the floor when their owners wished to rest or sleep. A few cushions, or perhaps pillows, have been found nicely plaited like matting and stuffed with corn tassels. But on all of these points our best information comes from the dead. Strange to say, some of the rooms were used as burial chambers, the bodies laid in one at a time and covered with dry, sandy earth, the process often continuing until the ceiling was reached, when the room was sealed up like a great vault in a cemetery. In such we find the old and the young, even the infant still strapped to its cradle board. The bodies of adults were often muffled up in large



CENTER OF NORTH WING—CLEARING STONES AWAY FROM THE WALLS



A CLOSER VIEW OF ROOMS, THE CEILINGS OF WHICH HAD FALLEN DOWN

feather capes or blankets. Such capes were composed of a kind of net of strong cords, to which were tied, one by one, the feathers of turkey and other birds, so arranged that they overlapped evenly as do the feathers upon the living fowl.

One of the burials is of such unique interest that we must stop to describe it in some detail. Last year Mr. Morris opened a burial room in which he found a body in an unusually contorted position. Carefully working away the earth by means of a fine brush, as is the way of the archæologist, he came upon some wooden splints resting around the bones of the left forearm, encircled by cords. Further examination revealed a fracture just above the wrist, both bones being broken. As the uncovering of the skeleton continued other injuries came to light. One side of the pelvis had been crushed and two of the lower vertebræ fractured. Evidently this individual met with a serious accident; perhaps he was a builder, crushed by a toppling wall.

In any case, we know that he did not long survive his injury, for there are no signs of healing on the bone. But the point of greatest interest is the splinted arm. The splints are carefully made, with nicely rounded edges, indicating that they were in the kit of the surgeon ready for such an emergency. So we learn, among other things, that the surgical knowledge of this prehistoric people enabled them to set broken limbs satisfactorily.

The removal of this skeleton was a real problem; since this was the first and only known example of prehistoric bone setting in America, it was desirable to remove all parts as found, bring them to the Museum, and preserve them for future study. So the earth was carefully brushed away from all parts of the skeleton, and plaster of Paris set around and under the whole, enabling it in the end to be lifted in its entirety and thus safely transported. Eventually it will be placed on exhibition in the Museum. There it

will lie as indisputable evidence of the surgical skill of a forgotten race.

This, perhaps more than any other discovery at the ruin, raises our respect for these old apartment-house dwellers. There must have been students of anatomy among them who, by careful observation and even dissection, had come into an intimate knowledge of the human frame and its functions.

But to return to our burials—feather cloaks were not the only garments they possessed. Many fragments of good cotton cloth were found. In fact, these people were weavers of considerable skill. The highest tribute to their efficiency is a piece of cloth comparable in texture and flexibility to modern ten-ounce ducking. Sandals were made of yucca fiber by plaiting, but the finest examples of this footgear are the cloth sandals, made of spun yucca thread and woven by a technic too complicated to present here. One of the finest of these sandals is shown in the illustration, but this drawing does not convey the smoothness

of finish and the beauty of the piece. As an example of handcraft in textiles this ancient sandal need fear few competitors.

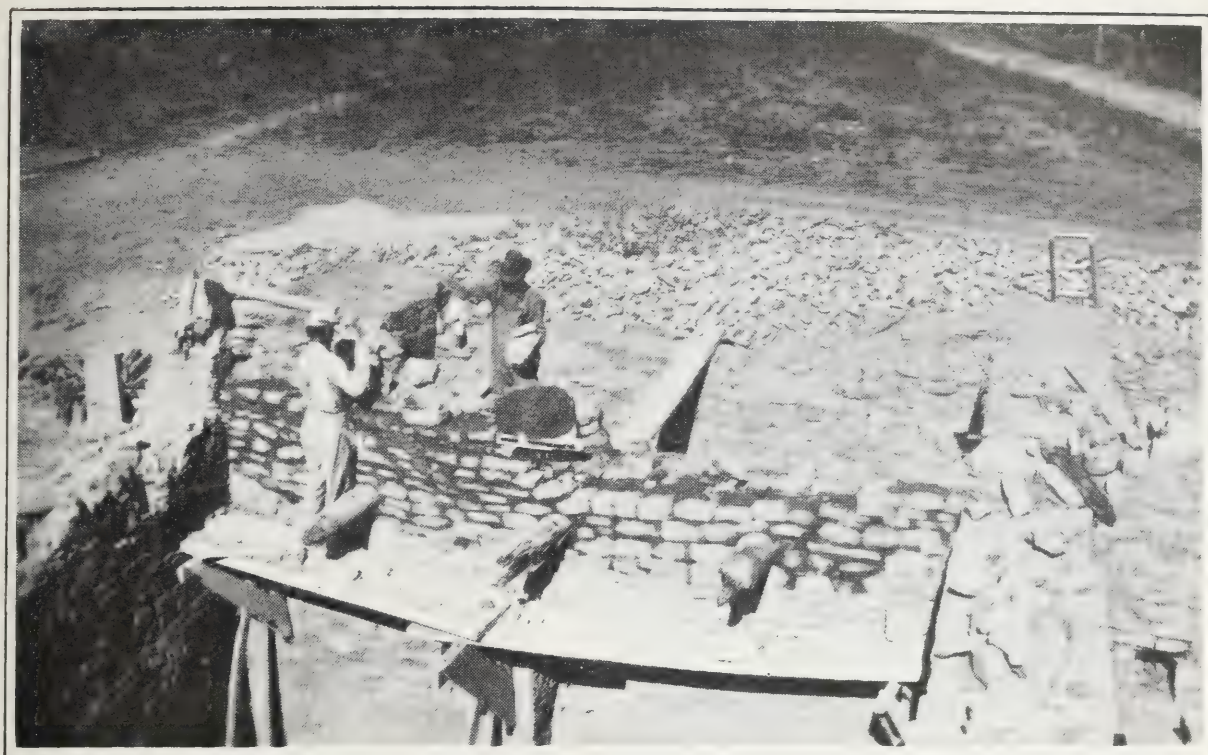
In this connection we must not fail to mention the recent discovery of a piece of cotton cloth with stamped or hand-painted design. Unfortunately, the fragment is too small to give us positive information as to just how the design was placed upon the fabric, but it appears to have been stamped. If now we are to add cloth printing to the long list of achievements already accredited to these old, old Americans, we must necessarily regard them as a wonderful people, worthy of a better fate than extinction.

Some examples of sewing with fine thread require an explanation, for these people were without metal suitable for the making of needles of the requisite fineness. Some pieces of cloth and buckskin are so closely sewn and the needle holes so small that needles of a sixteenth of an inch or less in diameter would have



THE EAST WING OF THE RUIN AFTER COMPLETE EXCAVATION

The circular wall in the court incloses the cover to an underground room, called a *kiva* by the modern Pueblo Indian

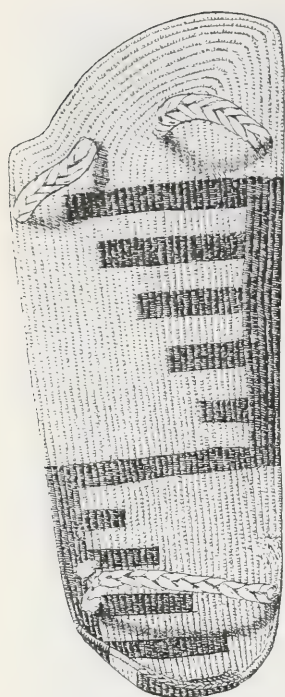


TO PRESERVE THE RUIN, THE WALLS ARE RECAPPED WITH CEMENT

been required. No material was available from which needles of this diameter could have been made strong enough to be serviceable when fitted with an eye to carry thread. Even compact deer bone would have been too brittle. For a time this was a mystery, but as the work of excavation went on substitutes for needles came to light. These were slender yucca thorns with fine cotton thread still attached. The long leaf of the yucca ends in a slender thorn. It is from this leaf that the yucca fiber comes. These fibers are long, tiny threads running through the leaf and ending in the thorny tip. To make a needle the forward half of a leaf was cut off and the soft, fleshy matter macerated out, leaving the long, delicate thorn with the loose fibers. The end of the seamstress's thread could be twisted or spliced into these pendent fibers, as shown in the cut. With such an equipment very fine, close work was possible.

While we are considering delicate work the reader may be interested to know that the lapidary plied his trade at Aztec, though his materials were chiefly

shell and turquoise. His shells came from the Pacific Ocean and his turquoise from the mines in the valley of the upper Rio Grande. The finest examples of shell work are slender bracelets cut with great precision, provided with an eye for the suspension of a pendent, and inlaid with one or more pieces of turquoise, whose bright, blue-green pattern against the polished white of the shell gives a pleasing effect. But this inlaying appears simple enough when we examine the shell disks found in one of the rooms of the eastern wing of the ruin. This was a burial room, somewhat damaged by a fire after it had been sealed up. Upon the charred garment of one skeleton were the remains of twenty or more of these disks, all covered with mosaic inlays of turquoise, gilsonite, galena crystals, and other colored stones. The disks are like large shell buttons, with an eye for a cord on the under side. The outer surface was completely covered with small pieces of ornamental stones, cut so as to fit with the greatest nicety. In addition to these examples of the lapidary's skill, the ex-



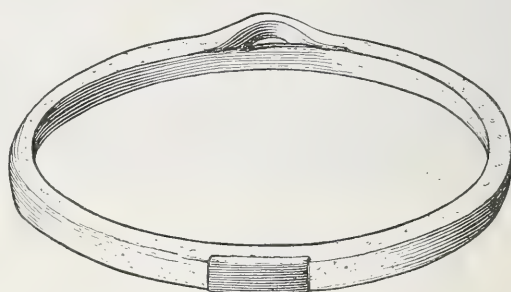
A TWINED CLOTH
SANDAL

gest their having been in strands. In such cases the dirt was carefully scooped up and washed out, leaving the beads behind. The beads from one of these skeletons, when strung, made a strand 57 feet long, counting about 31,000 beads, averaging $\frac{1}{16}$ inch in diameter and $\frac{1}{45}$ inch in thickness. The material is a fine-grained, very hard, glossy-black stone resembling an excellent quality of slate. Another string is 56 feet long, counting over 17,000 beads slightly larger in size. These are the longest, but the most remarkable beads were found with the skeleton of an infant. These were so tiny that they almost escaped detection, but over 3,000 were recovered. They are very uniform in size, average $\frac{1}{25}$ inch in diameter and $\frac{1}{48}$ inch in thickness. The hole in these beads is less than $\frac{1}{50}$ inch in diameter. This is of almost microscopic proportions, and the boring of such a hole is something the modern lapidary might find trouble-

cavator turned up many beautiful pendants and hundreds of beads of all kinds—shell, stone, turquoise, etc. In fact, there were so many beads that no effort was made to count them, save for the few rooms in which they were most abundant, and here approximately 75,000 were picked up. Masses of stone beads were found about skeletons, so distributed as to sug-

some. How these old aborigines, living in a stone age, could accomplish this feat is still a mystery to the archæologist.

One could go on for hours enumerating the wonderful things discovered by Mr. Morris, all of which picture the life of such an explorer as one continued round of joy. But it is far from the truth. Explorers of ruins in the less-frequented parts of our Southwest do have their trials, for rattlesnakes usually hold forth in the abandoned rooms and resent intrusion. Though these unsociable creatures are easily evicted, it is otherwise with



A SHELL BRACELET WITH EYE FOR A PEND-
ANT AND AN INSET OF TURQUOISE

the centipedes who make their homes in the crevices of walls and under fallen stones, to dash out over the hands and feet of the worker. This is disconcerting even to an explorer. Yet the most trying thing at Aztec was dust. The rooms with ceilings still in place were filled to a foot or more with a fine dust powder, the slow accumulation of years and years. The least movement of the foot caused a puff and the first shovel stroke a cloud, that soon became unbearable. Under such conditions sponges and masks must be worn, but even these do not prevent the inhaling of some dust, so great is its penetrating power. But the worst is the "dust chill." For some reason, not yet understood, hours of



A YUCCA NEEDLE WITH COTTON CORD ATTACHED

labor in one of these dust holes result in illness, the chief symptom of which is a nervous chill, more or less recurrent for several days. Several of the Museum's party have been afflicted in this way. Excavations in open rooms are less trying, but even there the fierce heat of the sun and the ordinary dust of the dry soil, are enough to deter all but enthusiasts in exploration.

Still, there are compensations in the lure of the quest, the unexpected being



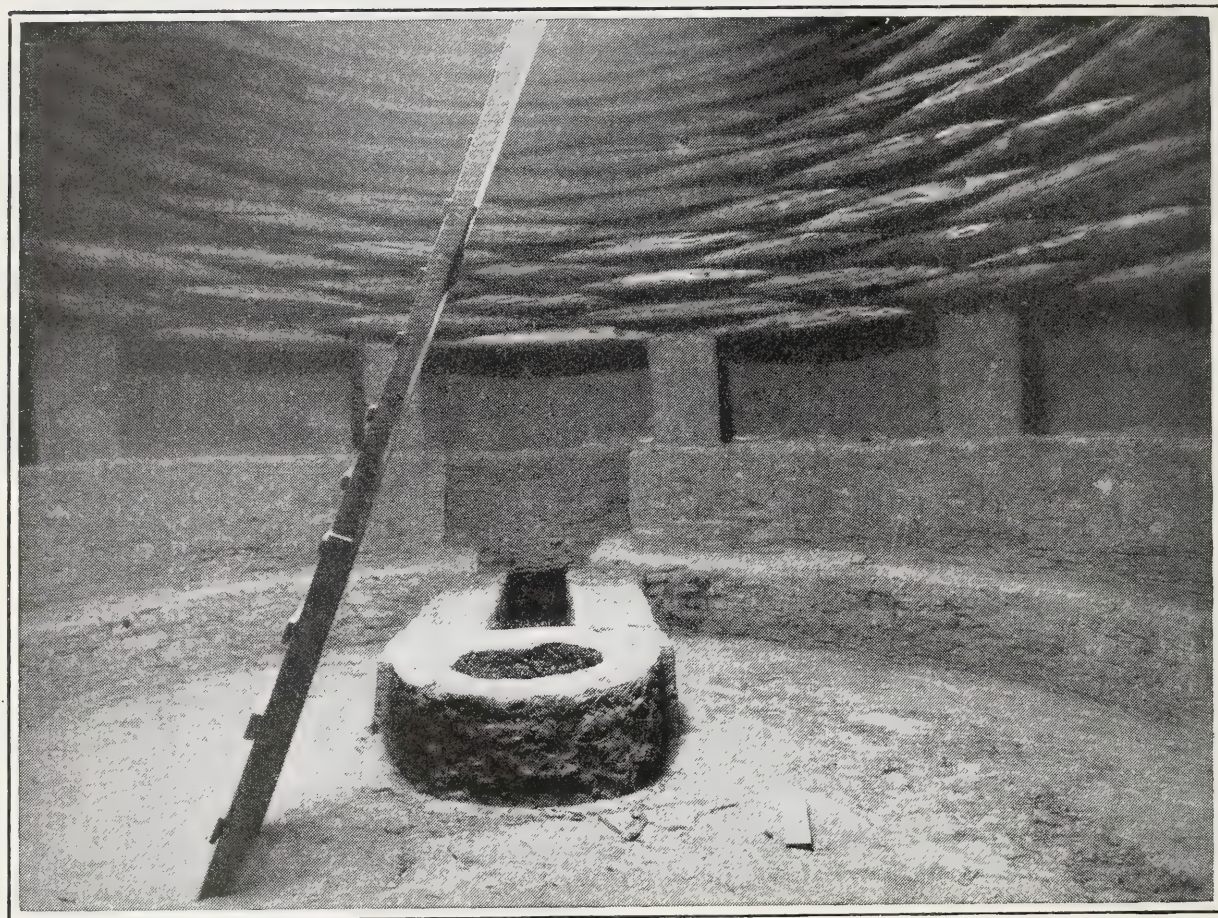
BLACK-ON-WHITE POTTERY FORMS—WATER JAR AND PITCHERS

the rule. For days one may toil in dust and sweat without result, only to chance at last upon objects that tell the whole story, or perchance raise new problems. One such incident was referred to at the outset, a corner of the ruin had not yet been cleared because it seemed to be the rounded heap of completely demolished rooms, and so without special interest, but when finally given attention it proved to have safely hidden beneath it a rectangular room in perfect condition. The interior is plastered and painted in a brilliant white, with dull-red borders and a running series of triangular designs. No room approaching this in beauty and perfection has ever been discovered in America. Obviously, what we have is a holy sanctum or shrine belonging to these prehistoric people. Nothing of consequence was found in this room, all the sacred objects having been removed from the altar before it was abandoned, but several strands of beautifully made rope hung from the ceiling, while on the floor was a large number of nicely cut stone slabs.

But who were the people that worshiped here and then so carefully sealed up the entrance when they left? The Navajo have weird legends of the people who lived in this ruin, of a holy virgin kept in a painted room, a sacrifice to



CHIPPED KNIVES WITH THICK ORIGINAL WOODEN HANDLES



THE RESTORED INTERIOR OF A KIVA

the gods, perhaps, in this very room; but however that may be, we know that the builders of Aztec were of the same racial stock as the extinct Cliff dwellers and the Pueblo Indians still living in parts of Arizona and New Mexico, all belonging to the great American Indian race, scattered up and down the continent. Presumably long ago, certainly some thousands of years, a tribe or two settled in this region and began to develop a culture of their own, which progressed through many successive periods to the grandeur of the cliff house and Aztec, and ultimately to the great modern villages of the Hopi, Zuni, and Rio Grande Pueblos.

In closing it should be stated that this ruin was carefully protected by its former owner, Mr. H. D. Abrams, until excavations were undertaken by the

American Museum of Natural History. The expense of the undertaking was borne by Mr. Archer M. Huntington, a trustee of that institution, who has since purchased the ruin property and will donate the same to the United States to be made a national monument and thus be preserved for the enlightenment of all who care to visit it. To this end the Museum party carefully repaired and strengthened all the walls uncovered, and took steps to protect such important rooms as this sanctuary. The work of the American Museum of Natural History herein described is a part of the Archer M. Huntington survey of the Southwest, the object of which is to increase our knowledge of the Southwest wonderland and make the story of the past a joy and an inspiration to the traveler of to-morrow.

WITHERED PETALS

BY REITA LAMBERT RANCK

EVERYBODY knows that a flower which has lain sentimentally between the pages of a book for a decade or so must continue so to lie in order to retain its value, both practical and sentimental. Even Estelle Gray knew this, and if she had stopped to consider—well—

She had boarded the Sixth Avenue surface car at Fifty-eighth street, relinquishing with a sigh the charms of the Fifth Avenue bus, for she had a destination to reach before dark. She seated herself side-ways on the carpeted seat in order to glean sidewalk activities and window secrets, her trim ankles crossed, her sleekly gloved hands clasped in her beaver muff. The car ambled aimlessly along with little hopeful spurts between its asthmatic halts at each corner. And so when she caught sight of Dean Tuttle during one of these pauses, she had sufficient time to make sure that it *was* Dean, to experience a concatenation of emotions ranging from thrilled surprise to unconquerable curiosity before the conductor had reached for the signal cord. The next instant, her original mission forgotten, she was in the street and crossing to the curb from which Dean was stepping, bound apparently for Broadway. She intercepted his advance with outstretched hand.

"Dean!" she exclaimed. "You!"

For an instant his face was a blank, and then a deep flush suffused it and he grasped her hand, not quite free of embarrassment.

"Stell!" he cried. "Well, you're the last person!"

"Is it really you?"

Her excitement had reduced her to a faltering triteness.

"It's like you to pop up like a cheerful spook and scare a fellow to death," he accused her, fondly.

"You do look as if you were seeing ghosts!"

"We're holding up traffic," he interrupted, jocosely, and piloted her to the curb, his hand cuddling her elbow in a way she well knew.

"I saw you from the car," she explained above the roar of the Elevated, "and I couldn't resist the temptation of getting off. I'm so *glad* to see you!"

"You're a sight for weary eyes, yourself," he said, looking down at her. "Are you— Have you— Which way are you going?"

"Why, your way, of course! Do you think I'll let you go when I've just found you?"

It was the manner she had always assumed with him—that pertly aggressive, spoiled-child manner of the woman who is quite sure of her man and of herself.

There was the faintest flash of hesitation in his response; then he took her elbow again.

"Where to?" he asked. "I don't know *your* town as well as my own."

"Suppose we go somewhere for tea, and have coffee and talk," she suggested, gaily. "The Claridge is right here on the corner. That'll do!"

They turned into Forty-fourth Street, he looking down at the chic cloth turban she was wearing, little points of excitement in his brown eyes.

"The same old Stell, aren't you?" he said, and there was a hint of awe in his voice as there had always been when he spoke to Estelle.

"The same, only a little emphasized,"

she laughed. She was feeling like a *débutante* with her first beau. Both were tinglingly aware that the occasion was epic—a real event! Both were grateful for the clamor and jostle of sidewalk turbulence which reduced their repartee to monosyllables.

At the Claridge Estelle led the way to a remote corner table, settled herself on the velours-covered settle that clung in the French style to the walls of the grill, and motioned Dean to a seat beside her. A suave and elegant waiter shoved the table against their knees, took their order for muffins and coffee, and left them.

And now, in the comparative seclusion of the partly filled dining-room, bereft of the comforting din of the street, they regarded each other with fluttering, furtive glances. Woman-like, Estelle endeavored to fill the gap of years between this and their last meeting with conversational trivialities, and, manlike, Dean sat stolidly, vacuously, ill at ease, every least thing about him a vivid reminder of things it were more comfortable to forget.

"Just think," said Estelle, brightly, "here we are sitting together after how many years—perfect eons!"

"Six," said Dean methodically. "It was six years ago that—"

"Six! Gracious!" interrupted Estelle, quickly. "Yes, it must be that long. I've been married over five."

"I saw Jack Dunn after you came back from Europe. He was on the steamer with you, wasn't he? He told me the news about you."

"About my baby?"

"Well," he hesitated, fumbling a fork uncertainly, "it hadn't exactly materialized, but—"

She laughed. "Betty is a material enough little person now. Over a year old. Think of that!"

He *was* thinking of it, and for a moment struggled vainly to speak, but Estelle broke in.

"A nice, well-mannered, properly directed little animal," said Estelle, "but

don't let's talk about babies. I want to hear about you."

"Oh, I'm just the same," he said. "Plodding along in the old rut. You know you once called me that—a plodder."

"No!" mocked Estelle, gaily. "Well, and so you are! We need plodders. What should we do without them?"

"You managed!" said Dean, dryly, his eyes boring through her.

"I was using the editorial 'we,'" said Estelle, pertly.

He puffed at his cigarette and looked gravely at her. Estelle made one valiant effort after another, but Dean's monosyllabic responses were becoming more and more inadequate, when from an obscure, discreet corner the plaintive sigh of an intriguing violin floated out to them, dissolving the superficial mask of their affectation.

It was an innocent enough instrument, manipulated by a bald man with watery eyes and plenty of *avoids* if they had but known, and he was playing the third selection on his afternoon program, which happened to be "*Mandalay*."

For a long moment they sat there tongue-tied while their hearts undulated to the insistent urge of long-stagnant memories. Then Estelle turned to Dean, her eyelids a little uncertain:

"Tell me, have you the *Juanita* yet?"

He shook his head, his eyes fastened on his fidgeting fingers. "She began to leak badly. I sold her a couple of years ago and bought a sloop. But *Minnehaha* is still doing duty."

"*Minnehaha*!" murmured Estelle, the name at once conjuring up a picture of the graceful slenderness of that crimson canoe; of its noiseless pilgrimage between the foliage-shrouded banks of the winding Pawtucket River. She saw again the muscles beneath the golden tan of Dean's arms, as she watched him languidly from her cuddling cushions. His sleeveless sweater had borne a glaring red "C" on its breast, the insignia of his college crew. There were water-lilies lying indolently on the sun-warmed

surface of the water, and from the battered horn of the club's decrepit phonograph the strains of "Mandalay" followed faintly in their wake.

"*Minnehaha!*" she breathed.

"I don't use her much these days," he said, softly. "She needs a new coat of paint pretty badly."

"Ah, you mustn't neglect *Minnehaha*," reproached Estelle, gently.

A sad little smile twisted his lips.

"We've built a new club-house, you know," he said, "and have a real victrola."

"I didn't know," she shook her head. "I had quite forgotten in these last few years that there still *are* boat clubs and regattas and *Minnehahas*."

He leaned eagerly toward her. "Do you remember that regatta at East Greenwich? That night the wind died on us?"

"Do I?" she breathed. "And the moon—and the sunrise!"

"Your coffee saved our lives that morning."

"I never should have been able to face mother if it hadn't been for that coffee," she chuckled, reminiscently. "The fickleness of the elements never has had any particular significance for mothers, has it? Even when they know you're out in a cat-boat and no engine?"

They chuckled.

"Do you remember how we tried to count the stars?"

"I might have succeeded if you'd shown a little more patience," he asserted, crossly. "I'd got as far as two-hundred and ninety-eight—"

"Heavens!" she laughed. "I'll never forget the monument of concentration you were, lying flat on the deck in your greasy duck trousers and that disreputable hat!"

He grinned. "Nothing the matter with that hat!" he asserted. "It's as good as ever—even now!"

She raised her eyebrows in mock horror. To both of them had come the memory of that summer night on the

Juanita, anchored off Greenwich Point, one of a hundred small, nondescript craft gathered there to participate in the annual regatta. The awkward cat-boat had creaked and groaned softly in the slothful lap of the bay. The stars had popped out in the most amazing profusion, reminding one of a myriad of small street urchins in an ecstasy over some gratuitous entertainment. The plaintive plash of the water against the *Juanita's* hull, the muffled voices from the neighboring boats, the distant wail of an abandoned "foursome" harmonizing "Sweet Adaline," and the damp, salt-seasoned breeze with the illusive suggestion of adventure on its breath, all accentuated their aloneness and reduced their voices to awed, tremulous whispers.

How sublimely alone they had been, and how pulsatingly aware of it! The slightest contact of fingers had stirred their languorous senses to a palpitant suffocation. How reverent his caresses had been! How he had enshrined her frail beguiling helplessness!

Estelle dragged herself back and blinked her eyes like a child waking in a lighted room.

"Those were—wonderful days!" she murmured, banally.

Dean nodded, his eyes on his untasted coffee.

"And you haven't changed a bit." She tried to speak heartily, and wondered if he knew just how much he had, with those puffy signals of fatigue beneath his eyes and that leanness of cheek which is natural to some men, but not to Dean.

He raised his eyes and looked her over humorously.

"Nor you," he returned, which was not altogether truthful, either. She was older, of course, but her face had a poised sophistication about it that was new. Her hair in its snug net beneath the trim turban was neatness personified. The steady pink and white of her complexion gave her a smart sort of charm. But the Estelle of the *Juanita*

days had been disheveled. He could remember that closely confined hair of hers when it had been wind-ruffled and sun-spotted, framing her eager face with its fluctuating color. Her nose had needed powder, and there were a few refractory freckles clinging to her cheekbones. She had worn middies and short, rough skirts in those days, and white sneakers. But with the old memory of her as rival, the charm that she had always possessed for him was weaving its uneasy spell of witchery and inarticulation.

To Estelle, Dean Tuttle had always embodied the immortal Eros. Their friendship had stretched over that period of adolescence when sentimental songs about moonlight, sung in unison at camp-lit *fiestas*, with the tenor always predominating, had appeared the quintessence of romance. Dean had possessed all the *jeune fille's* attributes of heroism — gigantic shoulders, godly height, muscular prowess. All the honors of the football-fields had been his on those chaotic days when she had flaunted his colors from an ear-splitting stadium. And during her own college career he had traveled the three hundred miles to take her to the proms and class plays. How she had flaunted him and his violets! With what heart-rending pathos had they taken their final dinner at the college inn, with the strains of some maudlin song filtering through the leaves of the artificial palms, and thrilling them with a delicious melancholy! But even then she had sensed the fragility of that beautiful, lustrous thread that held them. Still, she had loved him, loved him for all the things that afterward constituted the brief of her refusal.

For Estelle's mind had suddenly turned the corner of maturity, and when she had outgrown her college knickers she had also outgrown Dean. To the eager, inquisitive fingers of her mind Dean's stolid complacency had presented a stone wall. When Estelle was reading Walter Pater, Dean was reveling

in *Fishing Lore and Artificial Bait*. Her literary gleanings appalled him, just as her vagabondish longings disgusted him. "Li'l' old home town is good enough for me," had been his slogan.

And so Estelle had drifted away from college-town valor. She had vagabonded; she had dabbled quite effectively in literature, and she had come home one day to find Dean mentally and physically where she had left him. Then it was that she had delivered that final "no," barren of explanations, for by that time she realized sadly that they would have fallen upon hurt and non-understanding ears.

Not long after that she had met Stanley; Stanley who could round out her unfinished sentences; Stanley in whose fertile mind she found pabulum for that avid intellect of hers. Stanley had not known the rudiments of boat-craft and baseball bored him. There had not been space for those pursuits in the closely written annals between Keats and de Maupassant. Then it was that the thought of those far-reaching years of matrimony, after the first flush and abandon of the honeymoon had waned, ceased to frighten Estelle. And yet she had relinquished the thought of Dean with a little sickening flutter. He was so dear, so handsome, so devoted! And through the steadily increasing content of her married life she had cherished his memory, hugged the rosy, beautiful sentimentality of their long friendship in her heart. His had been the mad, passionate devotion of the medieval knight, the Porphyro to her Madeleine. And now, after these sober, circumspect years, while her mentality had been soaking up sustenance from a thousand intellectual pursuits, Dean appeared, the halo of first love and unrequited devotion enveloping him in an intangible, alluring radiance.

Kipling's Tommy had long ceased to yearn for the land where "the dawn comes up like thunder," but he had served his purpose with these two who continued to sip their coffee and munch

their muffins between little spurts of reminiscence.

"Do you remember the night you dared me to go swimming?"

He nodded dreamily.

"Br-r-r-r, the water was cold!"

"You swore it was warm," he accused her, gravely.

"It was when I got in the moon path," she said, seriously. "I've always felt perfectly sure that the Man had a camp-fire that night. I could feel its warmth."

"It's a perfect lady," he contended.

"It's a *man*," she asserted, vigorously.

They laughed uproariously. The question as to the sex of that solitary, mythical inhabitant of the moon had always been a bone of contention between them.

That dead memory reached out its ghoulish hands before they could evade them. Their eyes held for a moment, while Estelle's lips twitched. In Dean's she saw the reflection of herself as she had been that night in her scanty bathing-suit, her slender, dripping limbs, her pale arms, and the waves rearing their sleepy white-capped heads at these two drugged with the elixir of youth.

"I've always resented the fact that you gave me those fifty yards. I'd have been sure to reach the raft first, anyway!"

"Perhaps," he agreed, dryly. "But fifty yards isn't much to concede a lady."

"You knew I was the better swimmer," she scoffed, then softened. "But it was rather nice, your swimming after—like Leander."

"Hero wasn't a patch on you that night!" said Dean, the old flame burning in his eyes.

"Ah, you've learned," accused Estelle. "You couldn't have said that in the old days."

"No," he admitted, sadly. "I used to practise brilliantly in the privacy of my own room, but when I saw you my tongue got knotted."

How well Estelle had known that.

Her eyes dropped and she spent an en-

ergetic moment with her muffin. Then she glanced up at the sound of the orchestra.

While they had been absorbed in the questionable pleasure of remembering, the grill had gradually filled with its customary clientele of dancers. The bald and watery-eyed Pan of the first violin had swung off into his fifth selection, which was one of those chaotic, breathless, twitching, wheezing, tuneless compositions, recognized by the initiated as a fox-trot.

"Shall we?" he asked, unsteadily.

"If I still can!" she said. "I haven't—in ages!"

"It's just a fox-trot," he assured her.

She nodded, feeling utterly abandoned. "I'm not certain that I won't tread on you," she laughed. "You see, Stanley doesn't dance."

As she said it, it occurred to her to wonder if she had ever met a girl whose husband *did* dance.

"Come along and tread all you like," urged Dean, recklessly.

She yielded herself to his arms and they swung off. They had always danced splendidly together, and now, after a groping step or two, the old unity of motion revived at the contact of hands and the seductive swing of the music.

Estelle was conscious of colors and scents, of the other dancers gliding, past her, but mostly she was conscious of the proximity of Dean, of his big-ness looming over her and the masterful guidance of his arm encircling her; of his face, the old flame rekindled in it, so dangerously close to her own.

She glanced up at Dean, her heart and eyes fluttering. His face was so close that with one slight movement of his head his lips might easily touch hers. She lowered her eyes quickly. She could not think—she did not want to think. She wanted only to go on dancing like this forever in Dean's arms. What mattered anything else? What, after all, was life, robbed of its irresponsible passions but Hermes without his

wings? Had anything else in her life ever equaled the beauty of those airy years with Dean, when the world had been a sort of Elysian Fields and they two blissful mortals blessed by the gods?

With a sudden clang of chords the orchestra quieted and they walked dizzily back to their table. Estelle's throat was tight, Dean's face flushed and his eyes smoldering. They sat down and faced each other across the table. She raised her eyes, a startled radiance shining in them.

"It makes one—want to—go back, doesn't it?" she whispered.

He nodded slowly, and then while she looked the smoldering fire of his gaze flickered out. He dropped his eyes and jerked at his watch.

"I—I beg your pardon," he mumbled. "I—that is— You see, I have an appointment."

The trite phrase mustered her straggling self-possession.

"Appointment, Dean!" she repeated, politely.

He replaced his watch and faced her squarely, latent apprehension in his manner. Then he spoke, as a man who shrives himself:

"Yes, with my wife."

"Your wife!"

The words fell stolidly. If Estelle had been a telephone operator she would have voiced her "Number, please," in just such a metallic, unemotional fashion. She dipped her fingers one by one with meticulous precision into the glass bowl before her.

"So you are married," she murmured, politely, and reflected that it was an altogether inane and superfluous thing to say. Why, of course he was married! Good Heavens! why not? Dante was dead—and Petrarch! She looked around her a bit dazedly. Why, the Elysian Fields had become a scrubby desert, cluttered with the Lares and Penates of a realistic world! The orchestra was doing the aria from "Samson and Delilah" and doing it very badly. What a foody at-

mosphere the dining-room had! There was a spot on the table-cloth, too, and the woman at the next table was laughing too stridently!

"One of the Daniels girls—Ethel. Perhaps you remember her."

Oh yes, Estelle remembered her. They were nice, those Daniels girls, wholesome and hearth-loving. Equally clever with egg-beater and needle.

"How nice!" said Estelle, heartily. "Of course you are very happy."

"And not only that," went on Dean, a prideful gleam creeping into his eyes. "There's a—"

"Don't tell me you have a baby!" exclaimed Estelle. She was wondering suddenly if Stanley had succeeded in placing that article with the *Chronicle*.

"A boy—six months!"

"No! How lovely!" she exclaimed. If she hurried, she reflected, there would be time for her to reach home in time to kiss Betty good night.

Dean leaned forward, his face suddenly lined and drawn with anxiety.

"You see, Ethel isn't strong. We had to put the boy on the bottle and the fact is he isn't doing as well as he ought—nothing seems to agree with the youngster."

"What a shame!" sympathized Estelle. "If you can only find the right food for him, now—"

"Keeps us pretty upset—Ethel is all fagged out and worried to death. We came down to consult a specialist—that's how I happen to be in New York."

Estelle was pulling on her gloves.

"Well, you tell her for me to try barley-water. Two tablespoons of barley to a pint of water boiled thirty minutes. Make a note of that. And tell her to try skimming the milk for a while—two ounces at first. That is almost sure to agree, if she doesn't make her formula too strong. And regular hours—system, that's the nucleus of it all."

Dean was earnestly scribbling some notes on the back of an envelope. Estelle pictured him ten years hence, slippered and house-coated, smoking be-

fore the fire, with Ethel, plump and placid, absorbed in her darning.

He paid the check and they hurried out. As they left the dining-room the wail of the violin followed them relentlessly, and with a spasmodic catch in her throat Estelle realized that she had been talking formulas and barley-water with Apollo!

"We're taking the Midnight back," he explained at the door.

"Perhaps you'll dine with us," ventured Estelle, politely. "I have a messy little kitchenette and something in a casserole."

He shook his head. Estelle smiled gratefully up at him. Even Dean had felt vaguely the futility of that after-

noon's disinterment.

"Well?" he said, wistfully.

"It's good-by for the present," said Estelle, matter-of-factly. "Remember, now—barley-water, not too strong, and system *very strong*."

"I'll remember," he said.

She laid her smooth hand in his, while Broadway crowds jostled them.

The next moment he was engulfed in the evanescent throng, and Estelle turned wearily toward Sixth Avenue. But above the din and clangor of truck and taxi, above the steady tramp of hurrying pedestrians, she seemed to hear the listless flutter of an ancient flower's petals as they dropped one by one upon her heart.

THE PINE TREE

BY VIRGINIA WATSON

STRONG in the strength of those that cast aside
 All things outworn, above the branches bare
 It lifts a plume of green—its buoyant wear.
 Antennæ slim, the myriad needles bide
 The æther's stir till an electric tide
 Sweeps toward it the great secret of the air,
 And then, the tidings with the earth to share,
 The pine sends out its fragrant message wide.

Down to the russet ground on which I lie
 The message is relayed—*strength is not lost*;
 Though ax may fell the tree, the storm-bent mast
 Shall still withstand the sea-born angry blast
 As when its sap withstood the forest's frost—
 What gallantly endures can never die!

WORKING WITH THE WORKING WOMAN

NO. 1075 PACKS CHOCOLATES

BY CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

There are all manner of ways of making industrial investigations. The way that Mrs. Parker has chosen is a new one. She frankly disclaims any idea of making a deep sociological study of factory conditions and the problem of woman in industry. Her one object in going into factory work of various sorts was to portray for the reader the daily life of the woman factory worker as nearly as possible as seen through the average worker's own eyes. For years a student of labor problems in association with her husband, the late Prof. Carleton H. Parker, she possesses an unusual equipment for her task. And the thousands of readers of her delightful book, "An American Idyll," will realize with what unfailing courage and enthusiasm she has gone through months of arduous and often distasteful work in gathering the material for this and other articles that are to follow.—THE EDITORS.

WISE heads tell us we act first, or decide to act first, and reason afterward. Therefore, what could be put down in black and white as to why we took up factory work is of minor value or concern. Yet every one persists in asking *why*. So then, being merely as honest as the Lord allows, we answer first and foremost, because we wanted to. Isn't that enough? That is the why and wherefore of almost everything anyone does at any place at any time. Only the more adept can concoct much weightier reasons as an afterthought.

The world is so full of the unexplored! To those who care more for people than places, around every corner is something new, a world only dreamed of, if that. Why should all one's life be taken up with the kind of people we were born among, doing the sort of things our aunts and our uncles and our cousins and our friends do? Soon there creeps in that comforting belief that as we and our aunts and our uncles and our cousins and our friends do, so does—or should do—the world. And all the time we and our aunts and our uncles and our cousins and our friends are one little infinitesimal drop in one hundred million people;

and of what those above and below and beyond and around about think and do, we know nothing, or care nothing, about. But those others are the world, with us a speck of—well, in this case it happened to be curiosity—in the midst of it all.

Therefore, being curious, we decide to work in factories. In addition to wanting to feel a bona-fide part of a cross-section of the world, before only viewed second- or third-hand through books, there is the desire better to understand the industrial end of things by trying a turn at what some eight million or so other women are doing. "Women's place is the home." All right—that side of life we know first-hand. But more and more women are not staying home, either from choice or from necessity. Reading about it is better than nothing. Being an active part of it all is better still. It is one thing to lounge on an overstuffed davenport and read about the injurious effect on women of long hours of standing. It is another to be doing the standing.

Yet another reason for giving up some months to factory work, besides the adventure of it, was the chance to see other angles of life for oneself, the desire to ex-

perience first-hand the industrial end of it. So much of the technique of the world to-day we take as a matter of course. Clothes appear ready to put on our backs. As far as we know or care, angels left them on the hangers behind the mirrored sliding doors. Food is set on our tables ready to eat. It might as well have been created that way, for all our concern. The thousands of operations that go into an article before the consumer buys it—no, there's no reason why use and wont should make us callous and indifferent to the hows and wherefores. Never was there such an age. Let's poke behind the scenes a bit.

So, factory work it was to be. Not as a stranger snooping in to "investigate." As a factory girl working at her job. With all that we determined to peek out of the corners of our eyes, and keep one ear to the wind, lest we miss anything from start to finish. Artificial? Of course. Under the circumstances, since we were born how and as we were, and this had happened and that, we were not an honest Italian living in a back bedroom on West Forty-fourth Street near the river.

We did what we could to feel the part. Every lady in the land knows the psychology of dress—though not always expressed by her in those terms. She feels the way she looks, not the other way round. So then, we purchased large green earrings, a large bar pin of platinum and brilliants (\$1.79), a goldy box of powder (two shades), a lip stick. During the summer we faded a green tam-o'shanter so that it would not look too new. For a year we had been saving a blue serge dress (original cost \$19) from the rag bag, for the purpose. We wore a pair of old spats which just missed being mates as to shade, and a button off one. Silk stockings—oh yes, silk—but very darned. A blue sweater, and an orange scarf.

If you had been brought up in a fairly small city by female relatives who were one and all school-teachers, who had watched over your vocabulary (unsuc-

cessfully) as they had hung over your morals; if you had been taught, not in so many words, but insidiously, that breaking the Ten Commandments (any one or the entire ten), split infinitives, and chewing gum, were one in the sight of God—or the devil—then you could realize the complete metamorphosis when, adorned with the earrings and the bar pin, the green tam and the lip stick, you stepped up to the Subway news stand and boldly demanded a package of gum, and then and there got out a stick and chewed it, and chewed it on the Subway, and chewed it on the streets of New York.

When the time for beginning factory work came, there appeared but one advertisement among "Help Wanted—Female" which didn't call for "experience." There might have to be so much lying, direct and indirect, to do, anyway. Better not start off by claiming experience when there was absolutely none, except, indeed, had we answered advertisements for cooks only, or baby-tenders, or maids of all work. One large candy factory bid for "girls and women, good wages to start, experience not necessary," and in a part of town which could be reached without starting out the night before. At 7.15 of a Monday morning we were off, with a feeling something akin to stage fright. But we chewed our gum very boldly.

One of the phases of finding a job, often criticized by those who would add somewhat of dignity to labor, is the system of hiring. Like a lot of other things, perhaps you don't mind the present system if you get by. Here is this enormous good-looking candy factory. On one side of the front steps, reaching all the way up into the main entrance hall, stands a line of men waiting for jobs; on the other side, though not nearly so long a line, are the girls. The regular employees file by. At last, about eight o'clock, the first man is beckoned. Just behind the corner of a glassed-in telephone booth, but in full view of all, he is questioned by an employee in a white

duck suit. Man after man is sent on out, to the growing discouragement, no doubt, of those remaining in line. Around a little corner in the stairs the first girl is summoned. The line moves up. A queer-looking man with pop eyes asks a few questions. The girl goes on upstairs. I am fourth in line—a steam heater next, plus my excitement makes the temperature seem 120 degrees at least. My turn.

"How much experience you had?"

"None."

"What you work in last?"

"Didn't work in a factory. Been doin' housework—takin' care of kids."

"Well, I start you packing. You get thirteen dollars this week, fourteen dollars next. You understand?"

He writes something on a little card and I go upstairs with it. There I am asked my name, age (just did away with ten years while I was at it). Married or single? Goodness! hadn't thought of that. In the end, a lie there would make less conversation. Single. Nationality—Eyetalian? No, American. It all has to be written on a card. At that point my eye lights on a sign which reads: "Hours for girls, 8 A.M.—6 P.M. Saturdays 8—12." Whew! My number is 1075. The time clock works so. My key hangs on this hook; then, after I ring up, it hangs here. Locker key 222. A man takes me in the elevator to the third floor, and there hands me over to Ida. The locker works thus and so. Didn't I have no apron? No—but to-morrow I'd bring it and a cap. Sure.

Through piles of boxes and trucks and barrels, and Ida opens a great door like a safe, and there we are in the packing room—from the steam heater downstairs to the North Pole! Cold? Nothing ever was so cold. Ten long zinc-topped tables, a girl or two on each side. At the right, windows which let in no air and little light, nor could you see out at all. On the left, shelves piled high with wooden boxes. Mostly all a body can think of is how cold, cold, cold it is. Something happens to chocolates otherwise.

That first day it was half-pound boxes. My side of the table held some sixty at a time. First the date gets stamped on the bottom, then partitions are fitted in.

"Here's your sample. Under the table you'll find the candies, or else ask Fannie there. You take the paper cups so, in your left hand, give them a snap, so; lick your fingers now and then, slip a cup off, stick the candy in with your right hand." And Ida is off.

Can I ever again buy chocolates otherwise than loose in a paper bag? You push and shove—not a cup budges from its friends and relatives. Perhaps your fingers need more licking. Perhaps the cups need more "snapping." After a while you hold a handful of messed-up, crumpled, erstwhile cup-shaped, paper containers, the first one pried off looking like a puppy-chewed mat by the time it is loose and a chocolate planted on its middle. By then, needless to remark, the bloom is off the chocolate. It has the look of being clutched in a warm hand during an entire circus parade. Whereat you glance about furtively, and quickly eat it. It is nice the room is cold; already you fairly perspire. One mussed piece of naked brown paper in a corner of a box.

At the table ahead, fingers flying like mad over the boxes, works Annie. It is plain she will have sixty boxes done before I have one. Just then a new girl from the line of that morning is put on the other side of my table. She is very cold. She fares worse with brown-paper cups than I. Finally she puts down the patient piece of chocolate candy and takes both hands to the job of separating one cup from the others. She places what's left of the chocolate in the middle of what's left of the paper, looks at me, and, better than any ouija board, I know what's going on in her head. I smile at her, she smiles back, and she eats that first chocolate. Tessie and I are friends for life.

Then we tackle the second union of chocolate and paper. Such is life—Allah be praised! the second goes a shade

less desperately than the first, the third than the second, and in an hour chocolate and paper get together without untoward damage to either. But the room keeps feeling warm. Anon a sensation begins to get mixed up with the hectic efforts of fingers. Yes, yes, now it's clear what it is—feet! Is one never to sit down again as long as one lives? Clumsy fingers—feet! Feet—clumsy fingers! Finally you don't give a cent if you never learn to pry those paper cups loose without wrenching your very soul in the effort. If once before you die—just once—you can sit down! Till twelve, and then after, one till six.

A bell rings. "All right, girls!" sings Ida down the line. Everyone drops everything and out into the warm main third floor we go. All the world is feet. Somehow those same feet have to take their possessor out to forage for food. Into a little dirty, crowded grocery and delicatessen store we wedge ourselves, to stand, stand, stand, until at last I face the wielder of a long knife. When in Rome do as the Romans do. "A bologna and a ham sandwich, and five cents' worth of pickles." Slabs of rye bread, no butter, large, generous slices of sausage and ham, which hang down, curtainlike, around the bread—twenty-one cents. Feet! take me back to the factory lunch room. At last I flop on a chair. Sing songs to chairs; write poems to chairs; paint chairs!

Dear German Tessie, pal of the morning, she who ate more chocolates than I, and thus helped to sustain my moral courage—Tessie and I eat bologna-sausage sandwiches together, and *sit*. The feet of Tessie are very, very badly off.

"Ach! but they feel—they feel—jus' fierce! And till six o'clock— O my Gawd!" says Tessie, in good English.

A gong sounds. Up we go to the ice-box packing room. It sends the shivers down our spines, but already there's a feeling of sauntering in like an old hand at the game. What's your business in life? Packing chocolates. The half-pound boxes get finished, wax paper on

top, covered, stacked, counted, put on the truck.

"Lena! Start the girl here in on 'assorted'!"

Pert little Lena sidles up alongside and nudges me in the ribs.

"Say, got a fella?"

I give Lena one look, for which Belasco should pay me a thousand dollars a night. Lena reads it out loud, quick as a wink. She snickers, pokes me in the ribs again, and:

"What t' hell do I think you are, hey?"

That's just what I'd meant.

"Gee!" says Lena, "some fool what can't get some kind of a dope!"

"You said it!"

"Say, got more 'n one dope?" asks Lena, hopefully. Meanwhile she sets out, with my aid, row after row of dinky little deep boxes.

"Say, now," say I to Lena, "and what would a girl be doin' with jus' one dope?"

"You said it!" says Lena.

At which follows a discussion on dopes, ending by Lena's promising never to vamp my dope if I won't vamp hers.

"Where'd ya work last?" asks Lena.

One thing the first day taught me. If you want to act the part and feel the part, earrings and gum help, but if there's one thing you're more conscious of than all else, it's such proper English as you possess—which, compared to Boston, isn't much, but, compared to Lena and Ida and Mary and Louise and Susie and Annie, is painfully flawless. Chew hard as ever you can, if you tell Fannie, "There aren't any more 'plantations,'" it echoes and re-echoes and shrieks and "hollers" at you from the four sides of Christendom. But holler, "Fannie, there ain't no more 'plantations'!" and it's like the gentle purring of a home cat by comparison. Funny how it's easier to say, "My Gawd!" and, "Where t' hell's Ida?" than, "I 'ain't got none." Any way round, you never do get over being conscious of your grammar. If it's correct, it's lonesome

as the first robin. If it's properly awful—there are those school-teacher up-bringers. I'm just wondering if one mightn't be dining with the head of the university philosophy department and his academic guests some night, and hear one's voice uttering down a suddenly silent table, "She ain't livin' at that address no more." Utterly abashed, one's then natural exclamation on the stillness would be, "My Gawd!" whereat the hostess would busily engage her end of the table in anguished conversation giving her husband one look which, translated into Lena's language, would say, "What t' hell did we ask her for, anyhow?"

Is one to write of factory life as one finds it, or expurgated? I can hear the upbringers cry, "Expurgated!" Yet the way the girls talked was one of the phases of the life which set the stamp of difference on it all. What an infinitesimal portion of the population writes our books! What a small proportion ever reads them! How much of the nation's talking is done by the people who never get into print! The proportion who read and write books, especially the female folk, live and die in the belief that it is the worst sort of bad taste, putting it mildly, to use the name of the Creator in vain, or mention hell for any purpose whatsoever. Yet suddenly, overnight, you find yourself in a group who'd snap their fingers at such notions. Sweet-faced, curly-headed Annie wants another box of caramels. Elizabeth Witherspoon would call, "Fannie, would you be so kind as to bring me another box of caramels?" Annie, without stopping her work or so much as looking up, raises her voice and hollers down the room—and in her heart she is the same exactly as Elizabeth W.—:

"Fannie, you bum, bring me a box o' car'mels or I'll knock the —— out of you."

According to Elizabeth's notions, Fannie should answer her, "One moment, Miss Elizabeth; I'm busy just now." What Fannie (with her soul as

pure as drifted snow) does call back to Annie is:

"My Gawd! Keep your mouth shut. Ain't you got sense enough to see I'm busy?"

Annie could holler a hundred times, and she does, and God would love her every bit as much as he'd love Miss Elizabeth Witherspoon, who's been taught otherwise, and never said a bad word in her life, not even in a dark closet. Fannie and all the other Fannies and Idas and Louisas, say, "My Gawd!" as Miss Elizabeth says, "You don't say!" and it's all one to the Heavenly Father. Therefore, gentle reader, it must be all one to you. There's not the slightest shade of disrespect in Annie's or Fannie's hearts as they shower their profanity on creation in general. There's not the slightest shade in mine as I write of them.

Well, then, to get back to that first day, Lena asked, "Where'd ya work last?"

"Didn't work in a factory before."

"Ain't ya?"

"No, I 'ain't" (gulp). "I took care of kids."

"Gee! bet they was fresh."

"You said it!"

"Lena!" hollers Ida. "Get ta work and don't talk so much!" Whereat Lena gives me another poke in my cold ribs and departs. And Tessie and I pack "assorted." Four different chocolates in the bottom of each box, four still different ones in the top—about three hundred and fifty boxes on our table. We puff and labor on the top layer, and Ida breezes along.

"My Gawd! look at that! Where's your cardboards?"

Tessie and I look woebegone at each other. Cardboards? Cardboards?

Ida glues her Italian eye on Lena down the line. "Lena, you fool, didn't you tell these here girls about cardboards? My Gawd!" says Ida. Whereat she dives into our belabored boxes, grabs those ached-over chocolates, and hurls them in a pile. "Get all them top ones out.

Stick in cardboards. Put 'em all in again."

Tessie and I could almost have wept. By that time it is about four. We are all feet, *feet*, FEET! First I try standing on one foot to let the other think I might really, after all, be sitting down. Then I stand on the partially rested foot and give the other a delusion. Then try standing on the sides, the toes, the heels. *Feet!*

"*Ach! Mein Gott!*" moans Tessie. "To-morrow I go look for a job in a biscuit factory."

"Leave me know if you get a sit-down one."

And in that state—*feet!*—Ida makes us pack the whole top layer over in three hundred and fifty boxes.

About then my locker key falls through a hole in my waist pocket and on to the floor and out of sight. In the end it takes a broom handle poked about diligently under the bottom shelf of our table to make a recovery. Before the key appear chocolates of many shapes and sizes, long reposing in oblivion under the weighty table. The thrifty Spanish woman behind me gathers up all the unsquashed ones and packs them. "Mus' be lots of choc'lates under these 'ere tables, eh?" she notes wisely, and with knit brows, as if to say that, were she boss, she'd poke with a broom under each and every bottom shelf and fill many a box.

Well, my feet got a moment's rest while I was down on my hands and knees among the debris under the tables.

By five o'clock Tessie thinks she'll throw up her job then and there. "*Ach! Ach!* My feet!" she moans. I secretly plan to kill the next person who gives me a box of chocolate candy.

Surely it is almost six.

Five minutes after five.

The bell has forgotten to ring. It must be seven.

Quarter after five.

Now for sure and certain it is midnight.

Half past five.

My earrings begin to hurt. You can take off earrings. But *feet!*

Eternity has passed on. It must be beyond the Judgment Day itself.

Ten minutes to six.

When the bell does ring I am beyond feeling any emotion. There is no part of me with which to feel emotion. I am all feet, and feet either don't feel at all, or feel all weary unto death.

Somehow you could manage to endure it all if it weren't for the crowning agony of all—standing in the Subway going home. I'm no aggressive feminist, and I'm no old-fashioned clinging vine, but I surely do hate, hate, hate every man in that Subway who sits back in comfort—and most of them look as if they'd been sitting all day—while I and my feet stand up. When in my utter anguish I find myself swaying with the jerks and twists of the express in front of a person with a Vandyke beard reading the Gospel according to St. John, I long, with all the energy left in me (I still have some in my arms), to grab that book out of his hands, fling it in his face, and hiss, "Hypocrite!" at him. I don't believe I ever knew what it was really and honestly to hate a person before. If it had been the *Police Gazette* I could have borne up under it.

Thus ends my first factory day. It is small comfort to calculate I stepped on more chocolates in those nine hours than I usually eat in a year. To be sure, it was something new in the line of life's experiences. If that man in front of me were only a chocolate with soft insides and I could squash him flat! Yes, there was enough energy in my feet for that. To get my heel square above him and then *stamp!* He continues reading, nor so much as looks up to receive my last departing glare as I drag myself off at 116th Street.

The next morning my feet feel as if they'd never been stood on before. What if we do have to stand up in the Subway all the way down? Who minds standing in the Subway? And how we do walk up

those factory steps as if we owned the world. The chestiness of us as we take our key off left-hand hook 1075, ring up under the clock (twenty minutes early we are), and hang up on No. 1075 right.

I saunter over to the elevator with a jam of colored girls—the majority of the girls in that factory were colored. I call out, “Third, please!” That elevator man turns around and pierces me with his eye as though I were the man with the Vandyke beard in the Subway, and he, the elevator man, were I. “*Third floor did ya say? And since when does the elevator lift ya to the third floor? If ya want the sixth floor, ya can ride. Third floor!*” And on and on he mutters, and up and up I go, all the proud feelings of owning the world stripped from me—exposed before the multitudes as an ignoramus who didn’t know any better than to ride in the elevator when she was bound only for the third floor. “*Third floor!*” continues, muttering, the elevator man. At last there is no one left in the elevator but the muttering man and me.

“Well,” I falter, chewing weakly on my Black Jack, “what shall I do, then?”

“I’ll leave ya off at the third this time, but don’t ya try this trick again.”

“Again? Goodness! You don’t think I’d make this mistake twice, do you?”

“*Twice!*” he bellows. “*Twice?* Didn’t I have this all out with ya yesterday mornin’?”

“Gracious! no,” I try to assure him, but he is putting me off at third, and calling after me:

“Don’t I know I did tell ya all this yesterday mornin’? And don’t ya forget it next time, neither.”

Everybody is squatting about on scant corners and ledges waiting for the eight-o’clock bell. I squat next the thrifty Spanish lady, whereat she immediately begins telling me the story of her life.

“You married?” she asks.

“No.”

Whereupon she discourses on her own matrimonial experiences until the bell rings. We shiver ourselves into the ice box.

No Tessie across the table. Instead, a strange, unkempt female, who sticks it out half an hour, announces she has the chills in her feet, and departs. Her place is taken by a slightly less disheveled young woman who claims she’d packed candy before where they had seats, and she thought she’d go back. They paid two dollars less a week, but it was worth two dollars to sit down. How she packs! The sloppiest work I ever saw. It outrages my soul. The thrill of new pride I have when Ida gets through moaning at her and turns to me.

“Keep your eye on this girl, will ya? Gee! she packs like a fright.” And to the newcomer, “You watch that girl across the table” (Me, she means—Me!) “and do the way she does.”

No first section I ever got in economics gave me such joy.

But, ah, the first feeling of industrial bitterness crept in. Here was a girl getting fourteen dollars a week. Tessie was promised fourteen dollars a week. I packed faster, better than either of them for thirteen dollars. I would have fourteen dollars, too, or know the reason why. Ida fussed and scolded over the new girls all day. The sweetness of her entire neglect of me!

By that noon my feet hardly hurt at all. I sit in a quiet corner to eat rye-bread sandwiches brought from home, gambling on whom I’ll draw for luncheon company. Six colored girls sit down at my table. A good part of the time they spend growling on the subject of overtime. I’m too new to know what it’s all about.

The lunch room is a bare, white-washed, huge affair, with uplifting advice on the walls here and there. “Any fool can take a chance; it takes brains to be careful,” and such like. “America is courteous to its women. Gentlemen will therefore please remove their hats in this room.”

By four thirty again I think my feet will be the death of me. That last hour and a half! Louie, the general errand boy of our packing room, brushes by our

table with some trays and knocks about six of my carefully packed boxes to the floor. "You, Louie!" I holler, and I long to have acquired the facility to call lightly after him, as anyone else would have done, "Say, you go to hell!" Instead, mustering all the reserve force I can, the best showing I am able to make is: "You, Louie! Go off and die!" I almost held my own. Four hundred and sixty-eight boxes of "assorted" did I pack. And again the anguishing stand in the Subway. I hate men—hate them. I just hope every one of them gets greeted by a nagging wife when he arrives home. Hope she nags all evening. If enough of those wives really did do enough nagging, would the men thereupon stay downtown for dinner and make room in the Subway for folk who'd been standing, except for one hour, from 7.15 A.M.? At last I see a silver lining to the dark cloud of marital infelicity.

Lillian of the bright-pink boudoir cap engaged me in conversation this morning. Lillian is around the Indian summer of life—as to years, but not atmosphere. Lillian has seen better days. Makes sure you know it. Never did a lick of work in her life. At that she makes a sucking noise with her upper lip. "No, sir, never did a lick." Lillian says "did" and not "done." Practically no encouragement is needed for Lillian to continue. "After my husband died I blew in all the money he left me in two years. Since then I been packing chocolates."

"How long ago was that?"

"Five years."

"My Gawd!" I say, and it comes natural-like. "What did you do with your feet for five years?"

"Oh, you get used to it," says Lillian. "For months I cried every night. Don't any more. But I lie down while I'm warmin' up my supper, and then I go to bed soon as it's et."

Five years!

"Goin' to vote?" asks Lillian.

"Sure."

"I'm not," 'lows Lillian. "To my

notions all that votin' business is nothing for a lady to get mixed up in. No, sir." Lillian makes that noise with her upper lip again. Lillian's lips are very red, her eyebrows very black. I'll not do anything, though, with my eyebrows. Says Lillian: "No, sirree, not for a lady. I got a good bet up on the election. Yes, sir!"

And five years of going to bed every night after supper.

Tessie is back. I do love Tessie and I know Tessie loves me. She'd not gone hunting for another job, as I thought. Her husband had had his elbow broken with an electric machine of some sort where he works on milk cans. The morning before she'd taken him to the hospital. That made her ten minutes late to the factory. The little pop-eyed man told her, "You go on home!" and off she went. "But he tell me that once more I no come back again," said Tessie, her cheeks very red.

I begin to get the "class feeling"—to understand a lot of things I wanted to know first-hand. In the first place, there's no thought, and I don't see in that factory how there can be, for the boss and his interests. Who is he? Where is he? The nearest that one comes to him is the pop-eyed man at the door. Once in a while Ida hollers, "For Gawd's sake, girls, work faster!" Now that doesn't inspire to increased production for long. There stands Tessie across the table from me—peasant Tessie from near München, with her sweet face and white, turned-up cap. She packs as fast as she can, but her hands are clumsy, and she can't seem to get the difference between chocolates very well. It is enough to drive a seer crazy. They change the positions on the shelves every so often; the dipping-machine tenders cut capers and mark the same kind of chocolates differently to-day from yesterday. By three in the afternoon you're too sick of chocolates to do any more investigating by sampling. Even Ida herself has sometimes to poke a candy in the bottom—if it feels one way it's "marsh," another it's peach, another its coconut. But my

feeling isn't educated, and I poke, and then end by having to bite, and then, just as I discover it is peach, after all, some one has run off with the last box, and Ida has to be found and a substitute declared.

Then a strange thing happens. All of a sudden I get more interested in packing chocolates than anything else on earth. A little knack or twist comes to me—my fingers fly (for me). I forget Tessie. I forget the time. I forget my feet. How many boxes can I pack to-day? That is all I can think of. I don't want to hear the noon bell. I can't wait to get back after lunch. I fly out after the big boxes to pack the little boxes in. In my haste and ignorance I bring back covers by mistake and pack dozens of little boxes in covers. It must all be done over again. Six hundred boxes I pack this day. I've not stopped for breath. I'm not a bit tired when six o'clock comes round. I ask Ida when she'll put me on piecework—it seems the great ambition of my life is to feel I'm on piecework. "When you can pack about two thousand boxes a day," says Ida. Two thousand! I was panting and proud over six hundred! "Never mind," says Ida, "you're makin' out fine." Oh, the thrill of those words! I asked her to show me again about separating the paper cups. I didn't have it just right, I was sure. "My Gawd!" sighed Ida, "what ambition!" Yes, but the ambition didn't last more than a few days at that pitch.

Tessie wanted to tell me something about her *Mann* to-day so badly, but couldn't find the English words. Her joy when I said, "Tell me in German." How came I to speak German? I'd spent three years in Germany with an American family, taking care of the children. Honest, for once.

"That was luck for you," says Tessie.

"That was sure luck for me," says I—honest again.

I bend over to hear Tessie's soft, low

German as she tells me how good her *Mann* is to her; how he never, never scolds, no matter if she buys a new hat or what; how he brings home all his pay every week and gives it to her. He is such a good *Mann*. They are saving all their money. In two years they will go back near München and buy a little farm.

Looked like rain to-day, but how can a body buy an umbrella appropriate to chocolate packing at thirteen dollars a week when the stores are all closed before work, and closed after? I told Lillian my troubles. I asked Lillian if a cheap umbrella could be purchased in the neighborhood. "Cheap!" sniffs Lillian. "I don't know. I got me a nice one—simple, though—at Macy's, for twelve-fifty." Lillian may take to her bed after supper, but while she's awake she's going to be every inch to the manner born.

By the time I pack the two-thousandth box of "assorted" my soul turns in revolt. "If you give me another 'assorted' to pack," I say to Ida, "I'll lie down here on the floor and die."

"The hell you will," says Ida. But she gets me fancy pound boxes with a top and bottom layer, scarce two candies alike, and Tessie beams on me like a mother with an only child.

"That takes the brains," says Tessie. "Not for me! It gives me the ache in my head to think of it."

Indeed, it near gave me the ache in mine. Before the next to the last row is packed the bottom looks completely filled. Where can four fat chocolates in cups find themselves? I push the last row over gently to make room; three chocolates in the middle rear up and stand on end. Press them gently down and two more on the first row get out of hand. At last the last row is in—only to discover four candies here and there have all sprung their moorings. For each one I press down gently, another somewhere else acts up. How long can my patience hold out? Firmly, desperately,

I press that last obstreperous chocolate down in its place. My finger goes squash through the crusty brown, and pink goo oozes up and out. A fresh strawberry heart must be found. "Ain't no more," announces Fannie. Might just as well tell an artist there's only enough paint for one eye on his beautiful portrait. Of course another chocolate can be substituted. But a strawberry heart was what belonged there!

Ida comes along and peers in one box. "You can consider yourself a fancy packer now—see?" The President, the night of the election, felt less joyous than do I at her words.

This night there's a lecture at the New School for Social Research to be attended. If some of those foreigners in our room can go to night school, I guess I can keep up with my education. They are all foreigners but Lillian and Sadie and me. Sadie is at about the same Indian-summer stage as Lillian, and uses even better English. Her eyebrows are also unduly black; her face looks a bit as if she'd been trying to get the ring out of the flour with her teeth on Halloween. Her lips are very red. Sadie has the air of having just missed being a Vanderbilt. Her boudoir cap is lacy. Her smile is conscious kindness to all as inferiors. One wonders, indeed, what brought Sadie to packing chocolates in the autumn of life—a very wrinkly, powdered autumn. So Lillian, Sadie, and I are the representatives of what the nation produces—not what she gets presented with. As for the rest, there are a Hungarian, two Germans, four Italians, two Spaniards, a Swede, an Englishwoman, and numerous colored folk. Louie is an Italian.

That night I take my sleepy way to a lecture on "The Role of the State in Modern Civilization." And it comes over me in the course of the evening what a satisfactory thing packing chocolates is. "The Role of the State"—some say this, some say that. A careful teacher guards against being dogmatic. When it comes to the past, one inter-

preter gives this viewpoint, due to certain prejudices, another that viewpoint, due to certain other prejudices. When it comes to the future, no sane soul dare prophesy at all. Thus it is with much which one studies nowadays—we have evolved beyond the era of intellectual surety. What an almighty relief to the soul, then, when one can pack six rows of four chocolates each in a bottom layer, seven rows of four chocolates each in the top, cover them, count them, stack them, pile them in the truck, and away they go. One job *done*—done now and forever. A definite piece of work put behind you, and no one coming along in six months with documents or discoveries or new theories or practices to upset all your labors. I say it is blessed to pack chocolates when one has been studying labor problems for years. Every professor ought to have a fling at packing chocolates.

Folks wonder why a girl slaves in a factory when she could be earning good money, and a home thrown in, by doing housework. I think of that as I watch Annie. Imagine Annie poking about by her lonesome, saying: "No, ma'm," "Yes, ma'm," "No, sir," "Yes, sir." "Can I go out for a few moments, Mrs. Jones?" "Oh, all right, ma'm"—Annie, whose talk echoes up and down the room all day. She's Annie to every Tom, Dick, and Harry who pokes his nose in our packing room, but they're Tom, Dick, and Harry to her. It is not being called by your first name that makes the rub. It is being called it when you must forever tack on the Mr. and the Mrs. and the Miss. Annie is in awe of no human being. Annie is the fastest packer in the room and draws the most pay. Annie sasses the entire factory. Annie never stops talking unless she wants to, which is only now and then when her mother has had a bad spell and Annie gets a bit blue. Little Pauline, an Italian, only a few months in this country, only a few weeks in the factory, works across the table from Annie. Pauline is the next

quickest packer in our wing. She can't speak a word of English. Annie gives a sigh audible from one end of the room to the next. "My Gawd!" moans Annie to the entire floor. "If this here Eyetalian don't learn English pretty soon, I gotta learn Eyetalian. I can't stand here like a dead one all day with nobody to talk to." Pauline might perhaps be reasoning that, after all, why learn English, since she'd never get a silent moment in which to practice any of it.

I very much love little Pauline. All day long her fingers fly; all day long not a word does she speak, only every now and then little Pauline turns around to me, and we smile at each other. Once on the street, a block or so from the factory, little Pauline ran up to me, put her arm through mine, and caught my hand. So we walked to work. Neither could say a word to the other. Each just smiled and smiled. For the first time in all my life I really felt the "melting-pot" first-hand. To Pauline I was no agent of Americanization, so superior, proclaiming the need of bathtubs and clean teeth; no teacher of the "Star-spangled Banner" and the Constitution. To Pauline I was a fellow worker, and she must know, for such things are always known, that I loved her.

I finally settled down to eating lunch daily between Tessie and Mrs. Lewis, the Englishwoman. We do so laugh at one another's jokes. I know everything that ever happened to Tessie and Mrs. Lewis from the time they were born—all the heartbreaking stories of the first homesick months in this my land, all the jobs they've labored at. Mrs. Lewis has worked "in the mills" ever since she was born, it would seem. First in England, later in Michigan. Tessie and her husband mostly have hired out together in this country for housework, and she likes that better than packing chocolates standing up, she says. One day we were talking about unemployment.

"Don't you know, it's awful in Europe," volunteered Mrs. Lewis.

"A hundred thousand unemployed in Paris alone—saw it in headlines this morning," I advance.

"Paris?" said Tessie. "Paris? Where's Paris?"

If one could always be so sure of one's facts.

"France."

Mrs. Lewis wheels about in her chair, looks at me sternly over the top of her spectacles, and:

"Do you know, they're telling me that's a pretty fast country—that France."

"You don't say!" I looked interested.

"No—no, I haven't got the details yet"—she clasped her chin with her hand—"but 'fast' was the word I heard used."

The sign reads, "Saturdays, 8-12." When Saturday came around, Ida holstered down the room, "Everybody's gotta work to-day till five." The howl that went up! I supposed "gotta" meant "gotta," but Lena came up to me.

"You gonna work till five? Don't you do it. We had to strike to get a Saturday half holiday. Now they're tellin' us we gotta work till five—pay us for it, o' course. If enough girls 'll stay, pretty soon they'll be sayin': 'See! What ud we tell ya? The girls want to work Saturday afternoons,' and they'll have us back regular again."

In the end, not a girl in our room stayed, and Ida wrung her hands.

Monday next, though, Ida announced: "Everybody's gotta work till seven to-night 'cause ya all went home Saturday afternoon. Three nights a week now you gotta work till seven."

To stand from one to seven! One girl in the room belonged to some union or other. She called out:

"Will they pay time and a half for overtime?" At which everyone broke into laughter.

"Gee! Ida—here's a girl wants time and a half!"

Tessie, Mrs. Lewis, Sadie, and I re-

fused to work till seven. Ida used threats and argument.

"I gotta put down your numbers."

We stood firm. Six o'clock was long enough.

"Gee! you don't notice that last hour—goes like a second," argued Ida.

We filed out when the six o'clock bell rang.

The girls all fuss over the hour off at noon. It takes at best twenty minutes to eat lunch. For the rest of the hour there's no place to go, nothing to do, but sit in the hard chairs at the marble-top tables in the whitewashed room for half an hour till the bell rings at twelve fifty, and you can sit on the edge of a truck upstairs for ten minutes longer. They all say they wish to goodness we could have half an hour at noon and get off half an hour earlier at night.

A tragedy the first pay day. I was so excited when that Saturday came round, to see what it would all be like—to get my first pay envelope. About 11.30 two men come in, one carrying a wooden box filled with little envelopes. Girls appear suddenly from every place and crowd around the two men. One calls out a number, the girl takes her envelope and goes off. I keep working away, thinking you aren't supposed to step up till your number is called. But lo, every one seems paid off, and the men departing, whereat I leave my work with beating heart, and announce, "You didn't call ten seventy five." But it seems I was supposed to step up and give my own number. I get handed my little envelope. Connie Parker in one corner, 1075 in the other, the date, and \$6.81. Six dollars and eighty one cents—and I was expecting \$14. (I'd told Ida at last that I thought I ought to get \$14, and she thought so, too, and said she'd "speak to the man" about it.) I clutched Ida. Only \$6.81. "Well, what more do you want?"

"But you said—fourteen dollars."

It seems the week goes Thursday to Thursday, instead of Monday to Satur-

day, so my first pay covered only three days and a deduction for my locker key.

At that moment a little cry just behind me from Louisa. Louisa had been packing with Irene—dark little, frail little Yiddish Louisa; big, brawny, bleached-blond Irene.

"I've lost my pay envelope!"

Wan little Louisa! She had been talking to Topsy, Fannie's helper. Her envelope had slipped out of her waist, and when she went to pick it up, lo, there was nothing there to pick. Fourteen dollars gone! There was excitement for you. Fourteen dollars in wing 13, room 3, was equal to \$14,000,000 in Wall Street. Everybody pulled out boxes and searched, got down on hands and knees and poked, and the rest mauled Louisa from head to foot.

"Sure it ain't in your stocking? . . . Well, look *again*."

"What's this?"—jabbing Louisa's ribs—"This?"

Eight hands going over Louisa's person as if the anguished slip of a girl couldn't have felt that stiff envelope with \$14 in it herself had it been there. She stood helpless, weebegone.

No longer could she keep back the tears. Nor could ever the pay envelope be unearthed. Later I found her sitting on the pile of dirty towels in the wash-room, sobbing her heart out. It wasn't so much that the money was gone—that was awful enough—"Fourteen dollars—Fourteen dollars—oh, oh—oh!"—but her mother and father, what would they do to her when she came home and told them? They mightn't believe it was lost, and think she'd spent it on somethin' for herself. The tears streamed down her face. And that was the last we ever saw of Louisa.

Had "local color" been all we were after, perhaps Wing 13, Room 3, would have supplied sufficient of that indefinitely, with the combination of the ever voluble Lena and the ever-present labor turnover. Even more we desired to learn the industrial feel of the thing—what do some of the million and more factory

women think about the world of work? Remaining longer in Wing 3 would give no deeper clue to that. For all that I could find out, the candy workers there thought nothing about it one way or the other. The younger unmarried girls worked because it seemed the only thing to do—they or their families needed the money, and what would they be doing otherwise? Lena claimed, if she could have her way in the world, she would sleep until twelve every day and go to a show every afternoon. But that life would pall even on Lena, and she giggled wisely when I slangily suggested as much.

The older, married women worked either because they had to, since the male breadwinner was disabled (an old fat Irishwoman at the chocolate dipper had a husband with softening of the brain. He was a discharged English soldier who "got too much in the sun in India") or because his tenure of job was apt to be uncertain, and they preferred to take no chances. Especially with the feel and talk of unemployment in the air, two jobs were better than none. A few, like Mrs. Lewis, worked to lay by toward their old age. Mrs. Lewis's husband had a job, but his wages permitted of little or no saving. Some of her friends told her: "Oh, well, somebody's bound to look out for you somehow when you get old. They don't let you die of hunger and cold!" But Mrs. Lewis was not so sure. She preferred to save herself from hunger and cold.

Such inconveniences of the job as existed were taken as being all in the day's work—like the rain or a cold in the head. At some time they must have shown enough ability for temporary organization to strike for the Saturday half holiday. I wish I could have been there when that affair was on. Which girls were the ring leaders? How much agitation and exertion did it take to acquire the momentum which would result in

forcing their demands? Had I entered factory work with any idea of encouraging organization among female factory workers, I should have considered that candy group the most hopeless soil imaginable. Those whom I came in contact with had no class feeling, no ideas of grievances, no ambitions over and above the doing of an uninteresting job with as little exertion as possible.

I hated leaving Tessie and Mrs. Lewis and little Pauline. Already I miss the life behind those candy scenes. For the remainder of my days a box of chocolates will mean a very personal—almost too personal for comfort!—thing to me. But for the rest of the world. . . .

Somewhere, some moonlight night, some youth, looking like a collar advertisement, will present his fair love with a pound box of fancy assorted chocolates, in brown paper cups; and, assured of at least a generous disposition, she will say yes. On the sofa, side by side, one light dimly shining, the turtle-dove cooing in the sycamore tree beside the front window, their two hearts will beat as one—for the time being. They will eat the chocolates I packed, and life will seem a very sweet and peaceful thing indeed. Nor will any disturbing notion of how my feet felt ever reach them. Louie to them does not exist. . . .

Nor is Ida more than a strange name to those two on the sofa. No echoes reach them of, "Ida, where them wax papers? . . . Ida, where's Fannie? . . . Ida, where them picture tops? . . . Ida, ain't no more coffees. What'll I use instead? . . . Ida— Where's Ida? Mike wants ya by the elevator. . . ."

Those two sit on the sofa. The moon shines on the nightingale singing in the sycamore tree. Nor do they ever glimpse a vision of little Italian Pauline's swift fingers dancing over the boxes, nor do they ever guess of wan Louisa's sobs.

SONGS OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Re-expressed from the Originals

BY MARY AUSTIN

THE first American poet of my acquaintance used to protest to me that "White man's songs talk too much." Certainly he would find that these renderings into modern American talk a great deal more than the originals, which are always reduced to the utmost economy of phrasing, an almost stenographic notation of the ideas they undertake to express. But it would be a mistake to imagine that the words express all there is of poetic content in an American Indian song.

Much of the meaning of the song is derived from the occasion upon which it is sung, or from the story of its origin, which is always present in the mind of the singer. The emotional content is carried by the melody and the rhythm of dancing feet. For all aboriginal verse is either chanted or sung, and most of it is danced to in some fashion. When you add to this that the language of the Indian is holophrastic, so that it is possible to express such a complicated idea as the - essence - of - being - as - existent-in-humanity all in one word, translation becomes something more than an academic art.

My own method has been to obtain from the singer as full an account as possible of the song, its emotional content, its story, and what it is expected to do for the singer—for all poetry is expected to accomplish something for the poet's soul or his welfare—and if possible to obtain also other explanations from any others who may be acquainted with that particular song. In the case of ritualistic and communal songs this

is not very difficult to do, provided one is acquainted in advance with the religious content of the ceremonial. When the song is personal it may be of so intimate a character that the singer cannot be induced to divulge its meaning, and no one else will sing a man's own song without his permission. Literal translations of the words, made by competent ethnologists, are helpful, but far more important to the literary interpreter is a knowledge of the modes of Indian thought and the environment of the particular singer. I had been living years among the Paiutes before I undertook to re-express any of their songs, and I never attempt to handle any material except that of the Southwest regions with which I am thoroughly familiar.

In this group the Paiute Lament and Songs of the Friend were collected by me without other assistance, though I am indebted to the work of Mr. Kroeber and Miss DuBoise for informative contributions on California Indians in general. I have heard versions of the Rain Song in eight of the Rio Grande pueblos, and in addition have drawn on the language work of Harrington, and Mrs. Stevenson's study of the Sia. With all this, it is only fair to say that my rendering of the form of Indian verse falls short in many particulars. In every case I have abandoned form whenever the search for it interfered with meaning. In the Rain Song, for example, I have retained only the governing rhythm of the *tombes*. As actually rendered at any one of the pueblos, it presents an intricacy of

rhythm patterns scarcely equaled by a modern orchestra—drum rhythms, foot rhythms, made more intricate by the shifting of men, women, and children in the figures of the dance, melodic rhythms, the running clash of *conus* shells, the roll of gourd-imprisoned pebbles like the sudden rush of rain.

There is a nice feeling for vowel successions in Amerind songs, which I have attempted to incorporate in my work whenever it is possible without weakening the effect of a much more salient compactness and straightaway construction which appeal to me as the most American trait of American - Indian verse.

Finally, everything is sacrificed when necessary to what seems to me the essential state of consciousness of the composer, for it must always be borne in mind that the magical quality of poetry is the one which most concerns the Indian. He sings to secure health and prosperity for himself, to bind the heart of his maiden, and to make the world work well with God.

I have also omitted, perhaps unwisely, repetitions of phrase which are wholly magical or ritualistic. I have surmised

that some of these repetitions are purely melodic in their origin and should be dealt with by musicians rather than translators. With all these things in view, I find myself least dissatisfied with the Paiute Lament as a re-expression of what I saw and heard and felt happen when a head-man of that tribe buried his son. The first movement represents the taking up of the body and the setting out for the place of burial. The second movement follows the last circling of friends about the grave, and the final wrench of human affection. But it is not often that the association of motor and emotional impulses can be met in person by the translator.

So far only lyric and ritualistic sequences have been undertaken by the literary translator. There remain many hero cycles and several tribal epics untouched by any but the ethnologist. Undoubtedly these will come to take the place in our literature that is occupied in European literature by the sagas, the Rhinegold cycle, the Arthurian legends, the material for innumerable operas, ballads, and poetic dramas. Only in this case the background will be American and the feeling democratic.

WOMAN'S SONG

These are the first born
Of the first people:
Topal, the grinding stone,
Kenhut, the wampum string,
Paviut, the knife.

When the Empty Quietness begot
the Engendering Mist
Then came the Sky man,
Came the Earth mother,
Who made the Grinding Stone,
Who made the Hunting Knife,
Who made the Wampum String.

Thus runs the song around;
Under what tribal change soe'er you
find them,
Where there are women,
There sits the Grinding Stone;
Where there are men,

There glints the Hunting Knife;
Where there are people,
There runs the Wampum String.
Thus runs the song around.

SAN JUAN LOVE SONG

When first I saw my maiden,
When first my eyes beheld her,
All amid the corn
Blue butterflies were dancing.

Like butterflies about my heart
Her looks came glancing,
Like butterflies amid the corn
My heart was dancing
When first I saw my maiden,
When first my eyes beheld her
All amid the corn
Blue butterflies were dancing.

RAIN SONGS
FROM THE RIO GRANDE PUEBLOS

I

People of the middle Heaven
Moving happily behind white float-
ing cloud masks,
Moving busily behind rain-strait-
ened cloud masks;
People of the Lightning,
People of the Thunder,
People of the Rainbow,
Rain! Rain! Rain!

II

Cloud priests,
Whose hearts ascend through the
spruce tree
On the Mountains of the North,
Pray for us!
Cloud priests,
Whose hearts ascend
Through the pine of the West,
Through the oak of the South,
Through the aspen of the East,
Through the high-branched cedar
of the zenith,
Through the low, dark tree of the
nadir,
Pray for us!

III

Archpriests of the six world quar-
ters,
Work with us!
That the waters of the six great
springs of the world
May fructify the Earth, our mother,
That she bring forth fruit for us!
We, the ancient ones,
From the four womb-worlds,
From the doorway of the under-
world,
From Shipapu,
We, assembling,
Lifting up our thoughts to the
clouds,
To the lightning, to the thunder,
Lifting up our hearts,
Make you precious medicine.
People of the Middle World,
Send your thoughts to us!
That our songs go straightly
On the sacred meal road,
The ancient road,
Walking it with power.

Send to the cloud priests,
Send to the archpriests,
That their songs may bring the
waters
To fructify the Earth,
That the Sun embrace the Earth
That she bring forth fruit.

IV

People of the lightning,
Send your serpent darting arrows!
Hear the thunder beating
With its wings of dark cloud!

Who is this that cometh?
People of the trees on the six world
mountains,
Standing up to pray for rain,
All your people and your thoughts
Come to us!

Who is this that cometh?
Let your thoughts come to us!
People of the lightning,
Let your thoughts come to us!
People of the blue-cloud horizon,
Let your thoughts come to us!
Rain! Rain! Rain!

LAMENT OF A MAN FOR HIS SON

Son, my son!

I will go up to the mountain;
There I will light a fire for the feet
of my son's spirit,
And there I will lament him,
Saying,
Oh, my son,
What is my life to me now you are
departed?

Son, my son,
In the dark earth
We softly laid thee,
In the chief's robe,
In warrior's gear.
Surely, there,
On the Spirit Road,
Thy deeds are walking.

Surely,
The corn comes to the ear again.

But I, here,
I am the stalk the reapers left
standing.

Son, my son,
What is my life to me now you are
departed?

SONGS OF THE FRIEND

(Sung by Tinnehaha, the medicine man, for the endurance of friendship between himself and Winnedumah.)

I

What is this that stirs beside me,
What sweet throbbing?

It is my thought that quickens to
my friend.

For my thought was as a woman
When her time is past
And she hopes no more for children.
Now the time returns, tremulous
and quick,
As my friend goes by me.

II

Now is my walking changed,
And my strength is braced with
laughter.

I am so much more to myself
As the friend of my friend
That the days do not affront me,
Nor sighs, little sisters of pain,
come nigh me.

III

Good is a maid in the hut
In the undark nights of summer,
When her sides are slim and brown
And you prove her by her laughter.

But the love of man for man
Has mighty works to prove it.

IV

Lo, my heart is a lair;
It is hidden under my songs,
And my dancing is a screen before
its ways.

There my friend shall keep darkly
When ill repute pursues him;
There shall he lie safe from malice
and dishonor.

SONG FOR THE NEWBORN

(To be sung by the one who first takes the child from its mother.)

Newborn, on the naked sand
Nakedly lay it,
Next to the Earth mother,
That it may know her;
Having good thoughts of her the
food giver.

Newborn, we tenderly
In our arms take it,
Making good thoughts.
House god, be entreated,
That it may grow from childhood to
manhood,
Happy, contented;
Beautifully walking
The trail to old age.
Having good thoughts of Earth, its
mother,
That she may give it the fruits of
her being.
Newborn, on the naked sand
Nakedly lay it.

“—BUT WHY PREACH?”

The author of this article is a graduate of one of the largest universities in the East. After the completion of his college course in 1914, he filled creditably one or two positions of responsibility in the business world. Then came America's entry into the War, and he went abroad and was wounded. The remainder of his story is frankly set forth in the following article, which we feel sure will evoke the interest of all readers who found food for serious thought in the anonymous article "Ought I to Leave the Church?" written by a Mid-Western business man, and published some months ago—THE EDITORS

“IT is wonderful, simply splendid—but, after all, why preach? Why under the sun should a business man with a job like yours give it all up to bury himself in the ministry?” So often have people asked this question, and with such varying emphasis, since I got out of business last year to study for the ministry as to indicate an unexpectedly widespread and active interest in the problem involved.

The decision to enter the ministry is not regarded as so surprising in a college senior; his father is a preacher, perhaps, or he has a Freudian complex and does not realize what the trouble is with himself, or maybe he is young and simply temporarily overcharged with idealism. But for a grown man deliberately to do the same thing is, in the words of Abe Potash, decidedly “something else again.” Most of my acquaintances seem to regard it as an exhibition of magnificent folly—a kind of Charge of the Light Brigade, or even, in the case of some of them, like going over Niagara in a barrel. And so they ask, “Why preach?”

One of my friends, a journalist, says I have chosen the hardest possible method of putting over an important service; he points to the refusal of his city editor the other day even to consider a news story on an important new book on some phase of international reconstruction “because it is by a minister.” Another friend, a business associate, paraphrases that old slander against the teaching profession, saying, “Those who can, do; and those who can't, preach.” He

argues the greater and more practical service of the man with ideals who is willing to stay in business and use his ideals there instead of getting outside to “preach about them”; furthermore, he contends that I am too practical and like too much to see the chips fly ever to be content in an organization as “slow” as the church. Still another friend, an enthusiastic Ethical Culturist, asks why I choose Christianity as my vehicle: “Why,” as he phrases it, “granted the need for chopping wood, do you set out to do it with the stone hatchet of Christianity?” And finally, a keen young minister of thirty-five shakes his head and tells me he is getting out of the ministry this coming summer “because the vested interests in money and theology that control our churches simply won't allow a man to face realities in the pulpit.”

My decision was reached independently and only after weighing every objection I could conjure up. I have seen no burning bush, heard no voice out of heaven. The process by which, bit by bit, my decision took shape is set down here in the hope that it may contain some suggestion for others upon whom the war has left a restless hunger, a personal ghost to be laid.

The year I came out of college and started work in New York I had dinner one evening with a friend of my father's, twenty years my senior. He is the head of a nationally known corporation, wealthy, successful. After dinner the talk turned on the problem of the young college man's choice of his work. My

host gazed out of the window for some minutes, chin on hand, and then remarked abruptly that, although he had achieved about everything he had wanted, he seriously questioned whether he had got "any of this happiness stuff." That last phrase stuck in my head. I remember how something inside me swept the dial of my mind and struck twelve a year or so later when I first read Carl Sandburg's "Fish Crier":

I know a Jew fish crier down on Maxwell Street with a voice like a north wind blowing over corn stubble in January.

He dangles herring before prospective customers evincing a joy identical with that of Pavlowa dancing.

His face is that of a man terribly glad to be selling fish, terribly glad that God made fish, and customers to whom he may call his wares from a pushcart.

Here was an ignorant man, doing seemingly unsavory work, who had "this happiness stuff"; he was "terribly glad" to be doing his job; it took the whole energy of his life.

Meanwhile I was "digging in" at the work I had deliberately chosen. I was happy because I was doing well, making friends, and could see a genuine social service in my work—I have never been primarily interested in the salary side of life. Still I used to wonder sometimes how that old "fish crier" got his "terrible gladness," and why I could not lose myself equally in *my* work.

Then came the war. It did for me what I probably never should have done of my own accord—made me stop dead in my tracks and take stock. There followed for me a weary convalescent period in an army hospital, with more thinking and the reading of such books as J. A. Hobson's *Work and Wealth*. Gradually I fell into helping the other men in one way or another: there was the Turk from the Paterson silk mills, with an arm and a leg gone, who wanted lessons in English each day; the man with the paralyzed back who wanted Zane Grey read aloud; "Dad," the little

bald-headed farmer from Illinois with the bad leg, whose shy ambition was to learn enough arithmetic so that he could "figger how many square foot in an acre"; the boy from Montana who dreamed in a vague way of going to college, and only needed encouragement for his dream later to become a reality. This incidental work gave me a hankering which later developed into the first of my three reasons for going into the ministry; it "sold" me completely—in the lingo of business—on the satisfactoriness, so far as I am personally concerned, of service directly among people and in touch with their personal problems.

In so far, then, as my decision to be a "preacher" involves a certain self-dedication to unselfish service, you can, if you choose, set it down to personal selfishness. Why not face the fact? My experience warrants me in seeing here my surest guarantee of the biggest happiness of which I am capable, and I am simply cutting across lots as straight as I can after it. I have a friend up at the seminary, a moody Methodist from Missouri, who preached several years before coming to the seminary, who tells me that the thing he really *wants* to do and has always wanted to do is to be an electrical engineer, but that he feels himself "called" to preach. For the life of me I cannot see wherein the "call" to be a minister is any more lofty or commanding than the "call" to do any other constructive work. The business world long since adopted the rule that a workman can do best the work he likes best. Perhaps it is just because so many people, including some preachers, have such a woefully hard time of it being "terribly glad" that they are Christians, that such increasing numbers of people, both inside and outside our churches, feel that religion cleaves across our natural instincts and is therefore both unnatural and unnecessary.

I came out of the war, then, with what was later to become my first reason for entering the ministry—a strong faith that through creative service among peo-

ple lies my surest path to this “happiness stuff.” Nevertheless, I went back to my original work, though keener than ever to make it a “vocation” rather than a “job.”

In the succeeding year and a half reason number two took shape: an increasingly strong conviction that it is the so-called spiritual values in life that count—overwhelmingly—and that religion is the most important agency engaged in their cultivation and preservation. I began with the realization that it is these spiritual values which make men “terribly glad” to be living and working. They generate the creative fervor that puts the music and art and poetry into life. They are responsible for the creative faith of man in man that makes men whole—the realest sort of “salvation”! In the face of these facts, the problem of successful living reduces itself to the problem of increasing to the utmost limit the frequency of the occurrence of life’s creative spiritual moods.

The next thing that struck me was the extent to which, in this sense, we habitually underlive life. We dodge about from pillar to post under the compulsion of constantly shifting immediate necessities, and the longer view of things tends inevitably to be shut out. We are always meaning to climb mountains, but the ideally clear day for the trip never seems to come. This was made concrete in my thinking by the realization that, despite my experience and real interest in working with boys, and despite all sorts of good intentions, it had taken me six years in New York and, even then, the accident of the illness of a friend who “wished” on me his neighborhood club of boys, for me actually to undertake regular work of this sort one evening a week. I concluded from this that most men simply are not “self-starters” in things of the spirit, and that even those who may be so in some degree still almost never succeed in maintaining for any length of time their potential best.

Here, then, was perhaps the most fundamental service in the world, the

essence of creative service—the fostering of spiritual values, not in any locally partisan sense, but in a big catholic sense that will draw together all beauty and love and aspiration everywhere and actually do work. This appealed to my practical side because it is a direct effort to go back and tap the basic sources of energy in life; as surely as the dynamo generates hitherto unsuspected power out of space with which it turns the wheels of the world, so in the air all about men lie these spiritual powers waiting to be harnessed and used.

Now for the first time it occurred to me to ask myself, “Why not preach?” For I had caught my first glimpse of religion as the only agency in life devoted wholly and impartially to this work in its entirety. On the personal side I saw it as the encourager and nourisher of every aspiration in the individual; on the social side, as gathering into a single powerful current the scattered spiritual forces in society. Religion had of a sudden become a fascinating living thing, like a glorious field of millions upon millions of flowers of all sizes, shapes, and colors. Here was the *religio grammatici* of a Gilbert Murray, the *religio magistri* which Doctor MacCracken described in the January *Atlantic*, the faith of the business man, of the craftsman, of the scientist—each simply a conscious or unconscious personal formulation in terms of the whole of those tendencies which usually impel any given individual toward his peculiar “terrible gladness” of the free spirit in action. Religion, thus viewed, becomes a method, a spiritual approach toward life which brings the individual into touch with that totality of spirit which is God. So, witness the *credo* voiced with the dying breath of Louis Dubedat, the indigent artist in Shaw’s *The Doctor’s Dilemma*:

I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and the message of Art that has made these hands blessed. Amen. Amen.

About this time I ran upon the following sentences in the chapter on Religion and the Churches in Bertrand Russell's *Why Men Fight*. It set my imagination aflame with the potentialities of the religion of free men working and aspiring together and believing one another upward into the very presence of God:

The religious life that we must seek will not be one of occasional solemnity and superstitious prohibitions, it will not be sad or ascetic, it will concern itself little with rules of conduct. It will be inspired by a vision of what human life may be and will be happy with the joy of creation, living in a large, free world of initiative and hope. It will love mankind, not for what they are to the outward eye, but for what imagination shows that they have it in them to become. It will not readily condemn, but it will give praise to positive achievement rather than negative sinlessness, to the joy of life, the quick affection, the creative insight, by which the world may grow young and beautiful and filled with vigor.

By this time I was beginning to ask myself in earnest, Why not preach? All right, I next said to myself, but, granted the value of a personal religion and even of a corporate religion, why churches? Why run the risk of making the whole thing a spiritual strait-jacket instead of a free force with a roving commission in life? The most obvious answer, it seems to me, is that given above in reference to our habitual and well-nigh inevitable tendency to underlive life on the spiritual side. The church serves an important function in modern life by acting as a constant and tangible reminder of and familiar vantage point for the longer view of life.

A second "excuse" for the existence of churches is that, while happy the man like Gilbert Murray or your artist in any field of life who dwells in a three-dimensional world of the spirit conscious of the beauty and reality of its form and color, most men are not so acutely conscious of life. These latter crave a symbol, a suggestive formulation of the life

of the spirit to liberate their spiritual selves. Such tangible symbols they find in the Buddhas, the Mohammeds, the Christs of this world and in a God great enough to embody the yearnings of all men who live and have lived in this and other worlds. This function of the church is of incalculable value to life; it helps to birth every man's spirit—through the elaborate symbolism of high-church ceremonies if that be one's temperamental need, through the austerer communion directly with one's God in an atmosphere of simplicity if one be a Quaker by nature.

So far so good. I had proved to my own satisfaction the need for religion and the need for churches. But the crux of my problem persisted. I found myself going to bed with it at night and shaving with it in the morning; granted the necessary function of religion and churches, why should I be warranted in thinking that for myself the greater and more satisfying service lay through resigning an already socially useful position in a field which I had deliberately chosen and entering the ministry? And, should I decide to change my work, did not some such work as education offer a more practical field than the ministry?

Finally I took a week off and caught a midnight train for the mountains with one duffel bag packed with blankets and a week's rations and one problem-to-solve, extra large size. For eight days I pushed a canoe through the quiet of that country, slipping overboard for a swim when my head got a "hot box," and camping wherever night overtook me, rolled in blankets and poncho on a bed of pine boughs.

I tried to face every alternative squarely, to meet every challenge head-on. I turned to education. Here, if anywhere, lies the hope of the world; yet education without the *religio magistri* is a mere shell; and whence comes this faith of the teacher if not from that greater flame which keeps all faiths alight?

Then I turned to one phase after another of the practical work aiming to

free men from the bondage of our faulty economic life. My friend the economist contends that, once we get man's economic life straightened out, once we reduce the busy-ness of keeping alive to the kitchen of life and it ceases to occupy the whole house, the “heaven on earth” of the ministers will result automatically. He points to the seeming folly of “preaching” to a sick and hungry world. And yet its very sickness and hunger, the very anomaly of proclaiming love and fellowship and service to a world run on the diametrically opposed principle of “dog-eat-dog,” seems to me to demand as never before that *somebody* preach and preach harder and straighter than ever to the ideal of Christ. The “industrial revolution” of the twentieth century is to be the shift from business for profit only to business for service in which capital, labor of all classes, both with hand and brain, and society at large will benefit mutually. The name of the new industry is Cooperation, and this is the first teaching of Christianity. Here, in my faith, lies the dynamite in Christianity. Here the contribution which religion must make to the work of the economist.

I died hard on the question of the need for my giving up my own job for the ministry. I forced myself to die hard, because I did not want ever to reproach myself later in life for having flown off at a tangent and left real and practical problems for an idealistic will-o'-the-wisp. My whole problem was—where can I serve best and reap the consequent maximum happiness? The answer fell into a kind of parable: Many men are willing to wade and many are even willing to go out waist-deep, but it takes more than a willing mind to go out beyond one's depth and swim. Many men were available to fill my job, but the great bulk of them could not go into the ministry. Even those who saw the desirability of the move had for the most part at my age given hostages to fortune

in one shape or another that held them nearer shore. I was perhaps one man in a thousand in my combination of a vision of the job to be done *and* the ability, financial and otherwise, to strike out as far as my vision and strength would carry me. Call it *noblesse oblige*, if you will. As this is the sort of sentimental reasoning that makes martyrs, I instinctively distrusted it until after walking round and round and across and back through it in cold daylight, I became convinced that I had seen it stripped of all its shadowy allurements and could afford to let it stand as valid.

This did not leave me much option as to my third reason for my decision: If I honestly felt that the way to the fullest and most genuine happiness of which I am capable lies through the use of my abilities in some form of human service, and if religion and the church seem to offer to me at once the most limitless possibilities and, because of their immediate needs and my personal freedom to respond to the call, the most interesting and compelling challenge to service, there remained nothing but the question whether I dared accept the challenge.

And so I came out of that week of canoeing in the mountains with my answer. I had decided to “bet my life” on the ministry as the biggest job in sight, and the job I would rather do than anything else I knew of. I am not naturally “pious”; my conception of God is so rudimentary as yet that I am not even sure of “his” personality; prayer is simply aspiration—the whole thing is just in process of growth, but the reality in it all is that it *is* growing. How my modicum of faith will develop through thought and in action, how people will receive it, whether my best work can be done in one of the denominations or in a community church, just how formidable are those ogres of conservative elders and trustees that are said to throttle independent thinking in the pulpit—all these things lie in the future.

A JUDGMENT FROM ABOVE

BY ALICE BROWN

LYDIA LUCE, who proudly recognized her position as the youngest married woman in Tenterden, was baking 'lection cake and at the same time boiling a ham for the barn-raising on the morrow. It was a late afternoon in June, and she had worked all day long, making generous preparations not only for the raising supper, but the refreshment of the men as they worked. The kitchen, as she noted, when she paused for a moment to push the damp brown curls from her forehead with the back of a small, plump hand, was "riding out", she had plunged into so many activities at once and had no time to put the signs of them away. The irons were cooling on the hearth and the two damask tablecloths she had been pressing so that their creases would coincide when they were used together on the long table, were hanging in rigid perfection from the clotheshorse, and the silver she had been rubbing had not yet been set on its shelf. But she smiled at the confusion as one who knew experienced ways of settling it when the moment came, and went again to the oven to try her cake with a straw. And when she closed the oven door again and drew the straw through the tips of her fingers, frowning with solicitude over the extreme nicety of the operation, she was a beguiling sight it was a pity there was no one by to see.

Ballard Luce, her husband, had told her, in the days of their courtship, before he got so busy making a home for her that there was no time to tell her anything of a figurative nature, that she looked like a bird. He meant it exactly, not in the way of descriptive slang; and so she did, a brown, bright-eyed, full-breasted bird, always of sufficiently bright plumage to carry out the picture, for all her

fancy ran to blues and pinks. She was most delicately made, and her motions were quick, unexpected—erratic, you might have thought, until you noted how exactly they always accomplished what she had momentarily in mind. Her nose took the tiniest aquiline curve, like the beak of a bird, and she had ways of cocking her head at you—charming ways they were—and a sweet, full voice that often, most unconsciously, threw out a few notes of song. To-day she was dressed in blue faded to a lovely softness through wear and washings, and her sleeves were rolled high over dimpled arms; and, though she did not sing at her tasks, but went about in a silent swiftness, it was not because she had fallen a notch in the scale of happiness, but only that she was so absorbed. She found herself, indeed, most particularly happy, because the new barn was to be raised next day and she could hear, while she worked, the desultory hammering of preparation and an occasional call from the carpenter to his man. Her husband had gone to town to get some last supplies for to-morrow's great supper, and just as she took out her cake and set the loaves on the rack in a brown beauty that filled the air with spicy fragrance, Ballard came into the shed, his arms full of bundles, and she ran to the screen door to let him in.

"Why," said she, "I didn't hear you drive up."

"I stopped down to the old barn," said Ballard. They loved to say "old barn" now, to remind themselves how soon the new barn would be ready for the winter. "I thought I'd get the horse right out o' the shafts. It's terrible hot on the road."

He began unloading his parcels on the

kitchen table beside the cake, and Lydia, standing by, keeping the tale of them, said the list softly as he put them down: "Sugar, ginger, lemons— Oh, Ballard, you didn't forget the tumblers?"

"No," said he, going to the sink for a dipper of water. "I left 'em in the barn. They're all done up in straw, an' I thought I'd unpack 'em there this evenin', after the men are gone."

"Yes," said she, "that's right. It'll save my sweepin' up. I guess I've got enough round, as 'tis."

She gave a gay laugh that seemed to tell how equal she felt herself to clearing up any imaginable disorder, and, on a sudden wave of love for him and delight in everything, particularly new barns and new husbands and June days, ran to him and, seizing him by his big shoulders, gave him an ineffectual shake.

"Well," said Ballard, "what's that for?"

He had shaken himself a little obligingly, to help her carry out the game, and now he put out a great hand and drew her closer. Lydia had never, even in the delirium of first love, confided to anyone her certainty that he was the handsomest man the town had seen, or the county, either—a blue-eyed, black haired giant, with white teeth and a ready smile. She had pronounced ideas about "acting foolish," and when they were engaged she had walked as primly as a wife of many years. Even when she had been called on to defend her choice, she had not done it passionately, but with a staid decorum. And there had been a good deal of defending to do. All her large family had represented to her individually and with prophetic fervor that Ballard's father and his uncle Benson and their father also had been drinking men, and that Ballard was exactly like them in looks and disposition. He played the fiddle, he knew every Tom and Dick, good or bad, in Tenterden, and he was precisely the sort to be led away. This last was the only argument Lydia allowed herself to answer with any precision, beyond reiterating

her intention to marry him; but here she did once, driven to exasperation, retort, "Maybe he will get led away, and maybe I shall be the one to lead him."

But she never told the story of one evening when, worried in spite of herself by these reasonable fears, she set them forth in a grisly gang before Ballard, just as they had been presented to her, and he laughed at first and then grew grave, and said:

"I dunno's I ever said so, but I ain't no ways likely to take to drinkin'. I hate the stuff. I guess 'twas mother's feelin' about it, if it's anything. But if you'd be any easier in your mind, I'll make you a promise."

And then Lydia saw the slightest little rift coming in the confidence between them and cried out:

"No. I don't want you should make me a promise. You don't have to tell me what you are. I know."

And the little rift closed up and all was as it had been, except that he told her, in a few quick, moved words, how her love looked to him, and she tried to answer, and they both turned back to the blinding, beautiful moment as the time when they had really become man and wife in a way beyond the relations' power to undo. And now Ballard stood gazing down at her, smiling at her fiery energy and inquiring, quizzically:

"Well, what you got to say? You needn't shake a feller out of his shoes 'less'n you tell him what you're doin' it for."

Lydia laughed and left him, to carry her cake off into the pantry.

"I dunno," she said; "only, everything's so nice—the barn an' the supper an' all. I dunno's I ever had such luck with my cake."

"Oh, wait a minute," said Ballard. "There's suthin' else I've got to fetch in. I left it in under the old lilac, so's the fellers shouldn't see it an' guess what's comin' to 'em."

He went out again through the shed, and presently, while Lydia was testing the ham with her fork and screwing up

her face delightfully over the steam, he was back again, carrying a gallon jug of gray stone. Lydia, concluding she would give the ham twenty minutes more, put on the cover and turned about just as he was setting the jug on the top shelf of the open cupboard.

"Why," said she, innocently, "we've got plenty o' molasses. I told you so. An' you've been an' bought a new jug."

Ballard, finding the shelf slightly narrow, pushed the jug carefully back as far as it would go, and then turned round to her. He was smiling, but she thought, with an odd little pang of alarm, that he looked strange. It was as if he were about to tell her something he knew she did not want to hear.

"No," said he, "'tain't molasses."

"What is it, then?" asked Lydia, still innocently. "I dunno's there's anything we're in want of you didn't have down on your list."

"Well!" said Ballard. He went a step toward the door, took off his cap and put it on again, and smiled at her in a way she did not quite remember. It almost seemed as if she had never seen him smile in that way before. It was as if he half expected to be blamed and was begging off beforehand. "Well," said he again, "I met Cy Holden over to the store, an' I happened to say we're going to raise the barn to-morrer, an' he asked what we're goin' to give the crowd to drink. An' I said lemonade an' sweetened water an' ginger through the afternoon, an' coffee for supper, an' he laughed."

"Well," said Lydia, stoutly, a growing trouble in her mind, "I dunno what call Cy Holden's got to laugh, if he is a newspaper editor. I guess we can carry out our raisin' just as we're a mind to, even if he does want to get up a paragraph to put in his paper, how everybody acted an' all, same's he did that time o' the Antiques an' Horribles. I guess I wouldn't let Cy Holden lead me by the nose, an' I guess you wouldn't, either, not if you stop an' think."

Ballard was flushed and discomfited.

He looked to Lydia as if he wanted uneasily to prove something and hardly knew how to begin.

"I ain't bein' led by the nose," he said, fretfully. "Only, you may say what you like o' Cy Holden, but there's no man in the town, or county, either, that knows old customs as he does. An' he got tellin' me what raisin's used to be in days past, an' it made what we're plannin' look mighty small."

"He's a drinkin' man," said Lydia, perversely. The red had come into her cheeks, and her hands, hanging at her side, gripped into two little balls of fists. She was trembling all over, but that she hoped Ballard did not see.

"I dunno whether he's a drinkin' man or not," said he, testily. "Well, yes," he qualified, seeing her look of surprise, "I s'pose he does drink some, but it's in his own home an' it don't affect us, one way or another. Folks say they have wine on the table, Thanksgivin' an' so, but 'tain't our business."

"No," said Lydia, clearly, "'tain't our business, an' our raisin' ain't his. Ballard, what you got in that jug?"

"That's an awful narrer shelf," said Ballard, weakly, glancing round at it with a pretense of anxiety. "Any kind of a jar might send it off. I guess I'll take it out an' hide it in the mow."

Lydia came a step nearer and laid a hand on his arm. She was no longer a bird of ruffled feathers, but smooth and soft like the bird flying down to her nest.

"Ballard," said she. "what you goin' to hide it for?"

"Why," said Ballard, uneasily, "I don't want any o' the fellers to find out an' get at it 'fore to-morrer."

"What's in it, Ballard?" she persisted, softly. "'Tain't whisky. I can't believe that."

"No," said Ballard, bluffly, "'tain't whisky. It's rum."

Lydia was not looking at him. She stood, her hand still on his arm, staring down at the floor.

"'Twas the old custom," said Ballard,



"WHY," SAID SHE, INNOCENTLY, "WE'VE GOT PLENTY O' MOLASSES"

still in that tone of sulky self-defense. "Cy Holden said so. They always had rum at raisin's, an' everybody partook, the minister an' all."

Lydia still stood in silence, quiet now as a partridge hiding her nest and done with fluttering. Should she remind him of that offer of his to promise her what she refused? Suddenly she thought not. She looked up at him and tears were in her eyes.

"Oh, Ballard," said she, "I'm afraid you've been led away."

"Led away!" said Ballard, withdrawing a step, so that her hand fell from his arm. He was rather glad of provoca-

tion, because it seemed to justify him in his stand. "You act as if you'd ketched me drunk. I don't mean to touch none o' the stuff. 'Ain't I told you I hate it?"

"Well," said Lydia, softly, "that ain't no reason why we should set it afore anybody else." And then the Bible phrase came into her mind and she added, "And cause them to offend."

"Oh, shucks!" said Ballard, taking another step toward the shelf. "I'll carry it out to the mow if you're goin' to feel so bad about it."

But at that instant came a voice from the shed, the voice of Jeremy Dayton, the carpenter.

"You there, Ballard? I wisht you'd come an' take a look at them j'ists. The ones we laid out last night don't seem hardly fair enough. Too many knots."

"All right," said Ballard.

He followed Dayton out of the shed, but the carpenter came back, a tall, stooping figure in his apron of bed-ticking, and flattened his nose against the screen door.

"Smells mighty good in here, Mis' Luce," he said to Lydia, who still stood there in the middle of the floor. "I told my wife I guessed you'd planned consid'able of a rinktum to-morrer, from all I've been able to smell."

Lydia, with a start, came out of her trance. "I guess everybody 'll be pretty hungry 'long toward night," she said. "'Twill be as well to have somethin' on hand."

"I guess there won't be so many pitch-polin' off the roof as there was when the old barn went up," said Dayton. "My gran'ther used to tell me about the raisin's in them days. I guess every man dranked as much as he could hold an' then turned down some on the top o' that. 'Twas a wonder the buildin's went up at all. Nobody never says what the womenfolks thought about it. I guess they were glad raisin's didn't come more 'n once in a lifetime."

Lydia did not answer. She listened absently to his footsteps going out through the shed, and then slowly and thoughtfully went to the window and sat down in Ballard's armchair. Her back was toward the shelf, but she could still see the gray stone demijohn sitting there like an unwelcome visitant. It seemed to be smiling maliciously, leering at her, and telling her that as generations of wives in Ballard's family had not been able to have their way, so she would not be able to have hers. She was not conscious of thinking or of planning. How could she plan? There was nothing to do. She sat there perhaps a half hour, her household tasks forgotten, the ham crying to be taken out and the fire sighing for another stick, when she heard

Ballard's step again in the shed and came awake to the present and its call upon her. She got up hurriedly, went to the sitting room for the big platter, set it on the end of the stove, and carefully lifted out the ham. Ballard came hurriedly in and walked up to her.

"Say, Lyddy," he began, "I don't see any need o' your feelin' as you do about—that. You know!" He jerked an awkward thumb toward the shelf. "'Tain't but for one day, an' it's no more 'n carryin' out an ancient custom, same as Cy Holden said. An' 'tain't as if a man's goin' to get tight every day of his life jest because he's took a little nip this one time. An' if there's any boys round they sha'n't touch their lips to it. I promise you that faithful, for it's no more 'n right."

Lydia looked up at him with soft, troubled eyes. But her lips were smiling a little, tremulously.

"I ain't goin' to say another word, Ballard," she told him. "See. Ain't this a nice ham? I'm goin' to stick cloves into it an' sift cracker crumbs over it an' cut little leaves in 'em, same as your mother used to. Many's the time I've seen her do it."

But Ballard's mind was not on kitchen recipes. He was bent on making up to her, she saw, with a heart aching over his goodness and his impetuosity, as tumultuous and remorseful as a big dog convicted of doing wrong.

"An' it ain't goin' to set here to scare you into fits an' make you get up all kinds o' conniptions," he said. "I'll carry it right off now into the barn, an' you never 'll see it again, an' 'tain't likely we shall have another raisin' right away."

But at this a sudden unreasoning panic came over her and she felt she could only endure the existence of the thing if it were there under her eye. It seemed to her like a hostile beast she had to guard, defending her dearest and herself. If the beast got away from her and hid himself in some dark corner,

where only Ballard could find him, who knew whether Ballard himself might not hear that old call of his race, marked with the evil impulse, and fall under the spell?

"No, no!" she heard herself crying, and she went to her husband just as he lifted his hand to take the creature down, and held it in both hers. Against her soft heart she held it, as if she were defending it against ill. "Don't you take it off out o' this room," she bade him. "You let it set right there."

"Why," said Ballard, amazed at her, "what you want it there for? I was only doin' it to get it off your mind."

"I dunno," said Lydia, wildly. "'Tain't that I want it up there, but I don't want it anywheres else. Mebbe it's because I feel as if I'd kind o' pestered you an' found fault with you, an' if you carried it off 'twould look as if you wanted to punish me."

Ballard laughed and drew his hand away from her. "Well," he said, "if that's all, we'll let it set where 'tis."



SHE RAN OUT TO GET THE TABLECLOTH, IN THE FACE OF THE RISING WIND

Queer what a fuss women make over a thing like that. Well, no, I guess 'tain't queer, though. It's only they've seen what comes of it if you carry it too fur."

He went toward the door, halted, and came back.

"Funny," he said, "how one thing'll remind you of another. Once when I was a little feller father brought home some liquor, same 's it might be this, an' put it up on the upper shelf. An' he says to mother, 'Don't you lay hands on that, now.' I s'pose she had, some other time when he'd come home—well, I guess she'd turned it down the sink spout more 'n once. An' mother says, 'No, Thomas, I won't lay a finger on it.' I can hear her voice now. Mother had a terrible quiet voice. An' father went up to bed an' I says to mother—I don't b'lieve I was more 'n ten—'I guess you want to lay a finger on it, don't you, mother?' An' she didn't answer a word, but she looked round at me, kind o' white an' tired she was that night, an' says: 'Come. It's time for you to be in bed.' So we both went up, but I didn't get into bed. Didn't dast, for fear I shouldn't wake up. An' when I thought they'd both got off to sleep I crep' downstairs in my stockin' feet an' got the stuff down off'n the shelf—I had to climb up on a chair—an' emptied it down the sink an' filled her up o' water."

Lydia was absorbed in his story. She looked at him with widened eyes.

"Well!" said she. "I guess your father was pretty tried. What 'd he say?"

"Never said a word," returned Ballard. "I used to dwell on it a good deal an' wonder why he didn't. Sometimes I thought he concluded the boys over t' the store done it, to play a trick on him. But one thing I never got over, an' that was the way he must ha' felt about mother. For she'd give him her word, an' he no more doubted her than as if such a thing couldn't be."

He went out now, down the steps into the shed, and Lydia, in a passion of competitive loyalty, called after him:

"Ballard, I'll do the same. I won't touch a finger to it."

She heard him laugh and toss back a quick assurance that she didn't need to tell him that. That wasn't what he'd told her the story for. He happened to think of it, that was all. And it seemed that now, having promised not to touch the creature, attack it, destroy its evil power, she could also stop thinking about it, and she fell upon the disorder in her kitchen and set it straight. The ham, when she left it, seemed to her a thing of beauty, vine leaves carved all over it, and flowers dotting it in patterns, with cloves for stamens. She had worked at it breathlessly, but just as it was finished and she had set it beside the cake on the pantry shelf, she glanced at the clock, surprised because the kitchen had suddenly grown dark. The clock reassured her. It wasn't its fault, it told her, or hers. And then she looked out of the window and saw that the west was black. Lydia was afraid of thunder showers, but somehow to-day the prospect did not move her. She was still more afraid of the creature on the shelf. The disturbance of the air did excite her to an extreme nervous tension, and immediately all her trouble over her enemy came back. She went out into the kitchen and drew up a chair in front of the shelves, sat down, and fixed her eyes on it. What a small thing it was, she thought, to disturb her peace for the day and ruin all her anticipations of the morrow—a squat, fat, hateful, obstinate thing, sitting firmly on the shelf and determined to sit there, no matter how she might stare it down. And she had foolishly signed away her power of even moving it, by promising Ballard she would not lay a finger on it, and this fervent determination in her heart to break no jot of her word to him and to be as honorable as his mother.

It grew darker and darker and the thunder began to grumble overhead. There was no doubt the thing did leer at her. A flash of lightning came and another, and the thunder on the tail of it.



“YOU AIN’T HURT, BE YOU, LYDDY?”

The storm was coming nearer. Ballard would be here presently, unless he was delayed by helping the men get their tools under cover. He always did run to her as soon as the lightning began, and she always hid her eyes on his shoulder with a desperate hope she never yet had told him, he was so likely to laugh at her conniptions, that, if one of them were to be struck, they might go together. Now, looking again out of the window at the coppery west, she came face to face with a sudden glare that lighted the back of the house and showed her the washing she had hung out that morning and quite forgotten, there had been so many more important tasks to do. One of the things was Mother Luce’s precious old homespun tablecloth she had been whitening and meant to use on her serving table to-morrow. She ran out to get it, in the face of the rising wind, unpinned the clothes swiftly, and then, really because she was too nervous under the impact of the storm to distinguish between what need be done and what might be left, took in the line, wound it

on its reel, and ran in with it. And because another flash of lightning sent her flying into the kitchen, she carried it with her and sat down, breathless, the clothesline in her lap. Then, her eyes again drawn to the leering creature on the shelf, she suddenly grew calm and knew what she was to do. Mother Luce was in it, too, this quick, desperate intention of hers. She almost heard Mother Luce’s quiet voice counseling her, “Yes, daughter, that’s what you’ve got to do.”

Lydia ran to the north window to see whether Ballard might be on his way from the barn to the house. He was not coming. Only the rain had begun now in sheets, and there was flash after flash, a blinding glare. She ran back into the kitchen, unrolled her clothesline, took one end of it with her to the shelves, stood on tiptoe, and passed it round the squat figure of her enemy. Then, with a delicate care, she drew the line after her until she had doubled it, and held both ends of it in her hand. Still holding them, she ran into the sitting room, and

looked back at her enemy securely on the shelf. The loop still lay at the back of his squat body and both lines were taut. And at the instant she was considering, with one wild appeal to Mother Luce, whether she should do the deed, she heard Ballard's voice calling to her as he came running toward the shed:

"Lyddy! Lyddy! Don't you be scairt. I'm 'most there."

On the heels of his call came a clap of thunder such as Lydia thought she had never heard in all her life before, and almost simultaneously heralding it, a flash of lightning that seemed to be throwing the world into sinister relief before destroying it. Lydia never knew whether she would have abandoned her design if it had not been for this world-destroying flash and crack, or whether the shock of it nerved her arm and threw all her emotions into as wild a disorder as the lightning flung upon the world without. But she gave a sudden jerk and desperately pulled in her line. Whether the creature had fallen from the shelf she did not know. If it had, the insignificant crash of its doom had been swallowed up in this greater crack that engulfed the world. And at that moment she heard Ballard calling her again and ran, dragging her line behind her and reeling it untidily as she flew, up the stairs and into her own bedroom. And there she tossed the disordered mass of rope into her closet, shut the door on it, and threw herself on her bed, face downward, and began to cry. There Ballard found her, a shuddering little mass of disordered plumage, and put his cheek down to hers, in terrified interrogation.

"You ain't hurt, be you, Lyddy?" he kept saying. "Tell me you ain't hurt."

And the rain dashed against the window and gurgled in the gutters and the thunder clamored at them while the lightning flashed as if it were trying with all its might to show that great roaring beast of sound the way to get in. Lyddy turned over and looked up into her husband's face.

"Ain't it awful," she cried to him through the pother, "we don't know what we be till we're tried?"

But to Ballard this only meant she was confused and afraid. He sat there by her, while the lightning, Lydia felt, tried to get at her and show her what was likely to happen to deceiving wives, and the thunder roared out condemnation. It seemed to her that if Ballard had not stayed by no one could tell what might have happened to her. When the thunder followed less quickly on the heels of the flash, he said, as he always did at that point:

"There! Only see how long it was between. That shows it's farther off."

And he recalled, with a little laugh—and this also he always did—how Grand-sir Luce used to count solemnly in the intervals between flash and peal.

"Used to scare me 'most to death," said he. "I wa'n't afraid o' the lightnin', but that countin' somehow was more 'n I could stan'."

The sun came out, not slowly, but in a glorious burst, and at the same instant a song sparrow trilled into song. And suddenly Ballard's face grew grave and Lydia knew he was remembering the sight he must have seen when he ran through the kitchen, and that he was about to tell her he had found her fallen enemy and tax her with the deed.

"Lyddy," said he, seriously, "I've got suthin' to tell you."

"Oh, no!" said Lyddy. She crept nearer him and held to his coat with desperate hands. "Not now, Ballard; oh, not now!"

But he paid no attention to her. He was evidently absorbed anew in the marvel he had met.

"When I was runnin' in through the shed," said he, "there come that awful crack o' thunder, an' right in the midst on't there was a kind of a crash. 'Suthin' breakin',' I says to myself. An' I stepped into the kitchen an' looked round me—I was in a terrible hurry, you see, to find you. I knew you must ha' run off upstairs—an' I couldn't stop to

look very careful—an', besides, 'twas dark—but when I got to the sill into t'other room I smelt suthin' an' I turned back, an' there 'twas broke into forty million pieces, an' the stuff runnin' out over the floor."

"Was it, Ballard?" said Lydia, tightening her desperate grip on his coat. "Oh, was it? Don't you tell me about it. I dunno how it looked an' I don't want to."

"Why, no," said Ballard, innocently, "course you don't know. You was 'way off up here. Now, Lyddy, I'll tell you what I think—"

"No, Ballard," said Lyddy, desperately. "Don't you tell me. You let me tell you."

"Don't you talk about it," said Ballard, tenderly. "You're all nerved up with the shower. No, what I'm goin' to say is this. That shelf's a narrer shelf. The jug didn't set none too stiddy at the best, an' that clap o' thunder jest jarred it right off. An' this is what I'm comin' to." His voice deepened into a grave solemnity. "I wouldn't say this to any livin' bein' but you—but, Lyddy, don't you s'pose 'twas ordained?"

"Ordained?" repeated Lydia.

"Yes. There 'twas, that stuff you hate like p'ison—an' when I smelt it runnin' over the floor it come over me I hated it, too, wuss 'n I thought I did. Mebbe it's the way you felt about it, an' the way mother felt, an' all—an' suthin' says to me, "Twouldn't be too

much to b'lieve that clap o' thunder was sent to jar it off'n the shelf, so's if there was so much harm in it as Lyddy 'n' mother said, that harm won't be done.' What do you b'lieve?"

Lydia was thinking, her face hidden on his shoulder, but she did not speak.

"You see," said Ballard, his voice lightening a little, as if he were prepared now to laugh at his solemnity, "they say there's special providences."

"Yes," said Lydia then, "I guess there be special providences. Anyway, however it come about, I'm terrible glad it's gone."

Then they talked a little about the raising and reminded each other they must go downstairs to supper. But while Lydia was smoothing her hair at the glass, Ballard said to her:



"THERE 'TWAS, THAT STUFF YOU HATE LIKE P'ISON"

"I'm goin' down to sweep it all up 'fore you come, so's 't you needn't ever have to think on 't again."

And when Lydia went down he had gone out to milking and the sun lay in the kitchen, and the only trace left of her enemy was a wet stain on the floor and a taint of its evil breath.

The next night Lydia wakened and turned to her husband.

"Ballard," said she, "what if I'd got somethin' to tell you. Should you just as soon I waited till we're old?"

Ballard was very sleepy from the raising, and he only put out his hand and took hers and held it.

"Better tell it now," said he, "an' get it over."

"You said," began Lydia, "I behaved as nice as your mother, an' maybe before yesterday I did."

"You're dreamin'," said Ballard. "Now you turn over an' go right off to sleep."

And with the words he was asleep himself. Lydia did turn and looked at the moonlighted peace of their chamber. She heard the leaves moving happily, and the whippoorwill far away. Perhaps there were special providences, she concluded, and she smiled a little and concluded to wait.

A LETTER

BY ROBERT HILLYER

LAST night I wrote a letter to my friend.
 I said, "Come back, we two are getting old;
 Our separate lives wear on; the years are cold,
 And loneliness grows bitter toward the end."
 I called you back, but you shall not behold
 Those wise, sad words that my desire has penned;
 Last night I wrote what I shall never send,
 The page your white hands never shall unfold.

There in my desk it lies; pride guards the key;
 And pride, alas! is stronger than desire.
 Years hence, perhaps, some stranger pityingly
 Will yield the faded secret to the fire,
 Where it will join in dust those separate dead,
 Sorrow who wrote, and Love who never read.

FAERY LANDS OF THE SEA

PART VIII—HIS MOTHER'S PEOPLE

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF

THE hurricane season ended in a fortnight of calm before the trade came up from the southeast, announcing its arrival with a three days' gale that caught our schooner among the outer islands of the group. It was by no means a great storm, yet the constant fury of the wind, unbroken by lull or gust, and the lines of huge breaking seas running under a cloudless sky, impressed me more than anything I have experienced in ships. By day we lived in a world of blue and white—pale blue sky, sea of a dark, angry blue, acres of white foam. To go on deck by night and watch the leaping ridges of salt water rear up to windward—formless, threatening, fringed with wan phosphorescence—was to revise any beliefs one might have had regarding the friendliness of nature.

On the evening of the second day we were laid to under a rag of foresail, riding the seas obliquely, a few points off the wind. The schooner took them like an eider duck; it was so thick in the cabin that I slid back the hatch and squeezed through into the clean turmoil above. The mood of the Pacific was too impressive for pleasure, but I was glad at least of the fresh air, and able to derive a species of awed enjoyment from what went on about me. It may have been fatigue, or carelessness, or inexperience—at any rate, the man at the wheel suddenly allowed the schooner to bear off; she was climbing the slope of a sea at the time—the crest of it caught her weather side with a crash, and next instant a rush of solid water swept the decks. Thin as the voices of sea birds

above the roaring of the wind, the cries of native passengers drifted back—"Aué! Aué!"—the hatch slid back abruptly; the skipper burst on deck—bristling, gesticulating, clad in a waistcloth—to deliver an address in passionate Mangaian, insulting and only partially audible.

Under the swinging lamp in the cabin I found Tari—our singular and philosophic supercargo, whose calm no ordinary gale could disturb—bending over his books, a bottle and a glass in racks at his elbow. A mat was spread on the floor, and on it—huddled under a quilt of bright patchwork—lay Apakura, his young native wife. Her feet were bound in a *pareu*, and the quilt pulled over her head, for the cockroaches were everywhere. I entered my stateroom to lie down. A large cockroach, insolent and richly perfumed, trotted along the springs of the upper berth and halted just above my face. Waves of the hand had no effect on him—I had reasons for not wishing to crush him in his tracks. One of his comrades began a tentative nibbling at my hair—something tickled my foot. I started convulsively. The sudden rolls of the schooner flung me against her side; it was useless to try to sleep. As I sat down beside him, Tari closed his books and motioned me to fill a glass.

A faint noise of shouting came from on deck; the engine-room bell sounded a peremptory signal. The hatch opened with a gust of spray—the head of the skipper appeared dimly in the swaying light. "*Atiu!*" he shouted. "I'm going to run into the lee and stand off and on

till this blows over." The engine started and Tari and I went on deck for a glimpse of the land, looming close and vague in the starlight. Presently, as we took our seats in the cabin, the schooner ceased her violent pitching and began to ride a long, easy swell. Tari rose, stepped to where his wife lay sleeping, picked up the slender bundle in the quilt, and disappeared into his stateroom; next moment he was beside me again, uncorking a fresh bottle of rum.

"She's had a bad time of it," he said, "with a berth on the weather side; she was spilled on the floor half a dozen times before she gave up and came out here. I shouldn't have let her come along—I had my doubts of the weather, but it was a chance to see the relatives she's got scattered through the Group. They're constantly visiting one another; blood means a lot down here, where they recognize degrees of consanguinity absurdly far-fetched to our minds. First cousins are like brothers, second and third cousins considered members of one's immediate family, and so on through the descendants of remote ancestors. When you stop to think of it, this respect for ties of blood in the isolated communities of Polynesia rests on a solid base."

I asked him a question concerning the end of these island people—whether they will fade away and disappear, like our own Narragansett and Seminole, without leaving their mark on the supplanting race; or whether they will be absorbed gradually, developing in the process of absorption a new type. Tari set down his glass.

"One thing is certain," he replied; "if left to themselves they would soon be extinct. Wherever you go among the islands you will find couple after couple of full-blooded natives young, strong, wholesome, and childless. No doubt the white man is partially to blame, but for myself, I believe the race is worn out with isolation and old age. They are justified in their dread of being childless, but an infusion of European blood, how-

ever small, works a miracle; you must have noticed this, to me a most striking and significant fact. It is the cross of white and brown that is repopulating the islands to-day; one can venture a glimpse into the future and see the process of absorption complete—the Polynesian is not fated to disappear without leaving a trace behind . . . and perhaps it will be more than a trace, for half-caste children cling strongly to the distaff side.

"The question of half-castes is an interesting one, particularly to men like me—but it is a waste of time to struggle against nature; in the end the solution is nearly always the same. Varana's children furnish the best example I have run across. You've never been to Rimarutu, I fancy; it is not often visited nowadays. Probably you've never heard of Varana. And yet he was an extraordinary man, his life an almost unique study in extremes. Like everything real, the story has no beginning, unless one were able to trace back the strain that gifted the man with his exceptional temperament; as for an end, that is still working itself out on Rimarutu. It is, in fact, no story at all, but a bit of life itself, unmarked by any dominating situation—haphazard, inconclusive, grimly logical. No one can know the whole of it—the play of motives, the decisions, the pure chance—but I worked with Varana for years and have patched his story together after a fashion. Now and then, when the mood struck him, he used to speak of himself; sometimes at night when we were working his schooner from island to island; sometimes by day, as we lay smoking under the palms of some remote atoll, while the canoes of the divers dotted the lagoon. On those occasions I had glimpses of a man not to be judged by the standards of everyday life—a man actuated by motives as simple as they were incomprehensible to those about him. His death, if he is dead— But I will speak of that in its place.

"His real name was Warner—a big, blue-eyed man, slow-spoken and a little

dreamy in manner, with a heavy, blond mustache and a serenity nothing could disturb. I never knew him to hesitate in making a decision or to speak unless he had something to say. All decent men liked him, and the natives, who were better able than a white man to fathom his simplicity, took to him from the first. He had been miserably out of place in England—squeezed through Cambridge, which he detested, unhappily married, done out of a fortune by the defaulting brother-in-law whose last debt he paid, and divorced just before he came out here.

"It is often observed that when an Englishman's feelings are hurt, he travels, and in this respect Varana was not exceptional. One day, a little more than a generation ago, he stepped off the mail boat at Papeete—a rather typical English tourist, I fancy; dressed in a tropical costume from Bond Street and accompanied by an extraordinary quantity of luggage. At the club he ran across Jackson of the Atoll Trading Company. The old man liked him from the first and they used to spend the evenings together, lingering over their glasses, talking a little in low tones. A fortnight later Varana left as quietly as he had come—outbound in one of Jackson's schooners for a cruise through the Paumotus.

"It was the year of the hurricane at Motutangi. Varana's boat, commanded by a native skipper, had drifted through the Group in a desultory way, touching at an island here and there to pick up a few tons of copra or a bit of shell. One can imagine the effect on a newcomer of those early days among the atolls—long, sunlit days when gentle breezes filled the sails of the vessel skirting the shores of the lagoons—waters of unearthly peace and loveliness, bordered by leagues of green. And the nights ashore, when the moon rose at the end of a path of rippling silver, and the people gathered before their thatched houses to sing. . . . It was not long before Varana realized that he had found his anodyne.

"At home, he had been a yachtsman of sorts; by the time they reached Motutangi, the brown skipper was leaving a good part of the working of the schooner to his guest. They were diving in the lagoon that year, at the end of a long *rahui* on the shell—a sort of closed season, scrupulously respected by the natives; half a dozen schooners were anchored off the village, where every house overflowed with people from the surrounding islands, and by day their canoes blackened the water above the patches of shell.

"The hurricane gave ample warning of its approach—Varana told me as much as that. He had spent the night ashore with a trader, whose old glass rose and fell spasmodically, sinking always a little lower, until it stood at a figure which sent the trader off, white and cursing, to break open a fresh case of gin. None of the divers went out at day-break; with the other people, they stood in little frightened groups before the houses. The older men were already beginning to hack off the tops of the stout palms in which they planned to roost. By the time Varana came off in a canoe, the schooners were double anchored; the wind was shifting uneasily in sharp gusts, and a tremendous surf was thundering on the outer beach. The native skipper, like the people ashore, knew what was coming, and, like most of his kind, his spirit broke in the face of a large emergency—before the feeling that the forces of nature were about to overwhelm him. Well, I've been through one hurricane—I can't say that I blame him much! Varana found him not exactly in a funk, but in a state of passive resignation, hoping vaguely that his two anchors would let him ride it out inside. The crew was clustered on the after deck, exchanging scared whispers. Varana, who had the instinct of a deep-water sailor, took in the situation at a glance, and next moment he had taken command of the schooner.

"Without a word of protest the men reefed, got sail on her, heaved up one

anchor, and cut the other cable. Varana had very little to say about the rest—how he edged out through the pass and managed to claw off just as the cyclone struck Motutangi—but the story went the rounds of every group. All the other schooners in the lagoon, as well as most of the people ashore, were lost. How Varana weathered it without piling up his vessel on any one of half a dozen atolls is a sort of miracle.

“A week later, when he had sailed his battered schooner—only survivor of the disaster—into Papeete harbor, he found himself famous by nightfall; the native captain gave him entire credit for the achievement. Old Jackson’s imagination was touched, or perhaps it was the destruction of so many rivals in the shell and copra trade—at any rate, he acted on impulse for once in his life, sent for Varana, and offered him a remarkably good berth with a fat screw attached. But the wanderer only smiled and shook his head—he had had a taste of the outer islands. . . . It shakes one’s faith in Providence to realize that most men die without finding the place in life for which they were designed.

“It was old Jackson who told him of Rimarutu—probably during one of their almost silent evenings at the club. It was a mistake, Jackson thought, to believe that a man could shut himself off from the world; the mood would pass in time, but if Varana wished seriously to try it he would find no better place than Rimarutu. There was some copra to be had and a little shell in the lagoon; the people numbered about two hundred—a quiet, pleasant lot, not given to wandering from their island. Varana had salvaged a few thousand pounds from the wreck of his affairs at home; Jackson helped him pick up a schooner at a bargain and load her with what was needed; there was some difficulty about a crew, but his uncanny gift with the natives got him five men content to follow his fortunes. On the morning when he shook hands with the old man, stepped aboard his boat and sailed out of the harbor,

Varana severed the last tie with the world he had known.

“I could tell you a good deal about his life on the island—I worked with him for nearly ten years. He began by renting a bit of land—for his store and copra shed—from the chief, and setting himself to learn the language. The Polynesian is a shrewd judge of character; they saw that this man was just, kindly, fearless, and to be trusted. Those who had traveled a little declared Varana a phenomenon—a white trader who respected women and never lay on his veranda in a stupor, surrounded by empty bottles. He seemed to know instinctively the best way to take these people, with whom, from the very first, he found himself on terms of a mutual understanding. They regarded him with a mixture of liking and respect, not accorded us, perhaps, as often as we are apt to think; he worked with them, he played with them, and finally took a daughter of the island as his wife—yet it was characteristic that he never permitted himself to run barefoot, and that, even after twenty years of friendship, the native entering Varana’s house took off his hat. I remember Tupuna as a woman of thirty—tall, robust, and grave, with delicate hands and masses of bright, rippling hair; the years were kind to her—even in middle life she did not lose a certain quiet charm. Make no mistake—they were happily mated; this man, turned out by what Englishmen believe the highest civilization in the world, and the daughter of an island chief whose father had been a savage and an eater of men. She was not spoiled, like so many trader’s wives; when they had been on the reef she walked home behind, carrying the torches and the fish—but he felt for her an affection deep as it was demonstrative, a strong attachment, proven at the end in his own extreme and romantic way.

“During the early years of his life on Rimarutu, Varana had enough to do with his store, his occasional trips for supplies, and his work for the better-

ment of the island people. He found them living on fish and coconuts, depending, for all their luxuries, on a dwindling production of copra. He showed them how to thin their palms, how to select nuts for new plantings, how to dry their copra with a minimum of effort. The shell in the lagoon was nearly exhausted; he persuaded the chiefs of the two villages to forbid diving for a term of years. After experiments conducted with Tupuna's aid, he set the men to catching flying fish, which swarmed in the waters about the island, and taught the women to split them, rub in salt, and dry them on lines in the sun. Rimarutu is high as atolls go—five or six yards above the sea in spots; he laid out beds of *puraka* taro, and had pits dug on the higher portions of the island, lined the bottoms with rock to keep the tap roots from salt water, filled them with humus and topsoil—scraped up in handfuls—and planted breadfruit, mango, and lime, brought from the high islands to the north. At long intervals, when in need of something that only civilization could supply—paint, rigging, or a new set of sails—he went north with a cargo of copra and dried fish, and took on a brief charter with Jackson. On these trips he visited scores of islands, and came to know the people of a thousand miles of ocean.

“It was not until his son was born that Varana began to think seriously of money. His daughters had given him no concern; he explained to me once his peculiar philosophy as to their future. Perhaps he was right. With their happiness in mind, he preferred to bring them up as island girls—without education or knowledge of the outside world, and no greater prospects than those of their full-blooded playmates—rather than give them the chances of the usual half-caste, half educated and partially Europeanized, whose most brilliant hope is marriage with a white man of the inferior sort. But the birth of Terii set the father to thinking.

“The child was about ten when I saw

him first—a fine, strong boy, very fair for a half-caste, with his father's eyes, a high carriage of the head, and skin touched with a faint bloom of the sun. Tupuna was immensely proud of him. I was a youngster then and new to the islands, but I had heard of Varana before Jackson introduced me to him. It was at Jackson's place, on the upper veranda, that he told me how he had leased Fatuhina; some one had spoken of my work. I had operated diving machines? He needed a man familiar with them, for he had leased an atoll with some big-shell patches in the lagoon, and machines would be necessary to work the deeper portions. I was doing nothing at the time; I liked what I had heard of Varana, and I liked the man better still; in an hour we had come to an understanding. I worked with him—off and on—from that time until the beginning of the war.

“Without caring in the least for wealth, Varana had set out to make himself rich. Long before I knew him he had decided the question of his son; Terii was to have the same chances that his father had had before him—was to see both sides and choose for himself.

“Even Varana's friends spoke of his luck; to my mind his success was inevitable. Regarded with an almost superstitious affection by the people of widely scattered groups, he possessed channels of information closed forever to the ordinary man. It was in this way that he learned of the shell in Fatuhina lagoon; perhaps he did not know that the native who approached him—one evening on a distant atoll—to speak casually of the matter and stroll away, had paddled across twelve miles of sea with no other object than to bring the news to Varana. When the *Gaviota* was beached, he was the first to learn of it—that affair alone brought him a neat fortune; and when men had fine pearls to sell, they saw him before they went to the Jews. By the time his son was twelve Varana was a rich man.

“I was on Rimarutu when he left to

take the boy to England. Tupuna shed a few tears, but there was no scene—she knew he would return. ‘I go to take our son to my own land,’ he told her; ‘there will be six moons before I come.’ Five months later I was waiting with the schooner when he stepped off the mail boat. That night, as he lay on a mat on the after deck, dressed in a *pareu* and a pair of slippers, he spoke of England briefly, in the midst of our talk on island matters. ‘Damned senseless treadmill,’ he remarked; ‘I can’t think how I stood it so many years.’ The ordinary man, who had left home under a cloud of misfortune to return twenty years later—after wanderings in distant lands—with a fortune and a beautiful child, would have lingered not without a certain relish. But Varana was different; he grudged every moment spent in civilization, and lived only for the day when he would again take the wheel of his schooner and watch the ridges of Tahiti sink beneath the horizon.

“The years passed rapidly and tranquilly on Rimarutu. The days of Varana’s activity were over; he was no longer young, though he kept his store, and took the schooner out, at long intervals, for supplies. Then came the outbreak of the war.

“I was in Gallipoli when the letter reached me—written in the native language by Varana’s old mate. It told a story fantastically unreal—incredible from the viewpoint of everyday life—and yet to me, who knew him, as to the people of his island, the end of Varana seemed a natural thing, in keeping with what had gone before. Tupuna had fallen ill (the old man wrote) and had died suddenly and peacefully, as natives do. Varana stood beside her grave with no great display of grief, returned to his house and spent three days putting his affairs in order. On the fourth day he gave the mate a thick envelope of documents, called together the people of the island, and bade each one of them farewell. When he turned to leave they did not disperse; the women had begun to

sob—they felt already the desolation of a final parting. It was the hour of sunset, when the trade wind dies away and the lagoon lies like a mirror under an opalescent sky. . . . I can see in imagination those simple and friendly islanders, standing in little groups before the settlement—raising no voice in protest, moving no hand in restraint—while the man they loved walked to the ocean beach, launched a tiny canoe in the surf, and paddled out to the west. The nearest land in that direction is distant six hundred miles. When he had passed the breakers, they say, Varana did not once turn his head; the watchers stood motionless while the sky faded, their eyes fixed on the dot that was his canoe—a dwindling dot, swallowed up at last in the night.”

Tari ceased to speak. He was sitting propped on the lounge, arms folded, legs stretched out, eyes staring at the table, seeing nothing. Without seeming aware of what he did, he filled his glass, raised it to his lips, and drank. Presently he emerged from his reverie to light a pipe.

“In due time,” he went on, “I had word from the lawyers, inclosing a copy of the will and informing me that I had been named executor with old Jackson, who seemed to have discovered the secret of eternal life. There was also a letter from Varana, written after Tupuna’s death—a friendly and casual note, with a mere line at the end, asking me to do what I could for his boy. The land Tupuna had brought him was to be divided equally among his daughters; all the rest was for Terii, saving his parting gift to me. Only one condition was attached—Terii must visit Rimarutu before inheriting the property of his father; once he had set foot on the island, he would be his own master, free to choose his path in life.

“The boy was nineteen when the war broke out; he joined up at once as a cadet in the Flying Corps. During the second year I began to hear of Lieutenant Warner—he had shot down a German plane near Zeebrugge; he had been

wounded; he had received the Military Cross. Once I saw his picture in the *Sphere*—a handsome lad, very smart in the old uniform of the R. F. C., with a jaunty cap over one eye and ribbons on his breast. This was the little savage whose shrill cries I used to hear at dawn, when he raced with his half-naked companions on the beach! At the end of the war he was Capt. Terry Warner, a celebrity in a small way. . . . I felt a certain pride in him, of course. We had done our best to meet, but something always happened to prevent my getting a glimpse of him.

"I ran across him as I was homeward bound, leaving San Francisco for the islands. I had already gone aboard and was standing by the rail, watching the last of the luggage swing over the side in nets, when a motor drove up to discharge a party of men and women—fashionables of the city, from their looks. One of them—a lean, tanned boy, with the overcoat of a British officer over his civilian clothes—was saying good-by to the others, shaking hands and smiling very attractively. A little later, when the lines were being cast off, I saw him close beside me at the rail. A girl in blue was standing on the dock, waving up at him. 'Good-by, Terry!' she called. I looked closely; there could be no doubt—it was the son of Varana.

"We had long talks on the voyage south; the lad had not forgotten me. The memory of the old life—of the island, of his mother, of his father—would always be fresh in his mind, but he regarded those days as a distant and beautiful episode, now forever closed. He was going to visit Rimarutu for the last time—to bid farewell to those who remembered him. He had not forgotten the friends of his boyhood; there were many little presents in his boxes, and he told me that the schooner—reported sound as on the day of her launching—would be his gift to Varana's old mate. Afterward he would return to San Francisco, where opportunities had been offered him; he had brought let-

ters to America and had been well received.

"The schooner was in port when we arrived. Varana's mate met us on the dock; there were tears in the old man's eyes as he took the boy's hands in his own and murmured in a trembling voice, '*O Terii iti e.*' The tourists descending the gangplank looked with interest at the spectacle of Captain Warner almost embracing an old barefoot native, dressed in dungarees and a faded shirt, wrinkled brown face working with emotion. As Terii shook hands with the crew—some of them boys with whom he had played in childhood—I noticed that a phrase or two of the native speech came to his lips; twelve years had not been sufficient to blot out all memory of his mother's tongue.

"We had a long passage south, beating against the trade; Varana had installed an engine in the schooner, but time is cheaper than petrol in this part of the world. Terii delighted in handling the boat; there was salt water in his blood, and his father had seen to his training in navigation and the ways of the sea. With each new day I perceived symptoms of a change in the boy. White suits and canvas slippers gave way to pajamas and bare feet; finally the pajamas were replaced by a *pareu*, taken from the trade-room stock. The summers at home had not been wasted; I used to watch him at the wheel, working the schooner to windward, an eye on the canvas aloft, steering with the easy, certain movements of a seaman born. He was in love with the schooner before we had been out a week, and he had reason—Frisco-built for the last of the pelagic sealing, Varana's boat was the fastest thing of her tonnage in the South Seas. More than once, in our talks, Terii seemed to forget the plans he had confided to me. . . . She needed a new foresail, the set of this one did not please him; he was going to have her copper renewed in places; she was getting dingy below; the cabin needed a touch of paint. At times, speaking of these

things, he stopped short in the midst of a sentence and changed the talk to other subjects. The language came back to him surprisingly; he was able to understand and make himself understood before we raised the palms of Rimarutu.

"The mate took her in through the pass. It was late afternoon, cool and cloudless, with a gentle sea nuzzling at the reef. The island was like the memory of a dream—fresh green palms, snowy beaches, catspaws ruffling the lagoon in long blue streaks—so beautiful that the sight of it made one's heart ache and the breath catch in one's throat. A dozen canoes put out to meet us from the first settlement; there were greetings of friends and relatives, embraces and tears. Terii lay silent, propped on his elbows and staring ahead, as we slipped across the lagoon; the island people spoke in tones so low that I could hear the crisp sound of the schooner's bows, parting the landlocked water. The other village lay beyond the beach ahead of us, Varana's village, where Terii had been born—a place of dreams in the mystery of the evening light. It was not difficult to guess at the boy's thoughts—the moment was one of those which make up the memories of a lifetime. Every man has known them—rapture, pain, the enjoyment of supreme beauty, the flavor of exotic and unrepeatable experience; but not every man is permitted to taste such contrasts as this boy had known in twenty-four years of life. . . . I was a little envious, I think, of the rarity of that poignant homecoming.

"On the first evening, when we had greeted the people of the village, Terii was led away by his old aunt, Tupuna's sister. Just before bedtime I saw them at his mother's grave—a lonely shrine, roofed over in island fashion, where the light of a lamp shone on stunted bushes of frangipani. My eccentricities were not forgotten; they had spread my mat under the palms before Varana's house, and toward midnight Terii came quietly and lay down close by. I was wakeful in

a reverie, living over the old days with my friend—wondering, with the usual idle and somber doubt, if we were destined to meet again. Low over the palm tops, a planet glimmered like a shaded lamp; the Milky Way arched overhead through a sky powdered with fixed stars—remote suns, about which revolve myriads of worlds like ours. . . . I rebelled at the thought that the strong soul of Varana should be snuffed out. Terii said nothing for a long time; I thought he had dropped off to sleep, but suddenly I heard his voice. 'I have the strangest feeling to-night,' he said, thoughtfully; 'if my father were here I could believe that I had never been away, that everything since I left—England, school, my friends, the war—was no more than a dream. I can't explain to you, but somehow this island seems the most real thing in the world. I've been talking with my aunt—I'd almost forgotten her name, you know—and I managed to understand a good bit of what she had to say. . . . There is no doubt she believes it herself. My father comes to her every now and then, she says, for a talk on family matters; last night he told her we would come to-day, and that I would stop here to take his old place among the people. It seems they are good enough to want me to stay—I almost wish I could. . . .'

"The drums were going at daybreak—the feast in Terii's honor was the greatest the island had known since heathen days. The entire population was on hand; the beach black with canoes; dozens of good-humored babies on mats under the trees, with small brothers and sisters stationed to fan the flies away. The people sat in long rows in the shade, strings of shell about their necks, their heads wreathed in hibiscus and sweet fern. Terii was placed between the chief of the other village and Tehina, the chief's daughter—a full-blooded Rimarutu girl of sixteen—barefoot, dressed in a white frock, with gold pendants in her ears and a thick shining braid of hair. There is an uncommon charm about the

women of that island—a stamp of refinement, a delicacy of frame and feature remarked as long ago as the days of Spanish voyaging in the Pacific. Blood counts for something in Polynesia, and one needed only a glance at Tehina to know that the best blood of the island flowed in her veins; her ancestor—if tradition may be credited—was in the long canoe with Penipeni when the god pulled Rimarutu up from the bottom of the sea. I like those people, and in spite of the night's depression, I managed to enjoy the fun—I even danced a bit! Finally, I saw that the dancers were taking their seats; voices were lowered, heads were turned.

“Tehina was dancing alone to the rhythm of a hundred clapping hands—in twenty years of the islands I have never seen a girl step more daintily. Little by little she moved toward Terii until she stood directly before him, inviting him to dance, hands fluttering, swaying with an unconscious grace, smiling into his eyes. Every head turned—there were smiles, good-humored chuckles, nudges—they were proud of this girl and anxious that the son of Varana should dance with her. They had not long to wait—next moment Terii had leaped to his feet and was dancing, with more enthusiasm than skill, to a long burst of cheers and clapping.

“When the canoes put off at nightfall, I noticed that Tehina did not leave; she had stopped to visit her uncle, the parson of the village church. I saw Terii with her often during the days that followed—fishing on the lagoon, swimming in the cove, lying on mats in the moonlight where groups of young people were telling their interminable stories of the past. He seemed a little shy of me, and no longer exchanged confidences in the hour which precedes sleep. One evening, smoking and strolling alone after dinner, I passed the parson's house and became aware of the vague figure of Terii, walking to and fro impatiently beside the veranda. He stooped—I heard the rattle of a coral pebble on the roof. A moment

later Tehina glided like a phantom around the corner of the house, and they went off, arm in arm, along the path to the sea. I thought to myself that the lad was not doing badly after his twelve years away from the island, but the blood was in him, of course; there was instinct in his manner of tossing the pebble and in the unhesitating way he had led the girl toward the outer beach—the haunt of dreadful presences, a place no ordinary islander would visit after dark. I fancied him sitting there—the rumble of the surf in his ears, watching the lines of breakers rear up under the moon—with Tehina beside him, admiring and afraid. When his eye was not on her, she would glance right and left, along the beach and back toward the bush, half expecting to see some monstrous thing, crouched and watching with fiery eyes. As for the boy, one could only guess at the troubled flow of his thoughts, stirred by cross currents of ancestry and experience. In her own environment, Tehina was a girl to make any man look twice; for him, with his mother's blood and the memories of his childhood, she must have possessed a powerful appeal—the touch of her hand; her voice, soft and low-pitched, murmuring the words of a half-forgotten tongue; her dark eyes shining in the moonlight; the scent of the strange blossoms in her hair. It was the test, the final conflict Varana had foreseen. I had my own opinion of the result, and yet the other life pulled hard.

“The days passed in pleasant island fashion; the loading of the schooner went on; there was no mention of a change in plans. The chief came to take his daughter home, and when she had gone, Terii spoke to me, not too convincingly, of his return to civilization. My trip to Rimarutu was a matter of pleasure alone; I was already planning to take this berth, and was not sorry when Terii announced one morning that we would sail north that afternoon. One seems perpetually saying good-by down here—these islands are havens of a brief

call, of sad farewells, of lingering and regretful memory. Our parting from the people of Rimarutu was more than usually painful; they had hoped to the last that Terii would leave some word, some promise; but he remained silent, though I could see that the leave-taking was not without effect.

"Finally the last canoe put off for shore; the anchor came up, the motor started, and Terii steered across the lagoon for the pass. The sails were still furled, for there was a light head wind. I watched his face as he stood in silence at the wheel; there was a look in his eyes which made me sorry for the boy. We crossed the lagoon, glided past green islets, and drew abreast of the other village. The people lined the shore, fluttering handkerchiefs, shouting good wishes and farewells.

"Beyond the settlement the pass led out, blue and deep between sunken piers of coral, where the surf thundered in patches of white. All at once the old mate sang out and pointed—a dot was on the water ahead of us, a swimmer moving out from land to cut us off. The son of Varana turned the wheel; the schooner swung inshore; I heard a quick command, and felt the speed of the engine slacken.

"Terii was staring ahead with a strange intensity—instinct or premonition was at work. I looked again as we

drew near; a cloud of dark hair floated behind the swimmer's head; it was a woman—Tehina! Terii sprang to the rail. A moment later she had been lifted over the side and was standing beside him in the cockpit—dripping, trembling a little with cold and fear, doing her best to smile. The mate was pulling at Terii's arm and pointing back toward the village. A whaleboat had put out from shore and was heading for us at the top speed of the rowers; it was the chief himself, I believe, who stood in the stern and whose shouts were beginning to reach our ears.

"Then Terii proved that he was his father's son. He glanced back once, and then, without the smallest interval of hesitation, his arm went about the wet shoulder of Tehina.

"'Full speed ahead,' he ordered, in a cool voice."

Tari poured rum into my glass and tilted the last of the bottle into his own. The schooner was taking it easily with her engine at half speed, riding the gentle swell in the lee of Atiu. The ship's bell rang twice, paused, and rang again, a sharp and mellow sound. It was long past midnight.

"If you ever get down to Rimarutu," said Tari, as he rose to go on deck, "you will find Terii there—he leaves the island even less than Varana did."

LITERATURE AND BAD NERVES

BY WILSON FOLLETT

ONE of the most surprising lessons to be learned from a broad interpretation of history is the unimportance of artistic revolt. The artist class has always liked to think of itself as a rebel against the established order in society or in art. It has assumed that the world and the true artist are two who must ever remain unintelligible to each other. Working constantly under what amounts to a delusion of persecution, it has welcomed misunderstanding, met it rather more than half-way, and actually embraced it as proof of artistic integrity and an authentic mission. Whenever the artist has achieved undeniable popularity he has explained it away by saying that the Philistine populace esteems him for the wrong reasons, prizing in him the qualities which are purely incidental and unimportant, or which he has not at all. In one way or another he has found it always possible to iterate his cry of "Nobody understands me!" from Homer's time to ours, in every generation in which serious art was at all possible. Doubtless he will still be reiterating it with his last stroke of brush or chisel or the last click of his typewriter. And yet the final outcome of his protestant zeal has always and unfailingly been a singular futility.

There is a deep sense in which it is impossible to revolt against the cause of one's own being; and the dominant spirit of a period is, of course, one chief cause of the artist's being. Speaking broadly, the artist has always given his age exactly what it wanted of him. His supply has consistently met a real and widespread demand, and in most of the essential ways he has been quite as much the creature of his time as if he had ex-

plicitly set out to be just that. His rage against the conditions surrounding him turns out to have been an affair of gesticulations only. These may affront some of his auditors for the moment, but their chief use is to lash the artist himself into a creative frenzy, and incidentally to nourish his sense of his own importance. He lives and dies believing himself a bold insurgent; he even succeeds in making others think of him in the same terms—and all the while he is being truly a conformist of the deepest dye. The supply of art fulfils the demand, though neither artist nor public be aware what the demand is. Every great attempt at revolt is turned by the outcome into one of time's laughing-stocks. For a believing age, devout art; for an embittered age, cynical art; for an age rasped and bored with excess of realism, romantic art—so it has ever been, as far as records and evidences go.

And for a nervous age, neurotic art. There is the history of the present in a nutshell, so far as the present can undertake to see itself through the eyes of history. The contention underlying this article is that society is now afflicted with a case of bad nerves; that in the most striking of the ultra-modern tendencies in art and literature the neurotic element is uppermost, and that the rapid vogue of these ultra-modern tendencies is simply the answer of a nervously overwrought public to art in which it finds its own neurotic impulses perfectly reproduced. Suppose we put it, with but slight exaggeration, that the newest cults and coteries, with the pretentiously mystifying modes of expression which they have developed, are the gesticulations of a patient who is rapidly

losing his self-command and falling into a nervous panic akin to mania.

The artist is bound to be among the first to suffer from any social disorder because his nervous organization is of the most sensitive kind. He is now expressing the general malady in modes of art which run parallel with the hysteria of a panic-stricken multitude. Especially in the books and magazines and poems which we may roughly group under the term "neo-literary," the artist is exploiting the most salient characteristic of this age, or at least its most salient danger — morbid self-absorption due to rasped, strained nerves which have triumphed over the controlling and coordinating faculty of reason. Great masses of humanity suffer conjointly from this excitation of the nerves at the expense of the mind, and as a consequence it is the most spasmodic, nervous, and hysterical sort of thing in literature which now finds it easiest to win a multiplying audience overnight. Moreover, the nervous mania of the public and that of the artist presently become interacting. The artist lapses into still wilder paroxysms as the public applauds his expression of its own dominant trait; and the public also becomes more and more overwrought as it feeds on unbalance and unrestraint in art. Thus each of the two forces augments the other, and the process threatens to go on to some end which we cannot as yet descry.

The neurotic school of art and letters likes to call itself "futurist." The future to which it unconsciously appeals is one in which, if we do not take care, we shall all be losing control of our nerves and shrieking dementedly and throwing things about. That future may be nearer than we dare realize. The more highly specialized literary fashions of the hour invite not so much the ministrations of the critic as those of the neuropath and the alienist. They affect, not art merely, but civilization. The breakdown which they portend involves a good deal more than some few erratic cults and coteries

in orange-curtained studios. It involves the nervous tissue of the race.

The importance of the current literary revolt lies, then, in the fact that it is not a revolt at all, save in a few narrow and special particulars, but rather a betrayal of dangers and disorders common to society. It is the symptom of a disease which is both endemic and epidemic. Thus the present neo-literary drift, whether or not it is intrinsically important, is worth a moment's very serious consideration as an index of the popular consciousness. The crowd's mental and nervous state has been communicated to literature by a process analogous to electric induction, and is there registered with just enough exaggeration to emphasize and clarify the truth. It is not here proposed to weigh the esthetic merits and defects of futurist literature. Let these be what they may, there remains the importance of the newer cults as social symptoms of the common malady; and this affects us all, because it affects the body of which we are all members. No more conclusive reason could be offered for ascribing importance to even the wildest eccentricities of "futurism" in the arts. What we must try to read, obviously, is the relation of the symptom to the disease. And that we can best do by analyzing briefly, first the essence of literary neuroticism, and then the neuroticism of the modern social organism at large.

These two connected realities of the moment, although they have come to the same destination, have reached it by two slightly different routes. Fundamentally, of course, the neuroticism of both artist and audience had its origin in the maddening complexity of modern affairs. Civilization has grown involved on our hands faster than our ability to administer it could grow; and as a result we are driven to the brink of hysteria, as a man is when harassed by more private worries than he knows how to cope with. When Mr. J. Smeaton Chase explains the imagists, futurists, cubists, and their kind by saying that "Civiliza-

tion has got on their nerves, and they simply have to scream," he clearly implies that these highly specialized artists express what the inarticulate crowd merely feels. But, though the general feeling and the special expression do indeed hark back to the same fundamental cause, it is still true that that cause has operated in one way upon the artist and in another upon the common man. The great classes of society have succumbed to the actual physical conditions of modern life and to the nervous unrest which these conditions breed. The artist is even more sensitive to this general tension, and his balance would probably have been upset by it in any event; but the ostensible and immediate cause of his overwrought state is an insidious and false theory—a scrap of perverted science which he has invoked to dignify a weakness by parading it as a strength. So, while society is afflicted with a nervous panic of which it is barely conscious, and which it would resist if it could, the ultra-modern artist has been busy inventing a philosophy to prove that his own case of bad nerves is really quite normal. He has glorified his own debacle; he has used his intellect to justify the disuse of it; he has frankly committed himself to the theory that pure neuroticism alone can be valid in modern art.

For this reason it is desirable to present two separate accounts—one of what has happened to the artist in his pursuit of a fantastic theory which he has run into the ground; the other of the secular crowd, ignorant of theories and indifferent to them, but vaguely aware of unendurable stresses, and madly whistling to bolster its courage up, somewhat as the literary eccentrics contrive philosophies to bolster up theirs. These two accounts we need to sketch before we can arrive at the common significance of the two parallel disasters or the possibility of a common cure.

First, then, the analysis in brief outline of the ultra-modern tendency in art, and of the theoretic claims on which the

movement bases itself. What, exactly, do these various -ists with the geometrical names suppose themselves to be up to, and what are they really up to?

In analyzing the basis of the "new" esthetics, it is neither possible nor desirable to separate literature from the other fine arts. Futurists, cubists, vorticists, pointillists, imagists, spectrists, and the rest are all attempting to accomplish the same impossibility and overcome the same limitation in whatever art they occur. They are all serving the same theory and imagining that they can make it serve them. At the most various, they are simply parallel currents in the broad stream of tendency which is best named post-impressionism. This movement began in painting and sculpture; it spread into music; it captured, and now threatens to dominate, poetry; it has definitely invaded parts of the theater, notably the ballet; and it is in process of invading the novel. Of the major fine arts, architecture alone is comparatively immune, for a reason which we shall encounter later on. Now, what is the theory, and what is the practice, of post-impressionism?

The theory is an unauthorized borrowing from science, and the statement of it needs logically to be preceded by a slight excursus on the history of scientific achievement. Quite the strangest and most romantic fact about science is that it has always explored the remote provinces of knowledge first and the immediate ones last. Only after man had solved some great riddles of the stellar universe and placed the earth among her sister planets about the sun did he investigate the earth itself, to harness its latent forces to his own requirements and experiment with its resources. And only when he had done this pretty exhaustively did he allow his attention to come home to the nature and composition of his own being. During the century past he has made extraordinary progress, through medicine and surgery, toward comprehending one-half of him-

self—the bodily half. The most tremendous achievement which remains to science is, inferentially, the exploration of the still uncharted regions in man—the relation between his mind and his body, occult veins of motive underlying his acts, dark recesses and sub-strata of consciousness buried from his own perception. The science or pseudo-science of psychology is busy investigating these regions, and its confident claim is that when the mental sciences have got their growth man will be able to pick his way about in the labyrinth of his own nature as he can now traverse the mapped and charted earth or calculate the movements of the heavenly bodies; also that he will be able to harness and utilize the resources of his own being, eliminating waste of himself, just as the chemist and mineralogist can now exploit the properties of inorganic matter. What are we to say to claims such as these? Well, science has done startling enough things in the past to prescribe a decently open-minded humility in the face of its most recent pretensions, and that humility even the least credulous ought to have no difficulty in paying.

But the need for any such humility disappears at the point where we find the claims and assumptions of science parroted as an excuse for ignoring the very definite present limitations of the mind. When science becomes charlatanry; when it falls into the hands of those who anticipate its conclusions without following its methods, and exploit its data without the discipline of a scientific purpose—then our very respect for science becomes a reason for questioning science falsely so-called, or pseudo-science masquerading under another name. Science is always fascinating to the layman, and always dangerous—witness the use of hypnotism for popular entertainment, the *mésalliance* in the ignorant mind between telepathy and spiritism, and the hundred species of quackery that still infest the province of medicine and surgery. There always attaches to scientific projects the danger

that we shall mistake hypotheses for proved results, apply in practice conclusions that have not been reached, try to benefit by what we have not assimilated or understood, and generally pluck the fruit before it is ripe. It is certainly not the fault of science that we incur this danger. It just as certainly is our own fault if we succumb to the danger.

The post-impressionist has succumbed to it and is now scattering the proof through six of the seven arts. He has anticipated a conclusion which science itself has reached only as a hypothesis to be proved or disproved at some remote period—the hypothesis that all the operations of consciousness are one, and that they can eventually be fused together. Science, it would seem, is perpetually trying to reveal a basic unity under the surface appearance of disunity. It proved that the earth was one with the stellar universe, and it proved that man was one with his earth, though neither of these things appeared to be true. Now it is trying to find in human consciousness a unity which no one actually experiences. We perceive, we feel, we will, we imagine, we remember, we reason; and these appear to be separate functions, at best very imperfectly coordinated. The consciousness works like a town meeting of unruly and obstreperous members, presided over by the reason as a sort of acting moderator or chairman, and reduced thereby to a working compromise between order and chaos. It is the reason, dominating the will, which seems to keep our other functions from flying off with us at all sorts of useless tangents. When the reason breaks down or is overruled, we do go off at a tangent, with consequences variously calamitous, ranging all the way from a stubbed toe to a shattered mind. Science is now trying to demonstrate that, if we can break down the wall between our conscious and subconscious selves and learn to control the subliminal layers of consciousness, all these various faculties will appear as the harmonious parts of one faculty. Then, mature in

self-knowledge, we shall perceive, feel, will, imagine, remember, and reason in a single effortless operation of the brain and the senses. All consciousness will then become simple, absolute, flat perception; seeing will be thinking, and feeling will be knowing; an emotion will be just as logical as a syllogism, and a syllogism just as emotional as a passion. It is this remote, faint possibility of scientific research which the post-impressionist accepts as an achieved fact, and tries to use as the basis of whatever art he practises. What the arts are now experimenting with, to their present detriment and future peril, is precisely this unproved theory of the unity of mind.

Let us have it in the post-impressionist's own words. Says E. E. Cummings, an imagist poet and critic of art, defending the primitive style which usually goes with post-impressionist sculpture:

To analyze child art in a sentence is to say that houses, trees, smoke, people, etc., are depicted not as nouns, but as verbs. . . . Consequently to appreciate child art we are compelled to undress one by one the soggy nouns whose agglomeration constitutes the mechanism of Normality, and finally to liberate the actual crisp organic squirm—the is.

With a slightly more conventional felicity, Evelyn Scott expresses the same meaning:

From the center of an emotional conviction we may express that conviction in its own terms, terms of the senses, of the subconsciousness which the senses feed. Then our thoughts, liquid with emotion, unfurl mysteriously from the depths like aquatic plants seeking the light. When we speak in this manner we become poets whether the medium of our utterance be the pen, the chisel, or the brush.

There you have it. The futurist of whatever school, exploiting whatever technic or lack of technic, is always concerned to undress soggy nouns and prove that they were really verbs all the time; his functioning always insists on going counter to the mechanism of Normality; he always merely allows parts of himself to unfurl mysteriously from the

depths like aquatic plants. The imagist poet, for example, demands that a poem shall be a clear visual or sensory image, the image an emotion, the emotion a thought mobilized, and the thought identical with the means of its expression. Such is the affirmation of his allegiance to a theory of consciousness which may not be proved for another millenium, or made practically serviceable for another millennium after that. The post-impressionist is living in a psychological Utopia and deluding himself into thinking that it is as real as Greenwich Village.

But wherein lies the disaster which, I have insisted, is inseparable from this theory? Why, it lies in the exclusion from art of everything except raw sensation. For all practical purposes of man-to-man communication in this second decade of the twentieth century, the old-fashioned pluralistic theory of consciousness is true, and there is no such unity of consciousness as the imagist poet presupposes. He gains the immediacy he seeks, but he gains it only by leaving out the most important of his mental functions—reason and will. These are felt as interfering with the unity of sensation which he requires, so he will have none of them. You cannot let a thought unfurl mysteriously from the depths of your being if the reason is on deck to inform you, perhaps, that it is an absurd or unintelligible or totally negligible thought. Therefore, you use your will to unthrone your reason and hold it in abeyance; and while these two are so occupied fancy and emotion and the rest can unfurl as capriciously as they choose. It is the imagist's avowed ideal to think with his sensory apparatus alone; and, having thrown away all his normal inhibitions, he is free to treat every random grotesquerie that comes out of him as a thing sacred and inviolable, which to alter or censor were to profane. In other words, the imagist and his *confrères* not only justify the neurotic element in art; they have no toleration for anything but the neurotic element.

In effect, we have seen, this premature theory reduces all art to bare momentary sensation, the one experience which ever does have complete immediacy. But here enters another disastrous consideration. Momentary sensation is also the one experience in the world which no means known to art has ever succeeded in communicating. It has immediacy, but only to one person at one instant. It cannot be transmitted to others; it cannot even be perpetuated for oneself. A sensation is a drop in the stream of consciousness—having flowed by a given point, it can never return to it. Even the memory of it is a quite new sensation. Because sensations cannot be shared it is literally true that the neo-literary poets, whose apparent idea it is to strip themselves bare of every reticence, actually surround themselves with a smoke-screen of the most awful privacy. Their doctrine and their practice logically demand a world in which every man shall be his own poet-laureate and every poet his own complete and ideal audience. But in that world no man would ever need put black words on white paper, for every instant of every man's conscious life would be a new and living poem.

This deference to unique sensations—all sensations are unique—and this whole notion of creating perfect art simply by letting oneself go—what do they mean if not that the ultra-modern artist has become obsessed by the meaningless term “self-expression”? “Self-expression” means nothing because it includes everything. The human animal is sentenced to express himself in whatever he does; it is one of the conditions of existence. A man screaming in delirium or muttering in intoxication expresses himself—and by the imagist's system of tolerating no inhibitions, no checks and balances. The trick of art is not to express, but to *communicate* oneself. To do that, you have to make compromises, utilize an existing technic or create a new one, reduce your meaning to some degree of form, obey the laws of the human attention and receptivity. And,

most important of all, you must take your material out of something that can be communicated. You cannot communicate a sensation; you can only communicate the fact that you have had it, which is of value to no one except yourself. These may be unpleasant restrictions, but they are certainly inalienable from art, and to ignore them, as futurist art does, is to render meaningless the whole task of production and publication. The futurist poets are using a telephone system which has plenty of individual transmitters, but no receivers. They excrete sensations and secrete everything else, including the meaning of the sensations. The imagist always means something intensely satisfying to himself, but he means nothing to me when, for instance, I hear him

frankly
admitting i have been true
only to the noise of worms
in the eligible day
under the unaccountable sun.

That is the sort of thing which comes of the neurotic pseudo-scientific theory now used to define perfect art as just the content of somebody's consciousness at a given instant.

The post-impressionist dogma is subjected to a valuable pragmatic test when, in architecture, it bumps against exactly these problems, in a form so concrete that they cannot be dodged. Since they can be neither dodged nor solved, post-impressionism has simply left architecture alone. No one wants to live in a house or work in an office which is merely the content of an instant of consciousness, or a crisp organic squirm, or an aquatic plant unfurling. A practicable structure must have assimilated quite a number of bothersome engineering principles, and made compromises with a proved technic of construction; it must even make concessions to such things as fire laws, which decline to be interpreted futuristically, and before which the first fine careless rapture of a vorticist's spontaneity would wither like

a frosted leaf. Now, a good painting or poem or novel is something that can be lived in spiritually, just as a good building can be lived in physically. Like the building, it must serve you in some way; it must splice on to some felt need or desire of yours, and take implicit account of your actual qualities, including your limitations. The difference between the art of building and these other arts is this: in the studio or in print you can pretend that time is space, or that sound is color, or that the human body is cubes and prisms, without the slightest detriment to any one's practical convenience, whereas a tolerable dwelling-house has got to be something more solid than a bit of refraction through somebody's consciousness. The house in a picture may be an active verb, if you care to make it so; but the house on our village street has got to be a fairly static noun, even at the risk of being a "soggy" one. But the arts at bottom have no essential difference of purpose. *All* self-justifying art has the same beauty-in-utility. It would be salutary and chastening for the post-impressionist to draw the obvious lesson from his own non-appearance in architecture.

The truth is that there is a degree of actual peril in the theory which makes uncontrolled intuition the ultimate fine fruit of consciousness. The neurotic theory, consistently followed out—and the imagist does follow it out to its *reductio ad absurdum*—induces a quite definitely neurotic condition in the individual, even if he be normal to begin with. It leads him by degrees into the exact state of a man whose nerves are set twitching and jangling by a combination of overwork, worry, insomnia, and black coffee. How does such a man behave? He is incapable of sustained attention. He cannot long focus his thought on one thing, or work a laborious problem through to its solution. His mind, as well as his body, is fidgety. He cannot work against resistance; when a problem increases in difficulty he shoves it aside for something easier, and forgets

ever to return to it. He achieves fragments rather than wholes. He loses his sense of proportion, of relative importances; he loses his sense of humor, which is often the same thing. At one moment everything seems to matter enormously, and he is stung and harrowed by the most ludicrous trifles; at another moment nothing seems to matter at all, and he sends everything flying in disgust. He very easily persuades himself that everything is leagued in a conspiracy to make him uncomfortable or unsuccessful. This is the beginning of delusions of persecution, which are one beginning of mania.

Is not this a very close parallel to the condition of the futurist poet? He, too, has a capricious and spasmodic attention; his creativeness is nervous and impatient and short-winded. He is a fidgety performer to a fidgety audience, and his longest opus can be re-read twice in the space of half a cigarette. Even within the single poem he is prone to skip inconsequentially about. He drops his design impatiently without finishing it; he darts off into a parenthesis and never comes back. After he has left the most essential things unexplained, he curses you for a dullard because you do not understand him. In a word, his behavior shows all the symptoms commonly associated with the loss of co-ordination which is the penalty for abusing one's nerves and throwing on them a greater weight than they were meant to bear.

But the most hopeless fact about his condition is that he himself is trying desperately to be proud of it. The new subjectivism borrows from science in order to rationalize its sensitivities and debilities and morbid self-absorptions; and thus it grows by what it feeds on, first evolving philosophies to prove that its state of excitation is normal, and then letting those philosophies lash it into still more unbridled paroxysms.

So much for the misapplied theory which has helped set the artist's nerves

a-quiver and incited him to the fantastic extremes of post-modern art, literary and other. Meanwhile, what has been happening to the public, the common run of men and women?

One obvious thing that has happened to it is its momentary acceptance of futurist art, with special reference, of course, to imagist poetry. Persons who, fifteen years ago, could not have been bribed even to read verse of any kind are now writing verse of the sort called "free," and getting it published, too. This "new" poetry, besides having invaded the established magazines, has called into being a flock of new magazines, as well as volumes uncounted. The anthologies of the new poetry published during the past five years would make a small library; no movement was ever so prolific of anthologies. Almost everybody seems to be writing *vers libre*, and the remaining few seem to be reading it. If there is any one left who does neither, he at least reads parodies of it. As a natural and timely butt for the joke-smith, free verse now ranks with national prohibition and the Ford automobile, to the temporary neglect of college professors and mothers-in-law. In brief, we are all aware that something is happening to the arts. Futurism has acquired undeniable prestige, as anything must to be caricatured in the daily press.

This prestige is to be explained only by the fact that all society is more or less affected by the same tendency to overwrought nerves which has created futurism. Is not this indeed the fact? When you look through the head-lines of each morning's news, there sweeps over you very much the same impression which you get from reading a neo-literary magazine—the impression of being made to stare at the reflex twitchings and orgasms of a mass of exposed and tortured ganglia, disconnected from the brain which ought to be regulating them. Few persons, probably, will care to resist the general thesis that society as a whole is subconsciously afflicted with an attack of bad nerves. As a consequence of the

war, the expectations and illusions of various sorts dashed by the peace, the breakdown of political and social philosophies, the economic impasse, the material horrors still being faced by despairing millions, the unsettled condition of everything now, and the blank uncertainty of the future, the world at large is in a frightful nervous panic. The sign and proof of this is that, by common consent, in this wretched state of seeing things we see so many things that are not there. We shudder and avert our eyes from horrors that do exist, and then stare with insane fixity at horrors of our own invention, until we become obsessed by them. The world since the war is a good deal like a man so torturing himself with fears that his house may burn down that he can pay no attention to the very real broken windows and leaks in the roof. The society exhibited to our eyes in nearly every news and editorial column of every morning's journal is a society at the brink of nervous wreckage. Remember that this is a "realistic" age, which frankly goes to literature in order to find its own traits verified, excused, sanctioned, flattered, its limitations praised as virtues. When such an age finds the illusion of pleasure in such literature as we have described what can it mean if not that the world, too, is surrendering itself to haphazard, random sensation—living on its nerves, in peril of a collapse?

It is worth while to remark here upon the fact that in general affairs one of the sexes is supplying an exact counterpart of what has happened to the artist. The analogy between women and artists is almost proverbial. Though women are perhaps at bottom more realistic than men, the conditions of their life in the past have conspired to render them more sensitive, more nervous, more introspective, and less capable of resistance under some kinds of duress. Like artists, they have had the constant sense of undergoing a prolonged strain—the strain of repression and curtailment by conditions which they did not create and which are

in large part distasteful to them. This sense of strain has accumulated as the force behind revolt and "emancipation"; and one of its results is a somewhat new kind of woman, at her best a hypersensitive and tortured idealist, at her worst a madly adventurous experimenter in physical and intellectual sensation.

Both types and the intermediate ones are analyzed, by the way, in a recent novel which is quite the shrewdest existing comment on the ultra-modern studio "intellectual"—*Debatable Ground*. And, as the author, G. B. Stern, points out, the existence of this "new" woman practically necessitates the evolution of a "new" man to correspond—a man, that is to say, who will make a deliberate art of existing for sensations. Thanks in some degree to woman, the new subjectivism of art is being carried over into life. If there is any one quality which the race has disproportionately developed in the generation past, that quality is ingrowing self-consciousness. We are now as absorbed in the vibrations of our own nerve cells as the Elizabethans were in exploration and discovery of the New World. The thrill which the early voyagers got out of their search for the Northwest Passage we are trying to get out of psychoanalysis.

There is another thing which is becoming as distorted as the human mind, also as a result of nervous self-concentration—I mean the art of prose. If imagist poetry is evidence about the mental condition of "intellectuals," imagist prose is evidence of the condition of Everyman; for the prose of books is always near to common speech, and has no other great source of influence or replenishment. Just at present it is not being replenished; it is being depleted.

It was Alfred Jingle who, eighty years ago, became the original imagist in prose—and Jingle, as we all remember, was a sort of nervous jumping-jack. Here is a specimen of his style:

Conquests! Thousands. Don Bolaro Fizzgig—Grandee—only daughter—Donna

Christina—splendid creature—loved me to distraction—jealous father—high-souled daughter—handsome Englishman—Donna Christina in despair—prussic acid—stomach-pump in my portmanteau—operation performed—old Bolaro in ecstasies—consent to our union—join hands and floods of tears—romantic story—very.

Who would then have supposed that this idiom (dotted, however, instead of dashed) was to become the language of the future? Yet so it has become; one has only to thumb over the pages of an armful of respectable novels to find the rows of dots which prove it. The fashionable style of this decade runs to verbless sentences and inarticulate gaspings after the inexpressible, with files of dots to label its innuendoes, tangential meanings, and overtones—the things which can be felt but not said. The dotted style, as I take the liberty of naming it, is based on the idea that an elision is as good as a meaning any day, if not rather better. If you can't utter it, or haven't the patience, hint that it is unutterable. If you can't draw, put on a blob of paint, smear it round with your thumb, and call it a perfectly subjective and naïve expression of your inner consciousness. The modern stylist's frayed nerves have given out under the intense effort of lucid self-communication, and the inevitable result is that prose responds to the slipshod and elliptical spoken language of a nervous generation. Incidentally, this new idiom makes one wonder why we should educate youth to write syntax, coherence, rhetoric—in fine, prose—if the literature of to-morrow is to consist of raw impressions jotted down as they occur, in a species of nervous rhetorical shorthand.

It would seem that all these perverted momentary tendencies must be corrected sooner or later by that permanent reality, so despised of artists and intellectuals, *the practical consideration*. It is just that consideration, we saw, which has saved architecture from the futurist disintegration. It operates sooner or later in every province of human affairs. Carry

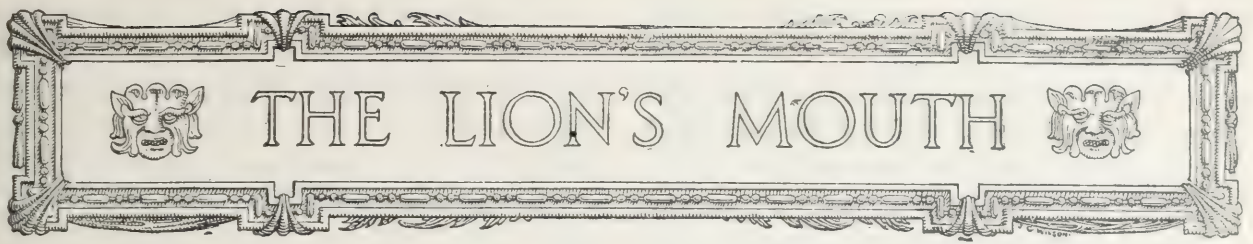
folly far enough, and the reaction to wisdom becomes a sheer physical necessity. Pacifists and socialists fight when their country is invaded, doctrine or no doctrine; workers work when it is that or starve; capital comes to terms when confiscation is the penalty of arrogance; and all society will come to grips with its real problems when the penalty of not solving them mounts prohibitively. In the same way, hysteria and nervous self-absorption and the quest of sensation for its own sake will cure themselves by creating at length a state of things in which their continuance will be intolerable. And when society is self-cured by its own dire necessities, then its diseased arts will be restored to health.

All this is rather desperate. Shall we never take the stitch in time that saves nine? Shall we make no provision for clothing ourselves spiritually until the present wretched garments are rags at our feet and we behold ourselves stripped to the winds? Is there no resort but to let things go from bad to worse until they can no longer be borne? Such questions we dare not answer. But at least we can see that it is time for some one to reaffirm a few simple and basic facts which, if accepted, might help curtail the present spread of this nervous mania among us, which might at least enable the patient to see what is the matter with himself, and stop protesting that he never felt better in his life. There are, after all, a few simple truths which cannot be changed by going into spasms about them. One of these is that ingrowing self-consciousness, which leads always to philosophic or esthetic anarchy, is an unhealthful condition for the mind of man the social animal. Mostly, he cannot live to himself alone and keep his sanity.

It is the attempt to push introspection

one step farther than it has ever gone that has upset the balance of our faculties and exalted the nerves at the expense of the mind. We have allowed ourselves to be captivated by the sound of some formulæ caught up from the mental sciences. It is perhaps true that the great task for science in the immediate future is to explore man's consciousness. But from this truth the intellectual faddists among us have drawn two unprofitable conclusions. The first is that for modern art, too, as well as for science, the proper material is one or another isolated phase of consciousness. The second is that *any* phase of consciousness is terribly important to art, and that nothing else is important. The mere data of science are accepted as if they could be the ultimate objectives of art; and the delusion of our own individual and racial importance is given a strong encouragement.

Science can look out for itself safely enough. But it might be well for the common man if he would put down for a time the microscope through which he now stares at the squirms of his own nerve cells, and take up instead his telescope and look at the Milky Way. In the humility and wholesome sense of his own unimportance engendered by giving a moment's attention to something larger than himself, he might stumble upon the way for mankind to conserve the finest emotional values of the terrible years just gone. We have almost no chance of conserving those values if we are going to pander to our innate egotism and feed it on scraps of distorted science, all tending to prove that now is the heyday of the ego. Yet conserve those finest values we must, in our social, political, artistic institutions, or presently we shall all find ourselves going mad together.



THE LION'S MOUTH

WILD OATS—FOR LADIES

BY FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON

IT seems as though it were the naughty ladies of history, not the good ones, whom people love best. One of the season's popular comedies has a song to this effect. It's C-l-e-o-p-a-t-r-a and her ilk, it says, who put the pep into the past. As soon as this sentiment is blared across the footlights the audience bursts into applause, giving Cleopatra a spontaneous vote of appreciation, possibly thanks.

Would the same audience get excited about one of the good women? No. Hardly anyone has more than an absent-minded kindly word for them. Often no word at all. The lists of biographies in the card catalogue of the public library give the whole situation away. Four times as many books have been written in the past ten years about Lucretia Borgia as about splendid Susan B. Anthony. Cleopatra has ten times as much space given to her as admirable Clara Barton. In fact, a whole box is filled with her misdoings. Good queens, Louise of Prussia and Victoria, haven't the ghost of a chance in competition with Catherine de' Medici or Catherine of Russia, and Florence Nightingale, Frances Willard, and Martha Washington fade into a hazy background as Helen of Troy, Ninon de L'Enclos or Madame Pompadour come forth.

Consider women authors. Take the good woman who produced Elsie books like hardy annuals. Almost nothing is known of her. But George Sand, who wrote far less innocent books, has never ceased to be an object of attention. She even caused a biographical play more than forty years after her death. Neither little Elsie nor her creator has had any such notice.

It's evident, too, that writers themselves prefer their naughty women characters. Who could believe that Thackeray found Amelia as attractive as Becky Sharp or that Tolstoy liked any of his virtuous characters as he did Anna Karenina? It's even doubtful if Flaubert would have devoted an entire novel to Madame Bovary if she had been a good wife and mother. Our own Hawthorne, spokesman for the New England conscience, with all his disapproval of Margaret Fuller, put her into fiction and wrote about her with the zest of one on a Roman holiday.

Taking all this into consideration, it might seem as if an ambitious woman had little incentive to virtue. Wild oats appear as the necessary ingredient of success. Paths of goodness lead but to an unmarked grave and a blank card in the library catalogue.

This is a dangerous doctrine for Sunday schools and classes in ethical culture. While we have never taught little girls that any one of them, however humble, may be President some day, we have led them to believe that by cultivating the virtues they might possibly marry a President. But a sufficiently precocious girl would be bound to discover that this happy goal would only qualify her for a chapter in a familiar volume known as *Unknown Wives of Well-known Men*. It is clear, for the sake of education, if for nothing else, that something must be done to make good women more interesting.

Of course, one great trouble with virtue is that usually it lacks vitality. It's passive. We like the naughty ladies of history, not because of their wickedness, but in spite of it. What we really enjoy is their pep, their will to be different.

When we read their biographies, we feel somehow alive. We get a whiff of life force and it is invigorating. We like their nonconformity. Our social ideal has been to have women all alike. A standard verse of love poetry will fit any and all. These ideal attributes lure young men, but later, if they live in daily association with them, what was once so lovely seems a little dull. The womanly woman may prove a bit of a bore. Perhaps that's why Greek men enjoyed the Hetairai so much more than the Athenian matrons. They were different, and, no matter whether or not you approve, difference has charm.

Maybe this is why the notion that it's an advantage to the race to have women cut of one pattern is passing. Individuality is coming into fashion. Modern heroines are no longer teary and languorous. Not even a cave man would want to resuscitate Clarissa Harlowe more than three times from her hourly fainting spells. We do not even insist nowadays that women characters be beautiful if they possess individuality. The newer adjectives are "vital," "animated," "natural," and, above all, "spontaneous." Inhibition is a modern sin.

Bessie Beatty, a woman editor who ought to know, says that the flirtation in the new fiction is entirely different from the old. Once upon a time, little intimacies began when a man remarked, "What lovely eyes you have, and how beautiful your hair looks in the sunlight." But the modern young man, who has passed Psychology B and taken a little fling into psychoanalysis, looks tenderly at his dancing partner and murmurs: "I can tell by your eyes that you're terribly repressed. Have you never talked freely with anyone? Has no one helped you get over your suppression?"

Up-to-date courtship, and even marriage, is rapidly becoming an excursion into liberation. The younger generation, it is currently observed, begins where Victorians and early Georgians

mercifully draw the veil. If progress continues at the present pace we shall have to make lightning changes in our customs and ideals. The literature of the unsuppressed woman is thrilling to contemplate. It would be a bold writer who would say that maidens "wither on the stalk" or offer the advice to "be good and let who will be clever." A future Longfellow will write:

Maiden, with exploding eyes,
In whose orb adventure lies
Red or pink like morning skies.

Stamping with impatient feet
On thy inhibitions, sweet,
Where the brook and river meet.

Drop that lily in thy hand,
Gates of brass before thee stand,
Better get a brazen wand.

It is even possible that chapter headings of the great forthcoming woman novel will read:

- I. Evelyn Kills Her Father
- II. Evelyn Goes Forth to Hunt a Mate
- III. Evelyn Subdues Her Husband
- IV. Evelyn is Bored
- V. Evelyn Kills Her Child
- VI. Evelyn Kills Her Child's Father
- VII. Evelyn Makes a Fresh Start.

The pendulum may not swing quite so far as this, of course. It may stop at some central point between the compressed, corseted, conventional female of the past and the free and daring creature who now appears on the horizon. We may discover that women do not have to be wicked to attract our attention or express themselves. If it is true that what we like about the naughty ladies of history is their vitality and force of character, not their badness, we shall be equally pleased with good women when they develop personalities. Our fondness for Cleopatra and Ninon de L'Enclos may prove, not a suppressed desire to imitate their ways, but secret admiration for their will to break through restraint. We can't whitewash their wild

oats, but we may believe that in their day one could hardly be different without being bad. It's only modern women who have been permitted to be both good and different.

YOUNG MAN, GO UNDER

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

THE Old Explorer was reading something in his newspaper and shaking his head over it, and each time he shook his head his glasses slipped and he had to replace them. I looked over his shoulder. The headline was, "Modern Methods of Fishing." The article said that, with the new improved trawlers which now were in use, the annual catch of flatfish in the North Sea was five hundred million.

The Old Explorer laid down the paper, shook his head again, dropped his glasses, and solemnly said to me, feeling around for them:

"Aren't we ridiculous!"

"What have we done now?" I asked.

"Five hundred million!" he laughed sardonically. "Why, what does that amount to? Two or three flatfish apiece, for a whole year, for Europe. There are many billions of fine fresh flat fatfish—fat fratfish, I mean—there are billions of armies of these and other fish in the sea. We skim off a silly little fraction of this annual crop, and then publish newspaper articles about our improved methods!"

He looked out of the club window for a while, at the drizzling rain. "In the Bo-Bolo Estuary, which I once explored on my way to Sumatra," he said, "there is a tribe that still uses forked sticks when they plow their fields to grow corn, and they are as proud of those sticks and of their corn crop, as—well, as all men are everywhere, I suppose, of whatever they do. If they ever get to publishing statistics in Bo-Bolo Land, I dare say they will figure out the number of grains of corn grown and show that this means eighteen grains apiece, and be awfully pleased with themselves.

That's what makes all men ridiculous, their complacency with their primitive ways. I tried to make those Bo-Bolo chiefs understand how small their crops really were, but they thought that I was talking foolishness when I explained what was possible. Yet with some of our old-fashioned hand plows, let alone the machine kind, they could all be rolling in corn in that estuary, instead of half starving."

"And you mean that we, on our part, could be rolling in flatfish?" I asked, looking twice as sardonic as he had. I do not like flatfish.

"I mean that the whole thing is ridiculous. The Bo-Bolo men scratch the surface of the earth with forked sticks, and we dip from small, toy-like trawlers into the top of the sea."

"The top?" I inquired. "We can't go down under to fish, can we?"

"Why not, sir? Why can't we go under the sea for anything we choose? There it lies. These explorers of yours who have found the poles have merely mapped out the earth. They appear to suppose that all the work is done. No exploring left. Ha! There are whole realms, and right at our doorsteps—the floor of the sea.

"The sea is full of mountains to be climbed down, and forests to hunt in," he whispered. "There are monsters that roam in those depths, still unknown to man. Man has always been interested in new animals. Well, there they are. It is horribly cold in those depths, but what cares man for that? It is horribly hot in earth's tropics, but has that kept him out? If he stays where he belongs, and where he can live with most comfort, it bores him; but a place that's unfit for human habitation attracts him at once.

"The Roosevelts of the future won't go to Africa for their hunts—they'll dive overboard, and shoot old, astonished sea dragons with undersea guns. The Beebes will desert South America for some submarine jungle, to study its nut-bearing orchids, or to collect five-toed

clams. They'll need to take plenty of air along, just as Peary took pemmican; they'll need to plant air stations, to be used like the oases in deserts; but all necessary inventions will be made, once there is a demand.

"And think of the chance to make good, in careers undersea. Greeley's cry was, 'Young man, go west!' Mine is, 'Young man, go under!' Our cowboys rode the range until the prairies and plains were fenced in; our fishboys will ride deep, new ranges, on tough broncho sharks; they will brand herds of wild fish and fight about them in strange, frontier posts. Those wide, fertile sea-lands lie waiting for adventurous youth, yet they stick around here tamely, these stay-at-homes, with their conventional minds. Apparently it was the same way when America was first discovered, however. It was a good hundred years before conventional families planned to move over here.

"Men could build fine submarine castles with air pipes to the surface. The sea bottom could be lit with the richest electric lights of all colors. If respectable men don't soon begin going, some nation like Germany, which desires new colonies, will send convicts down there as settlers. The German flag will float, or swim, everywhere. Rubber-coated flags, doubtless.

"Think of the commercial possibilities! The gold mines! The long mountains of dark, greenish rock, in which priceless new kinds of jewels, sea jewels, lie hid. . . .

"Are our empire builders getting blind or afraid? They used to be bold. Cecil Rhodes is dead, but why does John Hays Hammond remain above water level?"

He gazed out of the window again at the cool, drizzling rain. A determined look came into his old eyes. He suddenly rose. He marched to the desk where the telephone directories hang, and when I followed to watch him he was looking up the address of a dealer in diving suits.

THE MENACE OF INFANT GENIUS

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

IT is a traditional conviction that the road of art is a long and arduous one, leading to success only after prolonged effort and the survival of persistent disappointments; but certain developments have recently become manifest which would indicate that this age-honored belief will soon have to be discarded. The power that threatens the overthrow of our established theory is the infant genius. Of course, this phenomenon has always been with us, but never before has he achieved so great popular success, and never before has he been so ubiquitous. In the good old days the brilliant little dear usually confined himself to the restricted field of mathematics or found content in the accomplishment of linguistic marvels. This bothered no one, and furnished entertaining paragraphs for the press. Now the case is quite different. The infant has become bored with the possibilities of Fourth Dimensional Vagaries and Russian polysyllables, and has invaded the stronghold of the Seven Arts. He is not only winning laurel wreaths; he is snatching the bread from his unfortunately antiquated elders. And we, poor old things, look on and smile, encouraging him to usurp our place.

This is the day of infant artists; we live, move, and have our being on a sphere that is positively swarming with them. The Daisy Ashfords, Opal White-lys, and Hilda Conklings have brought in their wake regiments of toddling creative creatures. If they continue to spring forth like the crop from the dragons' teeth, the time will soon arrive when no writer, musician, or painter over ten years of age need apply for public favor. Before long the only literary style that will be acceptable to publishers will be a naïve synthesis compounded of a prattle and a lisp; symphonies will be dominated by the unsophisticated tones of the baby's rattle, and dramatic sopranos will be sup-

planted by bawling sopranos, while wiggly portraits will be smeared on canvas by chubby thumbs.

The situation is most obviously threatening in the literary field, because literature reaches a greater number of persons than any other form of art, but it appears that the world of music is also suffering severely from the infant invasion. I went to a tea the other day that was positively overrun by child musicians. They were everywhere—under the tables, on the piano, behind curtains, and underfoot; it was only the presence of a lighted fire that convinced me some were not secreted up the chimney. And they were all geniuses; they were announced as such, and none of them ventured a denial. They performed boldly and continuously, while their elders stood by with various expressions intended to denote rapt ecstasy.

The friend who had led me to this orgy of juvenile talent—a very gifted composer, by the way—materially increased my enjoyment of the affair by a continuous whispered stream of inspired comments. One small child was disentangled from the coat tails of a corpulent old gentleman and led forth to meet my companion.

"This little girl," said her guardian angel, "is a composer—a real genius—and she is going to let us hear some of her own compositions."

"How perfectly wonderful! I am so glad to meet a real genius," promptly replied my friend, with never the quiver of a smile, whereupon I was seized with a sudden and uncontrollable fit of coughing.

The eight-year-old composer, with lank, black locks framing a sallow, tired face, seated herself serenely at the piano, surveyed her audience with a glance of embryonic insolence, and launched forth into a tinkling creation that she rendered with the most dramatic gestures. Tea-cups and sandwiches were poised noiselessly, and heads were bowed in token of appreciation.

"She must be an old soul yearning for

expression," whispered a breathlessly enthusiastic lady near by.

"What is she playing?" another ventured. "Isn't it extraordinary?"

"Very extraordinary," replied my irrepressible companion. "It's called 'Peruvian Llamas Descending the Andes.'" Then, aside to me, "Isn't it awful?"

After the music ceased there was a moment of hushed sympathy while the artist of eight summers gazed dreamily before her, as if meditating on the beauty that she had wrought. Then a discreet ripple of applause ran around the room and out into the hall, the little girl bowed, everyone began to talk at once, cups and sandwiches resumed their normal courses—after which another genius was detached from a cake dish and ushered solemnly to the place of honor. The same tiny drama was replayed, with a new child in the leading role.

As I have related only a fraction of one afternoon's experiences, it is easy to see that the infant invasion is assuming alarming proportions. One could go on endlessly compiling facts regarding the matter, but there is a greater task than that awaiting the man who faces the situation seriously. The invasion must be checked, or, if we cannot accomplish this, it must be diverted into channels where it will work the least possible harm. At present the pygmies are driving the giants from the field; it is the business of the giants to consider ways and means whereby they can hold their own and eventually regain the territory that they have lost. It may, perhaps, prove easier to divert the stream than to dam it. Would it not be reasonable to establish a few periodicals to be published, edited, contributed to and subscribed to by persons still in their first decade of life; to organize orchestras that will be composed of, and conducted by musical toddlers who will play only infantile programs to infant audiences; to have children's portraits painted by children—in short, to create an artistic world in which the infant genius can dis-

port himself at will without encroaching upon the preserves of those who are chained to art as a means of livelihood? If this could be done, it would at least allow the oldsters to breath a sigh of relief, and to continue the battle with their contemporaries, secure in their guaranty against unexpected rivals.

This proposal of mine seems far more practical than many suggestions that I have heard. One radical friend advises that a law be passed which would allow only one infant genius to every three children, but this would, I think, result in much suffering for many fond parents. The infant genius exists, and we must recognize him, but we can shunt him off into a world of his own where he may throw off his æsthetic emanations harmlessly, until the time arrives when he decides to embrace wholesale grocery, steel making, or some other laudable means of self-expression.

WORDS WE WOULD WILLINGLY LET DIE

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

IN all periods lovers of "English unde-filed" have suffered in their sensitive souls and ears from the intrusion of "new" words, for which there seemed no necessity, or from the modish reiteration of current phrases, which, while permissible or tolerable in familiar conversation, seemed out of place in good writing. In many cases the words objected to proved vital and useful, and, so to say, supplied a long-felt want, and their permanent adoption followed the inevitable law by which language has grown from the beginning. Those of us most impatient of indiscriminate neologism guilelessly use words every day at which our grandfathers cringed and protested. When Archbishop Trench wrote so delightfully about words in the 'fifties of the last century, the word "prestige," for example, was only just in process of "becoming English," and many of those who adventurously used it, still wrote it in italics. But, as Trench said, they were

justified in using it, for "it expresses something which no single word in English could express," and good writers did not, therefore, feel that in employing it, they were deserting as good or a better word of their own." Trench recalls, too, the earlier protest of Dryden against such "affected" importations from France as "repartee," "embarrass," "chagrin," "grimace"—words which, of course, we have long since written without a thought of their origin. "Esthetic" and "solidarity" were two more new-comers in Trench's day. Of "solidarity," he says, it is "so convenient that it will be vain to struggle against its reception. The newspapers already have it and books will not long exclude it." True enough, and yet for some of us it still smacks distastefully of its "communist" origin.

But there are worse words than "solidarity" and viler phrases, and perverted uses of words, to make the sage rise in this present hour. Doubtless, it is vain to protest, though such protests have not always been in vain. The protest of Andrew Lang and others against the split infinitive, a few years ago, has been far from fruitless; and it is no longer the fashion to spatter the English page with italicized French, as was the custom of "smart" folk thirty years ago. Ridicule availed there, and I cannot but think that there were others beside myself who find ridiculous, as well as maddening, certain verbal fashions of the moment, for the perpetrators of which I would cheerfully prescribe boiling oil.

Who, I wonder, is criminally responsible for our eyes being pestered at every turn of the page with somebody or other's "reactions"; who is it that has brought upon us the preposterous use of the word "gesture"? If you fly even to the uttermost parts of the sporting columns you are still pursued by somebody's "gesture" and waylaid by some one else's "reactions." These two words alone have broken out like a violent rash over all the new books and other printed matter of the last few years. A salesman's slang use of the word "register"

seems now in process—*absit omen!*—of “becoming English.” The faces of the two lovers “registered”! How exquisite!

Again, the prevalent use of the ugly word “function” as a verb is one of the most distressing bad habits of the moment. If the subway service is bad, we are told that it does not “function” properly, and there is grave doubt in some minds whether the League of Nations will ever be able to “function.” The question is not one of grammatical correctness, but of literary taste. Traditional authority may be found for many such undesirable words and uses of words. “To voice,” “to sense,” and “to glimpse,” for example, have all been used occasionally by great writers. Bacon “voiced,” Bunyan “sensed,” and Lowell “glimpsed.” Yet it is permissible to wish that they hadn’t. There was no need for them to do so. The employment of nouns as verbs is a mark of lazy or impatient, as it is always of undistinguished, writing. Three great writers of the last century are largely responsible for such short cuts to energetic expression — Carlyle, Browning, and Meredith. With all their genius, the force and splendor and eloquence of their expression at its best, they have exercised a dissolute influence on modern prose from which it can only recover by our return to better models. But that is forgivable in genius which is insufferable in mediocrity. The kings of expression, the “lords of language,” can do no wrong, or, at all events, they sin by divine right. Carlyle, of course, is the worst of these regal offenders—wonderful offenders indeed—and it would not be difficult to show that he is, beyond doubt, the responsible father of all “yellow journalism.” But, having regard to writing, merely as writing, what a relief it is to turn to the ordered masculine prose of his biographer, Froude, or that of his other contemporaries—Newman, Matthew Arnold, and John Morley—prose that can indeed be sensitive and impassioned without being hysterical or “impressionistic.”

After so much of the “temperamental,” high-pitched writing of the nineteenth-century “romantics,” one comes to realize that the true laurel of prose remains with the eighteenth century. Too much of nineteenth-century prose is a sort of amorphous poetry, and, if eighteenth-century prose suffers from a certain dryness and hardness and worldly formality of tone, those are but the defects of its qualities, and, moreover, they are not so much faults of the medium of expression as they are due to the character of the eighteenth-century soul. But the eighteenth century respected language, and its arbiters of taste were jealous guardians of its use. One healthy sign of our times is a return of respect for Doctor Johnson. It has, of course, long been the custom to ridicule the pomposity of his “Johnsonese,” but he is very far from being all “Johnsonese,” as anyone who has read his *Lives of the Poets* well knows. How refreshing in an age of preciosity on the one hand, and vulgar acrobatic writing on the other, it is to meet him again with his beautiful, normal English, dignified and yet easy, and always so human; what a blessed sense of security he brings that we are in the hands of one who knows what he wants to say and knows how to say it, without haste or over-emphasis, with no unnecessary eloquence or ornament, and with the all-infolding mercy of a common-sense that is continually turning to wit from the vitality of its wisdom. Here is a passage on the choice of words full of good counsel for the present moment. The doctor is talking of poetry, but his remarks are equally applicable to prose. In all good writing the words employed should be “words at once refined from the grossness of domestic use, and free from the harshness of terms appropriated to particular arts. Words too familiar or too remote defeat the purpose of a poet. From those sounds which we hear on small or on coarse occasions, we do not easily receive strong impressions, or delightful images; and words to which we are nearly stran-

gers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on themselves which they should transmit to things."

In the light of this just critical ruling how many of our fashionable phrases stand condemned beyond appeal. The hideous word "inhibition," for example, the screech of which is everywhere. A technical word which should be left in the legal or physiological vocabularies from which it has been dug out. The word "control" will do its work quite adequately in most cases. "Motivation," too, is a horrible word which might well have been left with Schopenhauer and the philosophers, whose learned, and to them necessary, jargon has of late, through the vogue of Nietzsche and Freud, invaded the fair pleasaunces of literature — Nietzsche with his detestable "superman," his "will-to-power," and Freud with his "complexes," "psychoanalysis," and various other nastinesses.

The war seems to have drawn upon us a plague of learned, technical words, which must have made his newspaper somewhat difficult reading to the proverbial man in the street. Between pedantry, preciousness, and vulgarity, the printed page has become a thing to set the teeth on edge, ruin the temper, and shatter the nerves. One is not complaining of "slang," or of honest "Americanisms," which usually have a racy fitness of their own; but of what one might call the higher slang of the pseudo-learned and superior person, and the "smart" individual, the parvenu of language, who appropriates each new catch-word the instant it is born and pursues us with it to the steps of the altar, or the wards of a hospital. There is, however, one comfort in his tasteless reiteration. He frequently ends in killing the obnoxious expression itself. Humanity grows disgusted with hearing it, and spews it out into oblivion. May this be the fate of the word "colorful," one of the latest foundlings of the precious. Many of the words and phrases which we would most willingly let die, but with which it seems

that we are condemned to go on living, are to be found in respectable dictionaries—more's the pity. But "colorful" is not there yet. Let us hope it may never get there. The tiresome salesman's word "distinctive" is, of course, there, and those who will say "elect" instead of "choose" are justified of Murray and Webster. People who say "humans" for human beings may quote Chapman's Homer against protest, but one is grateful to the Century Dictionary for declaring such use as either humorous, or "affected." And I would there was some law against "vibrant," "the discard," "mentality," "uplift," "to intrigue," to assemble."

This is no plea for pedagogic "purism." Language, being a living organism, obeys the law of all growth, by casting off old tissue, and assimilating new. Languages are continually giving to one another, and the English language, in particular, has always been remarkable for its assimilative power. But this assimilation goes on by a process of selection, of acceptance and rejection, which the more responsible users of the language—that is, writers, public speakers, and "persons of taste" generally—should jealously watch and, so far as possible, direct. Only such new words should be admitted into the vocabulary of "polite speech" or *belles-lettres*, as fulfil a purpose not hitherto served, or such as have been so seasoned by long usage as not to obtrude their newness, or otherwise, as the Doctor said, draw attention on themselves. Against words that stand out like fresh paint, or shriek from their context like a megaphone, or introduce the irrelevant colors or accent of special interests—technicalities of the arts, sciences, philosophies, professions, or trades—we should constantly stand on guard, and be ready to go to the stake rather than use such words ourselves. Let us, like Cranmer, hold our right hands steadily in the flame rather than set them to such betrayals of the sacred trust of the noble English tongue.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE world is still too much with us. While the war was going on, but before we were in it, people hereabouts were distracted from their natural pursuits because of what was hanging over mankind. The writers could not write the kind of books they had written. The painters could not paint. Day after day there was calamity piling up on Europe, and even over here, where we were comparatively undisturbed and in those days inordinately prosperous, the ominous disquiet of the times penetrated to us and occupied our thoughts and tired us and kept us tired. Vacations did not rest us, because we never got free minds. It was really better after we got into the war and were at work on our own end of it. Then at least we found vent for the disturbance within us.

The world was too much with us then and it is now. We do not settle down. The state of Europe is still a factor in most of what we do and most of what we want. Still restlessness pervades the Western Hemisphere as it does the Eastern one. To be sure, we go about our employments busily enough. We have to, for we have our livings to make. To be sure, we do not read of great battles in the paper every morning, and there is not a day-by-day toll of thousands of dead. The critical anxieties of the war have abated, but still we cannot see what life is going to be, nor make our calculations to meet it. To the problems of war have succeeded the problems of peace, and they are very, very tangled and disquieting.

Some immediate duties have become plain because of changed conditions. After an unusually sharp attack of domestic politics we have elected a new

President. These attacks are periodical and we shall not have another for nearly four years. Meanwhile we ought to back the new Executive we have chosen with our best hopes and endeavors and more or less irrespective of party. He is our sole means of governmental action and has the great advantage of having a congressional majority of his own party that is disposed to carry out his plans. We have learned to appreciate the importance of this last condition. For lack of it we are suffering and the world is suffering many things that possibly might have been averted, or at least alleviated, if our late President and the late Congress had been of the same mind. Europe, when it looks to Washington, sees there again a government that can act. So do all of us, and that is a pleasant change.

But we do not yet see what action to take, and that seems bad, for it is highly important to Europe and all the world, including ourselves, that we should emerge from cross purposes and hesitations, discover our duty, and get to work to do it. Europe is disposed to lean on us as heavily as it can. It wants to know what we are going to do, because we are so great a factor in contemporary life that what its own action must be depends very much on what our action is to be. If we are going to join the League of Nations, it wants to know it. If we decline that, but are willing to combine with the other countries on some different plan, or on a plan that bears a different name, it might adjust itself to that. If we are to stand off and do what we can for ourselves without committing ourselves to any new scheme of international co-operation, that, too, it is im-

portant that Europe should know so as to devise means as best it can to make its repairs and start again without us.

But at this writing, with the new administration just getting under way, we don't know what our government is going to do about anything of international concern, and we grope about it not because our government is withholding its policies from us, but apparently because it doesn't yet know itself and is groping just as we are.

The delay, though inevitable, is embarrassing. Without our help the recovery of Europe will be slow at best, and until Europe recovers enough to trade with us, our lagging prosperity will continue to lag. Besides which, there is a possibility of disaster to Europe if her burdens prove too heavy for her organizations, the scope, duration, and extent of which no one can measure, nor yet its consequences to us.

As we think about the state of the world and the dangers that at present encompass it, and the prospect that the destruction of its valuable contents, so effectively begun in the war, may go on a good deal farther, let us consider what there is in it that it is most necessary to preserve.

Is it the books? Everybody knows how scholars bemoan the destruction of the Alexandrian Library. Libraries are important, because in them all knowledge is recorded. But, after all, you might save all the libraries of importance and, while they might be interesting to the survivors of civilization and to collectors to come, they are not the most important thing to save. A few small collections of really important books would hold all the recorded knowledge human life requires. A large part of what is in the libraries is junk—interesting, to be sure, but not very important.

Are the paintings, the great paintings, so important to be saved? Paintings and sculpture and works of art—Heaven send they may not be destroyed! They are delightful. They are inspiring. They are a great solace. It is important that

somebody should know about them and that the habit of producing such things should continue, but in themselves they are not vital. Human life can get along without them.

And so it is with most of the material apparatus of the world. If the world is to go on as it is and the large number of people in it are to be maintained in the fashion in which most of them are now living, there must be a good deal of this material apparatus. There must be places for them to sleep in, places for them to live in, plumbing, railroads, means to raise their food, means to distribute it, roads, motors, factories, and all such things. They are essential—they seem to be—to the distended populations of some countries like Germany and England, but very little of the apparatus is vital to human life. An Arab can live in a tent on dates and a little grain and goat's milk, and get along and make progress in life, and do very high thinking if he has it in him. Other people can do the like if they have to. Sir Philip Gibbs told in this magazine the other day about the immense social changes that have come to England as a consequence of the war; how the people who had actually fought the war had been pretty well cleaned out, and a good many of the people who stayed at home and worked had made all kinds of money. He also told about the extreme severity of taxation and how the old landed gentry had to sell out to the war profiteers, and of some nobleman with a famous name, who had sold his family pictures and the accumulated treasures of generations in his country house, and now has the old house left bare and empty, and that is all.

It breaks the heart to read about things like that; but, after all, nothing that he sold was really important compared with what he had left. He had left, I presume, besides the empty house, his family. That, if it was good stuff, is what is important. The human stock in the world is important. A high-class human being is the really

important product of civilization. Material things, no matter how great the store of them, or how perfect, cannot carry on the world. It is people—the people who are left in it, the great people wherever you can find them, of whatever race, of whatever color, the wise people, the kind people, the people of character and of brains—they are the important things to save. If you can save them and save their control of affairs, if they have it, human life will go on; more books will be written, more pictures painted; everything men have ever done in the world will be done again and will be done better. The old junk may be charming. It is worth saving, of course, but it is not the vital thing. The vital things are the human mind, the human soul, the human substance. Save that and send it along, and civilization will go on to new exploits. Do not mourn too much for the loss of things, however beautiful, however interesting by association. Things can always be reproduced if the spirit that originally produced them can be kept alive in the world.

You may say that the end of life is to die, and no one will dispute it. But in what sense do you use that word end—in the sense of mere termination, or in the sense of achievement? Think of it as achievement, and then when you say the end of life is to die you will have got something different. Also, you will have got something that is true. The end of life is to die a gainer from having lived, to die dismissed from a completed task; to die prepared by one's existence here for service and progress in the next phase of activity.

My cousin James died the other day. It seemed to me he died very handsomely indeed—a death that was really an achievement after long and curious preparation. He belonged to the old order, but it was not the order that has just broken down. To that he objected a great deal, albeit in many particulars it was quite kind to him. The order that he loved was much older, and largely, I suppose, imaginary, for one

never knows how much of any past period of time is true to one's conception of it, or how much that would be highly objectionable to twentieth-century expectations was mixed in with what looks lovely to the retrospective eye. Cousin James was very dutiful in his way, and scrupulous in meeting the obligations of the order he lived in. But he did not like it. He had only a limited confidence in democracy. He wanted the best people to rule, and he did not think democracy was getting them, nor see how it was ever going to sort them out and give them the necessary power. He was not sure of the destiny of the United States, though he hoped for the best about it, and in his heart was a true patriot.

He hated change. He did not care for money making and disapproved of people who did. He never earned any money that I know of, and I do not think he ever saved any. He was relieved from inconvenient consequences of those neglects by becoming in middle life one of the heirs of an old man who had been very shrewdly attentive to accumulation. While it was not yet too late for him to go about and see the world, Cousin James fell into a very comfortable fortune and took his mother by the hand, and fared forth across the seas to see what was there, and especially to see England, the old England with its cathedrals and villages and churches.

He was not married—he never married. Most of his life he lived with his mother, a lovely woman to whom he was attached with all the strength of a nature very tenacious in affection.

All that another man might have done. But Cousin James had a peculiarity—his chief intellectual interest in life was the Church. He came of a line of Episcopal clergymen, and something ran in his blood that no treatment could dislodge. He tried treatments that would have answered for ordinary cases. He flouted hygiene. He drank rather more than he should as long as he could, and smoked cigars most of his waking hours, but his congenital interest in the Church

never abated at all. He read church history by the shelfful and really knew it. The thing that he hated worst of anything—next to the worship of riches—was Protestantism. He was always mad at Protestantism because it had spoiled the old Catholic Church, which was the thing that had possession of his heart. He considered that it was the Reformation that had led to the schismatic churches—the Protestant and Roman Catholic. He liked, in a way, the Roman Catholic Church, but he considered that the Bishops of Rome had usurped powers that did not belong to them, and believed, I think, that the Church of England, Protestant though it was, was truer heir of the old Church than the Church of Rome was.

I knew Cousin James about fifty years and he always had in him these sentiments and these preferences that I have tried to describe. He never was exemplary, according to the prevailing standards, never particularly acquisitive or thrifty, nor ever pleased with prohibition, but the basis of his thoughts was always religion, this old church religion that he seemed to have been born to. His main occupation in life was reading, but he liked music and architecture and painting. He could play old-fashioned whist and did play it. He was interested in his family, very fond indeed of his friends, self-depreciative and overappreciative of others if he liked them, and quite caustic and amusing in his remarks about the people who offended his prejudices. Indeed, he was delightfully amusing on most subjects. He had not much will power for action, but a great deal for inaction. His ideas and his sentiments, deeply founded and pondered, were very little affected by what happened to be going on. He disbelieved in a great deal that most other men valued and he believed a great deal that other men had let slip. When his mother died he adorned the chapel of a church he affected with an altar and an altar piece, very beautiful, in memory of her, with an inscription inciting the pious

to pray for the repose of her soul. In view of the Protestant disapproval of prayers for the dead, that was almost scandalous when he did it, but I believe the disapproval has abated since then. When it came to his funeral there were prayers aplenty for his own repose—all the ministrations, it seemed, that the old Church had ever provided. When I saw him the other day lying in an oaken box, quiet and tranquil with a crucifix on his breast, still protesting against Protestantism, I felt here truly was a man of faith, a man who, stumbling along through long years and wandering a good deal, still had never lost the tread that guided him, and finally had achieved the death that awaits the faithful.

It has gradually been borne in on me that a large proportion of his ideas are true, and that the world, which seems now to have come about, is quite likely on its next tack to progress in his direction. Control of the world by the Church was tried in the Middle Ages, and turned out to be rather worse than other forms of political control. We shall not have that back. But we shall regain confidence in the facts of Christianity—the facts that filled Europe with cathedrals and abbeys—and learn anew the power that is behind those facts, and how to apply it to the concerns of this life.

And perhaps there will come church unity—that catholic unity that Cousin James reached back to—simply out of increasing realization by Christians that the beliefs they are agreed about furnish a working basis for life and are incomparably more important than the things about which they differ. It is possible and conceivable that disunion will fall away from the Church like the shuck from a ripened nut, and not only that, but that the community of truth in all the great religions now on earth may bring them all into much more harmonious and progressive relations. It is true of all of them—true, at least, of their principles—that what they are agreed about is at least important enough to modify their disagreements.



ONCE A PENGUIN ALWAYS A PENGUIN

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

MY point is that if you once find a genuine human penguin the best thing to do with it is leave it alone and not try to make it sing like a canary or swoop gayly over the waves like an albatross. You can put a penguin in a gilded cage, but the only way to make it sing satisfactorily is to kill it and stuff it and put a phonograph in it. And it is almost impossible to rig it up for flying purposes; even the most enthusiastic airplane-maker never began the construction of a flying machine by choosing a tub of lard as its base.

I remember quite well that when Cousin Clara suggested that Aunt Eldora might like to join the Ladies' Literary Club a shiver of doubt ran down my spine. My face must have shown plainly my doubts of the appropriateness of Aunt Eldora in literary surroundings, for Cousin Clara said:

"I don't see that at all; in her new black dress Aunt Eldora looks quite as well as any of the ladies—any of the large ones."

I did not answer this; I had not considered it from that angle. Aunt Eldora joined. She always did the things Cousin Clara suggested. When they returned from her first meeting I asked her how she liked it.

"The papers they read was real nice, Edward," she replied. "I couldn't understand much, but I'm new at it yet. Everybody was real nice to me. They had some spice cookies was real nice and tasty. I think I looked as nice as anybody there. I wish you would come up and help me get out of my corset, Clara."

"What were the—ah—papers mostly about?" I asked.

"Books, wasn't they, Clara?" Aunt Eldora asked.

"Our course this year is 'Realistic American Fiction with Side Lights from the Mod-

erns of Russia and Other European Literatures,'" said Clara, hastily. "Come up and I'll unhook you, auntie."

When Aunt Eldora came down I held a brief conversation with her on the meeting she had attended.

"Did you entirely agree with the writers of the papers?" I asked her. "I understand there is quite a violent controversy over the relative merits of ultra-realism, romantic realism, and romance pure and simple."

"Why, nobody seemed to get real mad about it," she said, with surprise. "It all seemed real nice and polite to me, but I wish the meetings wasn't quite so long."

After the third meeting Aunt Eldora told Cousin Clara she guessed she wouldn't go any more. I think some of the Russian-Dutch-Norwegian literature was beginning to filter through into her mind.

"I don't think some of them pieces out of the books is the right things for nice ladies to read—not in open meeting, anyhow," she declared. "I don't believe Brother Potter would approve of it one mite. That Russian story-novelist, now; it looks like he hadn't nothing better to do than waste his time telling about crazy folks and drunken ones except when he goes on about a lot of females that had ought to be run out of town. I don't know as I want to go again, Clara."

Clara, however, persuaded her to attend the next meeting at least. I was there, too, because it was the annual open meeting, with men invited. They had, as a special attraction, a poet from New York, the justly celebrated Rudolph Griggins. I had never heard of him, but he wore spats, so he must have been good. He talked for an hour on "Modern Poesy," and proved that Tennyson and Keats were mere trash compared with Avva Lotta Gall, the free-verse lady of to-



THEY HAD, AS A SPECIAL ATTRACTION, A POET FROM NEW YORK

day, and Pakrigh Ogh Harragh (otherwise Pat O'Hara), the talented author of "Raagh Mahagn's Lhagmeghnt," and so on. I may not have the names exactly right. Then he read some of his own poems. I remember he had just brushed back his hair and raised thin white hand, reading:

"I hear a sound with my ears;
Do I hear Angel tones?
Cerulean zephyrs whispering,
Bees voicing in honeyed chalices?"

when Aunt Eldora snored long and deep. Nearly everyone looked toward her and frowned. Then the poet continued:

"Nay! A sound more vital is this;
It is modernity;
It is a locomotive letting off steam."

"Agghrah — psst — pfhe — oo — oo," snored Aunt Eldora.

Cousin Clara poked her and she sat up suddenly.

"My goodness! Was I asleep?" Aunt Eldora whispered. "I thought I had the iceman under my arm, running off with him."

Evidently the new literature was seeping into Aunt Eldora. A few weeks earlier she never would have dreamed of eloping with the iceman.

"Hush!" whispered Cousin Clara. "The poet is reading his own poems now; they are beautiful."

"Yes, ain't they?" Aunt Eldora answered.

I need not say that before long Aunt Eldora became an addict. Culture is certainly insidious and it became by no means rare to see Aunt Eldora drop the latest European novel and rush to the kitchen to drag her bread from the oven, the crust burned black. When I say "rush" I mean, of course, waddle hastily. I was indeed surprised, however, to have Aunt Eldora say to me quite seriously one day:

"Edward, have you ever took notice how like these here Russian story-novel heroes Sam Cussak is? He don't do a mite of work, and he's drunk most of the time, and they do say he beats his poor wife just awful. I guess maybe he's a hero."

"He's a low brute," I said.

Cussak was the man who brought the ice. I had seen little of him, but Clara had once said she was surprised that he was working. He seldom worked.

"I don't think it is right to send such men to nice houses," she said. "The way he swears when the ice won't fit in the ice box is awful. And, do you know, I think he is actually trying to flirt with Aunt Eldora."

"Uncle Edgar would not like that," I said.

"No, the poor little shrimp," said Cousin Clara.

As the weeks passed I became more and more hopeful. I have postponed saying that I was visiting Aunt Eldora and Uncle Edgar because I am a novelist and I hoped to write a novel of small-town life—something to picture the deadening influence of the small town on the more noble faculties, that sort of novel being the rage just then. I had come to study Aunt Eldora and Uncle Edgar. But nothing had happened. Of course, in many modern novels nothing happens, but I did not wish to leap from my former romanticist style in one leap. I wanted to taper off gradually. As a matter of fact, gradually is the only way one can taper off.

The reaction of Aunt Eldora to the literature of modern Europe (we novelists are strong for reactions these days) gave me something to put in my novel besides the whatnot and the plush album. (Aunt Eldora had none, but they have to be in a small-town novel, so I put them in; the eternal verities must and shall be preserved!)

Still, there was little action. Uncle Edgar, justly characterized by Cousin Clara as a little shrimp, clerked at the bank in the most uninteresting manner, and even Cousin Clara had no heartbreak reactions because she could not turn the City Hall into a lecture rostrum. The Dostoievskization of Aunt Eldora seemed a blessing to me, therefore, and I watched its progress eagerly, making notes in my memoranda book.

My study of Aunt Eldora was most delightful to me. It was worth while. The reluctance of her penguin nature fought the urge she received at the weekly meetings of the Literary Society; her lifelong habit of constancy to Uncle Edgar struggled against the feeling that if she meant to be modern she must elope with Sam Cussak.

"Them ladies of the Literary," she said to me, one day, "ain't like me. They can skip and scoom over these new truths

and not take 'em to heart, but I ain't so made. What I believe, I do. So far as I can see this here Sam Cussak is as nasty and low-down as anybody a female leaves her husband for in them Dossytsky's books or any other books. If there was a drunkener or meaner man in town I'd take it to be my duty to elope with him, but there ain't."

"Have you spoken to him yet?" I asked.

"He's makin' advances," said Aunt Eldora.

"Have you spoken to Uncle Edgar?"

"Him!" she scoffed. "He ain't nothing but a husband. What's he got to do with it? A lady that's going to be modern can't take husbands into account."

One day, as spring merged into summer, Aunt Eldora came to me.

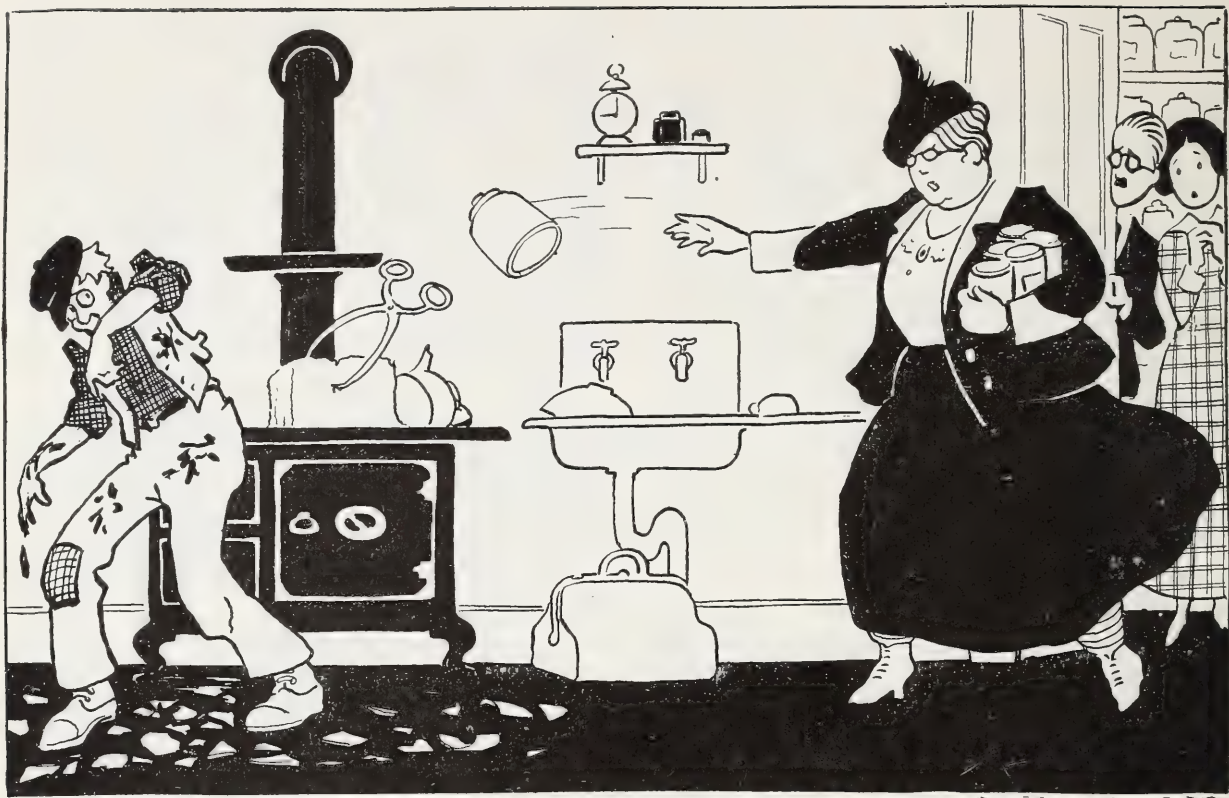
"I guess, Edward," she said, in her placid way, "I'll break the ties that has bound and start in on my new life next Wednesday about nine thirty A.M. Sam Cussak fetches the ice about then and I can't put this business off no longer, because next Friday the Ladies' Literary starts in a new course and I'm real interested in it. I want to get my past started and over with before then."

"Are you sure this is the right thing to do, Aunt Eldora?" I asked. Some one always has to ask that.

"I don't say I like it," she admitted, "but it has got to be done and got over with."



"HE'S MAKIN' ADVANCES," SAID AUNT ELDORA



SHE FOLLOWED IT UP WITH SIX POTS OF BAKED BEANS

What's the use admiring books unless you go and do what they preach at you? I'm baking up plenty of bread and six pots of beans, and with canned goods and dried beef I guess you and Clara and Edgar can get along until I get back home. I don't know yet whether I'll be a broken-hearted penitent or a silent mystery when I get home, but I dare say I can cook as well as usual."

Monday evening Uncle Edgar came to my bedroom.

"Eldora has told you she's goin' to skip out with Sam Cussak, 'ain't she?" he asked. "I dare say she knows what she's doin'—she mostly does—but I just come in to ask you about it, in case she's got her notions twisted somehow. I don't keep posted up on these new books much. Does everybody's wife run off with everybody else's husband in them? Is that what seems the proper caper?"

I told him there was no doubt of that.

"I just wanted to know," he said, meekly. "I'd hate like time for Eldora to do what ain't bein' done in good books. If that's the way it is I won't stop her."

"You adopt the broadly liberal view?" I suggested.

"Seems like," he said, but he did not go. He hesitated.

"Something else, Uncle Edgar?" I asked.

"Well, now, Edward," he said, "I'm

a'most ashamed to speak of it, but I 'ain't been readin' these books like Eldory has. She knows what is what, but I don't. I just thought—I just wondered if you could sort of post me up on what sort of clothes a husband had ought to wear as a goin'-away suit when he's runnin' off with another man's wife?"

"Noble of you!" I exclaimed. "You are the true modern novel husband, Uncle Edgar! You are going to outfit Sam Cussak?"

"I'm goin' to outfit myself," said Uncle Edgar, drily. "That Sam Cussak has one of the sweetest little wives that ever walked on shoe leather; weighs one hundred and forty-five—and—well, she wouldn't ever call me a shrimp. I guess, if Eldora gets Sam Cussak out of the way—"

Clara, when I told her, was delighted. The only thing that had worried her in connection with Aunt Eldora's elopement had been the sorrow it might cause Uncle Edgar, but now this had settled itself nicely. She hurried to Aunt Eldora with the glad news. This was about eleven o'clock in the morning, Tuesday.

"Aunt Eldora was so pleased," Cousin Clara told me later in the day. "She said it would be so nice; they could all elope on the same train—the ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Has she spoken to Sam Cussak yet?" I asked.

"She'll speak to him to-morrow morning when he comes with the ice," said Cousin Clara. "He will be willing; no doubt of that. Aunt Eldora says he has been flirting violently for several days."

That night I wrote six chapters of my novel; in fact, I completed it except for the last chapter, which I reserved to embody the reactions of Aunt Eldora to the actual fact of elopement with another woman's husband. This I could only secure on her return, if she did indeed return. This I doubted somewhat, for Uncle Edgar owned the house, and if he brought Mrs. Cussak here Aunt Eldora might prefer to go elsewhere.

I wrote so late that night that I overslept the next morning and was only awakened by Cousin Clara rapping on my door.

"Get up!" she called. "It is nine, and the elopement is almost due. You must not miss the details; you'll need the realism."

I hurried into my garments and down the stairs. I was just in time to hear a most frightful crash in the kitchen. Aunt Eldora had met Sam Cussak and had taken the chunk of ice—eighty pounds, it was, although it claimed to be one hundred—from him, and had thrown it at him with all her might. Luckily it skidded off him and only bashed in the side of the cook stove, but she followed it up with six pots of baked beans, Boston style, three jars of raspberry preserves, and one jar of sweet pickles, the small kind.

Cousin Clara and I collided in the pantry door and rather wedged there, so it was a moment or two before we really entered the kitchen, and by that time Sam Cussak was in the back yard. He was on his hands and knees under the cottonwood tree, licking himself as a dog does, to get the raspberry-jam and beans off his wrists.

"Auntie! Whatever is the matter?" cried Cousin Clara.

"The scalawag! He tried to kiss me!" Aunt Eldora shouted. "Kiss me, the miserable loafer? I guess not! I showed him!"

"But the elopement?" I cried. "Is it postponed?"

"There ain't going to be none," said Aunt Eldora. "None now and none never. I may be small town and middle class and boojaw, but I hope I've got a little mite of sense left."

After all, it made a satisfactory finale for my novel, I reflected. It was a rousing scene—beans and jam and pickles everywhere, and ice melting in the oven of the stove.

"But Uncle Edgar!" I exclaimed, suddenly. "We must stop Uncle Edgar! Where is he?"

Aunt Eldora smiled grimly. "Don't you fret yourself about that little shrimp," she said, with a grim smile. "He ain't going to elope much. I've got him tied in bed with the clothes line."

As I said in the beginning, it is a waste of time to try to make an albatross or a canary bird out of a penguin. Once a penguin, always a penguin.

An Animated Conversation

"GIVE a Neapolitan a pair of dumbbells," observed an American, lately returned from Italy, "and ask him if he thinks it is going to rain, and before his answer is finished he will have taken enough exercise to last him all day."

"One day I was sitting with a friend in a café in Naples when we observed near us two Neapolitans in conversation. The younger of the two seemed greatly agitated. With his hands he made reaching and clinging motions, as if climbing. Then he seemed to be groping for something in the air as he reached right and left above his head. Next, without slackening his conversation, he put the thumb and forefinger of his left hand together, and, holding them before his eyes, went through the careful movements of one

threading a small needle, and all the time he talked.

"Suddenly his manner changed. He made overhand motions, as if throwing something. Then he apparently imitated a swimmer, and immediately afterward described several circles with his left hand, giving the impression of a rapidly revolving wheel.

"Finally he leaned forward and with his right hand acted the part of a person endeavoring to put a key into a keyhole.

"My curiosity became unendurable, especially as I knew nothing of the Italian language.

"That must be an interesting story that chap's telling," I said to my friend. "What's it all about?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied. "They're only chatting about the weather."

An Elegant Excuse

A WELL-KNOWN wholesale merchant, who has a wide patronage throughout the Piedmont region of the South, received the following letter from one of his customers a few weeks ago:

"I receive your letter about what I owes you. Now be pachtent. I ain't forgot you & soon as folks pay me I'll pay you, but if this was judgment day and you no more prepared to meet your Maker than I am to meet your account then you sho going to hell."

The credit, it may be noted, was extended.

An Informal Meeting

BILL, whose last name is no part of this story, was as nonresisting as are most bridegrooms. Something had led him to the altar; now he had turned and something was steering his course down the aisle.

His ears buzzed and there was a mist before his eyes. Something clung to his arm which he tried twice to shake off. When he got to the door he discovered that it was his wife. Then he found his voice:

"Oh, it's you, Marie!"

"Why, Bill!"

"To tell the truth, dear," he said, looking very sheepishly over his shoulder to make sure no one heard him, "I hadn't an idea who it was!"

Enough Names to Go Round

LIZA belonged to a large family. Even on the plantation, where large families were the rule, the number of her brothers and sisters was a byword. One morning Liza appeared at the "Big House," where she was intrusted with the daily churning, with the information that her family circle had been still further enlarged.

"We's got a new baby 't our house," she announced.

"Have you really!" exclaimed her mistress. "Boy or girl?"

"It's a girl."

"Well, well; another girl! Have they named her yet?"

"Yes'm," replied the small darky. "She name' Frances. Mammy say she didn't have none name' Frances."



Never Too Late For Business

"Dora, do you recall the 'phone number of the man who buys used cars?"



MOTHER: *"Does Mother's little boy feel better to-day?"*

BOBBY: *"Why-er-er, say, what day is it, mother?"*

MOTHER: *"It's Saturday, Bobby."*

BOBBY: *"Sure, Mother, I feel fine; I'll get right up."*

A Startling Exegesis

AT a colored camp meeting in Louisiana the following sermon was delivered by a very black old darky, wearing huge spectacles:

"Brethern and Sistren, de preachifying dis mawnin' will be from de text on de ten virgins. De bridegroom war a-ceming and 'spectin' dem ten virgins to be ready wif dere lamps all trimmed and a-burnin', but, lo, when he was come he done foun' dat on'y five of dem virgins war ready; yessir, five was trimmed and five was ontrimmed; five was wise and five was onwise; five was ready and five was onready; five was male and five was female."

Paid In Kind

IN many of the rural districts of the Middle West, where money does not circulate with great rapidity, services are paid for "in kind." Farmers, for example, will give potatoes, eggs, etc., in payment for debts. A young surgeon, who had occasion to operate in one of these districts, hopefully ap-

proached the husband of the patient and asked for his fee, which amounted to one hundred dollars.

"Doc," said the old man, "I haven't much ready cash on hand. Suppose you let me pay you in kind."

"Well, I guess that will be all right," replied the young doctor, cheerfully. "What do you deal in?"

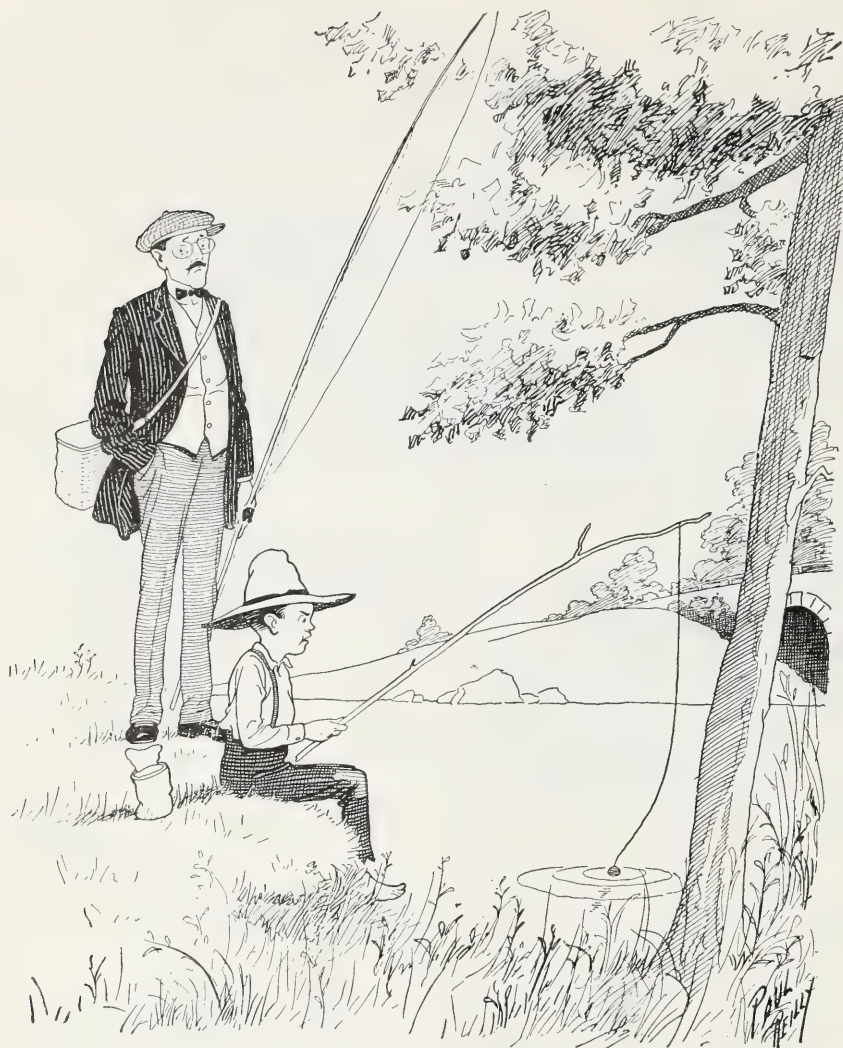
"Horseradish, doc," answered the old man.

Disinterested Spectators

A SUIT for damages was being tried not long ago in one of the divisions of a Southern city court. A country lad, seventeen or eighteen years of age, was put on the stand to testify. He gave his testimony in so low a tone that the judge, pointing to the jury, said to him:

"Speak so that these gentlemen can hear you."

"Why," said the witness, with a beaming smile, "are these men interested in the case, too?"



THE NEW ARRIVAL: "Are the fish biting, sonny?"

THE BOY: "Well, if they are, they are biting each other."

Sociability in Church

LITTLE Susy was taken to church by her mother for the first time. During the long sermon the child grew more and more fidgety, and kept wriggling about. Finally she became very greatly interested in a small tear in her dress and, after looking at this absorbedly for a little while, she jumped to her feet on the seat and, to the great mortification of her mother, cried out:

"Has anybody in this crowd got a pin?"

Forewarned

AN old negress had been engaged to give the basement a thorough cleaning. On inspection, it was discovered that she had not touched a certain closet.

"No, mam, I didn't," she said, in excuse. "I read a story oncet about 'Blue Beard,' an' I never opens no closets now 'thout bein' told to."

Linguistic Sleight of Hand

AT a Western round-up an enthusiastic buckaroo was showing off to a group of visitors his superior knowledge of the technicalities of his trade. He ended with an enthusiastic peroration on the beauties and advantages of the *riata*.

"How does it happen that you use so many Spanish phrases?" inquired an admiring Easterner.

"Well, you see," the cowboy answered, smiling patronizingly, "they are so much easier to throw."

A Convenient Refuge

WHEN the teacher asked, "What are marsupials?" little Johnny was ready with his answer:

"Animals that have pouches in their stomachs."

"And for what purpose are these pouches used?" asked the teacher,

ignoring the slight inaccuracy of the reply. "I am sure you know that, too."

"Yes'm," said Johnny, with encouraging promptness. "The pouches are for them to crawl into and conceal themselves when pursued."

To Poverty

HAIL, Inspiration of the Muses!

Who made this poet what he is,
Who are the cause of all my bruises,
Who kept me sticking straight to biz—

Without you I would not have written
The songs which told how I was smitten.

You are the reason I wrote lyrics
(Though many maids thought Love the cause);

You taught me amphibrachs and pyrrhics,
And all the varied metric laws.

And yet I wish that some *Mæcenas*
Would lay a pile of gold between us.

MORRIE RYSKIND

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Francis Hackett, born in Kilkenny, Ireland, came to America in 1900, where he has since been engaged in literary and editorial work. He is at present one of the editors of *The New Republic*. As a footnote to his article ("The Silver Lining in Ireland") he has this to say:

The cloud that hangs over Ireland everyone knows. Some say that the Irish who believe in the Sinn Fein or self-reliance policy number only half the Irish people. Some say they number 80 per cent. It is quite clear, at any rate, that they have been warring with the British governmental authorities since 1916 and much blood has been shed since 1919. But, although this cloud of revolution has been low over Ireland for many dark months, there is still a silver lining to the cloud. That is the silver lining of human nature. It is the silver lining of its imagination and humor. It is this that I most remember after the two months which my wife and myself spent in Ireland in the summer of 1920.

Gilbert K. Chesterton, after a most successful lecture tour of the country, during which he delighted hundreds of audiences with his flashing wit and arresting paradoxes, has returned to his home in England. He is now engaged in devising further adventures of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." **Mildred Seitz** is an occasional contributor of verse to HARPER's and other magazines. **Agnes Repplier** is one of the best-known of American essayists, whose pen has always grace and charm as well as point and humor.

Richard Matthews Hallet was born in Bath, Maine, and still makes his home on the rugged coast of that state. His stories, which usually carry the salt tang of the sea, have achieved for him during recent years an enviable place among American short-story writers. While **Clark Wissler** retains his connection with the American Museum of Natural History, he is serving for the present year as chairman of the Division of Anthropology and Psychology in the National Research Council. He is in charge of all anthropological field work undertaken by the

American Museum, and is the author of *The American Indian, An Introduction to the Anthropology of the New World*, and of numerous scientific monographs on Indian culture. **Reita Lambert Ranck** offers in "Withered Petals" her first contribution to HARPER's MAGAZINE. **Virginia Watson** is an occasional poet and also the author of several volumes for younger readers recounting the exploits of the great adventurers who have had a part in the making of American history.

Cornelia Stratton Parker, in response to the Editor's request for biographical details, replies with a frank paragraph, which we print in full:

Here are the uncolored, furtive moments of my life: Born in California—year? Ha!—1885—so you'll know it is no worse. Graduated from the University of California in 1907, specializing in History and Economics. (Would that you might add "with honors," or something like that, but it was nothing like that), but anyhow I got married right away, brains or no brains. In Europe while Mr. Parker was studying for his degree, 1910, '11, '12. I did graduate work in Economics at the University of Washington, and California. Appointed Assistant in Economics and Sociology, University of California, 1918, 1919. Part of the work was factory investigations with students. New York, 1919. Student at the New School of Social Research; investigated factory and mills over a large part of eastern U. S. Author of *An American Idyll*, lecturer and writer on industrial subjects. Please,—I have three children.

Mary Austin is one of the best-known of American essayists and novelists, and her studies of the North American Indian have been a notable contribution to the literature dealing with the Amerind. Her best-known books are *The Land of Little Rain*, *Love and the Soul Maker*, *The Man Jesus*, and, most recently, *26 Jayne Street*. **Alice Brown** is a frequent contributor of short stories to the Magazine, in all of which she displays a uniformly exquisite art while holding true to her New England traditions and background. **Robert Hillyer**, who graduated from Har-

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vard in 1917, has already three books of verse to his credit. He has been appointed to a Fellowship at the University of Copenhagen and is now resident in Denmark. **Charles Nordhoff** has had frequent mention in these pages. His South Sea adventures, written in collaboration with **James Norman Hall**, are shortly to appear in book form. **Wilson Follett** is an acute critic and appraiser of present-day literary genius, who has contributed not infrequently to the Magazine. **Florence Guy Woolston** has been active in feminist and suffragist circles for several years and is now connected with the Sage Foundation. **Clarence Day, Jr.**, is a genial latter-day philosopher whose most recent volume, *This Simian World* has had an immediate and deserved success. **Ben Ray Redman** served during the war in the British aviation service. He has written much excellent verse and is also a critical essayist of promise.



In an address delivered at a luncheon in Indianapolis given by the Women's Press Club, Meredith Nicholson was moved to speak of HARPER'S MAGAZINE in terms of unusual praise. We are happy to reprint here this eminent novelist's spontaneous tribute to the Magazine, for the Editors feel that, aside from its complimentary references, it expresses with force and clearness what the aim of HARPER'S MAGAZINE has been and continues to be:

HARPER'S has kept faith with its own high standards through all the changes of public taste and feeling that have marked its long history. It is identified in my mind with the center table in my grandfather's house, and this agreeable association has been strengthened by an unbroken line of other happy memories. HARPER'S has concerned itself first and last with the best thought and highest endeavor of civilization. It has been one of the most potent of educational forces in this nation. Its tables of contents have been distinguished by a diversity of gifts, yet all animated by the same spirit. Whatsoever things have been clean and interesting and stimulating have found place in its pages. It has been a strong factor in the development of an American literature, much of which has first reached the public through its instrumentality. I never pick up a copy without something of the feeling I experience in greeting an old friend, who arrives periodically in fine good humor to enlighten and entertain and amuse me, never to bore me or waste my time.



Cornelia Stratton Parker, whose experiences as a worker among workingwomen

begin in this issue of the Magazine, has discovered many things about the girl who labors which will come as a surprise to our readers. After successively packing candy, working in a laundry, in a brass factory, a dress factory, etc., the following comment is of particular significance:

Life is no sociological problem to the factory girl, nothing to be sobbed over, nothing especially to praise God about. It is a large part of her world, nor is she thanking anyone who makes a martyr of her for that reason. There are those from queens to scullery maids who court pity. Because some such are found among workingwomen does not mean that as a class they plead with tear-filled eyes for the world to relieve their lot. Not but that their lot could indeed be relieved. But the last people who will plead or threaten in their own behalf are the women factory workers themselves. For the reason, chiefly, that among even the oppressed—that is, those whose lives would measure small indeed by our modern standards of progress—the majority feel no oppression. In other words, theirs becomes a social or community problem, more than a subjective individual one. To a far-seeing employer it becomes also an industrial problem.

True, in the few jobs dealt with, only the barest surface of the subject of the reaction of women in industry was scratched. If I have dared to make any generalizations to cover the problem as a whole, I should be taken to task for my presumption. I had thought experience in five different jobs would give me a good bit of what I was after—the attitude of the woman worker to her work. Five is but the mere beginning. Before such a study can have any thoroughgoing value, fifty jobs should be lived through.

And yet—five jobs have proved a treasure house for my own education. A few days ago I was on a train pulling into St. Louis. It was just before eight in the morning. Suddenly on a curve the elevated tracks passed close by a factory. From my window I almost could have touched a girl standing at her table, preparing to start the day's work. In that flash I was suddenly that girl. I could smell the smell of that factory, feel the feel of it. What that girl would think about and talk about and do during the day, though not the details of the job itself, I knew almost as well as she did herself. There seemed to me to be nothing between that girl and me—she and I were one. And, too, I knew, for all that others might sob over her lot, for a good part of the day, judging by the five jobs which I have held, the chances were that she would sing.



The Editors anticipated that Grace Sartwell Mason's story, "Glory," would make a wide and deep impression, but they were hardly prepared for the veritable sensation it

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

seems to have created among our readers, judging by the multitudinous chorus of praise that has ensued. Two letters from grateful readers are reprinted below:

KINGSTON, N. Y.

DEAR HARPER'S,—I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the beautiful story entitled "Glory," by Grace Sartwell Mason, given the place of honor in the April number of your Magazine. It has distinction, charm, and an atmosphere all its own, as well as being exquisitely written. I would love to take the author by the hand and tell her how strongly it appealed to me. As I do not know her address, I am telling you.

I have lived the most of my life next door to a country doctor in a quiet little village. He ushered the most of my family into the world, and he closed the eyes of dear ones who crossed the "Great Divide." I knew his weakness, but I also knew his tenderness and strength. An old Irish-woman for whom he had done much, without money and price, exclaimed one day, in her great thankfulness, "Heaven's gate will open wide and Saint Peter will give Doctor B. a warm welcome when his call comes."

To-day so many stories are written which are distasteful, vulgar, and sometimes nauseating, that one turns with pleasure to something which is sweet, clean, and uplifting. I have read HARPER'S all my life, and my father before me, and I have never liked a story better.

Sincerely yours,
MARIE ANTOINETTE DUBOIS.

The second letter is addressed to the author herself, but contains a suggestion which may be of interest to all Magazine readers:

DEAR MISS MASON,—Reading "Glory" in HARPER'S to-day gave me such exquisite pleasure that I must act at once on my impulse to write you an appreciation, although I know how inadequate my words are bound to be.

It seems to me that no finer, more artistic, or more sincere tribute to the unrecognized heroism and nobility of character found amid the daily commonplace could be written than this touchingly beautiful story of "Old Doc," to whom only one thing was certain in his zero hour when he felt the call to do the impossible—the grim certainty of "no glory if he succeeded, his name a hissing by-word if he failed."

I was very grateful this morning that people in public libraries are so absorbed in their reading that they are seldom conscious of anything else. Becoming suddenly aware of my wet cheeks, I glanced around the crowded reading table for assurance that no one had noticed how I'd been carried away by my emotions. No. Even the clear sudden notes of a cornet, from Fifth Avenue

just outside, didn't cause a single pair of eyes to be raised in curiosity. So I gave myself wholly to your story again and at its conclusion said to myself, "Well, surely this one will be among those chosen as *the best* of this year's short stories when final judgment is pronounced."

And I made this resolution: Considering that the fiction offering was never so great in volume as it is in these days, and so much that is press-agented is, if not actually insulting to the reader's taste and intelligence, at least uninteresting and inconsequential, we, as readers who begrudge time wasted on this sort of reading, should do something about it. At least when we find a satisfactory bit of literature, we can pass our "find" along to a friend, thus doing our bit in popularizing "better fiction" and increasing its production. And I am going to cut out and bind together in some way the fiction that each year impresses me as the very best from my own reading.

Well, to clinch my resolution, I went out and bought the April HARPER'S so that I might start my 1921 collection with "Glory." At home I had time for the rest of the Magazine. What a strikingly interesting number it is! With all due respect to all past numbers of HARPER'S, this one seemed to have an exceptionally well-balanced interest. I hasten to add that I wouldn't for a moment question the taste or judgment of anyone who has found as much or more to interest in other numbers of HARPER'S, but speaking only for myself and admitting that I have missed some numbers, I vote for *this* number.

It also occurs to me somewhat tardily that if I want to be active in a Better Fiction Movement—the Editor is too important to be overlooked. If you think it is all right, won't you please show my letter to the Editor.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

LYDIA GERLACH.



Another story which has evoked more than ordinary attention is Wilbur Daniel Steele's "Fouled Anchor," which also appeared in the April issue. When short stories such as this one are seized upon by English instructors in our schools and colleges for classroom study it can hardly be maintained that present-day fiction provokes only unfavorable comparison with the classic models set by Maupassant and Poe and other great writers. William L. Werner, instructor in English at the Pennsylvania State College, writes as follows:

April 12, 1921.

DEAR HARPER'S,—Let me express my appreciation of the story, "Fouled Anchor," in the April issue. I read it by chance on an Easter vacation trip and found it to be the most interesting magazine story that I've read since Dreiser's "Lost

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Phœbe." Mr. Steele's story is the best constructed story I have ever read in the magazines.

I have charge of the classes in short-story technique at this institution, and I assigned "Fouled Anchor" to my students for study and criticism. You may be pleased to hear that they liked the story very much. In the short courses that we give there is not enough time to follow the current magazines closely, but if you insist on publishing stories like Mr. Steele's I shall be compelled to sacrifice a bit of Poe or Maupassant or Kipling in the interests of HARPER'S.



Big-game hunters, especially those who have followed the sport in the Rocky Mountains, and who have read Roy Chapman Andrews' recent article, "Hunting the Great Ram of Mongolia," will be interested in the following communication to the New York *Times* which would seem to challenge Mr. Andrews' statement of a record kill.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

EDITOR OF NEW YORK "TIMES,"—In a recent Sunday issue of the New York *Times* you had an editorial entitled, "A Ram of Rams," descriptive of my friend Roy Chapman Andrews' successful hunting trip in Mongolia, on which he secured an Argali sheep, the horns of which measured over nineteen inches in circumference and fifty length of curve.

Mr. Andrews, in his article in HARPER'S makes the following statement: "The largest ram of our Rocky Mountains (*Ovis Canadensis*) is a pigmy compared to a full-grown Argali." You repeat this statement in your editorial. I am going to prove that neither you nor Mr. Andrews are correct in this statement, and that our Rocky Mountain sheep is almost, if not quite, as large as the Argali.

Mr. Andrews is very familiar with the Asiatic sheep, but evidently is quite unfamiliar with the American Big Horn. Mr. Andrews' Argali was measured immediately after it had been killed. In a fresh sheep horn there is a large amount of soft tissue, and when the horn dries a head the size of Mr. Andrews' Argali would shrink at least two inches in circumference and possibly three inches in length of horn. Five years from now this Argali, which is a record, will measure in circumference a little less than eighteen inches and in length of horn about forty-seven inches.

I have seen American Big Horn sheep heads taken over ten years ago and in their dried condition they measure almost as much as the Argali will measure five years from now. I will quote the measurements of just two of these heads. One comes from British Columbia, was killed over

twenty years ago and measures to-day seventeen and seven-eighths inches circumference, forty-four inches curve. Another killed in British Columbia fifteen years ago measures sixteen and a half inches circumference, forty-seven inches length of right horn and forty-six inches length of left horn. I know of a head taken in Lower California over twenty-five years ago which measures to-day eighteen and three-eighths inches circumference.

The North American Big Horn sheep does not have the spread of the Argali; the horns grow close to the head. The curve of the American sheep horns is almost invariably at such an angle that when they become over thirty-eight or forty inches long they interfere with the sheep's vision. When that occurs the sheep immediately breaks off the points, and for this reason very few of our Big Horns show a curve of over forty inches.

Mr. William T. Hornaday, in his collection of horns at the Bronx Park has a sheep head killed in Lower California by Mr. Gould. This head measures sixteen and one-half inches in circumference and forty-two curve, spread twenty-five inches. This is the largest sheep I know of in New York City and any of your readers who care to can see the head at the Bronx Park.

DR. H. M. BECK.



The editor of any periodical enjoys a peculiar vantage point overlooking things in general. He is frequently impressed by currents of feeling or eddies of opinion which are not revealed to others. Some months ago we set forth the problem squarely faced by a Middle-West business man in an article entitled, "Ought I to Leave the Church?" which, as our readers know, has evoked a multitude of responses. As this discussion still goes on, and further contribution to it come almost daily under our eye, we are impressed by the deep and widespread interest in the question by those now outside the church rather than within its portals. "Asleep in Zion" has been a classic text with which clergymen have been wont to castigate their congregations. Apparently, the most earnest thought upon the problem of the place of the Church in modern life is now coming from those who are not church-goers. But it is evident that the American people—church-goers or not church-goers—are keenly alive to the importance of getting more religion into our everyday life, and are critical of the Church Material rather than the Church Spiritual.



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The Harbor Master"

HIS FINGERS TREMBLED AND COULD NOT FIND THE CLASP

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COMMUTERS IN BARBARY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

ONE! Two! Three! Three bells!—vibrating through the odorific passages of that ship without a country. Standing up in my bunk and craning toward the black porthole, I saw a star flash and flash again on the horizon.

"Africa!"

I spoke the name aloud to myself amid the French-and-Maltese snoring of that cabin. "Africa!" Like a blithering schoolboy. And the name did not fail. No; from the day I opened my first thin yellow geography in a Colorado schoolroom, twenty-eight years before the morning on that filthy Russian steamship out of Marseilles, running untouched through all the process of growth, education, and experience of things, the uneasy magic of the name had held.

"Africa!"

Already, as I huddled into the rest of my clothes, as I climbed upward through the stale internals of the ship, I forgave them—ship, Russians, roaches, and all. And when I had stepped out on a deck strewn with sleepers like a field of carnage, I forgot.

A phantom of gray spread over the water, lifting the dim silhouette of an island mountain far in the east. In the west the lighthouse that had signaled me through the porthole had climbed up

from the horizon to stand on a mountain of its own, a promontory, featureless, crepuscular, a slow upheaval of the stuff of night . . . like the head of that dark continent lifted, motionless, to watch us coming over the water in this uneasy hour before the dawn.

I have come upon other lands, continents, islands of chimera, mist-blue in the growing day. But I have never before had one lift its head from sleep to watch me in the chill hush of the zero hour. I will tell you that I felt queer. As I stood there in face of that still, impenetrable scrutiny, I felt empty—empty of hand and of mind. No one had told me the watchword. No one ever would.

I went to wake the womenfolk and children who were sleeping rolled in blankets near the after-wheel. I wanted to see the queerness come into their eyes, too. I wanted to know if it was true. . . .

But already, within the moment, another magic had been made. The world stood forth in an inundation of pearl; the bloodless, sunless light that comes before the instant of dawn. And, looking over my shoulder for the black sentinel head, I found it gone. In place of it stood up a raw-cut mass of land, the light still blinking palely on the peak of it, and all the crest and shoulders rimmed with a drift of impossible snow.

A town reared there against the heavens; a soaring, crystal town that seemed in that distorting light to send out a glimmering, frosty radiance of its own; a city of ivory and silver and alabaster, incomparably whiter than the sky. . . .

And that, too, being faerie, could not endure. The fat sun rolled on the horizon; our eyes were tricked away by a world full of many things; and the walls, the domes, and minarets of that headland that never was, were gone. Forever!

The mists of unreality were burned away; the raw, red-ochre carcass of Barbary stood up against us across the turquoise water of the Gulf of Tunis; the dry, robbed, naked plain that had been Carthage, empress of the inner seas, followed by the beachside villas of rich

Arabs, followed by the beachside villas of rich Jews. And of a sudden we brought a fleet of white sails between—twenty—thirty fishermen in a covey thickset as a hedge, fooling the eye with their careen of lateen sail, so that in the utter calm of dawn they seemed to be rail-under in a beam wind—seemed actually to be sweeping past us to seaward at a vertiginous speed, like frightened gulls.

And then the tiny Venice of La Goulette with its two black, belching chimneys, anachronisms in the Shadow of the Prophet! And after that the ship canal laid down like a six-mile ruler across the lake of Tunis into the heart of the incredible city.

Incredible! Thousand-colored, thousand-scented, thousand-tongued! Blatant! Inscrutable. . . . Sometimes it



THE TINY VENICE OF LA GOULLETTE



THE LOVELIEST TOWN UNDER THE SUN—SIDI BOU SAID

seems to me that I could sit in the midst of the roaring, whispering *souk* for a thousand years, and at the end of them be no nearer—not by a day.

And I remember the head of Africa, lifted in the darkness, watching—as if to tell me from the beginning of all that I should never know the black of Africa from its white, its right from its left, its “yes” from its “no.” Not in a thousand years.

And I remember the little dream town on the crest of the fabulous headland, glimmering for a wink and, too fragile to endure the level light of day, gone again. Forever!

One would say—

But this is a land where one must not say. Behold me to-day. I take my afternoon coffee, thick and black and sweet, at the white crossways of that

same dream city in the sky—Sidi bou Said—and it is solid underfoot. And, rounding the shoulder of that cloud-drawn headland, I come down into La Marsa, its snowy sister town. I eat my dinner to the echo of the drums and trumpets of a Bey out of a Thousand Nights and One; I spank the children and go to bed and sleep to the music of goatskin tambourines. . . . And more extravagant than that is this—Not by one smallest pebble has this fantasy become more solid than a story-teller’s rhapsody; familiarity has bred all things but contempt, and for once in the world it is nearness that lends enchantment to the view.

I give you my word for that. Never can I quite control the start it gives me when, coming home along a street blue and blank with the night, I lift my

eyes to find a camel gazing down upon me from a roof; a darksome, introspective housetop camel limned against the moon. . . . At La Marsa.

Nor can I yet keep all my breath when, round a certain corner, I find myself of a sudden at the portals of space.

Imagine a street no more than twenty paces long, snow-white walls, arched doorways, doors brass-studded and rainbow-hued. And at the end of this street, a few steps off, imagine a pillared gateway opening across the width of it. And beyond the gate the void! The azure gulf of space! Nothing! Nothing but a two-horned mountain, far off, ethereal, floating, self-sustained! And far away and below us a ship, the size and color of a moth, swimming in the blue! . . . At Sidi bou Said!

The loveliest town under the sun!

Sidi bou Said! The Saint, the Father (or the Giver) of Good Luck!

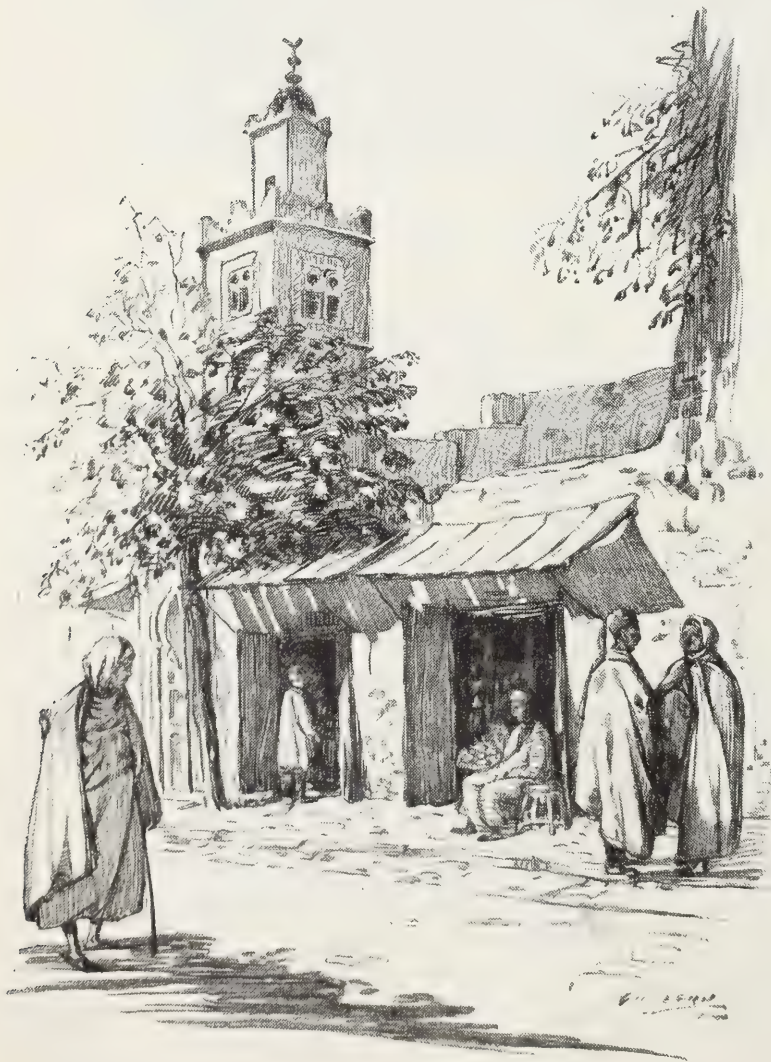
Nor has the omen failed. They are all rich men who live here, the richest and (as sometimes happens in the world) the straitest in the Faith. It is the town chosen of the Cherifs. Their great, square - angled houses, thick - walled, high-latticed for their women's eyes, climb into the sky. The streets grow steep and steeper till they give up and become stairs. At every turning one's gaze seems to tumble into the sea. There is a strange quietude. Women pass at a whisper and rustle, holding out before their faces the sheer white head covering which serves so completely as a veil. It is very rarely that one sees here the hideous black face-bindings of the Tunisian lower classes; the round, black, bald mutilations that move like

death's heads through the feast of color in the city *souks*. Nor does one often see a barefaced woman in Sidi bou Said. Being urban of the urbanities, it has no Bedouins; being aristocrats of Islam, it has no Jews.

If there is a sound in these higher corridors of the little town, it is the occasional grunt and drip and clatter of a mouse-colored donkey, bringing up water from the wells on the plain. And now that is gone.

From almost underfoot, like a ray of stage light, there comes the peculiar warm green luminosity from a mosque interior. And at sight of it I remember a legend I heard just a little while ago.

In this same mosque of the greenish light (they told me) rests what is mortal of Saint Louis, king of France. It will do for infidels and "Romans" to look for him among the other kings in St. Denis above the Seine. And if he died here in the midst of his plague-smitten



THE MOSQUE TOWER RISING AGAINST THE BLUE

Templars on the field of Carthage—that is a comfortable tale for Christians to believe. But the truth is this: The body of the dead king that was taken back in state across the sea to France was actually the body of a nameless stricken captive “who astonishingly resembled the saint,” robed and crowned and sceptered and laid in the king’s tent, while Louis himself, his heart turned to Islam in the length of one blinding night, slipped out from his army encamped in face of the Saracens and fled with his miraculous preceptor, the Marabout Sidi Drift. And it was nowhere but here that the new Marabout Louis came to live and to die in the odor of sanctity, on this hill above the sea—Louis Sidi bou *Sid* (they tell me this time), Saint Father of Lions. And with him, under the mosque’s tower,



AN ARAB CAFÉ IS NOT THE THING WE KNOW IN AMERICA

rest the remains of his daughter Cherifa, mother of Cherifs, nobles of the land.

At least, if it isn’t so, it is one of those things (from the story-teller’s viewpoint) that ought to be so. It goes too well with the quiet wind through these lofty, pale-tinted passages, and the broad African sunshine, the whispering, rustling, hidden women—even with the mouse-colored donkey bringing up water from the wells on the plain.

At the town’s peak, climbing darkly to the walk-around of the lighthouse that sent me that first early-morning gleam of land, I come suddenly out upon a prospect to turn the heart over and tweak the spine: The inside of the globe of the universe painted in wide, raw brush strokes of blue and red; the mountains violet . . . *Jebel bou Kornine*, the two-horned—*Jebel Ressay*, thrown together haphazard of



THIS LITTLE STREET IS INTIMATELY ASTOUNDING

woods and crags; and the green and cobalt blues of the Mediterranean, sweeping up from underfoot to the azure hemisphere of the sky; and all to the west and south the red plain, the sun-roasted, cactus-patterned reach of Africa—the bald mound of Carthage; the monastery of the White Feathers set on the nakedness where Moloch feasted on the flesh of infants and Baal thundered across the seas! And beyond that, blinding in the sun-path, the flamingo-haunted lake, and beyond the lake the city, far-off Tunis like a white mirage.

And just now I have a vision of the plain and city and hills that will not leave me again. I see all Barbary as an isthmus; a rugged, sun-smitten tongue of land washed by two tides, a causeway

marching between two seas. The sense of it grows; the feeling of the pressure of the drifts—down from the north the blue drift of the Mediterranean; up from the south the pale drift of the ocean of sand.

My mind runs over from coast to coast. And now I am happier, for I love the sea. And now I can think of those palm-girt towns down deep in the south (where I am going, *in-cha Allah*, within the week) as truly the ocean ports they are, the sea-gates of the isthmus, the sentinels, traffickers, havens for all the creeping, northward-coming fleets that scour the islands of the Sahara to the sand shores of Timbuctoo. . . .

The autumnal sun, no larger at noon than a pin point blazing in the top of the



IT IS A STREET OF A DOZEN WONDERS



THE BALD MOUND OF CARTHAGE WHERE MOLOCH AND BAAL ONCE REIGNED

sky, declines and expands. Down in the pink and white street-crossing that serves Sidi bou Said as a square, the men are gathering at the two cafés. I find my people there, and we sit beneath the awning of the lower one, where the matted benches are only a foot above the cobbles of the street. The other café is the handsomer. It rises by banks of steps, balconies ajutting here and there at various levels, the palings vivid apple green against the snowy walls. At the summit of the steps, as at a great distance, the doorway hangs as dark as the mouth of a cave, flanked by marble pillars ravished out of Carthage and painted black and red. And above the visible strip of malachite roofing there is a glimpse of the mosque tower against the blue.

It was a sad mistake to make the café so jolly to look at, for of course the thing to do is to sit under the awning of the other one and enjoy the view.

An Arab café is not the thing we know

in America, nor yet the thing we know in France. It is rarely that one finds table or chair. The Arab contents himself with stone platforms in the open spaces and stone shelves along the walls, like a system of low table-mountains, upon which the trick is to sit cross-legged and sock-footed, balancing a coffee cup in one hand, playing an outlandish card game with the other, and talking gravely and volubly all the while, and calling for more coffee!

Coffee and more coffee! *Cahoua! Cahoua!* Without end! What an amount of coffee! What a gross tonnage of coffee! In the deep-shadowed passage to our left a soot-black Numidian, stripped to the waist, is pounding the roasted berries in a huge stone mortar, blowing out of his throat at every lunge of the twenty-pound pestle a loud aspirated groan: "*Hnnk! Hnnk! Hnnk!*" He pounds till it grows finer than meal, finer than dust. "*Hnnk! Hnnk!*"

When we have got our cups in hand on our straw-matted table-mountain, the stuff comes to us in tiny pots of white metal stuck on long skewers of the same, of which the serving man will carry any number, fanwise, between his thumb and fingers. Nor is it the pale essence that we know. It is the soul and body of the coffee itself, semifluid, sticky sweet, and black, and surprisingly good.

The shadows lengthen. Just to our right comes up the street that brings everyone and everything into Sidi bou Said from the nether world of the plain. It is in line with the sun now, swimming, shimmering; the painted lintels of all the cubby-hole shops along the walls blaze to the eye; metallic highlights glint on piled comestibles, hard loaves, sweets, pumpkins, pomegranates, on copper kettles, and on jars of earthenware. And continuously over the shining cobbles fall the streaming shadows.

Shadows of the Old Testament! Shades of the Thousand Nights and One!

Watching the home-coming of the commuters of Sidi bou Said, one's first instinct is to bolt the whole thing down along with the memory of masquerades at home. It is only a little less complete. Here among the sheen of silk jebbas and the soft luster of bernouses, the bright red of fezzes peeping from flowered turbans, and all the orange variants of slippers aflap on the stones, one catches sight of sartorial anachronisms which would hardly pass the doorkeeper at the "fancy-dress" ball at home. Here a pair of English tweed trousers under a pongee *jupe*; there the yellowest of yellow Bowery oxfords with socks to match and purple Boston garters encircling bare brown calves. And now, as if to cast all rules of the party to the winds, a complete sack suit of the boulevards—complete but for the fez, to save the Faith.

I say, that is the impulse at first, and then one knows that nothing could be wider of the mark. The dress is sumptuous, bizarre, and just a little silly. It is a strange thing in Western eyes. But



A WELL AND CAMEL-PUMP BEHIND THE CAFÉ

I think that its strangeness is somewhat in the manner of an optical red herring—one of those kindly dodges of nature—serving to fill up and content the Western imagination, which could never at all hope to comprehend the profound strangeness of the men inside the clothes.

They are a million and a million miles away. One of them is sitting with us now, a gracious and debonair young fellow in the properest of European serge. His manner and his French are perfect. The cast of his face is as Oriental as my own. Once in a frivolous moment I put my cap on his head, and when his lips opened it might have been to the "Boola" of Yale. No one was ever more interesting, more interested, or kind. And yet we are all the while aware that we have no finger hold on him. We may be quite certain we cannot ever come to "where he lives." He is really not beside us at all. He is really down there with those two men in silken garments who climb toward us at a tranquil pace; aging men with faces whiter skinned than ever ours could be, white-bearded, unlined, incredibly serene of eye. They converse in even tones, neither loud nor low, and as they walk one holds the hand of the other in his palm. They come; within an arm's reach of us they pause; they turn into the deeper shadows of the café, without so much as the corner of an eye for the infidels, the barbarians, sitting there agawg at the Chosen of the One God. . . . And of nothing can we be more sure than that the youngster beside us is walking with them all the while, as he will go on walking till the play is done, without so much as thinking us strange.

Why *won't* they look at us as if we were strange? Or at least amusing? Or at least alive?

They *must* be talking about us now. On the shaded table-mountains the words fly faster, full of edgeless "g's" and "kh's" and "ish" sounds, and deep throated aspirates. Gestures multiply. It is of us.

We do not ask the college youngster.

He is the son of the Bey's general, and politeness might lead to evasion. But we put the question to Abd El Kader, that dark and honest shadower of our needs.

"They talk of the rates of the money-lenders, the rental of houses, and the hope of the crops."

And yet, for all that, *they* are a million million miles away.

The sun is dropping. We rise and go (I had almost said, arise, gird up our loins and go) down the declivity which leads out of Sidi bou Said. Against the rose light flooding the plain, out of one cross street ahead of us and into another, bursts a sudden pageant—a crimson-penciled apotheosis of moving day—marching to the beat of cymbal and tambourine and the lilt of a chant; men, women, and children white-robed and flower-garlanded, bearing high on their heads, like floats in some Middle-Western civic-pride parade, vast chests of drawers, French washstands, mirrors, and rolled rugs. And so the bride in Barbary cometh to the groom.

They are gone—flowers, washstand, bride, rose dust, and song. And before us is left nothing but the empty road, pale with the sudden chill of the African dusk.

Endless walls of cactus, gray-green, writhing, full of lizards and gnomes. Red fields, shallow-plowed, awaiting the rains. Rare lone houses, like white-cliffed islands in the immensity of the plain. A glimpse of dusky herd land and a herd on the move; a dim, catholic herd—sheep, goats, donkeys, camels, and kine, and shadowy silhouettes of Bedouin boys and dogs—for all the world like the outpouring from some child's Noah's Ark come to life in the bewitched moment between the day and the dark.

Sometimes I think they must indeed be creatures of wood, or else, like the chameleon of Abd El Kader's naïve natural history, they must "eat the earth and drink the air"—for certainly

the pasturing is bald and baked and red as the plowed fields themselves.

But our feet are ringing on the street metal of Marsa-Ville. The blooms of century plants and the roadside ilex are gone; house walls shut out the after-glow; from some garden court a cypress protrudes, an inky taper in the ray of a solitary lamp. Phantoms come and go.

The great barrack yard before the Bey's palace is deserted. The beylical army is elsewhere. Still far out on the road we heard the bugles of the retreat, very faint, followed, each of three prolonged, unmodulated blasts, by the still fainter bruit of a shout, hundred-throated, flung up with a flash and clash of bayonets to the gray old moribund face half seen in the shadows of an upper casement, "*Allah younser sidna!*" ("God save our king!")

Now a sentry standing very straight before a striped sentry-box at each gateway as we pass (we have to cross the barrack yard), and at each of the arched entrances giving into the heavy-scented gardens, the vast, tiled audience chambers, and the unvoluptuous mysteries of the royal harem. (It has been our one disillusionment to learn that the descendant of the never-daunted Prophet puts up with a single spouse)—save for these mute sentries and a lone, huge, stoop-shouldered eunuch wandering aimlessly in and out, the square is empty under the dusk.

The army is gone, but not far. Passing through the second gate, out of the square, we come into the living town. It is such a street, just here in the forepart, as I used to picture to myself in romances of old camps and armed cities; tales whose dramas played themselves out against an inevitable background of soldiery idling and brawling and generally carrying on in a penumbral fringe of drinking shops. . . . Here, in faith, is the soldiery, and here is the penumbra of drinking shops; how many of them I have never counted. One after another the cafés open along the wall, one room

to the café, scarcely larger than the cube of the door, and each one full of the blue-and-crimson uniforms, the swart, lamplit faces, and the enormous shadows of the beylical troops. . . . A voice launched high in challenge, clean as a blade—deathless d'Artigan there! And a brown Porthos grunting from a matted bench behind, and Athos brooding under a tilted fez. It might be. Except that they all look precisely alike. Identically! as though, under the miraculous sanction of a Paradise and Prophet undaunted by the Resident of France, the Bey had ordained the army in a job lot along with the uniforms.

It is a street of a dozen wonders. A street of a thousand wonders, like the modern five-ring circus, gets one nowhere. There are *souks* in Tunis, for instance, which only tire the neck and leave the memory blank. This little home street of ours is more intimately astounding.

Above the street, above the roofs, high under the stars, it seems, hangs a pulse of melody. The Moroccans! Heard in a passing hush and gone again, and come again and gone again before the clattering of mules' hoofs on the flags—silken black mules with golden amulets around their necks (against the "evil eye" of such as we), drawing a closed carriage with satin screens in the windows and an eye and half an olive-tinted nose peeping through a chink held open by a little finger, henna-stained. The adventurous heart has a moment of pounding. What—oh what if one had seen the other eye, too! Or a bit of cheek, or a red lip! Perhaps next time . . .

It is extraordinary, after one short month, what a glimpse of the fourth part of a face will do, any kind of a face—brown, yellow, white, or black; and, on the other hand—

Here comes a Jewess, bearing down upon us across the striped light like a generous galleon before the wind. Billowing! Like the Bey's soldiers, the Jewesses are all alike; always, all of them, billowing. Enormously white-

trouserred, vastly crimson-vested, rainbow-smitten, and quite absolutely naked of face. Frightful!

And now we stand between two doorways and know not which way to look. In each of them is framed a composition in chiaroscuro prepared to order for the etcher's acid and plate. On the one side the notary, his tiny chamber all in gloom, save where a candle stub on his desk, concealed like a footlight, casts up a glow over his motionless face, sparsely whiskered, sapless, livid, serene, picks out a thin scimiter of turban edge, and sends the rich fat shadow of it all, like the caricature of an enormous skull, sprawling and clambering over the close wall behind. . . .

On the other hand is the house of the potter, the potter still pedaling his wheel and making magic before the eye, touching the brown and arid trunk of clay into swift blossom—blooms fragile and various—like the charmed flower of Oz. To our painstaking, "*Msa el khir!*" from the dusk he gives back a grave "*B'slemma!*" while a vase for jasmines bursts into bloom between his hands; and in our gratification at this most successful interchange we are near to being run down by a hip-high donkey heavily laden with a six-foot Bedouin man nine-tenths asleep.

There is the door of a humble mosque beneath an inconsiderable tower, and a candle-flame hanging in the interior void; a void about which we must not even wonder, for we are *roumi*—Romans—and it is *défendu*.

Again, drifting high, we catch the rumorous melody of reed and goatskin over the roofs, and, like a proper denizen of that bizarre, faint wind, we behold our housetop camel lifting his hump against the last paleness in the west—lofty, lonely ruminant of the sky.

But there is a camel, another camel, a ground camel, with whom we are on terms of greater intimacy. (I have even ridden a circuit on his most inconveniently arranged back, and fallen off

it, too, to the sound of Moslem and infidel glee.) This is the camel of *Saf-Saf*.

In *Saf-Saf*, the big Arab café without a roof, he marches—around, around, around. They tell me that our camel of *Saf-Saf* is really two camels, and that they pump the water "watch and watch." But he always looks the same, and I prefer to think of him as unique and sempiternal. In the rear he is hitched to the long arm of a wheel in the horizontal plane, its out-pegs engaging (as Adam our father might himself have ordained it) with another in the perpendicular—a huge, wet, wooden thing, fetching up endless jugs out of the deep well.

In front he is led by the insistent tug of another arm of the wheel, a sapling bent strongly to his halter rope. And so, his preposterous neck outstretched to the urge of the goad in the sapling, his woolly hump ajog and aquiver, his fragile hind legs following endlessly the lead of the shaggy big ones in front, and his eyes blinded with two round mats of woven reed—so he marches in darkness—on, on, on—on and out across the sand steppes and alfa patches of the Atlas, out across the white, imagined desert of his fathers, the mirage-painted spaces, the endless glimmering out-trail of the sand.

As the lights of evening begin to flare under the roof hoods scattered within the high walls of *Saf-Saf*, the children come in through the arched gate, bearing the family water jars to be filled at the well. For the water of *Saf-Saf* is good water, wonder-working water, better than the doctor, *bon pour l'estomac*. Every morning of the week Abd El Kader fetches me a huge jug of it, and it has cured me of divers complaints. Among the little shadows there is a sound of spatter and gurgling, of laughter and warning squeaks, as the vaster shadow, lurching through its orbit, is upon them again—plodding, *shuh, shuh, shuh*, to the lead bells of some far caravan.

And under the glowing roof hoods, like

things in a garden in Japan, the multi-colored jebbas, the white bernouses, and crimson fezzes are gathering; little knots of rainbow hanging in the black mid-air.

"*Cahoua! Cahoua! Attini cahoua! Ali!*"

Ali, the darksome, is there, dodging the camel and the pump, his hands sprouting coffee-ladles, his bare soles picking a way among the footgear ranged on the ground about the rocky table mountains—slippers orange, yellow, black, and green, French patent-leathers, one pair of riding-boots, one wooden leg.

And, high over the tops of the olives that grow in *Saf-Saf*, there drifts again the beat of shallow drums.

We must seriously consider getting ourselves there, no matter what else is in the way. To-night the Moroccans are still dancing; to-morrow they dance no more; not for another year. We must take the rest of the street at a run, if need be—deaf, dumb, and blind.

It is another café, on the foreshore, where the town breaks and goes down to the sea; Café el Hafsi, with a broad, stone pavilion under an awning of tent cloth striped white and brown like the pictures in the Bible we used to have at home. And there, under the awning, are the Moroccans, after three days and nights of dancing.

For seventy odd hours, without enough hours off to mention for slumber on the rock floor, they have been at it. Dancing and singing; dancing, dancing, and singing again. In our huge windowed chamber, the shortest kind of a biscuit-toss downhill, we have gone to sleep at night to the wild lullaby of a tambourine and an earthenware flower vase beaten with a cupped hand; each morning we have breakfasted to the penetrating falsetto of the auction of a pomegranate.

At each lull in the march of dance and song this old man is on his feet. He stamps. He hops like a saint. He launches across the floor crowded with silken torsos, yellow slippers, and bare

shins. With one hand he holds back from his face the rough hood of his country bernous; with the other he lifts and shakes a scarlet fruit. His gray beard stabs the air; his eyes glitter this way, that way, like the eyes of a scurrilous old jay; his voice, ironic, shrill, twitting, challenging, darts over the throng.

A pomegranate, a crimson ripe pomegranate for sale!

In the *souk* one buys a kilo of them for a franc and a half. But this is another fruit, this in the hand of the prancing old hawker.

"Five francs! Si Hassim bou Khaa has bid me five francs. Who will pay more?"

Another voice and another, lifted in staccato bargaining. I have heard pleasanter sounds. And I have heard sounds less pleasant. As, for instance, the pounding of a thick glass on a bar and the query, not less thick, as to "who's going to buy the drinks this shot?"

Five francs fifty has been bid. Six francs has been bid. And still the insatiable hawker carries on.

"Six francs and fifty centimes!"

They tell me that these Tunis-dwelling Moroccans—exiles from Islam's wild and woolly and fanatical West—will labor and deny themselves through the length of the year for the three days' squandering and wassail of this the feast of their saint. Twelve months minus three days in the steaming Tunis *souk*—only to be able to fling a princely hand at the sardonic vender of good fellowship and cry:

"Seven francs for the pomegranate! Seven!"

It is sold. It is given over to the buyer and cherished in a fold of the bernous, for it is not a fruit, but a symbol. And the seven hard-won francs of its buying go into the café's internals, and out from the café's internals comes tea—sweet, sirupy, mint-impregnated tea in a half a hundred tiny glasses—tea for all.

Thus, not undramatically, are "the drinks set up."

And almost immediately, here or there among the cross-legged crowd on the floor, the dance is incipient again. One sees the movement swelling, mounding up, inexorably. A goatskin drum booms under an accidentally dropped thumb. Somewhere a reed stutters and pipes. A man is up. Any man at all. And another. There is a shuffling back on haunches. There is a ring. Music. *Phut! Phut! Phut! Boom! Boom! Boom!* And the measured clapping of many hands.

The two men afoot dance and sing. They dance from heel to toe, toe to heel, the hips held rigid, the shoulders jarring, bowing, swaying. If they move from their place it is only in slow gyration. All the while their voices, pitched almost preternaturally high, like the soprano voices of choir boys, shrill to the slurs and quavers of a song three half-tones in its widest range.

The quarter of an hour passes, the half, the hour, and still the drums give out the same thumb booming, the hands clap in the same ceaseless measure of five beats to the bar; the dance endures, heel to toe, toe to heel; the cricket voices rise and fall in the same strait compass of a tone and a half.

But yet it is not always the same. Perhaps it is a *conte*, the history of a marabout, the epic of a tribe. Who knows? Abd El Kader doesn't. The outlandish Moroccan patois is as blank to the Tunisian as it is to me. But the faces at least we can read. Passion comes and goes. And there is pathos, humor, melancholy.

Other men are up. The volume of voices swells. . . .

There is an abrupt stillness. The thin, sardonic cry of the pomegranate merchant is abroad. There is tea in tinkling glasses.

So it has been through the length of these three days and nights—days of blue and gold, nights silvered by a moon riding at the full. We have come and gone; come again to watch and listen for a moment, only to stay for hours,

caught in the hypnotic web of the monotonous weird thing.

There must indeed be some strong element of hypnotism in it, else they could never carry on so long under the sheer physical strain. Flesh would give way; at least rebel. They would come to a point where they wouldn't *want* to dance any more. And yet to-night, at the feast's end, they still seem to want, passionately, uncontrollably, to dance and sing.

To-night, as we come out of the town, the moon is rising from behind the mountains beyond the gulf. The blue, horizontal ray casts under the awning to temper the warmer light falling out from the doors across the crowded floor.

The dance is more populous and imposing than any we have yet seen. It is hard to count the figures lined along the farther balustrade of the pavilion in the silvery dimness, but there must be upward of thirty—heel to toe, toe to heel, clapping, bowing, swaying to the rhythmical beat of drums and the stressed syllables of the cantor.

This is a negro, as black and weasened and ancient and *distract* as human flesh well could be. He covers his face with his tambourine, oraclewise, and chants into the bottom of it. His flat, blue-black thumbs rise and fall on the goat-hide, which is warmed from time to time over the brazier glowing at his feet. His voice comes to us, rapt, plaintive, tenuous; it advances, it recedes to a whisper, lost under the beat of clapping hands. The line to his left gives voice, high pitched. The line to his right throws back the response. The mood grows. The action becomes swifter. Knees begin to fling up. The weird soprano chorus swells—higher—quicker—louder. Louder! *Boom-boom-boom!*

And of a sudden, from behind us where we stand, still-struck and gaping across the sitters' heads, there floats over the thunder a sound like an echo from another world—a phantom ululation out of the night.

There is a well behind us there and a

camel pump built up high like a tower with white battlements. And the tower, the battlements, the sloping run leading up to the wheel—all the wall is corniced with sheeted wraiths, white apparitions of women, a ghost chorus of applause.

"L-l-l-l-l-l-l—" A soft, high, liquid, palate sound! A moon glimmer of sound! No, it is not that. . . . I have come to the end of my resources. It is better to look beyond where, at the electric-lighted, concrete-platformed station, the tram from Tunis is pulling in with a squeal and a shudder to pour out the children of Haroun el Rashid and the

grandchildren of Abraham. For, if that tram is not of our own twentieth century, it is at least of the late nineteenth. And at least we can remember now that we are commuters.

The drab magic of that epithet. We are steadied. As commuters we can pull ourselves together; we can close our eyes and refuse our ears (and our noses). We can get downhill, and to bed, and finally, perhaps, to sleep.

And to-morrow the disrupting Moroccans will be gone.

But to-morrow, though, I am bound for the south—where it will be worse.

THE EVER CHANGING

BY ALICE BROWN

THREE things I know that greatly range
Through an infinitude of change:
The moving tumult of the sea,
Clouds limned in mutability,
That awful magic men call fire—
High priest at permanency's pyre—
Pulsing to coal and flowered in flame,
Yet never, through unnumbered years, the same.

A hand there was that hurled the sun
In his encircling road to run,
And drew the lineaments of those
Men call the lilac and the rose,
And set the crystals of the air
In form on form most brightly fair,
But wearied of the lasting line,
The form unaltered through the type divine.

O loveliness of lavishment!
O flower of godhead's discontent!
Dear ebb and flux of death and birth,
Tumultuous rhythm of air and earth,
Beauty pursued, herself pursuing,
In evanescence and renewing,
Vast, glad caprice of frolic will
Sporting with changes, yet unchanging still.

ALL OR NOTHING

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

AT Pedro, the other two passengers in the Halfmoon Bay bus crawled out and, as the driver shot the car forward, their voices floated back with sharp insistence:

"Anson Carr?"

"Yes—you know, the man who came into all that money."

Anson Carr heard the query and answer distinctly, and almost for the first time he realized that he had become a person of importance. The thought both pleased and irritated him. He had always had a craving to stand out from the crowd, to be a person of distinction. He had looked forward to the day when the public would whisper as he passed:

"There goes Anson Carr, the famous architect!"

Well, half his dream had come true. At least he was recognized in public places. But he couldn't feel much satisfaction in the circumstances which had pushed him forward. He had the true artist's distaste for money without creative justification, and there was something ironical and humiliating in the fact that what local fame he had achieved had been swamped utterly in the questionable glamour of his new estate. He set his lips together. Well, he would show the public that wealth could be converted into a stepping-stone to something worthy. He would make them forget that he had fallen heir to a large and demoralizing inheritance. And, with a start, he came out of his reverie to a realization that he was nearing the spot which had bound up tragedy and good fortune in one swift stroke. Quite as suddenly the man at the wheel leaned back and said:

"The accident happened there . . .

straight ahead where you see the break in the fence. . . . It wasn't the first death on that turn, and it won't be the last."

Anson Carr bent sidewise and looked down at the brush-covered hillside rolling to an abrupt and cruel depth. Instinctively he put his hand upon the shoulder of the driver.

"Let's stop a moment," he suggested.

The man obeyed, reaching for a cigarette. "Did you know them?" he inquired.

"The man was my uncle," Carr finally admitted. And, almost at once, he wondered whether he had made the proper reply.

The driver gave him a look of amazed interest. "Oh, you're the fellow who came into all the money!" he drawled, incredulously. "Live in San Francisco?"

Anson Carr nodded. He knew what the man was thinking—if an interested relation waited months before visiting the scene of tragedy, why come at all? Without further calculation he broke out, apologetically, "I've been away, you see,"—in his haste to justify himself, quite ignoring the fact that he had lied shamelessly and to very little purpose.

The driver looked reassured. "They must have been dead a good part of an hour before they were found," he volunteered, with the keen delight of a man called upon for harrowing details. "I never could figure how the guy who saw them lying there ever got the bodies out."

Carr again debated swiftly the expediency of prolonging the topic. "A Greek found them, I believe."

"Yes—one of the trackwalkers for

the railroad. He'd come up this way after some fool weed them Greeks use for salad. He don't look so awful husky, but it takes a good man to carry two dead ones up a grade like that and not drag them any, either."

Carr's voice assumed a casual interest. "A trackwalker for the railroad! Then he must live somewhere about here."

The driver started the machine. "I'll show you his place when we get to the top of the hill."

The bus crawled languidly up the grade, gathering speed as its effort became prolonged. Carr leaned back in his seat and gave himself up to fragmentary speculations. Hedged on one side by the tawny bank into which the road ate its sinuous way, and on the other by a monotonous slope of dun-colored chaparral, the landscape lacked interest. Carr was glad of one thing—at least it was a clear day; at this point the usual midsummer fog *would* have been depressing.

He was still toying fastidiously with his thoughts when the machine came to an abrupt stop. They had reached the summit of the hill and before them a sapphire-blue surge of ocean stretched unbroken to the sky line. A little gasp of astonishment and delight escaped him. It was unusual for the ocean-shore country of central California to be colored with such tropic splendor.

He was recalled from his momentary ecstasy by the pressure of the driver's fingers against his shoulder. "There," the man was saying, pointing in a direct line below, "in that corrugated-iron shack near the siding—that's where the Greek who found them lives."

Carr looked down. A single and rather forlorn-looking railroad track skirted perilously near the edge of a treacherous cliff; in a jagged curve in the hillside, the sun fell glistening upon a blue-silver hut lying at the end of a trail beaten through the fragmentary shale of the mountainside. A thin curl of smoke rose languidly in the amber air. Evidently the Greek was at home.

"I don't think I'll go any farther," he declared, somewhat lamely, as he made a movement suggestive of escape. "When does the next bus go back?"

The driver stared incredulously. "About three-thirty from this point. . . . But you never can tell, there may be a full house."

Anson Carr stepped stiffly out upon the oil-blue highway. "I'll risk it!" he said, brusquely with an air of dismissal.

But the man at the wheel was not put out of countenance by any such abrupt leave-taking. Instead of shooting the car forward, he leaned out with irritating assumption as he said:

"If you want any dope, that Greek is the last person in the world to go to. . . . He only understands English when it suits him. . . . And it usually doesn't."

A dull resentment flickered in the suppressed warmth of Carr's retort.

"I'm used to handling Greeks," he flung back, briefly.

The driver shrugged his shoulders and started the bus on its way again.

Anson Carr stood irresolutely before the trail's well-defined source. He did not trust his feet to its treacherous length at once; instead, he squatted Oriental-wise and gazed into the far-flung horizon, across which two full-rigged sailing vessels were crawling with placid patience.

The bus driver had not told Anson Carr anything new. Everybody had said the same thing:

"The Greek won't talk—you can't get anything out of him."

Every time he heard the stock phrase repeated he had smiled inwardly, framing contemptuous conclusions regarding the trackwalker's stubborn silence. Of course they couldn't get anything out of him! One had to know the breed to set successfully a trap for snaring confidences. If one understood sufficiently, one might read a satisfactory answer to the question put in the very manner it was evaded. A lift of the eyebrows

might tell him infinitely more than the clipped directness of a terse aye or nay. And twenty years as an architect handling a fair complement of unskilled labor, in season and out, had given Anson Carr certain avenues of approach to aliens which were obviously closed to others.

As he balanced himself close to the edge of that tawny cliff overlooking the sea, he tried for the hundredth time to analyze the impulse which had drawn him at the eleventh hour toward a more or less futile investigation. He supposed that a less introspective nature would have accepted the Greek's silence and thanked God that it had helped him to a speedy possession of a totally undeserved fortune. His uncle had been nothing to him—indeed, he had felt a violent dislike for him—and his aunt, by the same token, had been equally remote. When Alexander Holman had recouped his squandered fortune by marrying a rich widow from New York, Anson Carr had remarked ironically to his wife:

"Well, at last he's struck a soft berth!"

But on the day news had come that Holman had gone over a bank near Montara, killing himself and his wife instantly, he had not even bothered to report the matter to Nancy. The next morning, as the family was at breakfast, the children had pounced upon the story eagerly. He remembered now their morbid curiosity in the details and how it had ruffled him. And how equally irritating had been his wife's:

"I wonder who'll get all the money?"

He had never thought of himself in this connection. His uncle had nothing, and Mrs. Holman's fortune would, of course, go to her people. He had been inclined to scoff when his lawyer had rung him up to make an appointment. But at the end of that interview his attitude of indifference had suffered a distinct change. Not that the lawyer's argument had won him. There were still too many difficulties which a man of sen-

sibilities would shrink from encompassing. But the main facts of the case held potentialities. Alexander Holman and his wife, unless testimony was forthcoming to the contrary, had both met death almost instantly. Failing actual knowledge, the law always assumed that the woman under such circumstances was the first to die. Mrs. Holman had left a will settling every penny on her husband. Anson Carr was his legal heir. The inference was obvious.

Developments had been swift. So far it appeared that he had every legal right to his astounding inheritance. Even Mrs. Holman's sister had admitted that much in a letter that had been dignified to a point of well-bred contempt. . . . Obviously, the lady was not in want, else she would not have been so scornfully indifferent.

When he had wavered a bit his lawyer had reassured him with the irrefutable statement that he had just as much right to gather the fruits of chance as the next fellow. But Anson Carr was still a bit in doubt; he wanted to make sure that the dice had been thrown fairly. If he had the rights of chance upon his side, then so did Mrs. Holman's sister. The Greek trackwalker was the only person who could settle the point. And, according to report, the Greek was curiously noncommittal.

Upon the brink of ending all uncertainty, Carr felt the curious reluctance which often confronts a man at the crucial moment.

He rose slowly from his squatting posture, hesitating a moment before he began to descend the jagged path. His weight released bits of shattered rock and set them tumbling downward toward the solitary railroad track. He wondered what whim had raised a dwelling place in this desolate spot. The slopes were without the charity of even a bleached turf, much less a sweep of greensward, and only here and there a golden splash of wild poppies struggled through the stony surface to a belated blossoming. But when he had accom-

plished the trail's length, a clear and ice-cold drip of water betrayed the reason for choosing such an otherwise forbidding location—a land bitten by summer drought could be scornful of every circumstance save lack of water.

A hard, frugal cleanliness was over everything. The space in front of the open door was swept bare of rock fragments, revealing a tawny and sun-baked sod. At one side, close to the silver dribble of the hill, a little garden had been achieved by the peasant's ardor for contact with the soil. Shallow rows of crisp lettuce, a few darkly green plants of the horse bean, parsley, a savory herb or two—these fruits of primitive tillage made the desolation smile with human homeliness.

Anson Carr stepped into the shadow of the doorway. A fragrant odor of stewing mutton, touched with garlic, gave him a pleasant pang of hunger. He knocked, and, without waiting for an invitation, entered. Fresh as he was from the sun's midday glare, the room's gracious gloom revealed only the dimmest of outlines. He sensed rather than saw the figure of a man spring into dusky life, and quickly he defended his unceremonious entrance with a perfectly worded apology, eschewing the clipped English that would have risen to the lips of the provincial and tactless. He was tired and hungry and in a strange bit of country, he explained, and, seeing a house surrounded by a pleasant garden, he had made free to enter. The Greek, snared at once by the challenge to his hospitality, came forward, his thickly clustered hair dipping ceremoniously in a series of sweeping bows: He was cooking a meal—a very poor meal, to be sure—but if the gentleman would honor him. . . .

Anson Carr returned a smiling acceptance. "Mutton and rice?" he half queried. "Only the Greeks know how to cook that dish."

The Greek beamed, flashing white teeth. Had the gentleman been in Greece, by any chance?

Unfortunately, no . . . but at the Minerva Café in San Francisco. . . .

It was not necessary to say anything more. Immediately, Anson Carr's swarthy host renewed his sweeping gestures of welcome. His mutton and rice could not be compared to the fare at the Minerva, but such as it was he offered it upon the shrine of hospitality.

The Greek drew a bench out from the wall, setting it close to the simply laid table, as he ushered Carr to a seat. When he crossed over to lift the lid from the steaming pot upon the stove, the delicious odors that escaped filled Anson Carr with anticipatory delight. He leaned forward with both elbows on the rude, uncovered table. He was hungry and pleasantly tired, and, so far, quite satisfied with his progress. At least he had established one fact—the Greek's ability to understand and speak English.

Presently a huge plate of mutton stew and rice swimming in a rich gravy and covered with boiled lettuce leaves stood in the center of the table. The Greek poured out two tin cups of water, making a fine gesture of disdain as he laid one at each place.

It was the very devil itself to get wine these days at any price, he explained, rather heatedly. For a moment Anson Carr narrowed his eyes. Why hadn't he thought of bringing a quart of claret with him? A moistened tongue always ran along more smoothly. Well, it was too late now, and in default of such assistance he fell back upon the expediency of voicing a racial interest in the man opposite him. The Greek, with that ardor which any and all of his countrymen always brought to a recital of national glories, glowed warmly under the spell of Carr's rapt and provocative silence. Indeed, his lyrical outburst became so swift and vehement that his guest was unable to follow him. But presently, Anson Carr, discovering that the monologue had traveled back to the physical glories of ancient Greece, leaned forward as he said, quite casually:

"The Greeks have always been strong

people. . . . The bus driver tells me that you, yourself, carried two dead bodies up a steep hill through the brush without dragging them. Is that the truth?"

For a moment the very atmosphere of the room was darkened by the Greek's swarthy scowl. "Yes—" he threw back, "but that is nothing."

Carr broke a thick crust from the round loaf at his elbow. His heart was pounding and his lips had dried with curious suddenness.

"It showed strength, just the same. For my part, I believe I'd have had to drag them. . . . They *were* dead, weren't they—*both of them?*"

The Greek's displeasure merged swiftly into an impassive mask of unconcern. "How should I know?" he shrugged. "I'm not a doctor."

Anson Carr let out a quick gasp of almost painful relief.

He did not wait for the bus; instead, he decided to walk the track into Pedro and take the train. The Greek's evasive answer to his direct question had been far from reassuring, and yet he had been glad to escape with the question still unsettled. He was frightened now at the realization of how near he had come to pulling down his house of cards upon his head. He wished he could go home and talk the matter over calmly with his wife. But he knew how futile any discussion would be with Nancy. She had been determined and decisive from the first, putting her argument forward with all the personal bias of motherhood:

"What is Mrs. Holman's sister to you? Why not think of your own for a change?"

Her retort had stung him. It was flavored with a subtle reproach at his inadequacy, which he recognized only too well. He had started his career with high hopes—a yearning to do big things. He had it in him—he felt this, with that curious conviction which pervades artists of any calling. Yet he had allowed expediency to swamp his ambitions. Not

that his work had been unworthy, but it had been limited in its scope. He had never had the leisure for magnificent flights. With a brood of fledglings shrilling for their daily keep, it took something more than genius to deny substantial but uninspired commissions. Anson Carr did not regret his family, but only he knew the price he had paid for it. Alone he could have starved and dreamed, and in the end created something lasting. As it was, he had had to be content with mere dreaming. Yet he had managed to achieve one or two distinctly good structures in these later years, modest buildings that had inspired praise which whetted his appetite for greater triumphs. He knew that Nancy had felt something of his struggles, for, finding him still somewhat cold before her maternal arguments, she had finished by saying:

"After all, you can do now what you've always longed to do . . ." at this point discreetly letting the subject drop.

What he had always longed to do! The realization made him spiritually dizzy. He knew well enough why his creative flights were doomed to endless and futile circlings. He had never, for one thing, had the opportunity to go to the sources of inspiration and of drinking deeply of their stimulating flow. In the old days, what would he not have given to spend a year, a month, a day, even in the shadow of St. Peter's, or within the walls of the Alhambra, or before the robust and yet misty altar of some Gothic cathedral! How he had longed to go over and steep his soul in the quiet flood of the past, waiting patiently for the rebirth, through him, of some pregnant seed of its beauty! . . . At the beginning he had not been without hopes for such a consummation, but as the years went on taking their toll he had decided that he was fated to taste these joys only vicariously. He was still a young man, and, while his family ties had tethered him, they had not bound his spirit utterly. He could still see

visions, although their outlines had been growing dimmer. And, now, fate had put the means in his hand for making all these flagging hopes come true. It would not be a matter of months to be spent among the monumental achievements of the Old World; he could stay for years—forever, if need be. And suddenly he was swept with a feeling of intense weariness, as if his spirit had used up all its reserve energy in the struggle for mere existence. He felt that even if he were to go on turning out unimportant architectural records of his soul's starvation, he would need some respite, some stimulus. Yet, in the face of his exhaustion, he had been foolish enough to tempt fate with almost morbid daring.

He felt that he never again wanted to find himself as shaken as he had been at that moment when he had hung fearfully on the trackwalker's possible revelations. For, somehow, such a crisis tried out a man's soul too ruthlessly, and he was beginning to realize how humiliating it was to come too close to one's spiritual nakedness. He ceased to have any wish to be fair. Instead, he felt a sudden and primitive impulse to fight to the last ditch against any and everything that threatened to destroy his belated moment of realization.

The train was delayed by a bowlder tumbling across the track from one of the shifting cliffs, and Anson Carr was late for dinner. He decided not to offer an explanation.

"You're sunburnt," his wife had observed, with a tone of mild curiosity.

"Yes—I've been out in the open," was his noncommittal reply.

The children were full of tentative and, on the whole, rather expensive plans for the winter. Gladys had decided upon horseback riding three times a week through the Park with an exclusive riding club; Bob had been looking over a score of high-power cars; even Ruth, despite her scant twelve years, was voicing ambitions that had the dis-

tinct tang of affluence. Nancy sat back and listened, amused and indulgent, secretly pleased that her feathering brood could take the wing with such sweeping confidence. But Anson Carr was annoyed, and, after the children had deserted the table, leaving their parents as usual to dawdle over their black coffee, he said to Nancy, a bit sharply:

"In Heaven's name, where do the children get all these expensive notions? I hope you're not encouraging them in such foolishness."

She set her lip with the defensive hardness that he was beginning to know so well. "Encouraging them!" she echoed, tartly. "They're not altogether fools. Surely they have a right to expect a little something in advance—now that their future is assured."

"I think their future was pretty well assured in any case. We've never been exactly paupers. . . . Besides, nothing is certain. And you'd better tell them so before they have a chance to make fools of themselves."

"I thought everything was settled."

"Settled? With the chief witness silent? . . . Nothing is ever settled when a person refuses to go on record. . . . The case might be reopened at any time. . . . As a matter of fact, I've been all afternoon trying to get this Greek trackwalker to talk."

She thrust aside her cup with an impatient gesture. "I should think you'd let well enough alone. First thing you know that man will scent trouble. If you keep picking at him he's likely to say anything."

Her heat gave him the cue for a deliberate coolness. "I think he scents trouble *now*. In fact, he must have suspected something from the first. These Greeks, you know, are chary of legal entanglements. They have an almost Oriental respect for the law—or, I should say, fear. And fear always leads to evasion."

She followed his explanation with a more tolerant attitude. "Isn't it more than likely," she began, cautiously, "that he's waiting to be convinced?"

"Possibly."

She did not speak at once. There was something awkward and ominous in this pause. She was cutting a design upon the tablecloth with a sharp finger nail when she finally said, almost inaudibly:

"Well, if you were to make it worth his while, perhaps—"

Anson Carr made no reply.

He had a vague feeling that he should have manifested displeasure, but instead he found himself repeating, silently:

"So at last it has come to this!"

And he was conscious that his mental exclamation held more of fulfilled expectancy than surprise.

He did not broach the subject to Nancy again. It was as if, having lifted the veil of her reserve, he had a fear of chancing further glimpses. Like every man with ideals, he had clothed the object of his affections in a shimmer of virtue and at this stage he was unwilling to disclose imperfections which his fancy had kept covered. Concerning himself, he was maintaining less and less illusion; that was why it was needful to conserve passionately his illusion in others. For the most part, he kept introspection at arm's length. He was trying to establish the ability to accept the favor of the gods on its face value without undue questioning. The children still talked extravagantly, airing their opulent desires. Sometimes he wondered if their prodigal expectations were not tinged with subtle encouragement from their mother. Doubtless she felt that the more firmly they laid hands upon the future the more difficult would be any attempts to destroy it.

Meanwhile, all the legal entanglements in connection with his inheritance unsnarled with surprising swiftness. The complete, but by no means disturbing, aloofness of Mrs. Holman's sister continued. He began to plan, definitely, now, for his future. He no longer kept his expectations to himself. Instead, he went about with steamship folders and second-hand books of travel. He asked

everybody he met about hotels, *pensions*, interesting towns off the beaten track. He found himself expanding like some belated blossom denied its appointed season by a prolonged bleakness. And, as he passed people, in hotel lobbies, or cafés, or theater foyers, he heard them whisper his name, saw them stare, glimpsed the mingled admiration and envy in their glances. He was Anson Carr, the man who had come into "all that money." And the public were reacting, like children, to the glamour of some fairy tale. There were those of his confreres who shook their heads. "He fancies he's going to do big things," they would say. "But of course he won't; it's too late. And, besides, so much money is demoralizing." Others, more friendly, conceded that his opportunity for growth was unlimited. "A man without financial pressure can achieve *his* desires, not other people's." In short, it was not long before the subject of Anson Carr began to be debated furiously. He became an abstract question. In him a theory remained to be tested. Even the newspapers took him up; architects, actors, painters, writers, club-women, were asked to give their opinions as to whether the inheritance of a huge fortune was helpful or inimical to the best traditions of art. He ended by being more apprehensive than annoyed. What, in Heaven's name, had possessed him to allow himself to become public property? But, on second thought, he realized that he had accomplished the thing deliberately. Like his children, he was laying firm hands upon the future by flooding the stage so full of light that it would be impossible for him to back off unseen.

Whenever he thought of that terrifying trip to the corrugated-iron shack near the railroad siding he grew cold all over. Thank God, that had ended neutrally! Finally he dismissed the whole thing from his mind. Indeed, he had fancied the issue quite settled when one day, chancing to visit the Greek quarter in search of some unskilled labor for a

friendly contractor, whom should he bump into but his Greek trackwalker.

The man halted with a smile of recognition and the usual sweeping bow. He had grown tired of the little hut overlooking the sea, and so he had quit for a week or two. Without quite realizing it, Anson Carr found himself inviting his swarthy friend to join him in a cup of Turkish coffee.

They went into the first coffeehouse at hand, and sat down at one of the marble-topped tables. The room was almost deserted. Carr never remembered seeing one of these Greek coffeehouses so empty, even at this slack hour. The proprietor himself came forward to wait upon them, a melancholy smile upon his face. As he gave the order, Carr remarked the lack of patronage. The proprietor became more and more wistful as he recited his woes. Prohibition had killed everything—even the coffeehouses. When he left to prepare the coffee, the trackwalker took up the lament. He missed his wine, and as for *mastica*— He finished with a gesture of ultimate despair, running his hands through his thick hair tragically. If he had enough money he would leave at once for his native land. Ah yes, Greece was the country of delight. There one could have the fruit of the vine, and people danced upon feast days, and the sunlight was like spun gold.

Anson Carr listened indifferently to his companion's chatter. It was the old lyrical outburst that he knew so well. But when the proprietor broke in upon them with two thick and steaming coffees, he had a sense that the trackwalker had paused, evidently in polite expectation of a retort.

"So if you had money enough you'd go back home!" The Greek nodded and began to sip his coffee. Anson Carr had a sudden inspiration. "I suppose," he broke out again, "that it wouldn't be possible to get something stronger than coffee here?" The trackwalker stared. "A taste of *mastica*, for instance?"

The man opposite him shrugged with delightful candor.

"One can get nothing without asking," he returned, tranquilly.

Anson Carr beckoned the waiter, who had retreated to his position near the coffee shelf. He answered the signal at once. Carr put the question squarely. There followed an animated reply significant with phrases enlarging upon the difficulties of complying with such an outrageous request. Anson Carr listened patiently. At the end he said, emphatically:

"Bring us two—and say no more about it."

The man smiled widely and bustled away. The trackwalker let out a low sigh of anticipation.

The *mastica* had been diluted, there was no doubt of that, but it still had the power to quicken both the pulse and the imagination. Under its influence the Greek grew more and more talkative and Anson Carr more and more retrospective. The taste of this colorless, aric-flavored stimulant revived in Carr the memory of days when the quarter had been warmed to racial geniality by this national drink. Then the coffeehouses had been crowded, and men had danced together their old ceremonial dances and sipped their coffee with much jesting and a good deal of laughter.

In those days he had come down frequently just for relaxation. And, somehow, he had always gone away refreshed by the naïveté of it all. He found himself vaguely speculating whether he would go away refreshed in this instance, and, noticing that his guest had finished his *mastica* in one final gulp of satisfaction, he ordered another. The trackwalker began to talk with even greater insistence: This was the life . . . something to drink . . . friends to talk to . . . nothing to do! How lonesome he had been on that railroad siding with the sea forever making ominous noises! He was not accustomed to the sea; he was from the mountains.

. . . A sheep herder? Yes, in his youth. . . . No, shepherding was not a lonely life. . . . One had dogs and lambs and the birds of the forest for company. . . . There were birds along the California shore, of course, screaming, melancholy things of no account. . . . The sea lapping the sands of Greece? Ah, that was different! Not cold and gray and forbidding at any time. No, if one could believe it, the sea in that favored spot was always a thing of sky-blue and gold.

Anson Carr found himself intrigued and carried away by the exile's lament. He had a wish that the man would continue to talk of nothing but his native land . . . he wanted to escape with him into a rosy-flushed horizon of dreams. But presently the Greek's background shifted, for contrast, undoubtedly. He came back with a pull to the corrugated-iron hut along the edge of the Pacific. It *had* been lonely, he reiterated. For days he would talk to no one. . . . Of course, immediately after the accident—

"The accident?" Anson Carr found himself echoing with a strange terror.

Yes, the accident . . . two people killed. Didn't the gentleman remember? Well, after that, for a season crowds of people had swarmed in on him, asking all sorts of questions. But he had been wise. He had refused to answer anybody. . . . That was right, wasn't it . . . after an accident to do no talking? . . . The law was a crafty matter. . . . If one kept one's mouth shut things soon mended, but if one talked . . . well, in that case anything was possible. . . . He had a countryman once who went into a lonely hut in the mountains and found a man dying . . . and, would you believe it? they tried to prove that this countryman had committed a murder. Yes, and all because the man had talked, in his excitement stating things that were afterward proved to be untrue. . . . Not that the man had lied, but at such times one does not always see correctly—one imagines things. . . . Ah, but he had profited by this countryman's experi-

ence! and when people had come, asking him slyly certain questions, he had either shrugged his shoulders or returned a meaningless answer.

"Questions. What sort of questions?" Anson Carr put in, deftly.

"They always asked the same thing, my friend—which had died first, the man or the woman."

For a moment Anson Carr was distracted by the audible buzzing of a fly hovering just above his coffee cup. He waved the intruder away as he leaned forward with confidential air of comradeship and said, point-blank:

"And who *did* die first?" I'm curious, too."

The Greek trackwalker smiled cryptically. "I could answer that if I wanted to. . . . Well, maybe I will. We are good friends, eh? What do you say?"

Anson Carr felt his heart sink suddenly. He had an impulse to rise and leave at once, but instead he found himself replying:

"Wait. . . . After we've had another drink!"

And with that the proprietor came forward, carrying two deceitful black coffee cups on a tray.

He speculated, afterward, as he set his course toward home, what perversity tempted men to stir up the pools of content? Why could not one accept the crystal clearness of still water instead of taking issue with its slimy bed? Was there really something fundamental in both physical and spiritual existence at odds with serenity? Something which drove a man on and on, from one disillusionment to another, toward the ultimate resignation? Was life a perpetual Bluebeard's chamber, luring the curious to destruction with the snare of a closed door? He wondered what Nancy would say—would think. Should he take her into his confidence? Nowadays he had a sort of terror in her presence, realizing that he was no match for her—that no male was a match for any female defending the claims of her progeny. He knew

that his part in the problem had ceased to move her. She merely traded on his desires to achieve a desirable end for her children. When he enlarged upon the glories of his future she smiled tolerantly. He had a feeling that, in the end, she would be content to let him ramble off and dream alone.

He found her helping the Japanese servant clear away evidences of an informal tea table. She had stripped the garden of its riot of dahlias and the room quite glowed with their flamboyant color. It was a pleasant room, Anson Carr found himself admitting, even if it was of his own designing. He dropped into a seat beside the silver tea urn. He was glad to be back in the delightfully screened interior. It was full of little intimate revelations, which seemed to sum up, in their quiet and orderly beauty, the complete history of his married life.

"Ah, this *is* good, after all! . . . It would be hard to improve on this room, Nancy. We've done well with it, and no mistake."

She was still glowing warmly with the animated intimacies of the tea hour, and her manner was almost brilliant as she threw back:

"Oh, this is nothing. Wait till you see what we can do with a *real* back-ground!"

For the first time it came to him that already Nancy was planning to abandon her present environment for something more impressive. The realization wounded him. This home had been the one free and perfect expression of his creative power. It lacked magnificence, but it was filled with an unhampered sincerity.

"What better could anyone want than this?" he demanded.

She met his challenge with an indulgent laugh.

"I'll show you, some day," she retorted. "You've no idea how much money can buy."

"Money!" he sneered.

She misread his contempt. "You

must be tired," she suggested. "Better let me make you a cup of tea."

He made a gesture of refusal. "I've been drinking coffee all afternoon."

"Coffee? How absurd! No wonder you're all on edge."

"Well, there was something stronger, too. I was looking up some men for O'Connell, and I ran into that Greek trackwalker. We went into a café for Turkish coffee . . . we ended by drinking *masticas*. He talked me into a headache."

She sat down opposite him, brushing aside a golden shower of pollen which had scattered from one of the bouquets upon the shining surface of the center table.

"Did you learn anything . . . new?"

He turned upon her with a curious impulse to wound. "Nothing but what I've expected. . . . *She* was alive when he found them. . . ."

There followed an interval of portentous silence, broken by the sound of Carr's cigarette holder tapping against the arm of his chair.

"Ah," floated toward him finally, upon a breath painfully released, "then we are in *his* hands, after all. . . . Can't you persuade him to go away?"

He lit a match wearily. "He's going back . . . to Greece. We settled that question before I left him."

"Does he suspect?"

"One never can be sure—with a peasant. . . . But a man with wits usually knows from which quarter the wind blows." She rose with a nervous movement, releasing her disquiet in a trivial rearrangement of the dahlias. It was not until her back was turned that he gathered courage for the next thrust. "I'll see my lawyer in the morning."

She faced him swiftly. "Surely you're not going to be fool enough to tell *him*!"

"Not that, at any rate. But it's only decent to offer Mrs. Holman's sister something . . . *now*."

"Why?"

"Why! In God's name, what would you have me do?"

She met the thrust with a quick mental side-step. "The man may be lying."

"That isn't likely."

"And, besides, a compromise might arouse her suspicions. Next thing she'll come flying out here. If she offers that Greek more . . . he'll stay."

He left his seat deliberately. "No, she wouldn't stoop to that. Her letters prove she isn't that kind of a woman."

She gave a defiant toss of her head. "Well, if I were you, I know what I'd do—I'd make up my mind to take it all or nothing."

He folded his arms with an air of insolent tolerance. "And, being yourself, what then?"

She looked at him squarely. "Being myself, I wouldn't yield up *one penny*. . . Mrs. Holman's sister is nothing to me."

He swept her from head to foot with an appraising glance. Curiously enough, her words did not shock him. Instead, he was forced into grudging admiration. She had the courage of her maternal ruthlessness, at all events.

He was sure that Nancy's all-or-nothing theory had been a matter of sheer bravado, one of those magnificent gestures which a cornered antagonist makes in the hope of confusing an adversary. Nevertheless, the logic was irrefutable. Even insincerity could not disguise the inherent soundness of such a position. Yet, in spite of his conviction he saw his lawyer and the offer was made. He felt an enormous relief. Somehow, he had a vague feeling that an acceptance of his terms would divide the responsibility—that, by yielding to a compromise, Mrs. Holman's sister would become party to his duplicity. But beneath the surface of his content lurked a latent apprehension. He decided to leave as few loopholes for wavering as possible. He announced that he would not wait until spring to accomplish his long-deferred pilgrimage to the shrines of his art. He was going at once. As he suspected, Nancy begged for a postponement, so

far as she was concerned. There were the children, and— He merely shrugged his shoulders and went and arranged transportation for himself.

He was kept very busy, for he soon discovered that he had the departure of the Greek trackwalker to accomplish. When he first had made the offer it had seemed the simplest thing imaginable—a certain sum forthcoming and that would be the end of it. But at once complications arose, matters of a passport and all the awkward questions which conditions abroad at this time raised. Hardly a day passed when the Greek was not hovering about his office with obsequious patience: He wanted to give no offense and be of the least trouble in the world, but if Mr. Carr would spare a few moments to go with him to the Greek consul, they could at once settle such and such an issue. Or he required some sort of a letter of credit and would his patron mind introducing him to his banker? Or there was need of witnesses to the fact that he was born thus and so. What was to be done about it? All this might have been tolerable had the trackwalker been content to allow Anson Carr to pose merely as an adviser, but he seemed to take an almost diabolical joy in proclaiming the true relationship. This American was his patron, an astounding man, truly, who was making him a present of a ticket home just out of pure love and affection. And in the presence of any and all of his countrymen he would embrace Anson Carr fervently and with embarrassing ardor. Carr remonstrated. It was not necessary to proclaim the news from the housetops—he did not care to have his generosity become public property. But he merely wasted breath. By way of answer, his protégé made a series of sweeping bows and declared that it was not the custom of his country to hide the light of a friend's worthiness under a bushel. Of what profit was virtue if its praise remained unsung?

All this was tiresome enough when performed before an audience composed

of strangers, and Anson Carr fell to wondering if some day the circle of auditors would not widen to include an acquaintance or even an intimate. And almost before the speculation had escaped him the fear was realized. The Greek, breaking hastily into the office one day, had found Carr coming out the door in company with his lawyer. It was useless to stem the tide of speech which overwhelmed them in a lyrical flood: Everything was finally settled and on Monday he was to start home—the ticket bought and all the other tiresome tangles unknotted. And on Saturday afternoon a great feast at the corrugated-iron shack near the ocean, an *al fresco* affair, with a whole sheep roasted, and Greek music and shepherd dancing. He had come to make certain that his worthy patron would be there—he was consumed with a desire to present such a paragon of generosity to his countrymen. And here he turned to Anson Carr's lawyer: Fancy a man out of sheer compassion providing the means for homeward flight to a stranger sorrowing for his native land!

Carr dismissed the man with a rather curt acceptance of the invitation. To have refused would have led to a string of irritating protests. Was the Greek simple, or extraordinarily profound?

He came from the haze of this idle speculation into the casual significance of his lawyer's query:

"That's the man who pulled Mr. and Mrs. Holman out of the wreck, isn't it?"

He fumbled a bit mentally, deciding in the end to chance a discreet frankness. "Yes. . . . I think, everything considered, that the best place for *him* is home!" And, finding his lawyer disturbingly noncommittal, he was forced to hide his uneasiness behind an empty and cynical laugh.

He had no heart for the trackwalker's celebration, but it seemed best to go through with the ordeal. As he expected, he was the center of attraction, barring the roasted sheep and the thin

dribbles of smuggled wine enlivening the occasion. There was an Homeric quality to the feast, and the sun came out of a dun-colored mist to warm the sea into Hellenic splendor. Under ordinary circumstances Anson Carr would have been completely captivated—at the feasting, at the rhythmic wailings of the violin and piccolo, at the long line of men dancing with alternate solemnity and abandon. He was a man who welcomed escapes from the commonplace, but how was one to escape into even an external beauty with the fiction of a questionable worthiness dinned constantly into one's ears? At the beginning he had taken the trackwalker aside and said:

"Cut me out. Do you understand? . . . I mean, let us have no more of this praise. . . . Say nothing of my hand in all this."

To which his faithful friend had raised indescribably mournful eyes in protest. "But consider—this feast is not for me, my friend! It is in your honor. We must say something of our patron."

Further protest was useless. He had to smile through all the encomiums that were heaped upon him. Even granting the Oriental extravagance of their words, he began to sense that these men *did* think him an open-handed benefactor who distributed his boons with a regal contempt for self-interest. To them he was a bit of poetry made life—a reincarnation of those enchanted days when the gods stalked abroad and let their favors fall where and upon whom they would. Even the trackwalker shared his countrymen's illusion. Anson Carr could see that now only too plainly. And, somehow, he felt humiliated by the emptiness of his triumph. He was like a pretender raised upon a throne, knowing himself the falseness of his claim.

He got away from it all as quickly as possible. In the hope that he might have a few moments of solitude, he had scorned flagging the train at the siding, insisting that he wished to walk into Pedro instead. Walk? *He*, their benefactor? No, it was not to be thought of!

Instead, they carried him in triumph on their shoulders, with the piccolo player in advance. Thus had he entered the village with children and all the curious trooping out to join in the festivity. And in the midst of it all the track-walker, standing upon the mail truck, saying in a loud voice:

"You cannot think what this man has done. . . . For pure love and affection he pays my way home to my native land. . . . Yes, for love and nothing else. What have you to say to that?"

And the train pulling in, he was put to the further embarrassment of embraces from all the company and kisses implanted on either cheek in brotherly and Christian salutation.

Once seated, he leaned out of the car window, answering their farewell shouts with as eloquent a gesture as he could muster. . . . A sense of humiliation engulfed him again. If the Greek had only suspected how much easier it would have been! Was it possible that he was to tread the path of self-contempt alone? . . . Well, there was at least Mrs. Holman's sister. With cynical delight he turned his thoughts from the stale and unprofitable afternoon. To tug at his adversary's patronizing inflexibility with all the strength of compromise gave him a curious satisfaction. Pulling himself back to the heights was too great an effort. At this point it seemed easier to drag another down. He began to speculate about the exact date of *his* sailing. He was glad Nancy had decided to wait. He wanted to be alone with his dreams—*utterly alone!* He had never realized before how greatly he had longed for freedom.

He was late again for dinner, but this time Nancy met him in the hallway. She had an envelope in her hand.

"Where have you been?" she challenged, moving toward him nervously.

"The Greek had a farewell. It was absurd, of course, my going, but there are some things one can't escape. . . . He leaves to-morrow."

Her face glowed with a warm relief. "Ah, then that's settled! . . . They've been trying to get hold of you. Word has come, I believe from Mrs. Holman's sister. I suggested they send the letter here. A boy brought it an hour or so ago."

"What did it say?"

"I haven't opened it."

He took the envelope from her. She retreated to the empty fireplace, resting one hand upon the mantel as she watched him. He read it through, measuring every word. When he had finished he turned a chill smile in her direction as he said, sneeringly:

"As usual, she declines all compromise. . . . She won't even give us the satisfaction of a fight. . . . She has your idea—*all or nothing!*"

Her hand fell to her side. "Just the same, it's well that the Greek is going home," she retorted, with a shade of malice. "By the way, when do *you* sail?"

He stared at her for an eternity, and in that moment every beautiful thing that he had ever dreamed passed before his eyes and mocked him.

"I guess that's all over, now," he heard himself say.

She came over to him swiftly, shaking him, as she might have shaken a child who had frightened her.

"What's the matter with you?" she almost shouted. "You can't mean that you intend to offer her *everything?*"

He tossed the envelope from him with a gesture of weariness. "Everything but my self-respect," he answered.

And, in a flash, he felt himself at once pitiful and triumphant—victorious, yet savorless—touched with a tragic but pallid splendor, alone in his white-bled glory.

WORKING WITH THE WORKING WOMAN

II.—IN A BRASSWORKS

BY CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

Readers of the June number of the Magazine will recall Mrs. Parker's vivid account of her first experiment as a worker in a candy factory. In the present paper, setting down her experiences in a brass foundry, the author again approaches the subject with the one idea of picturing the life of the woman worker as the average worker herself sees it. She disclaims any intention of making a deep sociological study of factory conditions or the problem of woman in industry.—EDITOR'S NOTE

FACTORY work, more than anything up to the present moment, has brought out the fact that life from beginning to end is a matter of comparisons. The factory girl, from my short experience, is not fussing over what her job looks like compared with tea at the Biltmore. She is comparing it with the last job or with home; and it is either slightly better or slightly worse than the last job or home. An outsider, a college graduate with a mission, investigates a factory and calls aloud to Heaven: "Can such things be? Why do women *stay* in such a place?"

The factory girl, if she heard those anguished cries, would as like as not shrug her shoulders and remark: "Ugh! She shudda seen ——'s factory where I worked a year ago!" Or: "Gosh! What does she think a person's goin' to do—sit home all day and scrub the kitchen?"

And yet the fact remains that some things get too much even for a philosophical factory girl's nerves. Whereat she merely walks out—if she has spunk enough. The labor turnover, from the point of view of production and efficiency, can well be a vital industrial concern. To the factory girl, it saves her life, likely as not.

If it were not for that same turnover I, like that college graduate, might feel like calling aloud, not to Heaven, but to the President of the United States and

Congress and the Church and women's clubs, "Come quick and rescue women from the brassworks!" As it is, the women rescue themselves. If there's any concern, it's "the boss he should worry." He must know how every night girls depart never to cross those portals again. Every morning a new handful is broken in, to stay there a week or two, if that long, and take to their heels. Praise be the labor turnover—as long as we have such brassworks.

Before eight o'clock on a cold Monday morning—thank goodness it was not raining, since we stood in shivering groups on the sidewalk—I answered the Sunday morning "ad.":

GIRLS AND WOMEN

between 16 and 36; learners and experienced assemblers and foot-press operators on small brass parts; steady; half day Saturday all year around; good pay and bonus. Apply Superintendent's office.

The first prospects were rather formidable—some fifty men and boys, no other Girl or Woman. Soon two cold females made their appearance and we shivered together and got acquainted in five minutes, as is the wont under the circumstances. One raw-boned girl with a crooked nose and frizzled blond hair had been married just two months. She went into immediate details about a party at her sister-in-law's the night before, all ending at a dance hall. The

pretty, plump Jewess admitted she had never danced. "What?" almost yelled the bride. "Never *danced*? Good Gawd! girl, you might as well be *dead*!"

"You said it!" I chimed in. "Might as well dig a hole in the ground and crawl in it."

"You said it!" and the husky bride, and erstwhile (up to the week before) elevator operator at \$23 a week (she said), gave me a smart thump of understanding. "Girl, you never *danced*? It's—it's the grandest thing in *life*!"

The plump Jewess looked a little out of things. "I know," she sighed. "They tell me it 'u'd make me thin, too, but my folks don't let me go out no place."

Whereat we changed to polishing off profiteers and the high cost of living. The Jewish girl's brother knew we were headin' straight for civil war. "They'll be comin' right in folks's homes and killen 'em before a year's out. See if they don't." I asked her if she'd ever worked in a union shop. "Na. None of that stuff for me! Wouldn't go near a union!" Both girls railed over the way people were losing their jobs. Anyhow, the bride was "goin' to a dance that night, you jus' bet."

At last some one with a heart came out and told the girls we could step inside. By that time there were some ten of us, all ages and descriptions. What would a "typical" factory girl be like, I wonder? Statistics prove that she is young and usually unmarried, but each factory does seem to collect the motliest crew of a little of everything—old, young, married, single, homely, stupid, bright, pretty, sickly, husky, fat, thin, and so on down the line. Certain it is that they who picture a French-heeled, fur-coated, dolled-up creature as the typical factory girl are far wide of the mark. The one characteristic which so far does seem pretty universal is that one and all, no matter what the age or looks, are perfectly willing to tell you, on short acquaintance, everything they know.

The plump Jewess was the first inter-

viewed. When she heard the pay she departed. The elevator bride and I were taken together and together we agreed to everything—wages thirteen dollars a week, "with one dollar a week bonus" (the bonus, as was later discovered, had numerous strings to it. I never did get any). Work began at seven forty-five, half hour for lunch, ended at five. The bride asked if the work was dangerous. "That's up to you. Goin' upstairs is dangerous if you don't watch where you put your feet, eh?" We wanted to start right in—I had my apron under my arm—but to-morrow would be time. I got quite insistent about beginning on that day. No use. The bride and I departed with passes to get by with the next morning.

I think that even a hardened factory hand might remember her first day at the brassworks. Up three flights of stairs, through a part of the men's factory, over a narrow bridge to a back building, through two little bobbing doors, and there you were admitted to that sanctuary where, according to the man who hired you, steady work and advancement to a rosy future awaited one.

True, I had only the candy factory as a basis of comparison, as far as working experience went. But I've been through factories and factories of all sorts and descriptions, and nothing had I ever seen like the brassworks. First was the smell—the stale smell of gas and metal. (Perhaps there's no such smell as stale metal, but you go down to the brassworks and describe it better!) Second, the darkness—single green-shaded electric lights directly over the spot where the girls were working, but there were areas with no workers. At one end of the floor among the power presses, all belts and machines and whirring wheels, there were only three or four shaded lights. Windows lined both sides of the room, but they had surely never been washed since the factory was built. Anyhow, it was dark and rainy outside. The walls once had been white,

but were now black. Dim, dirty, uneven boxes containing brass parts filled the spaces between the tables where the foot presses stood. Third, the noise—the clump of the foot presses, the whirling of the pattern cutters—one sounded much like a lusty woodpecker with a metal beak pecking on metal; rollings and rumblings from the floor above; jarrings and shakings from below.

Two thirds of the entire floor was filled with long tables holding the foot presses—tables which years ago were clean and new, tables which now were worn, stained, and uneven, and permanently dirty. On each side of each long table stood five black iron presses, but there seemed to be never more than one or two girls working at a side. Each press performed a different piece of work—cut wick holes, fitted or clamped parts together, shaped the cones, and what not, but with only two general types of operation so far as the foot part went. One type took a long, firm, forward swing on the pedal; the other a short, hard, downward “kick.” With the end of the pressure the steel die cut through the thin brass cone, or completed whatever the job was. As the pedal and foot swung back to position the girl removed the brass part, dropping it in a large box at her right. She kept a small bin on the table at the left of the press filled with parts she was to work on. Around the sides of the floor were the table workers—girls adjusting parts by hand, or soldering.

The other third of the floor was taken up with the machine presses, which mostly clicked away cutting patterns in the brass parts to hold the lamp chimney. In a far corner were the steaming, bleaching tubs where dull, grimy brass parts were immersed in several preparations, I don't know what, to emerge at last shining like the noonday sun.

The cold little girl with no hat, a strange, somewhat unsociable, new person, and I stood there waiting one hour. Some one took our names; I had an experienced feeling when they asked me

where I had worked last, and how long was I there, and why did I leave? At the end of an hour the forelady beckoned me—such a neat, sweet person as she was—and I took my initial whack at a foot press. If ever I do run an automobile the edge of its first enjoyment is removed. A Rolls-Royce cannot make me feel any more pleased with life than the first ten minutes of that foot press. In ten minutes the job was all done and there I sat for an hour and a half, waiting for another. Hard on a person with the foot-press fever. How many times later I would gratefully have taken any part of that hour and a half to ease my weary body!

Be it known, if I speak feelingly at times of the weariness of a foot press that, though nothing as to size, I am a very husky person—perhaps the healthiest of the eight million women in industry! It was a matter of paternal dismay that I arrived in the world female instead of male. What Providence had overlooked, mortal ability would do everything possible to make up for—so argued a disappointed father. From four years of age on I was taught to do everything a boy could or would do, from jumping off cars while they were moving to going up in a balloon. A good part of my life I've played tennis and basket ball and hockey, and swum and climbed mountains and ridden horseback and rowed and fished. I don't know what it is to have an ache or a pain from one end of the year to the next. All of which is mentioned merely because, if certain work taxes my strength, who seldom have known what it is to be weary, what can it do to the average factory worker, often without even a fighting physical chance from birth on?

The jobs on our third floor, where the girls and women worked, had to do with lamps—the old-fashioned kind, city folks are apt to think—yet goodness knows we seemed during even my sojourn to make more lamp parts than creation had ever used in the heyday of lamps. Well, 79 per cent of farm women still use kerosene

lamps, so the government tells us. Also, fat Lizzie informed me, when I asked her who in the world could ever use just those lamp cones I was making one particular day, "Lor! child, they send them lamps all over the world!" She made a majestic sweep with both arms. "Some of 'em goes as far — as far as *Philadelphia!*" Once we were working on a rush order for fifty thousand lamps of a certain kind. Curiosity got the better of me and I took occasion to see where the boxes were being addressed. It was to a large mail-order house in Chicago.

The first noon whistle—work dropped—a rush for the wash room. Let no one think his hands were ever dirty until he labors at a foot press in a brass works. Such sticky, grimy, oily, rough blackness never was, and the factory supplies no soap nor towels. You're expected to bring your own—which is all right the second day, when you have found it out and come prepared.

The third floor had seemed dark and dismal enough during the morning—at noon all lights are turned off. Many of the workers go out for lunch; the rest sit around in dismal corners, most of them singly, and eat by their machines, on the same hard seats they have sat on since a quarter to eight. What a bacchanal festival of color and beauty now appeared the candy factory's white-washed lunch room with the marble-topped tables! The airy sociability of it! I wandered about with my lunch in my hand to see what I could see. Up amidst the belts and power machines sat one of the girls who had begun that morning—not the cold, hatless one.

"You gonna stick it out?" she asked me.

"Sure. I guess it's all right."

"Oh, gee! Ain't like no place I ever worked yet. Don't catch me standin' this long."

She did stand it four days. Minnie suggested then she stick it out till Christmas. "You'll need the money for Christmas, y' know, an' you might not get the next job so easy now."

"Damn Christmas!" was all the new girl had to say to that.

"Sure now," said Irish Minnie, "an' she's takin' her chances. It's an awful disgrace, y' know, to be gettin' presents when y' ain't got none to give back. Ain't it, now? I'd never take no chances on a job so close to Christmas."

I talked to five girls that noon. None of them had been there longer than a week. None of them planned to stay.

All afternoon I worked the foot press at one job. My foot-press enthusiasm weakened—4,000 times I "kicked"—2,000 lamp-wick slots I made in the cones. Many of the first 500 looked a bit sad. The "boss" came by and saw that I was not 100 per cent perfect. He gave me pointers and I did better. Each one got placed over a slanted form just so; kick, and half the slot was made. Lift the cone up a wee bit, twist it round to an exact position, hold it in place, kick, and the other half was cut. The kick must be a stout kick—bing! down hard, to make a clean job of it. The thing they gave you to sit on! A high, narrow, home-made-looking wooden stool, the very hardest article of furniture under the blue canopy of heaven. Some of them had little, narrow, straight backs—just boards nailed on behind. All of them were top heavy and fell over if you got off without holding on. By four thirty, in retrospect, standing up at the candy job seemed one of the happiest thoughts on earth. What rosy good old days those were! Dear old candy factory! Happy girls back there bending over the chocolates!

Next sat Louisa, an Italian girl who stuttered, and I had to stop my press to hear her. She stopped hers to talk. She should worry. It's the worst job she ever saw, and for thirteen dollars a week, why should she work? She talked to me, kicked a few times, got a drink, kicked, talked, stood up and stretched, kicked, talked, got another drink. She is married, has a baby a year old, another coming in three months. She will stay her week out, then she goes, you bet.

Her husband was getting \$50 a week in a tailor job — no work now for t-t-t-two months. He does a little now and then in the b-b-barber business. Oh, but life was high while the going was good! She leaned way over and told me, in a hushed, inspired tone, to leave me awestruck, "When we was m-m-married we t-t-took a h-h-h-honeymoon!" I gasped and wanted details. To West Virginia they'd gone for a month. The fare alone, each way, had come to ten dollars apiece, and then they did no work for that month, but lived in a little hotel. Her husband was crazy about her, and she about him now, but not when she was married. He's very good to her. After dinner every single night they go to a show.

"Every night?"

"Sure, every night, and Sundays two times."

It all sounded truly glowing.

"You married?"

"No."

"Well, don't you do it. Wish I wasn't married. Oh, gee! Wish I wasn't married. I'm crazy of my husband, but I wish I wasn't married. Gee! Once you're married—pisht!—there you are—stay that way."

I agreed I was in no hurry about matrimony.

"Hurry? Na, no hurry; that's right. The h-h-hurrier you are the b-b-badder off you get!"

The next morning the Italian girl was late. The forelady gave her locker to some one else. Such a row! Louisa said:

"I got mad, I did. I told her go to hell. That's only w-w-way anybody gets anything in this world—get mad and say you go to h-h-hell—betcha."

A little later the forelady, when the Italian was on one of her trips after a drink, leaned over and gave me her side of the story. She is such a very nice person, our forelady—quiet, attractive, neat as a pin. Her sister addresses boxes and does clerical work of one sort or another. Two subdued old maids they are—never worked any place but right on

our third floor. "Ain't like what it used to be," she told me. "In the old days girls used to work here till they got married. We used to have parties here, and, say, they was nice girls in them days. Look at 'em now! Such riffraff! New ones comin' in all the time, new ones worse each time. Riffraff, that's what they are. It sure looks nice to see a girl like you."

She looked around to see if the Italian was about.

"Now you take this Eyetalian girl next to you. Gee! she's some fright! Oughtta heard her this morning. Spected me to keep her locker for her when she was late. How'd I know she was comin' back? I gave it to another girl. She comes tearin' at me. 'What the hell you think you're doin'?' she says to me. Now, I ain't used to such talk, and I was for puttin' my hat and coat on right then and there and walkin' out. I must say I gotta stand all sorts of things in my job. It's awful what I gotta put up with. I never says nothin' to her. But any girl's a fool 'll talk to a person that way. Shows she's got nothin' up here [knocking her head] or she sure'd know better than get the forelady down on her like that. Gee! I was mad!"

Louisa returned and Miss Hibber moved on. "Some fright, that forelady," remarked Louisa. That night Louisa departed for good.

The second day I kicked more than 6,000 times. It seems a lot when you think of the hard stool. It is a toss which is worse, the stool or the air. This afternoon I was sure it must be three thirty. I looked back at the clock—one ten! It had seemed like two hours of work and it was forty minutes. No ventilation whatever in that whole room—not a crack of air. Once Louisa and I became desperate and got Tony to open a window. The forelady had a fit; so did Tillie. Both claimed they'd caught cold.

Tony is the handy man of the brass-works. He is young and very lame—one

leg considerably shorter than the other. It makes me miserable to see him packing heavy boxes about. He told me he must get another job or quit. Finally they did put him at a small machine press. So many maimed and halt and decrepit as they employ about the works! Many of the workers are past-telling old: several are very lame; one errand boy has a fearfully deformed face; one is cross-eyed. I remarked to Minnie that the boss of the works must have a mighty good heart. Minnie has been working twenty-three years and has had the bloom of admiration for her fellow beings somewhat worn off in that time. "Hm!" grunted Minnie. "He gets 'em cheaper that way, I guess."

The elevator man is no relation to the one at the candy factory. He is red-faced and grinning, most of his teeth are gone, and he always wears a derby hat over one eye. One morning I was late. He jerked his head and thumb toward the elevator. "Come on; I'll give ya a lift up!" and when we reached our floor, though it was the men's side, "Third Avenue stop!" he called out, cheerily, and grinned at the world. He has been there for years.

If it were only the human element that counted, everyone would stay at the brassworks forever. I feel like a snake in the grass, walking off "on them" when they all were so nice. Nor was it for a moment the "dearie" kind of niceness that made you feel it was orders from above. They were people who were born to treat a body square. All the handicaps against them—the work itself, the surroundings, the low pay—had so long been part of their lives, that they seemed insensible to the fact that such things were handicaps.

To-day was sunny and the factory not so dark—in fact, part of the time we worked with no electric lights. Next to me this glorious morning sat a snip of a little thing all in black—so pretty she was, so very pretty. I heard the boss tell her it's not the sort of work she's been used to; she'll find it hard.

Is she sure she wants to try it? And in the course of the morning I heard the story of Mame's life.

Mame's husband died three weeks ago. They had been married one month and two days—after waiting three years. Little Mame—how could her foot ever reach this press? And when she walked off after a drink I saw that she was quite lame. A widow only three weeks. She'd never worked before, but there was no money. She lived all alone, wandered out for her meals—no mother, no father, sisters, or brothers. She cried every night. Her husband had been a traveling salesman; sometimes he made \$85 a week. They had a six-room apartment and a servant! She'd met him at a dance hall. A girl she was with had dared her to wink at him. Sure she'd do anything anybody dared her to. He came over and asked her what she was after, anyhow. That night he left the girl he'd taken to the dance hall to pilot her own way back to home and mother and he saw Mame to her room. He was swell and tall. She showed me his picture in a locket around her neck. Meanwhile Mame kicked the foot press about twice every five minutes.

Why had they waited so long to get married? Because of the war. He was afraid he'd be killed and would leave her a widow. "He asked me to promise never to get married again if he did marry me and died. But"—she leaned over my way—"that only meant if he died during the war. Ain't that so? Look 't, how long the war was over before he died."

He was awful good to her after they got married. He took her to a show every night, jes' swell, and she had given him a swell funeral—you bet she did. The coffin had cost eighty-five dollars—white, with real-silver handles; and the floral piece she bought—"Gee! What's your name? . . . Connie, you ought ta seen that floral piece!" and Mame laid off work altogether to use her hands the better. It was shaped so,

and in the middle was a clock made out of flowers with the hands at the very minute and hour he'd died. (He passed away of a headache—very sudden.) Then below, in plaster, were two clasped hands—his and hers. "Gee! Connie, you never seen nothin' so swell. Everybody seen it said so."

Once he bought her a white evening dress, low neck, fish-tail train, pearls all over the front—cost him one whole week's salary, eighty-five dollars. She had diamond earrings and jewelry worth at least one thousand dollars. She had lovely clothes—couldn't she just put a black band around the arms and go on wearing them? She took a look at my earrings. Gee! they were swell. She had some green ones herself. Next morning she appeared in her widow's weeds with bright-green earrings at least a quarter of an inch longer than mine.

From the first Mame clung to me morning and night. Usually mornings she threw her arms around me in the dressing room. "Here's my Connie!" and I saw myself forced to labor in the brassworks for life because of Mame's need of me. This need seemed more than spiritual. One day her pocket-book with twelve dollars had been stolen in the Subway. I lent her some cash. Another time she left her money at the factory. I lent her the wherewithal to get home with, etc. One day I wasn't at work. Somehow the other girls all were down on Mame. I've pondered much at that. When it came to the needed collection, Mame found it hard pickings. She got a penny from this girl, another from that one, until she'd made up a nickel to get home with. Irish Minnie gave her a sandwich and an apple. The girls all jumped on me—"the way you let that Frenchie work ya. Gee! you believe everything anybody tells ya."

"But," says I, "she's been a widow only three weeks and I'm terrible sorry for her."

"How d'ya know she ever had a husband?" "How d'ya know he's dead?"

The skepticism of factory workers appalls me. They suspect everybody and everything from the boss down. I believed almost everything about Mame, especially since she paid back all she ever borrowed.

And now I've walked off and left Mame to that assemblage of unbelievers. At least Mame has a tongue of her own she's only too glad of a chance to use. It's meat and drink to Mame to have a man look her way. "Did you see that fella insult me?" and she calls back protective remarks for half a block—sentiments that usually bring in mention of the entertained youth's mother and sisters, and wind up with allusions to a wife, which, if he doesn't possess now, he may some day. Once I stopped with Mame while she and Irene phoned a "fella" of Irene's from a drug-store telephone booth. Such gigglings and goings on, especially since the "fella" was unknown to Mame at the time. Outside in the store a pompous, unromantic man grew more and more impatient for a turn at that booth. When Mame stepped out he remarked casually that he hoped she felt she'd got five cents' worth. The dressing down Mame then and there heaped upon that startled gentleman! Who was he to insult her? I grew uneasy and feared a scene, but the pompous man took hasty refuge in the telephone booth and closed the door. Mame was very satisfied with the impression she must have made. "The fresh old guy!"

I asked Mame one Saturday what she'd be doing Sunday. She sighed "I'll be spendin' the day at the cemetery, I expect."

Monday morning I asked Mame about Sunday. She'd been to church in the morning (Mame, like most of the girls at the brassworks, was a Catholic), show in the afternoon, cabaret for dinner, had danced till 1, and played poker until 4 A.M. "If only my husband was alive," said Mame, "I'd be the happiest girl on earth."

Mame didn't think she'd stay long

the brassworks. It is all right—the boss, she thought, was sort of stuck on her. Did he have a wife? (The boss, at least sixty years old.) Also, Charlie was making eyes at her. (Charlie was French, so was Mame. Charlie knew six words of English, Mame three words of French. Charlie was sixteen.) No; aside from matrimony, Mame was going to train in Bellevue Hospital and earn sixty dollars a week being a children's nurse. She'd heard if you got on the right side of a doctor it was easy, and already a doctor was interested in getting Mame in.

And I've just walked off and left Mame.

Kicked the foot press 7,149 times by the meter to-day and expected to die of weariness. Thumped, thumped, thumped, without stopping. As in my candy job, I got excited about going on piece work. I asked Miss Hibber what the rates were for my job—four and a half cents for one hundred and fifty. Since I had to kick twice for every cone top finished, that would have meant about one dollar and fifteen cents for the day. Vanished the piece-rate enthusiasm! Tillie seems the only girl on our floor doing piecework—Tillie, who “was born there.” She is thin and stoop-shouldered, wears spectacles, and does her hair according to the pompadour style of some twenty years ago. The work ain't so bad. Tillie don't mind it. There's just one thing in the world Tillie wants. What's that? “A man!” Evidently Tillie has made no bones of her desire. The men call back kindly to Tillie as she picks her way up the dark stairs in the morning. “Hello there, sweetheart!” That week had been a pretty good one for Tillie—she'd made \$16.49.

“Ain't much, p'r'aps, one way, but there's jus' this about it—it's steady. They never lay anybody off here, and that's a lot. You hear these girls round here talk about earnin' four, five, six dollars a day. Mebbe they did, but

why ain't they gettin' it now? ‘Shop closed down,’ or, ‘They laid us off.’ That's it. Add it up over a year and my sixteen forty-nine 'll look big as their thirty or forty dollars a week. See if it don't.”

One day I decided to see what could be done if I went the limit. Suppose I had a sick mother and a lame brother—a lot of factory girls have. I was on a press where you had to kick four separate times on each piece—small lamp cones, shaped, slot already in. My job was to punch four holes for the brackets to hold the chimney. The day before I'd kicked over ten thousand times. This morning I gritted my teeth and started in. Between 10 and 12 I'd got up to 2,000 kicks an hour. Miss Hibber went by and I asked her what piece rates for that machine were. She said six and a quarter cents for 150. I didn't stop then to do any figuring. Told her, rather chestily, I could kick 2,000 times an hour. “That all? You ought to do much more than that!” Between 11 and 12 I worked as I never worked. It was humanly impossible to kick that machine oftener than I did. Never did I let my eyes or thoughts wander. When the whistle blew at 12 I'd kicked 2,689. For a moment I figured. It takes about an hour in the morning to get into the swing. From 11 to 12 was always my best output. After lunch I was almost inert; from 12.30 until 2.30 it seemed impossible to get up high speed. That left at best 2.30 to 4 for anything above average effort. From 4 to 5 it was hard again, on account of physical weariness. But, say, I could average 2,500 an hour during the day. That would have brought me in, four kicks to each cone, about \$2.25 a day. The fact of the matter was that after kicking 8,500 times that morning I gave up the ghost as far as that job went. I ached, body and soul. By that time I'd been on that one job several days, and was sick to death of it. Each cone I picked up to punch those four holes in made something rub along my

backbone or in the pit of my stomach or in my head—or in all of them at once. Yet the old woman next me had been at her same job for over a week. The last place where she worked she had done the identical thing six months—preferred it to changing around. Most of the girls took that attitude. Up to date that is the most amazing thing such factory experience as I have had has taught me—the difference between my attitude toward the monotonous job and theirs. The day before I had finished at five, tired out. That morning I'd awakened tired—the only time in my life. I could hardly kick at all the first half hour. There was a gnawing sort of pain between my shoulders. Suppose I really had been on piecework and had to keep up at that breaking rate, only to begin the next morning still more worn out?

Most of the girls kick with the same leg all the time. I tried changing off now and then. With the four-hole machine, using the left leg meant sitting a little to the right side. Also I tried once using my left hand to give the right a rest. Thus the boss observed me.

"Now see here, m' girl—why don't you do things the way you're taught? That ain't the right way!"

He caught me at the wrong moment. I didn't care whether the earth opened up and swallowed me.

"I know the right way of runnin' this machine good as you do." I fairly glared at him. "I'm sick and tired of doin' it the right way, and if I want to do it wrong awhile for a change I guess I can!"

"You ain't goin' to get ahead in this world if you don't do things *right*, m' girl." And he left me to my fate.

At noon that day the girls got after me. "You're a fool to work the way you do. You never took a drink all this mornin'—jus' sit there kickin', kickin', kickin'. Where d'ya think ya goin' to land? In a coffin, that's where. The boss won't thank ya for killin' yourself on his old foot press, neither. You're jus'

a fool, workin' like that." And that's just what I decided. "Lay off, now and then." Yes, indeed, I was going to lay off now and then.

"I see myself breakin' my neck for thirteen dollars a week," Bella chipped in.

"You said it!" from all the others.

So I kicked over 16,000 times that day and let it go as my final swan song. No more breaking records for me. My head thumped, thumped, thumped all that night. After that I strolled up front for a drink and a gossip or back to a corner of the washroom where two or three were sure to be squatting on some old stairs fussing over the universe. When the boss was up the other end of the floor sometimes I just sat at my machine and did nothing. It hurt something within my soul at first, but my head and hands and legs and feet and neck and general disposition felt considerably better.

Lunch times suited me exactly at the brassworks, making me feel I was getting what I was after. Three of us used to gather around Irish Minnie, put two stools lengthwise on the floor, and squat along the sides. Bella, who'd worked in Detroit for seven dollars a day (her figures), a husky, good-looking person; Rosie, the prettiest little sixteen-year-old Italian girl, and I. Such conversations! One day they unearthed Harry Thaw and Evelyn Nesbit and redid their past, present, and probable future. We discussed whether Olive Thomas had really committed suicide or died of an overdose of something; how many nights a week could a girl dance and work next day? Minnie was past her dancing days. She'd been married 'most twenty years and was getting fat and unformed-looking—shuffled about in a pair of old white tennis shoes and a pink boudoir cap (no one else wore a cap at the brassworks). Minnie had worked fifteen years at a power press—eleven years at her last job. She was getting the generous stipend of \$14 a week (one dollar more than the rest of us). She

claimed she had earned as much as \$25 a week in her old job at the tin-can company, piecework. Everybody about the factory told his or her troubles to Minnie, who immediately told them to everybody else. It made for a certain community interest. One morning Minnie would tell me as I passed her machine, "Rosie 'n' Frank have had a fight." With that cue it was easy to appear intelligent concerning future developments. Frank was one of the machinists, an Italian. Rosie had let him make certain advances, put his arm around her, and all that, but she told us, one lunch time, "he'd taken advantage of her," so she just sassed him back now. Bella announced Frank was honeying around her. "Well, watch out," Rosie advised, with the air of Bella's great-aunt.

They didn't talk about "vamping dopes" at the brassworks. Everyone asked you if you were "keepin' company," and talked of fellas and sweethearts and intended husbands. That was the scale. As before, all the married ones invariably advised against matrimony. Irish Minnie told us one lunch time that it was a bad job, this marrying business. "Of course," she admitted, pulling on a piece of roast pork with her teeth, "my husband ain't what you'd call a *bad* man." That was as far as Minnie cared to go.

Perhaps one reason why the brassworks employed so many crooked and decrepit was as an efficiency measure. The few males who were whole caused so many flutterings among the female hands that it seriously interfered with production. Rosie's real cause for turning Frank down was that she was after Good Lookin'. Good Lookin' wouldn't have been so good lookin' out on the avenue, but in the setting of our third floor he was an Adonis. Rosie worked a power press. I'd miss the clank of her machine—there she'd be up in the corner of the floor where Good Lookin' worked. Good Lookin' would go for a drink. Rosie would get thirsty that identical

moment. They'd carry on an animated conversation, to be rudely broken into by a sight of the boss meandering up their way. Rosie would make a dash for her machine; Good Lookin' would saunter over to his.

From the start I had pestered the boss to be allowed on a power press, for two reasons: one just because I wanted to—the same reason why a small boy wants to work at machinery; secondly, I wanted to be able to pose for the next job as an experienced power-press worker and sooner or later get a high-power machine. One day the boss was watching me at the foot press. "Y'know, m' girl—I think you really got intelligence; blessed if I don't. I'm going to push you right ahead. I'll make a machinist out of you yet. See if I don't. You stay right on here and you'll be making big money yet." (Minnie—eleven years in her last job—\$14 a week now.) Anyway, one morning he came up—and that morning foot presses of every description had lost all fascination for me—and he said, "You still want a power press?"

"Bet your life I do!"

And he gave me a power press deserted that morning by one of the boys. Life looked worth living again. All I had to do to work miracles was press a pedal ever so lightly. The main point was to get my foot off it as quickly as I got it on, or there was trouble. I wasn't to get my fingers here or there or "I'd never play the piano in this life." If the belt flew off I wasn't to grab it or I'd land up at the ceiling. For the rest I merely clamped a round piece on the top of a nail—like a narrow, straight piece, the part that turned the lamp wick up and down. Hundreds and thousands of them I made. The monotony didn't wear on me so much there—it was mixed with no physical exertion. I could have stayed on at the brassworks the rest of my life—perhaps.

One night I was waiting at a cold, windy corner on Fifth Avenue for a bus. None came. A green Packard limousine

whirled by. The chauffeur waved and pointed up the Avenue. In a flash I thought, now if I really were a factory girl I'd surely jump at a chance to ride in that green Packard. Up half a block I ran and climbed in the front seat, as was expected of me. He was a very nice chauffeur. His mistress, "the old lady," was at a party and he was killing time till 11.30. Would I like to ride till then? No, I wanted to get home—had to be up too early for joy riding. Why so early? The factory. And before I realized it there I sat, the factory girl. Immediately he asked me to dinner any night I said. Now I really think it would be worth doing—no one else I know has been out to dine with a chauffeur. Where would he take you? What would he talk about? But my nerve failed me. No, I didn't think I'd go. I fussed about for some excuse. I was sort of new in New York—out West, it was different. There you could pick up with anybody, go any place. "Good Gawd! girl," said the chauffeur, earnestly, "don't try that in New York—you'll get in awful trouble!" All through Central Park he gave me advice about New York and the pitfalls it contained for a Westerner. He'd be very careful about me if I'd go out with him—any place I said, and he'd get me home early as I said. But I didn't say. I'd have to think it over. But he could telephone to me. No, he couldn't. The lady I lived with was very particular. Well, anyhow, stormy days he'd see to it he'd be down by the factory and bring me home.

The next day while I thumped out lamp parts I tried to screw my courage up to go out with that chauffeur. Finally I decided to put it up to the girls. I meandered back to the wash-room. There on the stairs sat Irish Minnie and Annie, fat and ultradignified. I breezed in casually:

"Vamped a chauffeur last night."

"Go on."

"Sure. He asked me to ride home with him an' I did."

"Got in the machine with him?"

"Sure."

"You fool, you young fool!"

Goodness! I was unprepared for such comment.

"What did he do to ya?"

"Nothin', an' he wants me to go to dinner with him. What 'll I say?"

Both pondered. "Sure," said Minnie. "I b'lieve in a girl gettin' all that's comin' to her, but all I want to tell ya is—chauffeurs are a bad lot—the worst, I tell ya."

"You said it!" nodded fat Annie, as if years of harrowing experience lay behind her. "He was all right to ya the first time so as to lure ya out the next."

"But," says Minnie, "if ya go to dinner with him, don't you go near his machine. Steer clear of machines. Let him feed ya, but no ridin'. Some day a chauffeur 'll hold a handkerchief under your nose with somethin' on it. When ya come to, goodness knows where you'll be."

I began to feel a little as if I'd posed as too innocent.

"You see, out West—" I began.

"My Gawd!"—Minnie waved a hand scornfully—"don't be tryin' to tell me all men are angels out West."

Just then Miss Hibber poked her head in and we suddenly took ourselves out.

"You go easy now," Minnie whispered after me.

I lacked the nerve, anyhow; and it was about time to find a new job. But leaving the brassworks is like stopping a novel in the middle. What about Rosie and Good Lookin'? Bella and her brother she was trying to rescue from the grip of the pool room? Mame, Mame and her kaleidoscope romances, insults, and adventures? I just hate walking off and leaving it all. And the boss and Miss Hibber so nice to me about everything!

Before a week is gone Minnie will be accounting for my disappearance. In an awed voice she will declare that they found my mangled body in Yonkers—she told me not to go out with that chauffeur.

THE RESTAURANT OF "THE SILVER BELLS"

BY FRANK SWINNERTON

Author of Nocturne, September, etc.

WHEN they lived in a Norman village, Monsieur and Madame Voudraud were children playing together in the sunshine, and in the winter evenings they continued their play by the fireside. It was such a natural thing that they should come to be regarded as inseparable that the parents of both made a promise to one another that the two should be married as soon as they were of an age. And so, when the years had passed, Antoine, by this time free of all trouble about his voice, and Marianne, grown gradually into a quiet and pleasant girl with straight, black hair and brown eyes that never laughed but always smiled, were married. The marriage took place in the small church, and all their friends were present to watch the timid pair; and afterward there was a wedding breakfast in the July sunshine, and the young priest who had performed the ceremony was present, and the bride and bridegroom, under his eye, were sedate as only very happy and very youthful lovers can be. The day was brilliant and full of promise; and Antoine afterward took his wife away from the village to the neighboring town of Avranches, where he had recently gone to live and work, and where he had made a little home. And in the town was a church which had silver bells, which were pealing when the lovers arrived, as if in carillon to their future happiness.

The ringing of the silver bells was a sound never forgotten by Antoine and Marianne. They heard it as they drove into the town, and they looked happily at each other, believing this welcoming peal to be an augury without parallel. They both thought that silver bells

should ring happily forever in their lives, and they smiled quietly and beautifully at the bells, for they had drunk wine and were intoxicated with happiness. The streets of the town were radiant for them, and the rooms of their dwelling were precious with young ardor; and the bells were so bright and sweet that they seemed to know all the secrets of the two young hearts and to be shedding them like a cascade of sparkling water upon the people and streets and houses of Avranches.

So it was that these two began their days together in hope. They were both young and stupid and innocent—Antoine no less than Marianne, although he was more clumsy and heavy, and she was purer and more eager to find beauty in everything that belonged to Antoine and to herself in the new life. She would have charmed any observer by the grave way in which she accepted the tremendous responsibilities of her position. Her home was always sparkling and neat; her husband's meals were always punctual; everything was clean and fresh and orderly. Her clothes and sheets and tablecloths were simple, but spotless; her knives bright, her plates and forks and spoons shining. She always had a little bunch of flowers upon the table at meal-times. She was never tired or cross or sad. The smile which lay in her calm eyes never deepened into unkindness or laughter, but was always patient and consoling. She kept her home perfect, and she had only one fault that any husband could possibly have found. It was a single fault, but in spite of any endeavor made by Marianne or Antoine, or both together, it proved to be ineradica-

ble. Marianne, with all her virtues and with all her quiet patience, could never succeed in cooking anything properly. She tried very hard. Antoine tried very hard to be content, to teach her, to appeal to her better wisdom. Every effort was in vain. She could not cook. Poor Antoine pleaded, he stormed, he sulked, he laughed. His gestures were unavailing. His angers were grotesque blots upon their happy domesticity. They produced tears and humiliations and always a passionate reconciliation that had no effect but to make them forget and dread to recall the origin of the conflict. Even his explanations were failures. It was a fatality. His Marianne, otherwise so perfect, lacked the virtue essential to a good wife. She would never be able to prepare food so that Antoine could self-respectingly eat it. That was all, and presently he knew the truth. He remained in love with his wife, but he cooked the meals himself.

Now Antoine had what Marianne lacked. He really savored a meal, and had an instinct for its ingredients. He was in some way a true-born epicure. Otherwise he would have been content with tough meat and hard potatoes, with cabbage and half-raw puddings. His digestion might have gone, and his teeth, but he would have eaten what she provided. He was not made in that way. He was a man of character and determination. He loved his food, not ravenously, but sincerely and with relish. He could distinguish, moreover, between a rough wine and one that was soft upon his palate. Had he been a millionaire he would have been famed for his cuisine. He would have been able to command as his friends, and especially as his guests, all the gourmets in Europe. But, being a poor man, he ate for his own pleasure. Even in Avranches he had friends who sought his table, but he did not care greatly for these friends, because they all fell in love with his wife and had all by degrees to be repulsed from the home of the Voudrauds. They came to a meal, they came again to a meal, but always

their enjoyment of the meal, supreme though it was, led them to an excessive admiration of the hostess. It never occurred to any of them to wonder how she could have appeared to them after a meal of her own cooking.

The climax to this difficult situation arose when one day Antoine brought home the manager of his firm. Poor Antoine had thought to make the manager a friend. The idea had come to him as an inspiration. He had planned a *coup*. He would unlock the manager's heart by the one certain means known to him—through the digestion. He therefore prepared such a meal as the manager had never before tasted. It began with a soup so exquisite that Antoine himself held his breath during the silent, prayerful relish of each mouthful. The manager supped it noisily, his napkin frothing brilliantly from his collar, and he stared all the time with his piggish eyes at Marianne. The meal proceeded to veal stewed to such a delicacy that it melted in Antoine's mouth, along with the sauce of a glorious richness which contained champignons and innumerable savors of which the secret was known only to Antoine, and along with potatoes so perfectly browned that they were beyond description, and spinach that was like cream. The manager wolfed his food and stared all the time with his piggish eyes at Marianne. And when Antoine left them in order to complete the meal with a marvelous *pouding soufflé*, he heard suddenly a sharp cry from his beloved. When he appeared with the sweet he found the manager jerkily morose, and Marianne scarlet with emotion. The rest of the party was flat. The rest of life became flat, for Antoine was discharged from his work and the manager showed himself determined to heap misfortune upon them. The meal had been a failure. Their guest, denied, had become their implacable enemy.

Somebody said one day to Antoine: "You should go to England, to London,

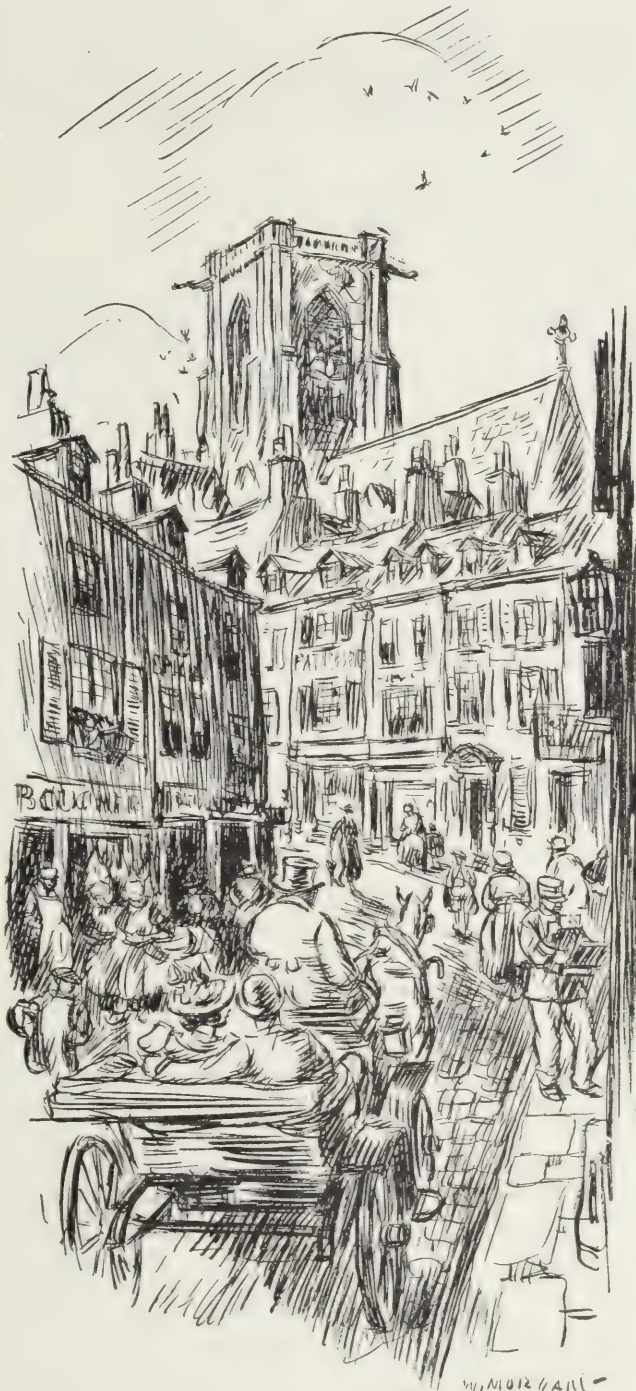
to be a cook. You should open a restaurant there." And Antoine, so low in spirits that he had fallen to meals cooked by Marianne, and so poor in pocket that at times he had come even to no meals at all, had an inspiration that this would lead once again to happiness. He warmly shook his friend's hand, new hope in his eyes, so that the face which had grown so thin was wonderfully radiant; and he ran all the way home to Marianne. It was in this way that he came upon her by surprise, and found his ever-cheerful, consoling wife with her head on her arms, crying with the weakness of despair, as though her heart were breaking. In a passion of sympathy and joy he told of this new thing which would make their lives nothing less than a triumphant march to prosperity. He showed Marianne eloquently the vista of successful days and everlasting work as though that prospect were Paradise indeed. And then he said that in their old age, with serene content, they would live happily again

in the old village from which they had come, at such peace, in such happy leisure, that the air would seem always full of the sound of silver bells, cascading their message of joy and sunshine. And

at his tale Marianne forgot to cry and leaned against him, smiling, with a tear or two, which had set out from the fount of tears before the armistice, still breaking and trickling upon her cheeks, and her head upon Antoine's swelling breast. Antoine may have been happy, but Marianne was the happier. She alone knew what her misery had been, her sense of responsibility for all, her shame and indignation at the cruelty of everything about them. She alone knew how Antoine's love had grown listless and slightly peevish in the days of trial. That was her bitter secret, never divulged. Thank God, the era of despair was ended!

Marianne put

it from her with inexpressible relief, the greater because it was the dumb relief of a child little apt in the art of concealing the secrets of misery. She was



THEY HEARD THE BELLS AS THEY DROVE INTO THE TOWN

otherwise still so much a child, also, that her reaction to this good news was more vehement than his. She was in a dream. It was from Marianne, nevertheless, that the first practical question came.

"But where wilt thou obtain the money for this journey, this embarkation upon the new life, my dear one?" she asked. "We have no money."

"It will find itself," said Antoine, firmly. "It will find itself. Fear not, my angel. And I shall yet cook meals which all London will desire to eat. *Mon Dieu!* What dinners! What soups! What sweets! I am in delirium with such prospects before me!"

"Everything shall be without blemish," thought Marianne. "It will be a clean place, with beautiful flowers and light-colored walls and soft curtains of muslin . . . a clean place, with tablecloths of spotless linen, and shining plates of a most pretty pattern, and polished glasses, and sparkling knives and shining forks. . . ." She was lost in a reverie that carried her far beyond present content. Aloud, speaking in her gentle voice, she said, with her lips close to Antoine's ear:

"My dear one, we will make it beautiful. It shall be our happiness. We will call it the restaurant of 'The Silver Bells.'"

Everything fell out in the happiest of fashions. Marianne went back to the village and Antoine to his friends, and they were able to find the money that was needed. They came to London, were cared for by some compatriots, were helped by them; and at last, after delays and qualms, the restaurant of "The Silver Bells" opened its doors in Soho. It was a clean place, with tablecloths of spotless linen, and shining plates of a most pretty pattern, and polished glasses, and sparkling knives and forks; and Marianne waited at table, and Antoine grew to a flushed heat of triumph in the kitchen. He wore a white cap and white coat, in case he should ever be seen, and Marianne looked a picture of

delight for even the most peevish eye. There came at first to their restaurant only a few customers who failed to find room in other restaurants, and a few who thought a sparkling restaurant in Soho rather charming and rather daring to be tried as an adventure. But there came none who expected to get such food as they found. "The Silver Bells"—to the élite—was famous in a fortnight. It was famous only, it must be understood, to the select company of diners in Soho, and that does not mean that it became a popular rage. On the contrary. The experienced diners kept the secret as close as they could—jealously. They tried to keep it from one another, but could not do so. And they were numerous enough to hold the populace at bay. Never again had "The Silver Bells" to depend upon customers who had failed to find other restaurants. It stood by itself, a precious and delightful experience to its patrons.

Marianne ceased to be the waitress. Antoine obtained waiters, and Marianne made them wash their hands and brush their nails and wear clean shirts and collars, which she laundered herself, so that they accorded well with her other plans. She became overseer, and every day went like an angel—a recording angel—over the restaurant, making sure that all was as it should be. Her hand and her eye were unflinching. No sloven was ever allowed to work at this restaurant. All was seen to be as it should be. It was still as it had been in Marianne's dream. And so the weeks and months passed. And Antoine grew fat and ever smiling, and Marianne grew stouter and more grave. They had no children. The restaurant was their child. It was their single preoccupation. Antoine could not forget it even when he was asleep, and often awakened his wife and himself by crying out in the night when some disordered fancy had seized his mind. He went out to the markets early each morning, and Marianne superintended the cleaning of everything. The kitchen was model in its cleanliness and orderli-



HE FOUND THE MANAGER JERKILY MOROSE, AND MARIANNE SCARLET WITH EMOTION

ness. Never did the two fail to work in harmony with their ideal. They grew richer, but they did not forget.

Five years passed and five years more. "The Silver Bells" extended its accommodation. It grew to be a larger restaurant; it grew to be a cause of serious concern to Marianne and Antoine. It gave them happiness and unhappiness, but principally happiness. And then, one day, when the evening was spent and the diners satisfied, Antoine fell suddenly ill, and for some days the restaurant lived a crippled life. Marianne obeyed his instructions, given from the bed, besides nursing him, did the marketing, and kept an eye on the kitchen and the service, so that nothing should grow slack during this unfortunate happening. She had a practical grasp of the details, and in all but one respect was as able as Antoine to negotiate the difficulties of the day. Her one disability was met in some measure by the other cooks, who followed a sort of routine with scrupulous steadfastness and hoped for the best. They hoped for Antoine's return, just as the tired and anxious Marianne hoped for it all the while she worked and nursed and kept bravely to her task. But he never recovered, and

with renewed hoarse exhortations to Marianne from his sinking pillow to prosecute with a stout heart the work they had begun together, he died within a fortnight of being taken ill. Thus it was that Marianne, at the age of no more than thirty, was left to carry on "The Silver Bells" by herself.

Those who saw the unchanged calm of her demeanor did not know the sorrow that had come upon Marianne, and never guessed the self-distrust behind her dumb effort to do as Antoine wished. For herself, she would perhaps have preferred to sell the business and go back to France; but her parents were now dead, and "The Silver Bells" had eaten into her heart so firmly that her whole life was now bounded by its concerns. Besides which, Antoine had wished her to remain; and it was now her closest link with him. The old love of childhood had gone; the lyric happiness of the early days in Avranches had followed it. The newer sedate affection, a love that was almost habit and the sense of common endeavor, was not less warm, but it was more practical and sensible, so that it had fewer flowers and ecstasies. She deeply felt the loss of Antoine; she

missed him all the time; but she did not show it, and to strangers was still the quiet and rather beautiful young woman who smiled at them and regarded them solely as creatures for whom everything must be kept spick and span.

In her heart Marianne was often thrown into panic lest she should fail. She knew that she had never had that gusto of initiative which made Antoine vibrate with so much vitality. She knew, too, that her cooks could follow, but that they could not create new dishes. She anxiously watched the habitués of "The Silver Bells," and waited for them to begin to disappear. And evening by evening, for six months, she noticed them drop away. They looked at the stereotyped menu or tasted the meats and sweets upon the *carte du jour*, and shook their heads. Marianne saw it all. Gradually the clientèle began to change. Ordinary diners did not notice anything different. The prosperity of the restaurant was undimmed. Its perfection of detail did not grow less, but it lost distinction. And Marianne knew what was wrong, as well as the epicures. "The Silver Bells" was no longer a restaurant for gourmets, because the gourmet-in-chief was gone. Antoine was dead; he could not lead, he could not inspire her. She was doomed to follow, because that was her nature, and without him she had become a mechanical purveyor of safe and moderate dishes which piqued no appetite but that of the hungry.

"The Silver Bells" lay in one of the Soho side streets. It was a quiet and modest building—not, as it has since become, a blazing palace of luxury, but a gray house that sank into dullness as soon as the last diner had gone. One night Marianne had watched all her patrons depart, and had seen the lights extinguished in the upper floors. The kitchens were still. The place was deserted. She went to the door and glanced down the street. It was raining slightly, and everything was very still. She watched distant figures, distant

lights, gravely frowning at the leaden sky, and thinking without animation of what she had done that day and what she had to do on the day following. It was no cheerful reverie, and no poignantly sad one, that she enjoyed, for nothing but a hard routine now filled her mind. One day was to her like every day—a dreary succession of calculated imitations of the things she had done when Antoine was alive. No promise of any new happiness was in her heart. She was heavy and tired, and was unconscious of her thoughts. She could only look out from her door in a kind of stupor, dully watching the pedestrians. One such drew her eye at length, because he had once staggered slightly, though for the most part he walked steadily along in the roadway. It was that single stagger which had made Marianne notice the man. She supposed him to be slightly drunk, but as he drew abreast of her she saw that he was deadly pale, as though he were in great pain.

"You are ill," she called to him in French. "Isn't it so?"

"Yes, madame," he answered, pausing before her and then passing on, "I am ill. It is the heart. But it will pass. Good night."

She saw him go by, and watched him into the distance with a wondering eye. The poor man! He was of her own nation, her own class, and he was ill. Ah! She recalled Antoine's illness, which was of the lung, produced by chill and neglect, and she was made suddenly sweetly sad, so that tears brimmed to her eyes. For the first time for months Marianne was conscious of emotion. She was almost happy in her sadness, because this was the first human impulse she had felt for so long.

What wonder that she watched the next night for this passenger, and that each evening thereafter, as he passed upon his homeward way, they exchanged a greeting? But that would have been little if, one night, she had not seen him afar and in danger. He was walking, as usual, in the roadway, his head lowered,

regardless of all that might occur; and a flashing light came sharply from a side street—a cab, the driver of which drove at reckless speed right down upon the unconscious figure. Only Marianne saw and appreciated the danger. Her hands met vehemently.

"Take care!" she screamed to her friend. He did not hear. The light swerved. Something happened. Something terrible happened, she knew. Then the light disappeared and all was darkness. And Marianne's friend lay huddled at the side of the street. She screamed again, but did not stay at her door. She ran quickly toward the dreadful little heap which lay so still. Somebody else also, a man, had seen the accident, and had shouted. He, too, ran, for the cab drove so fast that it was out of sight in an instant. Marianne and the stranger, both running, met over the senseless body, and stooped simultaneously. The man lay absolutely crumpled, his cheeks ashen, and his teeth showing.

"He's dead!" cried the other rescuer. "Poor devil!"

"No, no!" Marianne protested, beside

herself. "Impossible. Help me to carry him. You see that light? That is my door. Bring him there." She stooped, feverishly dragging the limp arms straight, and raising the heavy head.

By now others had come up, hearing the shout and the scream, and drawn thither by the sight of the body. One of them was a policeman, who picked the body up in his arms, as though it were that of a little boy. Another man ran for a doctor. Accompanied by those who had collected, Marianne returned to "The Silver Bells," where the policeman paused, still carrying his burden. She led the way to an upper bedroom, and in ten minutes the doctor had arrived. He found the invalid already conscious, but still dazed with his shock and in pain from bruises and a broken leg. So it happened that Marianne found herself with a new patient, one who groaned and tossed his head, but who, when she tended him, turned with the most pathetic smile she had ever seen.

By then the policeman, who had taken notes with the help of Marianne's better understanding of her compatriot's speech, had left, and they were alone but



ACCOMPANIED BY THOSE WHO HAD COLLECTED, MARIANNE RETURNED TO "THE SILVER BELLS"

for the company of the two girls whose business it was to sweep and scrub "The Silver Bells," and who lived in the house. Marianne, sitting there, smiled back at the stranger, but with interest and concern. It had been she who had discovered that he lived alone in one room behind Goodge Street, that he had neither friends nor relatives, and that his name was Jean Bouget. She had discovered other things about him also, which she had no need to tell the English. He was but little older than herself, he was lonely and unhappy, he needed care. All her sympathy, her shrewd and devoted sympathy, was given him. He became a child in her eyes. With her own hand she held the spoon from which he supped her broth. With her own hand she cut the meat she had fried. His grateful eyes were her reward.

"It is good?" she asked, smoothing the sheet beneath his chin.

"It is kind," answered Jean Bouget.

"No, no. The food . . ." persisted Marianne.

Poor woman! Her fate pursued her,

"Madame," said the invalid, "I am all gratitude."

"You do not like the food?" she begged. "It is not to your taste."

"Madame," admitted Jean, "I have poor appetite. You are so good. The food is . . . excellent."

"Ah!" cried Marianne, with extravagant emotion. "It is ill cooked. You—you, too, are an epicure!"

"Madame," groaned Jean, "it is my trade. It is my calling. I am a cook."

"You are, perhaps," she magnificently guessed, "a savior. You are a cook. You can tell that I am no cook. Well, it may be that fate has sent you to me. We shall see. I am happy. Sleep now. Sleep well. To-morrow we shall talk."

In a very short time Jean was in charge of the kitchen. He entered it upon the first day with a glance such as an experienced sailor will cast upon a ship, and his smile of joy was clear to all.

"Good!" he remarked. "It is a kitchen. 'The Silver Bells' is famed. I shall increase its fame, for I am an artist."

It was true. For a time the restaurant was still dependent upon its prosaic customers who came for the sake of its name and could not distinguish between the shadow and the reality. It was long before there appeared any change in the body of its patrons. But one day an epicure, a friend of old, who had been for months in another country, returned to London and to "The Silver Bells." He entered and looked around him. Marianne, seeing that once familiar face, stepped forward, her face transfigured. For one who thought little except of spotlessness and taste, she now showed a marvelous intuition. Herself, she went down to the kitchen.

"It is necessary," she whispered to Jean, "that this monsieur's food is prepared as for a veritable gourmet. You understand, my friend. I speak to you from my heart."

It was enough. The returned patron forgave the chattering mob who gave his restaurant an unfamiliar and popular air. He forgave the slight delay. He unbent. He lingered over his meal, stretching his legs and savoring his coffee. Upon the following evening he returned with a friend. They came again. The ancient customers began once more to frequent "The Silver Bells." It was as though a new life had begun, for now the patrons of old, clinging to one room, and one part of that room, made a separate world from the popular diners. But they could not drive away these magnificent creatures, who crowded faster and faster, thicker and thicker. Thirty would-be diners were turned away at the busy hour in a single evening. Tables were booked by post, by preliminary visit. Every corner was utilized. "The Silver Bells" had reached the limit of its accommodation. It had become inundated with a flood of patrons. Its fame spread wider. Jean had created a new legend of its great-



"IS IT GOOD?" SHE ASKED

ness, its unsurpassed marvel. And in spite of it all he remained the shy, modest man, so quiet, so timid, who had first responded to Marianne's greeting as he slowly wandered home on that night so many weeks before. His thin, very dark face, his melancholy eyes, his dreamy air, were unchanged. His long, slim hands and leisurely movements were the same. So, too, was his manner to Marianne. You would have supposed him unaware of his triumph. And yet the dishes at "The Silver Bells" were the talk of dining London. They were cunning, but they were more than cunning. They were fascinating, but they were more than fascinating. The rich and distinguished jostled for entry to the restaurant. Those who prided themselves upon the finest culinary judgment, those who had the highest reputation in that field, said, with conviction, "The best food in London is to be had at 'The Silver Bells.' It is a stupid name, but the cooking is superb." Antoine had been

an artist, but Jean proved to be a genius. He was the finest cook in the world.

For long, Marianne had no fear. She was stupefied, dazzled, at the progress of events. She saw herself becoming rich, but she remained moderate in all her own disbursements, and she never realized that every success has its corresponding danger. She was proud of Jean, proud of her own perception, and thankful for the accidents which had led him to her kitchen. If doubts of the future had arisen she might well have experienced alarm, but she did not think. She lived in a quiet and pleasant security that sprang from her own innocence. It was not for her to imagine the machinations of others less innocent, less scrupulous than herself. And yet there came gradually with this strange success an atmosphere of faint anxiety. It was nothing, she assured herself, and she had but dreamed something unpleasant of which the shadow lingered unconsciously

in her mind. So may such moods of doubt and uncertainty arise in us all. She had no fear. It was true that she received a visit from a stranger who offered to buy the restaurant. She dismissed him. "The Silver Bells" was Antoine's legacy. It was her life. She would not sell it. Suddenly she recognized that if she gave it up she would die. More strangers visited her, with offers to buy the restaurant. To them all she returned the same determined answer. They went away; but Marianne, deeply perturbed, thought the more seriously of this subject, and knew that she could not change her relation to "The Silver Bells." The place, her one beautiful vision, so wonderfully fulfilled, was in her heart forever.

But other forces came into the conflict. Marianne had never thought of

them. And yet they were the most dangerous of all. One night, as Jean left the restaurant, and she stood, as she always did, near the door, she saw him met by another man, accosted, accompanied along the street. A sharp fear struck her. So strong was the impression made upon her that she departed from her custom and spoke of it to Jean.

"That man," she said, haltingly, "the man whom you saw last night . . . he was a friend?"

Jean did not meet her eyes. "An acquaintance merely," he replied, but in a strange tone with which she was unfamiliar. "I do not know. . . . An acquaintance. He had—business with me."

"Ah yes—business," agreed Marianne. But her mind was alert with fear. She had glimpsed the danger. It was essential that she should meet it. They



HE LINGERED OVER HIS MEAL, STRETCHING HIS LEGS AND SAVORING HIS COFFEE

were trying to steal Jean from her, so that he might bring money to others. She *must* keep him. What should she do?

Long Marianne pondered, lying at night without rest, and thinking incessantly of this unsleeping danger. She could offer Jean more money, but she could not offer as much money as these others who had great palaces where rich men paid extravagantly for food and wine and entertainment. She was afraid. She could trust only to his loyalty; and even loyalty, when one was offered the salary of a Lord Chancellor, would still perhaps be insufficient. How afraid Marianne was!

She knew, then, long before Jean spoke to her, what the result of this long intrigue would be. She knew, and consequently dreaded his approach. At last he came, full of humility, of regret. She did not hear his words. She had heard them too often in her thoughts. They were known to her. They were stereotyped in her mind. He had been offered . . . The temptation was too great. . . . He desired that madame—

"You have, then, accepted this offer, Monsieur Jean?" asked Marianne, in a terrible voice.

"I have made no agreement, madame. But"—Jean was grave and pale. He looked always away from her, with pain and contrition, and his voice was faint, but she believed him resolved—"I do not disguise from you that I desire to—"

"Yes, yes, yes. You have thought of me? Of my position here?"

"So often. I have resisted, refused, solely upon that account. Madame, believe me—"

"Listen," said Marianne. "I have known of this. It has been in my heart so many days. I will tell you all this restaurant means to me. Long ago, when I was much younger and when Antoine lived . . ." She told of the departure from Avranches, of the ideal and its accomplishment, of the days of struggle and success, the intermission, the greater success that had come since that time of dullness and malease. As

she spoke the tears came to Jean's eyes as to her own. "You see, Monsieur Jean," she murmured, "how much 'The Silver Bells' has come to mean to me, so that it is my heart, my life. If thou goest, I am forlorn. I have no place in the world, for this is my home and my child. If thou goest I am left with this great child and no way of escape from a second descent into dreary days and nights of aimless labor. . . ."

So her voice grew more pleading, and she continued while the tears welled from the eyes of both, and her hand was laid upon Jean's arm, and her sad face nearer to his.

"Wilt thou not stay, my friend, and repel these offers that come from men who have no hearts and no visions? I cannot offer the great rewards of these rich men, so base and so merciless. They do not need thee. I do. I need thee more and more and more as the days pass. My need is great. It is the need of one who is without help, with none to care for her and aid her in the great struggle. And what little I can offer in return I will. I will offer thee myself, and all my loving care for the rest of my life and thine. . . . And if thou wilt not accept my offer I am dead already, for there is no life for me if thou goest. . . ."

Marianne's voice had sunk to the lowest murmur, checked often by a strangling, as if the tears which now streamed from her eyes were drowning her. And Jean, too, was crying, and their hands were tightly clasped.

"My beautiful queen!" he said, in his faint voice. "I love thee. I will never leave thee. I will be thy guardian, thy protector. . . ."

"My husband," she begged.

"I will cook thee," asserted Jean, carried away by his enthusiasm, "a wedding breakfast such as no bride has ever before relished. It shall be a boast and a saying in the world for all time."

"Thou art a genius!" cried Marianne.

"I am a slave," he responded, modest still. "But I am a great cook; and in that, if in no other respect, I will do thee justice, my queen, for there I am without equal."

THE MOST MYSTERIOUS MANUSCRIPT IN THE WORLD

DID ROGER BACON WRITE IT AND HAS THE KEY BEEN FOUND?

BY JOHN M. MANLY, Ph.D., Litt. D.

Professor of English, University of Chicago.

FEW literary discoveries in our time have excited a keener or more widely spread popular interest than those connected with the mysterious volume brought to light nine years ago by Mr. Wilfred M. Voynich, the well-known bibliophile and dealer in ancient books and manuscripts. For several years the nature, and even the existence, of the volume were known only to a comparatively small number of scholars, scientists, and cipher experts in Europe and America, most of whom made ineffectual efforts to read the strange writing it contains, on the basis of photographs generously supplied by Mr. Voynich to all who possessed such knowledge or experience as gave any promise of a successful attack on the mystery. But early in the present year it became generally known that, after two years of very exacting work devoted almost solely to this problem, Professor William Romaine Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania had succeeded in reading extensive passages of the manuscript and would present his results and explain his methods before the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the American Philosophical Society at their meetings in April.

All sorts of rumors were rife—some true and some false. Until better informed by the newspapers, many thought the manuscript had something to do with the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, of which they had heard vague echoes from time to time, and doubtless expected the revelation of a hitherto unknown play or at least a new support of

Baconian claims. Some learned—correctly enough—that the Bacon whose name was connected with the manuscript was not the lawyer, statesman, and philosopher of the sixteenth century, but a learned friar who lived three hundred years earlier, who was startlingly modern in his scientific attainments, and who consequently was, in his own day and for centuries afterward, suspected of practicing black magic. Some believed that Professor Newbold had learned the secrets of this magic, and one poor woman came hundreds of miles to beseech him to cast out by means of Bacon's magic formulæ the demons that had taken possession of her.

But the legitimate causes of interest were in reality very great. It had long been known that Roger Bacon had, in the thirteenth century, spoken of microscopes and telescopes, as well as of gunpowder, horseless carriages, motor boats, and flying machines, but it was commonly believed that he spoke not from actual knowledge of these supposedly modern inventions, but merely from imaginative dreams of what might be. Professor Newbold's discoveries were reported to prove that in regard to some of these wonders—the telescope and the microscope—Bacon had merely spoken the simple truth, and that, by the use of these inventions, he had made observations in astronomy and in the processes of cell development hundreds of years in advance of the rest of the scientific world. It is no wonder, then, that scholars and scientists as well as mere lovers of the marvelous came from

far and near to hear Professor Newbold explain the cipher, and Professor McClung—one of our most eminent histologists—discuss the revelations in science, and Mr. Voynich relate the history of the manuscript.

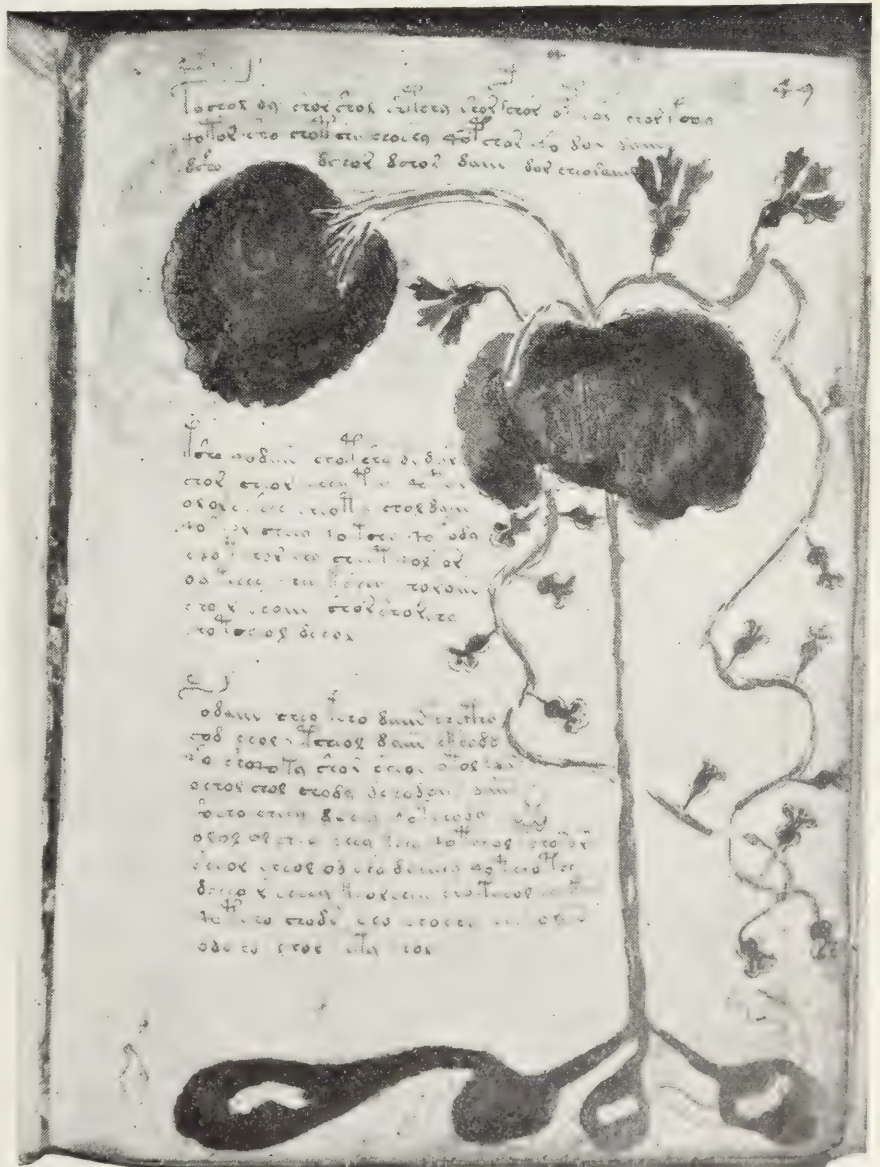
What, then, is the manuscript? What are Professor Newbold's methods and results? And what is the outlook for future work and further revelations?

Independent of all theories as to origin and meaning, the manuscript is one of the most fascinating puzzles ever presented for the perplexity of experts. Superficially it is a small volume eight and a half by five and three-fourths inches, written on vellum and illustrated with colored drawings of whole plants, leaves and roots, astrological diagrams, realistic and symbolical representations of cell development, and strange pictures of nude women. Originally it consisted of at least two hundred and seventy-two pages; but six seem to have been lost between the fifteenth century, when the quires, or gatherings, were marked with signatures, and the seventeenth, when it was rebound and provided with the present folio numbering; and at least twenty have been lost since. Throughout the volume runs a mysterious writing, as can be seen from the photographs accompanying this paper. Experts in languages say that it is not in any known alphabet; experts in cryptography say that it is clearly some otherwise unknown system of cipher.

Faced with a mysterious manuscript like this, the scholar is in duty

bound to inquire first as to its genuineness—a problem which in this case offers some special difficulties. The evidence in such inquiries is partly external, or historical, and partly internal, dealing with language and technical details of writing, illustration, and the like.

The history of the manuscript for the last three centuries can be made out with sufficient clearness by the aid of a letter which was attached to the manuscript when Mr. Voynich discovered it in 1912 in a collection of books and manuscripts formerly belonging to the princely house of Parma. This letter was written by Johannes Marcus Marci in 1665 when he sent the volume as a present to Dr. Athanasius Kircher.



A FACSIMILE PAGE OF THE MYSTERIOUS WRITING, EMBELLISHED WITH BOTANICAL DRAWINGS

Although known to few at the present time, both these men were celebrities of European reputation in the seventeenth century. Doctor Kircher (1601–1680) was a scholar of well-nigh universal attainments — physicist, mathematician, geologist, geographer, philosopher, linguist, and archæologist; one of the pioneers in the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics, author of a treatise on cryptography, inventor of a calculating machine, and founder of a valuable collection of antiquities still preserved in the Jesuit college at Rome as the *Musæum Kircherianum*. Marci (1595–1667) was of only less eminence than Kircher. Educated at the University of Prague, he devoted himself to medicine and became professor in the University in 1620. Later he studied French, Italian, and Spanish, and traveled extensively. In 1640 he met Kircher at Rome and was by him introduced to the study of Oriental languages, especially Arabic. He also became an adept in the Kabbala, or Jewish mysteries, and in alchemy. He was popularly supposed to be able to transmute the baser metals into gold. In 1658 he was appointed physician to the Emperor Ferdinand III and was ennobled. In early youth he had wished to join the Jesuits, but was rejected on account of tuberculous tendencies. Shortly before his death he succeeded in gaining admission to the order, and apparently made this gift to Kircher in preparation for that event.

It is clear that Marci did not possess the manuscript in 1640, when he was with Kircher in Rome. Who was the previous owner referred to as having sent Kircher a copy of part of the manuscript for decipherment but as being unwilling to send him the manuscript itself, we may never know. But it may be worth noting that in the preface of his *Idearum Operaticium Idea* Marci mentions as his mother-in-law Laura, daughter of Dionisius Misserone who succeeded Octavius Strada as director of the Imperial Museum of the Emperor Rudolf.

The Doctor Raphael of the letter, who told Marci that the book had once belonged to the Emperor Rudolf, who gave the bearer six hundred ducats (or about \$14,000 present value) and that it was thought to be the work of Roger Bacon, was a lawyer, known also, from his Polish mother, as Missowski, who, from his relations with the courts of Rudolf and Ferdinand III, was likely to have trustworthy information. Born in 1580, he began his career as secretary to Cardinal Melchior Klesl, at the court of Rudolf; under Ferdinand III he became attorney general of Bohemia. He died in 1644.

Incidentally, the connection of the volume with the imperial court is curiously confirmed by the manuscript itself. When Mr. Voynich was having the first page photographed the photograph showed faint traces of writing at the bottom of the page that had not been visible in the manuscript itself. Efforts to read it were unsuccessful, and finally Mr. Voynich decided to apply a chemical commonly used by palæographers to develop faded writing. Under this treatment the writing appeared clearly as *Jacobj de Tepenecz*. At the time this name meant nothing, but later research disclosed the fact that it was the name assumed in 1608 by Jacobus Horcicky, a botanist and the director of the Emperor Rudolf's alchemical laboratory, who made a fortune by the invention and sale of *aqua sinapia*, a predecessor of eau de Cologne. De Tepenecz lived until 1622, but as he was obliged to flee the country in the disturbances of 1618, it is probable that he parted with the manuscript at that time. At any rate, it seems clear that the volume was presented to Rudolf and was believed by members of the court circle to be the work of Roger Bacon, the famous English scholar and scientist.

The earlier history of the manuscript cannot at present be established by documentary proof, but Mr. Voynich has shown that there is much probability in the theory that it was given to



AN ASTROLOGICAL DIAGRAM REPRESENTING THE ZODIACAL SIGN OF TAURUS, THE BULL

Rudolf by Dr. John Dee, mathematician and astrologer to Queen Elizabeth, and that he obtained it with other Bacon MSS. when the monasteries of England were disestablished and their MSS. dispersed or destroyed. Certainly Dee was more interested in Bacon than was any other person known to have visited Rudolf; certainly he possessed a collection of Bacon's writings never equaled by any other collector, and certainly his library of books and manuscripts was too numerous and expensive to have been formed by purchase.

That the MS. is Bacon's, or even that it dates from the thirteenth century, cannot then be proved by documentary evidence, but there is no evidence against this tradition, and the appear-

ance of the MS. itself confirms it—the ink, the pigments, the general style of the writing, and the general appearance of the vellum.

But if we can attain only a certain degree of probability as to the origin and date of the MS., can we determine definitely the nature of the subject matter and the character of the cipher?

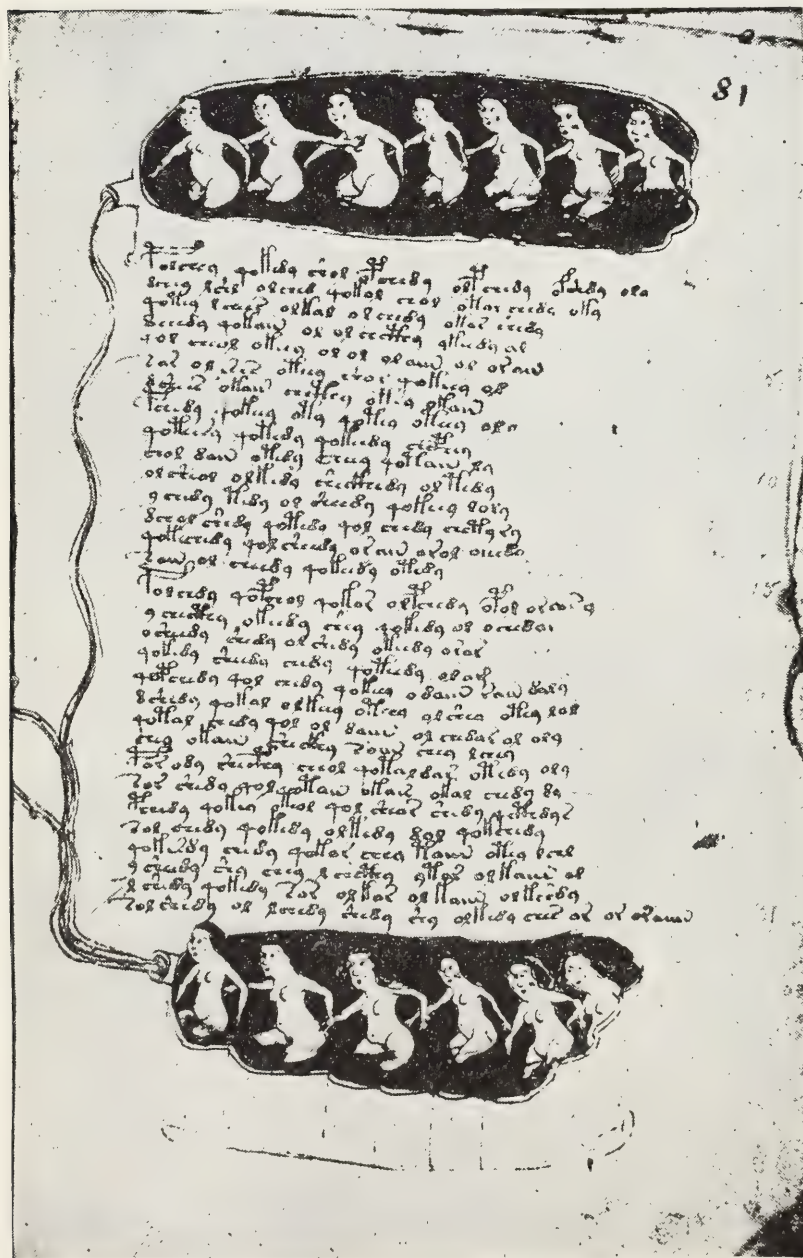
On examining the MS., one's first impression would undoubtedly be that it was some sort of medical treatise. The drawings of plants, roots, and leaves might well accompany a discussion of their medicinal properties—or virtues, as they used to be called; the astronomical or astrological diagrams point to a time when every well-informed physician thought it necessary, like the Doctor in

Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," to consult the stars for propitious times to treat his patients; the drawings of cell structures might indeed be scientific studies of physiology, for science in the Middle Ages was curiously mixed with superstition; and the pictures of nude women—most of whom seem to be taking a bath (plunge, sitz, or shower)—might well represent a system of hydrotherapy, for that was a frequent feature of mediæval practice. Yet as soon as one has reached such a conclusion, one begins to wonder whether it can be correct; whether anything in such a treatise

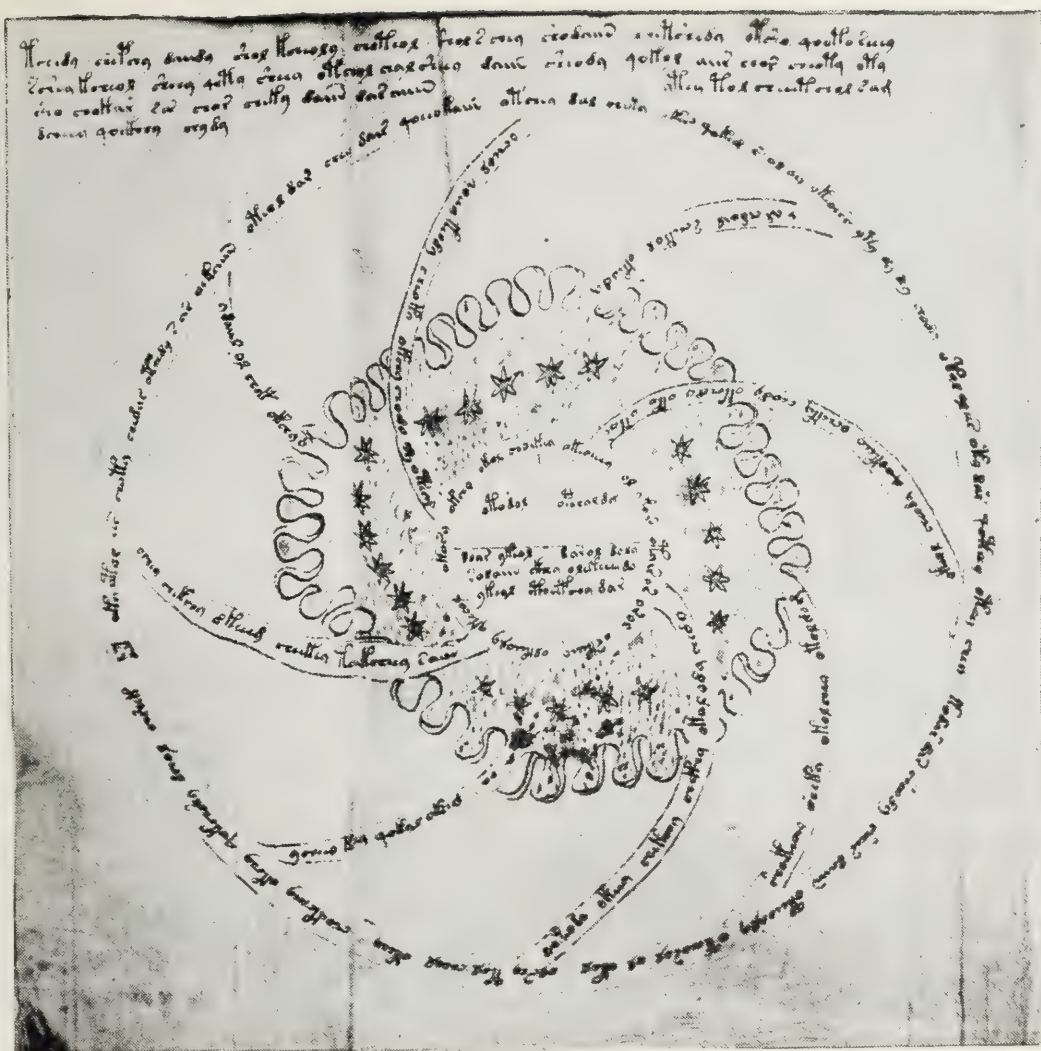
could require concealment sufficiently to motivate the creation of a system of secret writing and the use of it throughout the whole two hundred and seventy-two pages of the treatise. If such a treatise contained any views or other statements that it would be dangerous to publish, it would seem probable that such passages must be few and brief, and that only such passages would need to be enciphered. One may therefore suspect that the real subject matter is more important and dangerous and that the drawings are merely a blind intended to suggest that the contents of the manuscript are insignificant and innocent.

Such questions as these undoubtedly suggested themselves to the various experts in palæography, in botany, in medicine, in astronomy, and in cryptography who have from time to time tried to read the cipher.

As for the cipher itself, it looks very easy. Botanists thought they could read it by identifying the plants and assuming that the inscriptions under them gave their names; astronomers thought that the inscriptions under the stars—particularly such easily recognized ones as Aldebaran and the Hyades—would furnish a clue; palæographers tried the methods that had been successful in deciphering the inscriptions at Persepolis and Babylon; cipher experts analyzed the cipher by their well-known methods, decided at once that it was a simple single-alphabet cipher, and then found to their dismay that, although it had all the



ANOTHER PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT, WITH TYPICAL EMBELLISHMENTS OF FEMALE FIGURES



A DRAWING OF THE GREAT NEBULA IN ANDROMEDA

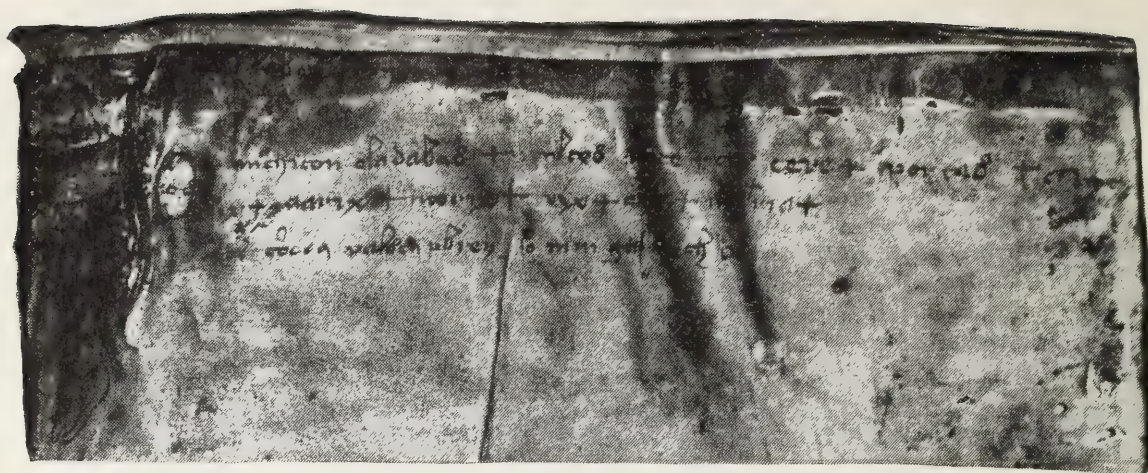
The legend accompanying the picture states, according to Professor Newbold's reading, that the object portrayed was seen in a concave mirror (a reflecting telescope?) and its location is given as that of the Great Nebula in Andromeda. The late Professor Eric Doolittle asserted that the maker of this drawing must have had a telescope, as he correctly depicts features invisible to the naked eye.

characteristics of a real cipher system, it successfully resisted all attempts to read it.

Then came Professor Newbold. He had long been a student of mediæval philosophy and science and of that mysterious system of esoteric thought developed by the Jews and known as the Kabbala. He knew that Roger Bacon not only had written a Hebrew grammar, but was familiar with all the methods of secret writing known to ancient and mediæval science—he enumerates and describes seven different methods in his "Epistle on the Nullity of Magic." Moreover, on the last page of the manuscript he read in Latin the sentence, "Thou wast giving me many gates," and as the term "gates" was

familiar from the Kabbala, he decided that here was the key to the cipher and the mystery. But how to use the key, how to unlock the gates was still to be learned. Many months of hard labor, of trial and failure, and partial success, followed by corrections and further hypotheses and experiments, passed before he was able to read even a word of the mysterious manuscript. Then came the successful reading of long passages, revealing historical and scientific facts unknown to Professor Newbold and consequently bringing to his mind indubitable proof of the correctness of his system.

This system is too elaborate to be explained in detail here, but its general features are comparatively simple.



A PORTION OF THE LAST PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT, CONTAINING A LATIN SENTENCE IN WHICH PROFESSOR NEWBOLD BELIEVES THE KEY TO THE CIPHER IS CONCEALED

Long before he wrote this MS., Roger Bacon, according to Professor Newbold, had devised an ingenious system of cipher for conveying to the initiated reports of matters too dangerous to be written openly. His plan was to use combinations of two letters in the open text to represent one letter of the secret message. Each of the twenty-two letters of the Latin alphabet could therefore be represented by a combination of any one of these letters with some other. But, inasmuch as the necessary sequence of letters in the words of the open text would to a certain degree limit or determine the letters of the secret message, he devised three methods of obtaining freedom of expression. First, seeing that all the discussions of the alchemists looked like nonsense, he decided to avail himself of the privilege of writing nonsense under the guise of treatises on alchemy. Next, instead of using an alphabet of twenty-two letters for his secret text, he reduced the alphabet to eleven by treating as equivalents letters somewhat similar in sound; thus his alphabet, grouping equivalents together, would run, *a, bfp, cgkq, dt, e, ij, lr, m, n, ou, sz*. Finally, he did not regard it as necessary that the letters of the secret message should come in proper order, but allowed them to be disarranged to suit the requirements of the open text.

By means of this system Professor

Newbold has read from the supposed alchemical treatises ascribed to Bacon secret messages totaling several thousand words. Besides those which he presented in his lecture before the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Philadelphia, he has sent me one of 1,399 words, giving a detailed account of a riot at Oxford, involving a pitched battle between the lay students and the friars. The substance is this:

"February 26, 1273, King Edward ordered the clergy to undertake a systematic inquisition into crime. They began it, but, owing to the antagonism of the nobility, soon desisted. At Oxford the knights besieged the friars; long speeches were exchanged; Bacon exploded gunpowder to scare off the assailants with the belief that hell was opening and the devils coming out. The surrender and ultimate pardon of the rebels are recorded." "Of these alleged facts," says Professor Newbold, "I verified the order for inquisition addressed to Parliament in January, 1273; I have not found the King's brief of February, but have the report of legal proceedings in January and February, 1274, against the insurgents at Oxford, with their names and number. The latter was confirmed in a cipher record read after I knew the facts, but all the rest was read before. Nothing of the kind is mentioned in any history I have seen."

But how does this method apply to the cipher manuscript? Very simply indeed. The mysterious symbols of the MS. have, according to Professor Newbold, no significance in themselves, but are merely a means of carrying and concealing microscopic signs devised from the ancient Greek system of shorthand. The strokes of each visible letter, instead of being made with a single free sweep of the pen, are carefully built up of microscopic signs closely packed together—usually about ten signs to each letter. An ordinary reading glass will show at once the composite structure of the letters. To read the cipher it is only necessary to give the shorthand signs their proper values and then translate them by the system explained already. Using this method, Professor Newbold has read from the manuscript historical facts, astronomical observations and predictions, and philosophical and scientific theories with which he was previously unacquainted, but which have since been verified by research.

The revelations of advanced knowledge of biological facts and theories possessed by Bacon, but hitherto supposed to be the exclusive property of modern science, are confirmed by Professor McClung's statements in regard to the biological drawings. Although Professor McClung does not regard them as proving Bacon's use of a compound microscope, he does think they imply the use of a single lens, such as was used four hundred years later (1677) by Leeuwenhoek and Hamm in their rediscovery of details depicted by Bacon. The drawings are, of course, not such as moderns would make; objective fact and speculative interpretation are with difficulty distinguishable. But, with allowance for this, it appears that the investigator saw the seminiferous tubes, the microscopic cells with nuclei, and possibly the spermatozoa, though the last are not accurately represented. A knowledge of the early stages of embryological development is indicated; the union of the sperm with the ovum and the relation of

the ovum to the tissues are suggested, though not proved.

So far Professor McClung; and it must be admitted that such statements from a scientist of his high qualifications confirm the view that Bacon had carried his biological researches to a point not heretofore known to have been reached until several centuries later.

Some of the scientists who saw the enlarged drawings exhibited at Professor Newbold's first lecture felt that Professor McClung was too conservative in his statements. More than one thought the drawings could not have been made without the aid of a compound microscope; others emphasized the fact that they were more impressive and convincing when compared with sketches made by modern observers than when the object of comparison was the result of microphotography. One eminent physiologist, whose name I suppress only because I have not received express permission to quote him, thinks some of the drawings suggest a magnification of seventy-five and interprets them as representations of the columnar epithelial cells with their cilia.

This is surely very wonderful. Persons not well informed in regard to the culture of the thirteenth century will doubtless feel that many features of this picture of Bacon and his attainments are absolutely incredible. But in science both the twelfth and the thirteenth centuries saw an amount of progress fairly comparable to that of our own time; the causes of error and the principles of experimental investigation were as clearly recognized by the leaders of science then as they are now; and if the scholars of that time were not always able to free themselves from the influence of traditional untruths, neither are we.

As for Bacon himself, there is not, as one might suppose, any absurdity in crediting him with a knowledge of Greek shorthand. Shorthand was practiced by the Greeks from the fourth century B.C. It was in common use among the Romans. It was transmitted to the Middle

Ages. In 1174 John of Tilbury presented to King Henry of England a new system of shorthand, invented by himself, which he declared to be free from all the defects of the ancient system and to be as swift as human speech or even swifter. Bacon himself specifically mentions shorthand, and in Chapter IV of his Greek Grammar gives a brief list of contractions and shorthand symbols and says, "there is an infinite number of others, as with us."

That Bacon knew and used simple lenses has long been generally admitted, but until recently it has been customary to deny that he used lenses in combination, either for microscopes or for telescopes. Yet his treatise on optics distinctly states the principles of combination and, though with some exaggeration, the results that can be obtained. Recent students of his work in optics and mathematics, such as Prof. Eilhard Wiedemann of the University of Erlangen, and Prof. David Eugene Smith of Columbia University, rate his knowledge and his capacity for scientific thinking very high indeed. His correction of the error in the calendar was remarkable for its accuracy.

Of his latest observations and speculations in biology we know very little. He published no specific treatise on the subject. What he says is said incidentally in connection with other subjects and was written at least twenty-five years before his death. That he should, during the years of his imprisonment (1278-1292 ?) have found time and opportunity for microscopic work on cells and ova need occasion no surprise. Prisoners such as he was are often allowed by their jailers to do the very things which the imprisonment was intended to prevent.

Nor should any amount of practical knowledge of astronomy surprise us. In his recent monumental work on the history of science (*Le Système du Monde*), Professor Duhem, the greatest living authority on the subject, accords Bacon the highest honor for both theoretical

and practical astronomy, and Mr. Voinich possesses a manuscript of astronomical calculations which seems very certainly to be from his hand.

It may be mentioned incidentally that Bacon taught the rotundity of the earth, and that it was a quotation from Bacon which gave Columbus the idea of attempting to reach the East by sailing west. But this is not remarkable. Learned men from the days of Pythagoras onward have held this view, and in the thirteenth century it was the current doctrine, as set forth in the famous treatise of Johannes de Sacro Bosco.

That Roger Bacon believed in alchemy and in astrology has, however, been enough in the minds of many modern writers to cast discredit or suspicion upon the clear and unmistakable evidences of his scientific attainments and brand him as a visionary and a charlatan. Such persons forget, or have never known, that practically every eminent man of science in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries believed in both these pseudo-sciences, and that some of the most eminent English physicists of the present day hold views which to many of us are as absurd as alchemy or astrology. The fact is that in 1300 scientific thinking had advanced practically as far as it had three hundred years later, and that Roger Bacon was one of the most learned, clearest, and most remarkable thinkers of that remarkable epoch.

But if we might well expect to find in Bacon all that Professor McClung sees in the drawings and all that Professor Newbold reads from the cipher texts, are we justified in concluding that Professor Newbold has indeed found the key that unlocks the secret treasury and can bring forth its treasures at will? Professor Newbold is himself very modest about his achievements. He feels confident, indeed, that he has found the key. He cannot believe that the messages he reads are not actually in the cipher, but are the result of subconscious recollection and activity. He is sure that many of the revelations he has read

cannot come from that storehouse of the forgotten and the unregarded which daily astonishes us with what it contains, because he is sure that there was never any opportunity for such information to get into his subconsciousness. But he is not sure that the key fits all the locks. He thinks it may need a touch of the file here and there, and he earnestly desires the aid of competent wardens in using it. In less figurative language, he recognizes that there are many passages that he has tried to read and could not; that the system itself has such flexibility that one may possibly obtain a reading that is not the right reading; and that until a greater degree of objectivity and inevitability is attained in the use of the alphabets, the readings will remain open to a certain degree of suspicion, which cannot be entirely removed even by the character of the results obtained. He therefore wishes others to test and correct the alphabets, and check up his readings, and organize for the complete decipherment of the mysterious manuscript and of all other Baconian writings containing the cipher. And he believes that the results will richly reward those who are willing to undertake the work.

For my own part, it is necessary to say that Professor Newbold's theory and system now seem much more reasonable than they did a year ago when he first explained them to me. At that time I was dabbling with the cipher myself, as I had been doing at odd times for several years. I then told him frankly that I could not believe that a man with intelligence enough to construct so complicated a cipher would construct one that could not be trusted to convey his messages inevitably and unmistakably; that absolute certainty of interpretation was one of the first essentials of a good cipher, and that, inasmuch as experience has shown that even a group of less than fifty letters can be arranged in several thousand different ways all forming intelligible human speech, I could never have any confidence in a system which involved a process of unsystematic re-

arrangement of letters. He recognized the force of these objections, but felt that it was more than counterbalanced by his getting revelations of facts—historical, astronomical, and the like—which he was sure had never before come to his knowledge.

The force of some of these objections has, for me, been lessened, though not entirely destroyed, by increased knowledge and increased acquaintance with Professor Newbold's system.

In the first place, if Bacon's system was suggested by the Kabbala, it would not be at all strange that it should be loose and capable of more than one interpretation. The Kabbalistic system, I learned, is vague, is multiform, is capable, indeed, of extracting any meaning out of almost any material.

Further, when I came to examine in detail some of Professor Newbold's decipherments, I found to my surprise that he did not range far and wide to find the letters to make up a word, but usually found them in a very limited space and often in part already arranged, either in direct or in reversed order—only occasionally would a necessary letter need to be sought at a distance of thirty or forty from those with which it was joined in making a word. This, of course, though it did not entirely remove the objection to anagramming, certainly reduced it to a minimum.

But other doubts remain, some of which have developed only recently as a result of a very careful study of the manuscript and the system of its decipherment. And as Professor Newbold, and Mr. Voynich, and the whole public interested in this most important and mysterious manuscript desire that sort of criticism which has for its sole object the ascertainment of the truth, these doubts and queries shall be stated here as briefly as possible.

First, as to the microscopic shorthand signs. That Bacon might have used them has been shown earlier in this paper. That they are objectively present in the strokes of the visible symbols

is clear to anyone who examines the manuscript with a good reading glass. Yet it does not seem safe to assume that these marks are what they seem, or indeed are at all the result of intention or purpose. The ink with which the writing is done is thick, almost of the consistency of printer's ink; the surface of the vellum is rough. It seems almost certain that such an ink applied to such a surface, not by pressure, but by the sweep of a pen or a brush, would break up into just such shreds and filaments as the microscope shows in these symbols. I cannot speak positively on this point, because it is only recently that I saw these marks and I have not yet been able to find an ancient vellum manuscript written with ink of this consistency; but a microscopic examination of old printed books undertaken several years ago for another purpose lends probability to this view. Moreover, the strokes have a freedom of sweep which does not seem compatible with the theory that they are built up carefully and painfully of minute bits.

But even if the shorthand symbols are actually and intentionally present in the manuscript, it is possible that they have not been interpreted aright. Professor Newbold assigns to them in the main the letter values given by the best authorities on Greek shorthand, but after that his process is a highly complicated one and possesses perhaps an undue amount of looseness, or flexibility, as we may call it. Is it not possible that the letters derived from the shorthand signs could be read, by a cipher expert, as one of the many forms of systematic substitution cipher? The attempt has not, I think, been seriously made.

The looseness or flexibility just referred to consists in this: After the shorthand signs have been translated into Roman letters, these letters are replaced by their equivalents in the substitution alphabets. As some of the combinations have more than one value, there is here a certain amount of flexibility or play, a certain possibility of

making a given group of letters afford more than one arrangement and meaning, as anyone will recognize who has ever played the well-known game of "Word-building." But this is not all. The alphabet through which all the letters must pass—or to which all must be reduced—is, as has already been said, an alphabet of eleven letters; *b*, *p*, and *f* are equivalent letters, any one of which may be used for any other; and so of *c*, *g*, *k*, and *q*; and so of the other letters grouped as equivalents. Surely with this freedom of choice, a skillful anagrammatist can spell words and make sentences almost at will, and what the skillful anagrammatist can do consciously, the subconsciousness can undoubtedly do for any of us under proper conditions of interest and faith. As for one's feeling of assurance that certain facts can never have been in one's possession and therefore cannot be stored in one's subconsciousness, one perhaps never has the right to feel such assurance about any fact whatsoever. Experience shows that the memory often catches and stores up impressions that never were in one's consciousness. Therefore, although I have as much confidence in Professor Newbold's sincerity as in my own, I cannot feel that any amount of verification of disclosures supposed to be previously unknown to the decipherer can of itself establish the validity of a method of decipherment.

Finally, I cannot believe that the visible symbols of the manuscript are a meaningless contrivance for the mere purpose of carrying and concealing the microscopic signs. I have studied these symbols in many different ways and from many different angles, and they behave in every respect and under every test like an ordinary cipher, composed of arbitrary artificial symbols. The only exception to this is that up to the present time they absolutely refuse to be read. But this means nothing. We do not know what language lies at the basis of the cipher. Even the simplest cipher may resist attack until the correct as-

sumption is made in regard to the language, and this is very far from being an absolutely simple cipher. Bacon knew, and could have used, English, French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic. The natural assumption would be that he wrote in Latin. If so, he may have used abbreviations as freely as they are used in ordinary mediæval manuscripts, indicating them only by general, not particular, signs—twenty-nine distinctly different symbols are used in the manuscript, which would make seven available for abbreviations. Hebrew and Arabic seem out of the question; partly because he probably did not write them easily, and partly because they are normally written from right to left, whereas the manuscript is written from left to right; but these reasons are not conclusive.

Despite the difficulties which attend every supposition in regard to the language, it does not seem possible to doubt that this is a real cipher, based upon a

real language. No man in any century previous to the sixteenth could "fake" a cipher system that possessed so many marks of genuineness as this and carry it consistently through nearly three hundred pages of closely written text. It is safe to assert that the visible symbols constitute a cipher and that they will some day be read by some one.

But does this exclude the possibility that Professor Newbold's system also has reality? By no means. It would be easily possible to incorporate his microscopic signs into the strokes forming these symbols without in any way producing interference or difficulty.

In any event this manuscript is, with the possible exception of those written in some unknown tongue which were recently found in central Asia, the most mysterious and most interesting manuscript that now challenges the ingenuity and industry and patience of the world of scholars.

INTIMATE STRANGER

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

THE stranger had a way with him,
 The time he tarried in our place;
 The children ran to play with him,
 And something in his storied face
 Made old folk wish to stay with him
 Whose memory with their tales kept pace.

Not one but did confide in him
 The inmost thought he ever had;
 The wayward owned a guide in him,
 To lead them out of mazes mad;
 It seemed there was a side in him
 For wise or wild, for sad or glad.

He lived apart—was near to us,
 Was intimate and stranger, too!
 He ever grew more dear to us;
 Yet, only when he bade adieu,
 The secret was made clear to us!
 And we, at last, The Poet knew!

THE HARBOR MASTER

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

SYNOPSIS OF PART I.—*Jethro Rackby, the solitary harbor master, was said to be a woman hater, so Deep-water Peter, for the amusement of his cronies, told him that Caddie Sills, the wild, mysterious girl whom the port called a "perilous" woman, was in love with him. Rackby rescued her from drowning, but was too slow and self-conscious to take advantage of her gratitude. When he did ask her to marry him, Caddie promised to meet him by the Preaching Tree. To pay him back for his rebuff and in order to keep him occupied while her lover Sam Dreed got his libeled ship out of the harbor, she pretended love. When he learned the truth and that she was sailing with Dreed, he cursed her.*

Two years later a ship was wrecked in the harbor. Caddie was brought ashore to Rackby's house where she died, leaving a baby daughter to whom Rackby promised to give his name and protection.

TO the child born at the height of the storm the harbor master gave a name, his own—Rackby. He was town clerk, and he gave her this name when he came to register her birth on the broad paper furnished by the government. And for a first name, Day, as coming after that long night of his soul, perhaps.

When this was known, he was fined by the government two hundred dollars. Such is the provision in the statutes, in order that there may be no compromise with the effects of sin.

The harbor master did not regret. He reckoned his life anew from that night when he sat in the dusk with the broad paper before him containing the names of those newly born.

So the years passed, and Day Rackby lived ashore with her adoptive father. When she got big enough they went by themselves and reopened the house on Meteor Island.

The man was still master of the harbor, but he could not pretend that his authority extended to the sea beyond. There he lost himself in speculation, sometimes wondering if Deep-water Peter had found a thing answering his quest. But Peter did not return to satisfy him on this point.

The harbor master was content to believe that he had erred on the side of the flesh, and that the sea, a jealous mistress, had swept him into the hearing of the gods, who were laughing at him.

As for the child of Cad Sills, people who did not know her often said that her eyes were speaking eyes. Well if it were so, since this voice in the eyes was all the voice she had. She could neither speak nor hear from birth. It was as if kind nature had sealed her ears against those seductive whisperings which—so the gossips said—had been the ruination of her mother.

As she grew older, they said behind their hands that blood would tell, in spite of all. Then, when they saw the girl skipping along the shore with kelp in her hands they said, mistrustfully, that she was "marked" for the sea, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

"She hears well enough, when the sea speaks," Zinie Shadd averred. He had caught her listening in a shell with an intent expression.

"She will turn out to be a chip of the old block," said Zinie Shadd's wife, "or I shall never live to see the back of my neck."

Jethro Rackby heard nothing of such

prophecy. He lived at home. Here in his estimation was a being without guile, in whose innocence he might rejoice. His forethought was great and pathetic. He took care that she should learn to caress him with her finger tips alone. He remembered the fatal touch of Cad Sills's kiss at Pull-an'-be-Damned, which had as good as drawn the soul out of his body in a silver thread and tied it in a knot.

Once, too, he had dreamed of waking cold in the middle of the night and finding just a spark on the ashes of his hearth. This he nursed to flame; the flame sprang up waist-high, hot and yellow. Fearful, he beat it down to a spark again. But then again he was cold. He puffed at this spark, shivering; the flame grew, and this time, with all he could do, it shot up into the rafters of his house and devoured it. . . .

So it was that the passion of Cad Sills lived with him still.

He taught the child her letters with blue shells, and later to take the motion of his lips for words. She waylaid him everywhere—on the rocks, on the sands, in the depths of the hemlock grove, on tiny antlers of gray caribou moss, with straggling little messages and admonishings of love. Her apron pocket was never without its quota of these tiny shells of brightest peacock blue. They trailed everywhere. He ground them under heel at the threshold of his house. From long association they came to stand for so many inquisitive little voices in themselves, beseeching, questioning, defying.

But for his part, he grew to have a curious belief, even when her head was well above his shoulder, that the strong arch of her bosom must ring out with wild sweet song one day, like that which he had heard on the November hillside, when Caddie Sills had run past him at the Preaching Tree. This voice of Day's was like the voice sleeping in the great bronze horn hanging in a rack, which his father had used to call the hands to dinner. A little wind meant no sound,

but a great effort, summoning all the breath in the body, made the brazen throat ring out like a viking's horn, wild and sweet.

So with Day, if an occasion might be great enough to call it forth.

"He always was a notional little man," the women said, on hearing this. The old bachelor was losing his wits. Such doctrine as he held made him out not one whit better off than Zinie Shadd, who averred that the heart of man was but a pendulum swaying in his bosom—though how it still moved when he stood on his head was more than even Zinie Shadd could fathom, to be sure.

"It's the voice of conscience he's thinking of, to my judgment," said one. "That girl is deeper than a haddock and dumb as the stone."

Untouched by gossip, the harbor master felt with pride that his jewel among women was safe, and that here, within four humble walls, he treasured up a being literally without guile, one who grew straight and white as a birch sapling. "Pavilioned in splendor" were the words descriptive of her which he had heard thunderously hymned in church. The hair heavy on her brow was of the red gold of October.

If they might be said to be shipmates sailing the same waters, they yet differed in the direction of their gaze. The harbor master fixed his eyes upon the harbor; but little Day turned hers oftenest upon the blue sea itself, whose mysterious inquietude he had turned from in dismay.

True, the harbor was not without its fascination for her. Leaning over the side of his dory, the sea girl would shiver with delight to descry those dismal forests over which they sailed, dark and dizzying masses full of wavering black holes, through which sometimes a blunt-nosed bronze fish sank like a bolt, and again where sting ray darted, and jellyfish palpitated with that wavering of fringe which produced the faintest of turmoil at the surface of the water.

This would be at the twilight hour when warm airs alternated with cold, like hopes with despairs. Sparbuoys of silver gray were duplicated in the water, wrinkled like a snout at the least ripple from the oars. Boats at anchor seemed twice their real size by reason of their dark shadows made one with them. One by one the yellow riding lights were hung, far in. They shone like new-minted coins; the harbor was itself a purse of black velvet, to which the harbor master held the strings. The quiet—the immortal quiet—operated to restore his soul. But at such times Day would put the tips of her fingers mysteriously to her incarnadined dumb lips and appear to hearken on the seaward side. If a willful light came sometimes in her eyes he did not see it.

But even on the seaward side there would not be heard, on such nights, the slightest sound to break the quiet, unless that of little fish jumping playfully in the violet light, and sending out great circles to shimmer toward the horizon.

So it drew on toward Day Rackby's eighteenth birthday.

One morning in October they set out from Meteor for the village. A cool wind surged through the sparkling brown oak leaves of the oaks at Hannan's Landing.

"They die as the old die," reflected Jethro Rackby, "gnarled, withered, still hanging on when they are all but sapless."

Despite the melancholy thought, his vision was gladdened by a magic clarity extending over all the heavens, and even to the source of the reviving winds. The sea was blown clear of ships. In the harbor a few still sat like seabirds drying plumage. Against the explosive whiteness of wind clouds, their sails looked like wrinkled parchment, or yellowing Egyptian cloth; the patches were mysterious hieroglyphs.

Day sat sleepily in the stern of the dory, her shoulders pinched back, her heavy braid overside and just failing the water, her eyes on the sway of cockles in the bottom of the boat.

Rackby puckered his face, when the square bell tower of the church, white as chalk, came into view, dazzling against the somber green upland. The red crown of a maple showed as if a great spoke of the rising sun had passed across that field and touched the tree to fire with its brilliant heat.

So he had stood—so he had been touched. His heart beat fast, and now he stood under the Preaching Tree again, and drew a whiff of warm hay, clover-spiced, as it went creaking past, a square-topped load, swishing and dropping fragrant tufts. . . . This odor haunted him, as if delights forgotten, only dreamed, or enjoyed in other lives, had drifted past him. . . . Then the vivid touch of Cad Sills's lips.

He glanced up, and at once his oars stumbled, and he nearly dropped them in his fright. For the fraction of a second he had, it seemed, surprised Cad Sills herself looking at him steadily out of those blue, half-shut lazy eyes of his scrupulously guarded foster child. The flesh cringed on his body. Was she lurking there still? Certainly he had felt again, in that flash, the kiss, the warm tumult of her body, the fingers dove-tailed across his eyes; and even seen the scented hay draw past him, toppling and quivering.

He stared more closely at the girl. She looked nothing like the wild mother. There was no hint of Cad Sills in that golden beauty unless, perhaps, in a certain charming bluntness of sculpturing at the very tip of her nose, a deft touch. Nevertheless, some invisible fury had beat him about the head with her wings there in the bright sunshine.

Disquieted, he resumed the oars. They had drifted close to the bank, and a shower of maple leaves, waxen red, all but fell into the boat.

"These die as the young die," thought the harbor master, sadly. "They delight to go, these adventurers, swooping down at a breath. They are not afraid of the mystery of mold."

His glance returned to the wandlike

form of his daughter, whose eyes now opened upon his archly.

"So she would adventure death," he reflected. Almost at as light a whisper from the powers of darkness, too.

They were no sooner ashore than the girl tugged at his hand to stay him. The jeweler's glass front had intrigued her eye, for there, displayed against canary plush, was a string of pearls, like winter moons for size and luster. Her speaking eye flashed on them and her slim fingers twisted and untwisted at her back. She lifted her head and with her forefinger traced a pleading circle round her throat.

A dark cloud came over Rackby's features. These were the pearls, he knew at once, which Caddie Sills had sold in the interest of Cap'n Dreed so long ago. They were a luckless purchase on the part of the jeweler. All the women were agreed that such pearls had bad luck somewhere on the string, and no one had been found to buy.

"Why does he display them at this time of all times, in the face and eyes of everybody?" thought the harbor master.

A laugh sounded behind him. It was Deep-water Peter, holding a gun in one hand, and a dead sheldrake in the other. The red wall of the Customs House bulged over him.

"Ah, there, Jethro!" he said. "Have you married the sea at last and taken a mermaid home to live?"

"This is my daughter, if you please," said Jethro Rackby. An ugly glint was in his usually gentle eye, but he did not refuse the outstretched hand. "You have prospered seemingly."

"Oh, I have enough to carry me through," said Peter. "I picked up a trifle here, and a trifle there, and a leetle pinch from nowhere, just to salt it down. And so all this time you've been harbor master here?"

His tone was between contempt and tolerance, as befitted the character formed in a harder school, and the harbor master was bitterly silent.

Day had turned from the jewels and was coming toward her father. When

she saw the strange man beside him she stopped short and averted her face, not before observing that Rackby might have passed for Peter's father.

"Not so shy . . . not so shy," murmured Deep-water Peter, as if she had been a wild filly coming up to his hand.

"She cannot hear you," Rackby interposed. The gleam of triumph in his eye was plain.

"Can't hear?"

"Neither speak nor hear."

Peter Loud turned toward the girl again—and this time her blue eye met his, and a spark was struck, not dying out instantly, such a spark as might linger on the surface of a flint struck by steel.

Was it a certain trick of movement, or only the quickened current of his blood that made Deep-water Peter know the truth?

"This is strange," he said.

That wind-blown voice of his, with its deep-water melodiousness, had dropped to a whisper.

"Even providential," the harbor master returned, and his eye glittered.

Peter would have said something to that, but Rackby, with a stern hand at his daughter's elbow, passed out of hearing.

Peter Loud was promptly taken in the coils of that voiceless beauty whose speaking eye had met his so squarely. The mother had played him false, as she had Jethro . . . but with Peter these affairs were easier forgotten.

Within the week, as he was striding over the bare flats of Pull-an'-be-Damned, he saw the flash of something white inside a weir. The sun was low and dazzled him. He came close and saw that this was Rackby's daughter. She had slipped into the weir to tantalize a crab with the sight of her wriggling toes and so had stepped on a sharp shell and cut her foot to the bone.

Peter cried amazedly. The shadow of the weir net on her face and body trembled, but she uttered no slightest sound. It was as if some wild swan had fallen from the azure.

In falling she had hurt her leg and could not walk. Peter tore the sleeves from her arms and bound the foot, then bent eagerly and lifted her out of the weir.

Immediately she hid her cheek in his coat, shivered, set her damp lips with their flavor of sweet salt, full against his.

Deep-water Peter held her tighter yet. How could he know that here, on Pull-an'-be-Damned, within a biscuit's toss of the weirs, Cad Sills had served the same fare to Rackby. He turned and ran, holding her close, and the tide hissed at his heels like a serpent.

The harbor master, lately returned from evening inspection of the harbor, heard the rattle of oars under his wharf, and in no great while he saw Peter advancing with Day limp in his arms.

The sailor brushed past him into the kitchen, and laid the girl down, as he had laid her mother, northeast and southwest. Rackby at his side muttered:

"How come you here like this? How come you?"

A fearful misgiving caused him to drop to his knees. The girl opened her eyes; a new brilliance danced there. With a shiver, the harbor master perceived those signs of a fire got beyond control which had consumed the mother.

"She has cut her foot, friend Rackby," said Peter. "I took the liberty to bring her here . . . so."

Wrath seized the little man. "Thank you for nothing, Peter Loud!" he cried, and these again were the very words Cad Sills had hurled at him when he had saved her life at Pull-an'-be-Damned.

"That's as you say," said Deep-water Peter.

"You have done your worst now," said Jethro. "If I find you here again I will shoot you down like a dog."

Peter laughed very bitterly. "You have got what is yours, Harbor Master," he said, "and it takes two to make a quarrel."

But as he was going through the door he looked back. The girl unclosed her eyes, and a light played out of them that

followed him into the dark and streamed across the heavens like the meteorite that had once fallen on Meteor Island.

Peter had taken a wreath of fire to his heart. The girl attended him like something in the corner of his eye. Times past count, he plied his oars among the cross currents to the westward of that island, hoping to catch a glimpse of his siren on the crags.

Sometimes for long moments he lay on his oars, hearing the blue tide with a ceaseless motion heave and swirl and gutter all round its rocky border, and the serpents' hiss come from some Medusa's head of trailing weed uttered in venomous warning. Under flying moons the shaggy hemlock grove was like a bearskin thrown over the white and leprous nakedness of stony flanks. At the approach of storm the shadows stealing forth from that sullen, bow-backed ridge were blue-filmed, like the languid veil which may be seen to hang before blue, tear-dimmed eyes.

Deep-water Peter felt from the first that he could not dwell for long on the mysteries of that island without meeting little Rackby's mad challenge. Insensibly he drew near . . . and at last set foot on its shores again. Late on a clear afternoon he landed in the very lee of the island, at a point where the stone rampart was fifty feet in height, white as a bone, and pitted like a mass of grout. This cliff was split from top to bottom, perhaps by frosts, perhaps by the fall of the buried meteor. A little cove lay at the base of this crevasse, and here a bed of whitest sand had sifted in, rimmed by a great heap of well-sanded, bright-blue shells of every size and shape. This was the storehouse from which Day Rackby drew her speaking shells.

He looped the painter of his dory under a stone and ascended the rock. His heart was in his throat. All the world hitherto had not proffered him such choice adventure, if he had read the signs aright. As if directed by the intuition of his heart, he slipped into the shadows of the grove. Fragrance was

broadcast there, the clean fragrance of nature at her most alone. Crows whirred overhead; their hoarse plaint, with its hint of desolation, made a kind of emptiness in the wood, and he went on, step by step, as in a dream, wrapt, expectant. Was she here? Could Rackby's will detain her here, a presence so swift, mischievous, and ærial? Such a spirit could not be held in the hollow of a man's hand. He remembered how in his youth a man had tried to keep wild foxes on this same island, for breeding purposes, but they had whisked their brushes in his face and swum ashore.

The green dusk was multiplied many times now by tiny spruces, no thicker than a man's thumb, which grew up in racks and created a dense blackness, its edges pierced by quivering shafts of the sun, some of which, as if by special providence, fell between all the outer saplings, and struck far in. A certain dream sallowness was manifested in that sunlit glimpse. The air was quiet. Minutest things seemed to marshal themselves as if alone and unobserved, so that it was strange to spy them out.

"She is not here," he thought. His footfall was nothing on the soft mold. Portly trunks of the hemlocks began to bar his way. The thick shade entreated secrecy; he stood still, and saw his dryad, a green apparition, kneeling at the foot of a beech tree, and looking down. In the stillness, which absorbed all but the beating of his heart, he heard the dry tick, tick of a beech leaf falling. Those that still clung to the sleek upper boughs were no more than a delicate yellow cloud or glowing autumnal atmosphere suffusing the black bole of the tree with a light of pure enchantment. He was surprised that anything so vaporous and colorful should come from the same sap that circulated through the bark and body of the thick tree itself. But then he reflected that, after all, the crown and flame of Sam Dreed's life was Day Rackby.

Had she, perhaps, descended from that yellow cloud above her? Deep-

water Peter had a moment of that speechless joy which comes when all the doors in the house of vision are flung open at one time.

His feet sank unheeded in a patch of mold. He saw now that her eye was on the silent welling of a spring into a sunken barrel. She had one hand curled about the rim. The arm was of touching whiteness against that cold, black round, which faithfully reflected the silver sheen of the flesh on its under parts. Red and yellow leaves, crimped and curled, sat or drifted to her breath in the pool, as if they had been gaudy little swans.

Suddenly the sun sent a pale shaft, tintured with lustrous green, through the hemlock shades. This shaft of light moved over the forest floor, grew ruddy, spied out a secret sparkle hidden in a fallen leaf, shone on twisting threads of gossamer-like lines of running silver on which the gloom was threaded, and, last of all, blazing in the face of that fascinating dryad, caused her to draw back.

Peter, as mute as she, stretched out his arms. She darted past him in a flash, putting her finger to her lips and looking back. The light through the tiny spruces dappled her body; she stopped as if shot; he came forward, humble and adoring, thinking to crush into this moment, within these arms, all that mortal beauty, the *ignis fatuus* of romance.

His lips were parted. He seemed now to have her with her back against a solid wall of rock outcropping, green-starred; but next instant she had slipped into a cleft where his big shoulders would not go. Her eyes shone like crystals in that inviting darkness.

"What can I do for you?" said Peter, voicelessly.

Day Rackby pinched her shoulders back, leaned forward, and drew a mischievous finger round her throat.

On that night Jethro stole more than one look at the girl while she was getting supper. Of late, when she came near

him, she adopted a beloved-old-fool style of treatment which was new to him.

She was more a woman than formerly, perhaps. He did not understand her whimsies. But still they had talked kindly to each other with their eyes. They communed in mysterious ways—by looks, by slight pressures, by the innumerable intuitions which had grown up, coralwise, from the depths of silence.

But this intercourse was founded upon sympathy. That once gone, she became unfathomable and lost to him, as much so as if visible bonds had been severed. . . .

A certain terror possessed him at the waywardness she manifested. Evidently some concession must be made.

"Come," he said, turning her face toward him with a tremulous hand. "I will make you a little gift for your birthday. What shall it be?"

She stood still . . . then made the very gesture to her bosom and around her neck, which had already sent Peter scurrying landward.

The movement evoked a deadly chill in Rackby's heart. Was the past, then, to rise against him, and stretch out its bloodless hands to link with living ones? That sinister co-tenant he had seen peering at him through the blue eyes would get the better of him yet.

Conscious of his mood, she leaped away from him like a fawn. A guilty light was in her eye, and she ran out of the house.

Rackby followed her in terror, not knowing which way to go in the lonely darkness to come up with her. In his turn he remembered the man who had tried to keep wild foxes on Meteor.

The harbor was calm, wondrous calm, with that blackness in the water which always precedes the *rigor mortis* of winter itself. All calm, all in order . . . not a ship of all those ships displaying riding lights to transgress the harbor lines he had decreed. How, then, should his own house not be in order?

But this was just what he had thought

when Caddie Sills first darted the affliction of love into his bosom. Somewhere beyond the harbor mouth were the whispers of the tide's unrest, never to be quite shut out. Let him turn his back on that prospect as he would, the Old Roke would scandalize him still.

A man overtaken by deadly sickness, he resolved upon any sacrifice to effect a cure. On the morrow he presented himself at the jeweler's and asked to be shown the necklace.

"It is sold at last," said the jeweler, going through the motions of washing his hands.

"Sold? Who to?"

"To Peter Loud," said the jeweler.

Jethro Rackby pressed the glass case hard with his finger ends. What should Deep-water Peter be doing with a string of pearls? He must go at once. Yet he must not return empty-handed. He bought a small pendant, saw it folded into its case, and dropped the case into his pocket.

When he came to the harbor's edge he found a fleecy fog had stolen in. The horn at the harbor's mouth groaned like a sick horse. As he pulled toward Meteor the fog by degrees stole into his very brain until he could not rightly distinguish the present from the past, and Caddie Sills, lean-hipped and dripping, seemed to hover in the stern.

At one stroke he pulled out of the fog. Then he saw a strong, thick rainbow burning at the edge of the fog, a jewel laid in cotton wool. Its arch just reached the top of the bank, and one brilliant foot was planted on Meteor Island.

"That signifies that I shall soon be out of my trouble," he thought, joyfully.

The fog lifted; the green shore stood out again mistily, then more vividly, like a creation of the brain. He saw the black piles of the herring wharf, and next the west face of the church clock, the hands and numerals glittering like gold.

The harbor was now as calm as a pond, except for the pink and dove

color running vaporously on the back of a long swell from the south. A white light played on the threshold of the sea, and the dark bank of seaward-rolling fog presently revealed that trembling silver line in all its length, broken only where the sullen dome of Meteor rose into it.

High above, two wondrous knotty silver clouds floated, whose image perfectly appeared in the water.

"Glory be!" said Jethro Rackby, aloud. He hastened his stroke.

Rackby, returning to the gray house with his purchase, peered past its stone rampart before going in. His eye softened in anticipation of welcome. Surely no angel half so lovely was ever hidden at the heart of night.

The kitchen was empty. So were all the rooms of the house, he soon enough found out. Not a sound but that of the steeple clock on the kitchen shelf, waddling on at its imperfect gait, loud for a few seconds, and then low.

Jethro went outside. The stillness rising through the blue dusk was marvelous, perfect. But an icy misgiving raced through his frame. He began to walk faster, scanning the ground. At first in his search he did not call aloud, perhaps because all his intercourse with her had been silent, as if she were indeed only the voice of conscience in a radiant guise. And when at length he did cry out, it was only as agony may wring from the lips a cry to God.

He called on her in broken phrases to come back. Let her only come, she might be sure of forgiveness. He was an old man now, and asked for nothing but a corner in her house. Then again, he had here a little surprise for her. Ah! Had she thought of that? Come; he would not open the package without a kiss from her finger ends.

He hurried forward, hoarse breathing. A note of terrible joy cracked his voice when the thought came to him that she was hiding mischievously. That was it—she was hiding . . . just fooling her old father. Come; it wouldn't do to be far

from his side on these dark nights. The sea was wide and uncertain . . . wide and uncertain.

But he remembered that ominous purchase of the pearls by Deep-water Peter, and shivered. His voice passed into a wail. Little by little he stumbled through the hemlock grove, beseeching each tree to yield up out of obdurate shadow that beloved form, to vouchsafe him the lisp of flying feet over dead beech leaves. But the trees stood mournfully apart, unanswering, and rooted deep.

Now he was out upon the pitted crags, calling madly. She should have all his possessions, and the man into the bargain. Yes, his books, his silver spoons, that portrait of a man playing on the violin which she had loved.

With a new hope, he pleaded with her to speak to him, if only once, to cry out. Had he not said she would, one day? Yes, yes, one little cry of love, to show that she was not so voiceless as people said. . . .

He stood with awful expectation, a thick hand bending the lobe of his ear forward. Then through silver silences a muttering was borne to him, a great lingering roar made and augmented by a million little whispers. . . . The Old Roke himself, taking toll at the edge of his dominions.

Nothing could approach the lonely terror of that utterance. He ran forward and threw himself on his knees at the very brink of that cracked and mauled sea cliff.

It was true that Peter, in his absence, had disembarked a second time on Meteor . . . a fit habitation for such a woman as Day Rackby. But did that old madman think that he could coop her up here forever? How far must he be taken seriously in his threat?

Peter advanced gingerly. Blue water heaved eternally all round that craggy island, clucked and jabbered in long corridors of faulted stone, while in its lacy edge winked and sparkled new shells of peacock blue, coming from the infinite

treasury of the sea to join those already on deposit here.

What, then, was he about? He loved her. What was love? What, in this case, but an early and late sweetness, a wordless gift, a silent form floating soft by his side—something seeking and not saying, hoping and not proving, burning and as yet scarce daring . . . and so, perhaps, dying.

Then he saw her.

She lay in an angle of the cover, habited in that swimming suit she had plagued Jethro into buying, for she could swim like a dog. There, for minutes or hours, she had lain prone upon the sands, nostrils wide, legs and arms covered with grains of sand in black and gold glints. Staring at the transfigured flesh, she delighted in this conversion of herself into a beautiful monster. . . .

Suddenly the sea spoke in her blood, as the gossips had long prophesied, or something very like it. Lying with her golden head in her arms, the splendid shoulders lax, she felt a strong impulse toward the water shoot through her form from head to heel at this wet contact with the naked earth. She felt that she could vanish in the tide and swim forever.

At that moment she heard Peter's step, and sprang to her feet. She could not be mistaken. Marvelous man, in whose arms she had lain; fatal trespasser; whom her father had sworn to kill for some vileness in his nature. What could that be? Surely, there was no other man like Peter. She interpreted his motions no less eagerly than his lips.

The sun sank while they stared at each other. Flakes of purple darkness seemed to scale away from the side of the crag whose crest still glowed faintly red. It would be night here shortly. Deep-water Peter gave a great sigh, fumbled with his package, and next the string of pearls swayed from his finger.

"Yours," he uttered, holding them toward her.

Silence intervened. A slaty cloud

raised its head in the east, and against that her siren's face was pale. Her blue eyes burned on the gems with a strange and haunted light. There was wickedness here, she mistrusted, but how could it touch her?

Peter came toward her, bent over her softly as that shadow in whose violet folds they were wrapped deeper moment by moment. His fingers trembled at the back of her neck and could not find the clasp. Her damp body held motionless as stone under his attempt.

"It is done," he cried, hoarsely.

She sprang free of him on the instant.

"Is this all my thanks?" Peter muttered.

She stooped mischievously and dropped a handful of shells deftly on the sand, one by one. Peter, stooping, read what was written there; he cried for joy, and crushed her in his arms, as little Rackby had crushed her mother, once, under the Preaching Tree.

A strong shudder went through her. The yellow hair whipped about her neck. Then for one instant he saw her eyes go past him and fix themselves high up at the top of that crag. Peter loosened his hold with a cry almost of terror at the light in those eyes. He thought he had seen Cad Sills staring at him.

There was no time to verify such notions. Day Rackby had seen Jethro on his knees, imploring her, voicelessly, with his mysterious right reason, which said, plainer than words, that the touch of Peter's lips was poison to her soul. It seemed to Jethro in that moment that a ringing cry burst from those dumb lips, but perhaps it was one of the voices of the surf. The girl's arms were lifted toward him; she whirled, thrust Peter back, and fled over soft and treacherous hassocks of the purple weed. In another instant she flashed into the dying light on the sea beyond the headland, poised.

The weed lifted and fell, seething, but the cry, even if the old man had heard it once, was not repeated.

(The end)

THE EVOLUTION OF WHIMSICALITY

BY E. V. LUCAS

THE title shall stand, because I like it; but it does not say all. By whimsicality, I ought to explain, I mean, broadly, modern humor, as distinguished from that which we find before the end of the eighteenth century. It may comprise all the earlier forms, but it is different, perhaps in its very blending, and it has one ingredient which the older forms lacked, and which, like the onion in the bowl of salad, as celebrated by one of its masters—Sydney Smith—"animates the whole." I refer to its unreluctant egoism. It is this autobiographical quality that is its most noticeable characteristic—the author's side-long amused canonization of himself; his frankly shameless assumption that if a thing is interesting to the writer it must therefore be of interest to the world. And with the development of whimsicality (as I call it) are bound up also the development of slippered ease in literature and the stages by which we have all become funnier. To-day everyone can grow the flower, with more or less success, for everyone has the seed.

Although the new humor comprises the old, it has never reached its predecessor's heights in certain of its branches. Only in parody and nonsense have we gained. There has, for example, been no modern satire to equal Pope's and Dryden's and Swift's; no irony more biting than Swift's and Defoe's, or more delicate and ingratiating than Goldsmith's; no such cynical or grotesque humor as Shakespeare exults in; no rough-and-tumble buffoonery like Fielding's and Smollett's. In nonsense and in parody alone we have improved, the old days having nothing to offer to be com-

pared with Lewis Carroll or Calverley; but in burlesque we cannot compete with "The Rehearsal," "The Beggar's Opera," or "The Critic."

But all those authors were impersonal. They suppressed themselves. We have no evidence as to whether Shakespeare was more like Falstaff or Prospero; probably he resembled both, but we cannot know. Goldsmith is the only autobiographer among them, but even he always affected to be some one else; he had not the courage of the first person singular, and Steele and Addison, eminently fitted as they were to inaugurate the new era, clung to tradition and employed a stalking horse. Even Sterne only pretended to be himself, although whimsicality in the strictest meaning of the word undoubtedly was his.

The period when whimsicality came in—the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century—was the period when a return to nature in poetry was in gestation; a movement beginning subconsciously with Cowper and Crabbe and finding its most eloquent conscious prophets in Wordsworth and Coleridge, and its gospel in the preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1800. Coleridge and Wordsworth were the great wave. Beneath the impressive surface of the ocean which they crested, in the calm waters where letter writing is carried on (if I may be pardoned not the best of metaphors), the other development was in progress; correspondents were becoming more familiar. I would not allege that humor and the epistolary art were strangers until, say, 1780—there is, indeed, very good evidence to the contrary—but it was somewhere about that time

that a more conscious facetiousness crept in, and just as Wordsworth's revolutionary methods held the field and ousted the heightened conventional language of the eighteenth-century poets, so did this new and natural levity gain strength. Hitherto men had divided themselves strictly between their light and their grave moods. But now gradually these moods were allowed to mingle, and in course of time quite serious people let their pens frisk as merrily as the professional wags.

It was left for Charles Lamb so to confuse *déshabillé* and full dress that ever after him no author had any rigid need to keep them apart; but Lamb was not the fountain head. He had a predecessor, and we come to that predecessor, the real father of whimsicality, the first writer of our modern humorous prose, in a phrase in a letter of Lamb's on December 5, 1796—thus keeping the chain intact. Writing to Coleridge, Lamb refers to Cowper's "divine chit-chat," and although that phrase no doubt applied to "Table Talk" and "The Task" and other poetical monologues, we may here borrow it to describe the ease and fun and unaffected egoism which are for the first time found in perfection in English literature in Cowper's letters. As early as 1778 he was writing like this (to William Unwin):

We are indebted to you for your political intelligence, but have it not in our power to pay you in kind. Proceed, however, to give us such information as cannot be learned from the newspaper; and when anything arises at Olney, that is not in the threadbare style of daily occurrences, you shall hear of it in return. Nothing of this sort has happened lately, except that a lion was imported here at the fair, seventy years of age, and was as tame as a goose. Your mother and I saw him embrace his keeper with his paws, and lick his face. Others saw him receive his head in his mouth, and restore it to him again unhurt—a sight we chose not to be favored with, but rather advised the honest man to discontinue the practice—a practice hardly reconcilable to prudence, unless he had a head to spare.

In 1779, again to William Unwin:

I remember,—(the fourth and last thing I mean to remember on this occasion,) that Sam Cox, the Counsel, walking by the seaside as if absorbed in deep contemplation was questioned about what he was musing on. He replied, "I was wondering that such an almost infinite and unwieldy element should produce a *sprat*."

And again, concerning a man named Twopenny:

It seems a trifle, but it is a real disadvantage to have no better name to pass by than the gentleman you mention. Whether we suppose him settled, and promoted in the army, the church, or the law, how uncouth the sound—Captain Twopenny! Bishop Twopenny! Judge Twopenny! The abilities of Lord Mansfield would hardly impart a dignity to such a name. Should he perform deeds worthy of poetical panegyric, how difficult would it be to ennoble the sound of Twopenny!

Muse! place him high upon the lists of Fame,
The wondrous man, and Twopenny his name!

But to be serious, if the French should land in the Isle of Thanet, and Mr. Twopenny should fall into their hands, he will have a fair opportunity to frenchify his name, and may call himself Monsieur Deux Sous; which, when he comes to be exchanged by Cartel, will easily resume an English form, and slide naturally into Two Shoes, in my mind a considerable improvement.

In 1780, with a copy of verses, to the same correspondent:

I shall charge you a half penny apiece for every copy I send you, the short as well as the long. This is a sort of afterclap you little expected, but I cannot possibly afford them at a cheaper rate. If this method of raising money had occurred to me sooner; I should have made the bargain sooner; but am glad I have hit upon it at last. It will be a considerable encouragement to my muse, and act as a powerful stimulus to my industry. If the American war should last much longer I may be obliged to raise my price.

Such passages as these, limpid, unaffected, setting down daily trivialities

as well and amusingly as was in the author's power, seem to me to mark the beginnings of much modern humor. There are hints of the same quality in Walpole and in Gray, but those writers are of their own time, and to us they are often archaic. Cowper was the first to handle the new prose, although he did not come out into the open with it. He was, publicly, a poet, and was read for his poetry. The innovating work that he had begun, if it was to prosper, needed a public writer to make it generally acceptable, and such was Charles Lamb. If Cowper was the father of whimsicality, Lamb was its chief popularizer.

Lamb's great discovery was that he himself was better worth laying bare than obscuring: that his memories, his impressions, his loyalties, his dislikes, his doubts, his beliefs, his prejudices, his enthusiasms, in short, everything that was his, were suitable material for literature. Pope said that the proper study of mankind was man; Lamb amended this to—the proper study of each man is himself. If you know yourself and have confidence in your moods and general sagacity, a record is worth making. Addison and Steele had even better opportunities to be as disclosing than Lamb: they had a daily paper, and could write every morning exactly what they liked, and often must have been so hard put to it for subjects that autobiography would seem to be the easy way; yet they were always inventing. The time for personal confidences had not come. But whether Lamb would have been as he is without these fore-runners is a question. In so far as the modernity of his humor is concerned I think that he would, but no doubt his early contributions to *The Reflector*, some ten years before *Elia*, were based on the old models. Years, however, before he wrote those (in 1811) for print, he had, for private friendly eyes only, penned such passages in his letters as this (in April, 1800, to Coleridge):

You read us a dismal homily upon "Realities!" We know, quite as well as you do, what are shadows and what are realities. You, for instance, when you are over your fourth or fifth jorum, chirping about old school occurrences, are the best of realities. Shadows are cold, thin things, that have no warmth or grasp in them. Miss Wesley and her friend, and a tribe of authoresses that come after you here daily, and, in defect of you, hive and cluster upon us, are the shadows. You encouraged that mopsey, Miss Wesley, to dance after you, in the hope of having her nonsense put into a nonsensical Anthology. We have pretty well shaken her off, by that simple expedient of referring her to you; but there are more burrs in the wind.

I came home t'other day from business, hungry as a hunter, to dinner, with nothing, I am sure, of *the author but hunger* about me, and whom found I closeted with Mary but a friend of this Miss Wesley—one Miss Benje, or Benjey—I don't know how she spells her name. I just came in time enough, I believe, luckily to prevent them from exchanging vows of eternal friendship. It seems she is one of your authoresses, that you first foster, and then upbraid us with. But I forgive you. "The rogue has given me potions to make me love him." Well; go she would not, nor step a step over our threshold, till we had promised to come and drink tea with her next night. I had never seen her before, and could not tell who the devil it was that was so familiar.

We went, however, not to be impolite. Her lodgings are up two pairs of stairs in East Street. Tea and coffee, and macaroons—a kind of cake I much love. We sat down. Presently Miss Benje broke the silence, by declaring herself quite of a different opinion from D'Israeli, who supposes the differences of human intellect to be the mere effect of organization. She begged to know my opinion. I attempted to carry it off with a pun upon organ; but that went off very flat. She immediately conceived a very low opinion of my metaphysics; and turning round to Mary, put some question to her in French,—possibly having heard that neither Mary nor I understood French. The explanation that took place occasioned some embarrassment and much wondering.

She then fell into an insulting conversation about the comparative genius and merits of all modern languages, and concluded with asserting that the Saxon was esteemed the

purest dialect in Germany. From thence she passed into the subject of poetry; where I, who had hitherto sat mute and a hearer only, humbly hoped I might now put in a word to some advantage, seeing that it was my own trade in a manner. But I was stopped by a round assertion that no good poetry had appeared since Dr. Johnson's time. It seems the Doctor has suppressed many hopeful geniuses that way by the severity of his critical strictures in his *Lives of the Poets*. I here ventured to question the fact, and was beginning to appeal to *names*, but I was assured "it was certainly the case." Then we discussed Miss More's book on education, which I had never read. . . .

It being now nine o'clock, wine and macaroons were again served round, and we parted, with a promise to go again next week and meet the Miss Porters, who, it seems, have heard much of Mr. Coleridge, and wish to meet *us*, because we are *his* friends. I have been preparing for the occasion. I crowd cotton in my ears. I read all the reviews and magazines of the past month against the dreadful meeting, and I hope by these means to cut a tolerable second-rate figure.

I can find nothing quite like that, so humorous, and rapid, in any writer before Lamb. There is hardly an antiquated word in it. But what is more interesting about it is that no one hitherto would have thought the narration worth while. That, perhaps, is the most significant thing.

Another example from the same year, 1800, the account of Joseph Cottle (author of *Alfred*) being gradually wooed from his grief for his brother Amos Cottle's death, and I shall have quoted enough.

I suppose you have heard of the death of Amos Cottle.

I paid a solemn visit of condolence to his brother, accompanied by George Dyer, of burlesque memory. I went, trembling to see poor Cottle so immediately upon the event.

He was in black; and his younger brother was also in black.

Everything wore an aspect suitable to the respect due to the freshly dead. For some time after our entrance nobody spoke till George modestly put in a question, whether *Alfred* was likely to sell.

This was *Lethe* to Cottle, and his poor face, wet with tears, and his kind eye brightened up in a moment. Now I felt it was my cue to speak.

I had to thank him for a present of a magnificent copy, and had promised to send him my remarks,—the least thing I could do; so I ventured to suggest, that I perceived a considerable improvement he had made in his first book since the state in which he first read it to me. Joseph until now had sat with his knees cowering in by the fireplace, and with great difficulty of body shifted the same round to the corner of a table where I was sitting, and first stationing one thigh over the other, which is his sedentary mood, and placidly fixing his benevolent face right against mine, waited my observations.

At that moment it came strongly into my mind, that I had got Uncle Toby before me, he looked so kind and good.

I could not say an unkind thing of *Alfred*. So I set my memory to work to recollect what was the name of Alfred's Queen, and with some adroitness recalled the well-known sound to Cottle's ears of Alswitha.

At that moment I could perceive that Cottle had forgot his brother was so lately become a blessed spirit. In the language of mathematicians, the author was as 9, the brother as 1.

I felt my cue, and strong pity working at the root I went to work, and beslabbered *Alfred* with most unqualified praise; or only qualifying my praise by the occasional politic interposition of an exception taken against trivial faults, slips, and human imperfections, which, by removing the appearance of insincerity, did but in truth heighten the relish.

Perhaps I might have spared that refinement, for Joseph was in a humor to hope and believe *all things*.

What I said was beautifully supported, corroborated and confirmed by the stupidity of his brother on my left hand, and by George on my right, who has an utter incapacity of comprehending that there can be anything bad in poetry.

All poems are *good* poems to George; all men are *fine geniuses*.

So, what with my actual memory, of which I made the most, and Cottle's own helping me out—for I had really forgotten a good deal of *Alfred*—I made shift to discuss the most essential part, entirely to the satisfaction of its author, who repeatedly declared

that he loved nothing better than *candid* criticism. Was I a candid greyhound now for all this? or did I do right? I believe I did. The effect was luscious to my conscience

For all the rest of the evening Amos was no more heard of, till George revived the subject by inquiring whether some account should not be drawn up by the friends of the deceased to be inserted in Phillips' *Monthly Obituary*; adding, that Amos was estimable both for his head and heart, and would have made a fine poet if he had lived.

To the expediency of this measure Cottle fully assented, but could not help adding that he always thought that the qualities of his brother's heart exceeded those of his head.

I believe his brother, when living, had formed precisely the same idea of him; and I apprehend the world will assent to both judgments.

—One feels that the man who could be writing with such sureness and zest as that in the year 1800 ought to have come to his *Elia* vein—1820—sooner. But the clock always has to strike first.

Puns in their absurd latter-day form also were coming in in the same decade that gave us the *Lyrical Ballads*. There had been puns before—Shakespeare has many, and Swift and Doctor Sheridan rejoiced in exchanging them—but they were less light-hearted, more verbal; the pun with nonsense to it, such as we associate first with Lamb, is not earlier than he. In a magazine published in 1793 (when Lamb was eighteen) I find this fragment of history gravely set forth: "When the seamen on board the ship of Christopher Columbus came in sight of San Salvador, they burst out into exuberant mirth and jollity. 'The lads are in a merry key,' cried the commodore. America is now the name of half the globe." That is not at all like the eighteenth century, but the century that was to produce Hood and H. J. Byron and F. C. Burnand.

Before *Elia*, no one writing for print had assumed that his own impressions of life, grave and gay, were a sufficient or even a suitable subject. Such self-analytical authors as there had been

had selected and garnished according to the canons of taste of their time. Lamb came naturally to his task and fondled and exhibited his ego with all the ecstasy of a collector displaying bric-à-brac or first editions; and ever since then, acting upon his sanction, others have been doing it. But what has at the moment the most interest to me is that part of Lamb's legacy which embodies his freakish humor; it was his willingness to be naturally funny that has benefited so many heirs. I should say that his principal service to other writers lay in giving them, by his example, encouragement to be natural, to mix their comic fancies with their serious thoughts—as they are mixed in real life. The mingled thread, he showed, should never be divided.

The influence of letters must not be stressed; for the examples from Lamb were written before he could have seen any of Cowper's correspondence, while none of Lamb's letters were made public until Talfourd's memoir of him in 1837. But although Lamb could not be influenced by Cowper's prose until 1804—nor needed to be, then—he was stimulated by the "divine chit-chat" of his verse, which brought a happy egoism into general popularity. He then developed and simmered for a couple of decades, and the next great event in the evolution of whimsicality was the outcome of those comparatively silent years, the *Elia* essays beginning in the *London Magazine* in 1820.

Thus we have four notable years: 1782, Cowper's first *Poems*—"Table Talk," etc.; 1785, *The Task* (with "John Gilpin"); 1804, new edition of Hayley's *Life of Cowper*, with correspondence added; 1820, *Elia* essays begin.

I don't want to suggest any conscious derivation from Lamb in modern writers. To begin with, no writer who is an imitator can be worth anything; but a writer can be both an individual and under influence. He can move on parallel lines with his predecessor, not intentionally, but through a similarity

of outlook. It would be absurd, in spite of his own admission with regard to sedulous apishness, to say, for example, that Stevenson imitated Lamb; but what one may contend is that but for the new easy familiar personal turn which Lamb gave to literature, Stevenson's *Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey* might never have been written. Their derivation is more commonly given to Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* and, in so far as form goes, possibly with accuracy; but although the mold may be from Sterne, for the nature of the contents we are far more indebted to Lamb. Sterne was an affected piece, posturing and grimacing too often; but Lamb, who is always divulging, was above pretense, and the example which he set to writers coming after him was courage to be themselves, and to be all of themselves all the time.

Meanwhile, during the period when Lamb was writing Addisonian exercises for *The Reflector*, and preparing to be himself and nothing but himself ever after, a little boy was born—the year was 1812, and the date February 7th—in an obscure house in an obscure part of Portsmouth. His father was a dock-yard clerk, named John Dickens, and the little boy was christened Charles John Huffam, but the John and the Huffam quickly disappeared and Charles only remained. This boy, who was des-

tined not only to delight the world into which he was projected, but to create a new world of his own, was, I am sure, fired by Lamb's example. I have seen somewhere, but cannot trace the reference, that among Dickens's childish reading was *Elia*, which had begun in the *London Magazine* when he was eight. The other little Charles could thus have read, at the most impressionable age, the account of Ralph Bigod, the Micawberesque borrower of money, and of Jem White, who had such a glorious Dickensian way at the chimney sweeps' suppers. Even genius often has to be put in the right path. If it is admitted that Lamb influenced Dickens, then my point is firmly enough established, for Dickens was the first really comic writer that we have had, and his own influence must have been endless. Before Dickens, no author had tried to be as funny as he could, or at any rate no author had done so with any acceptance.

Cowper, then, and Lamb (with Walpole and Gray as less guilty accomplices) must be convicted of the sweet offense of bringing whimsicality into literature and making it all the easier for our own artists in that medium to make a living; in England, Mr. Beerbohm and Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton and Sir James Barrie, and in America, Mr. Oliver Herford and (to name two only) Mr. Christopher Morley.

PIRATE PATHS

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

AT the instant when I came upon my two friends I knew that something was wrong, and very wrong at that. I saw it in the expression of the Artist's hair; as for the Wife, tears were starting in her eyes.

"And I've traveled over that conservation map of the beef's anatomy after cheaper cuts until I can't go a step farther—" she was saying, and he was breaking in:

"My dear, we have simply got to cut out imported violet soap and French pastry!" (He doesn't care for either.)

The case was plain. The economic struggle had brought on a crisis in their beautifully united lives. A thought which had long lain dormant upon some couch of my brain roused and came forward.

"Hush!" I breathed above them like a benediction. "A solution of the problem lies at hand. To be sure, as far as our professions go we have long since agreed that the only consolation for being creative artists lies in being 'em. But there is a way to beat the game. Have you ever thought"—here my voice dropped as the excitement of my secret plot took possession.

"Yes?" they gasped, drawing close in the suspense of conspiracy.

"Do you realize," I continued, "that along our own Atlantic coast, on unfamiliar shores and in hidden coves, lies that which the world has long since forgotten, but which to-day would save us in our dire need—"

"Yes?" they gasped again, pressing closer.

"In old days men searched for it. Later, through discouragement, they abandoned the search. It lies with us

to revive it. Let us seek"—I felt my voice sink to depths of mystery—"for pirate gold!"

A prompt, executive quality, not at all consistent with his calling, sometimes asserts itself in the Artist. "We can get our spades cheaper in a department store," he said, and rose.

We resolved to apply twentieth-century efficiency methods to our hunt for seventeenth- and eighteenth-century gold. We made thorough investigation of piratical habits and history, and charted our course accordingly, along the shores of New York and Massachusetts; and, setting out for the nearest shore of promise, we arrived at Fire Island Beach.

All within some two or three hours of New York City, the far end of that shimmering ribbon of sand lay flung out before us in the early autumn heat almost as lonely as it will be when only the Coast Patrol tells off its miles in the face of dizzying snow drives. New York, with one eye on its watch and the other on its breakfast egg, scurries back and forth between downtown and near-Long Island, herding there, speckling the map with innumerable bucolic names for sophisticated settlements; but go a mile beyond the assigned limit of easy commutation, and a wilderness rewards you.

His name, to the village where we found him, is "Chee-chee," and not until we read within his boat an impressive license to "catch and distribute salt-water fish, shell fish, and crustaceans," bestowed by the United States Food Administration upon one "Ciccica," did we realize that he was to be spelled. Chee-chee to us he was and

shall remain; a tiny brown, chirping bird, flown hither half a century ago "from Messina—that's in Sicily, madam—and I'm sixty-two now, and I've been on the bay ever since I was twelve." And with Chee-chee as guide, philosopher, friend, and boatman, we approached our promised land.

Five miles we traveled across that solitude of still water which is the remoter Great South Bay in early autumn, while the strange skyline of Fire Island Beach defined itself to our approach. Like the tents of an army, the sand hills rose, white and peaked, flashing in the afternoon sun. Watch Hill was our destination—Watch Hill, around which cluster a multitude of tales of unfound gold and mineral rods and secret searches on black nights—and Watch Hill we might never have found save for our chirping little brown Italian, who hovered over our adventure like some guardian bird of fairy lore.

"Young folks'll tell you that's it!" he scorned, pointing to the sharpest rise of sand. "They don't know. They ain't kep' an eye on it fifty year, like I have. *That's* the real Watch Hill!" He indicated a low mound of sand to the east.

"That," said Chee-chee—and covered its history in one unforgettable phrase—"that's the hill that blowed away."

The precious little volume in which Dr. Edward R. Shaw once gathered the legends of the beach, had told us of a sheltered spot on the northwest side of this hill where, it was confidently believed, pirate gold had been buried; the only obstacle to seizing it had been an enormous black snake which would wriggle forth from the bayberry bushes above it, and hiss and dart its tongue out at the gold seeker. Not being made in the least nervous by snakes, we felt primed for the peril. Furthermore, we knew that somewhere in this vicinity the old Captain of history did actually find the pot of gold brought from the Money Ship.

The story goes that this old sea dog worked out an original plan which, in brief, was to make the elements do his digging for him. Some day, he declared, the shifting sand would, of its own accord, reveal the buried treasure; his business was merely to be on hand when the moment came.

So year after year he patrolled the beach whenever a storm stirred the sand uncommonly; but day after day he returned home with no booty but the ducks he had shot or the fish he had caught. He came to be an old man, and his patrol of the beach was no more than habit; he no longer dreamed of the vessel he was to have built with his wealth.

One day, following an especially heavy surf, he set out along the sand, and noticed that the hills had been washed away at the foot to an unusual depth. His eyes sharpened; the beach looked odd this morning. A small, dark object caught his attention—he reached it—it was heavy, it was securely sealed, it was a corked jar . . . gold coins jingling and tinkling and spilling and flowing through his tremulous fingers at last!

They were Spanish doubloons that made the old Captain rich, and it is supposed that they were buried by the buccaneer, Tom Knight, who, with Jack Sloane, reached shore from the Money Ship on that black night more than a century ago. What the Money Ship was, whence she came, or whither bound, has always remained a mystery. She may have been a Spanish galleon on her way from the Spanish Main; or a pirate from the Gulf; or an English merchantman whose crew had taken possession. It is known that for a considerable time she hovered about Long Island, and that on a wild night her crew of seventeen robbers attempted to land on Fire Island Beach in yawls, leaving the ship to her fate.

Each of the seventeen had his share of booty fastened to his person, and, thus laden, fifteen of them went down from the wrecked yawls in the mad surf.

Knight and Sloane reached shore and joined their pilot, who awaited them; and the "Old House," so long known to those who tramped this beach, was their refuge. Somewhere in these hills—perhaps out Fiddleton way, or around Quanch, or Old Inlet, or nearer—at Money Hill and Point o' Woods—most likely of all around the old Watch Hill—the doubloons lie to this day, and, except in the Captain's pot, only a few scattered ones, washed up here and there, have ever been found. The Money Ship went ashore near Southampton, and those who boarded it found pistols, cutlasses, and money, but no clew to its history.

We stood on the crest of a hill and surveyed our field. Miles to the east, miles to the west, the long shining bar was unreeled. A few scattered summer dwellings, here and there a beached boat and a swarthy fisherman mending his net—for the rest, solitude. At our left lay the silence of the bay, blue as china, bordered with the yellow of rank goldenrod, the red of shrubs, the green of marsh grass, all painted in simple blotches of pure color, such as a modern painter uses, and as still as his canvas; at our right the deafening surf pounding out its eternal fury, and only this narrow wall of sand to hold off its rage from that inner peace.

The Artist spoke: "Our opportunity is large. We are unhampered by foolish superstition; no doubt the ancient belief that the ghost of a murdered man, sworn just before death to guard the treasure forever, and then buried above it, has hindered other seekers. Nor are we to be deceived by the twitching of a witch-hazel rod. Our method must be scientific. Now, the probabilities are that a practical pirate would select the spot where the sand shifted least—"

"Beach plums!" came a cry. The Wife had caught the glint of small, ruby fruit through the leaves at our feet. "Hundreds! If we gather enough for jelly we shall have no expense except sugar!" She had her hat off and was picking into it.

"My dear, how can you work to save a paltry dollar or two when the precious time for digging ourselves rich is slipping away?" he rebuked her.

For a moment, and only a moment, she paused, and met his eye. It is the Wife, you remember, whom we of artistic temperament look upon as merely practical.

"The plums," she replied, "are tangible." And she plunged again into the bushes. Weakly we followed suit.

Steeling our resolve to let no vain distractions, such as plum jelly, halt our spades again, we proceeded along the coast, but in vain. To be sure, the piratical history of Long Island is richly abundant, especially in the late sixteenth-hundreds when, as Thompson records, the reprehensible Governor Fletcher "countenanced and protected pirates," commissioned ships "engaged in this wicked business," and the notorious pirate, Captain Tew, was "received and caressed by him." A ship of four hundred tons was sunk by her pirate owners near Block Island; and the Wife was especially desirous of digging in the trail of Captain Kidd, at Shelter or Gardiner's Island.

"He selected with such taste," she said. "You remember the agents of Bellomont seized from him a bag of silver rings, sundry precious stones, cornelian rings, agates, amethysts, a bag of silver buttons—if we could find silver buttons," she cried, ingenuously, "they would be the making of my new tailored suit!"

But we found that others had covered this ground thoroughly. The Artist was for pushing on.

"My profound research in Piraticana reveals to me," he said, "that the shores of Essex County, in the vicinity of Gloucester, were infested by pirates about 1700. There were the famous John Philips and John Quelch, hung in 1704"—he sought to impress us by assuming an air of easy intimacy with these distinguished names—"to say

nothing of countless lesser lights. Now, if we can pussyfoot up that way without the whole North Shore getting wise to our scheme," he descended, "we've got the goods."

"Mum's the word," we agreed.

So, tiptoeing as it were, we arrived in Essex County, with its marvelous shore wrought like lace upon the map into a thousand tiny points and scallops and fairylike frettings such as no pirate could resist. And from the instant that we set foot within the village of Rockport buried treasure glittered before our eyes, doubloons chinked in our ears; we felt that we had but to reach forth for the ingots that awaited us. Their tradition covers all the shore from Gap Head to Emerson Point, sweeping up Whale Cove and Loblolly by the way.

On a day when dahlias were glowing like wine, and tiny chirring things sounded in hidden places, and the blue stillness of autumn hushed the sea, we visited the "little old log cabin at the foot of Cove Hill" and heard its story from the lady who owns it and who lives in the big house just above. She came smiling and stately to meet us, in her Colonial doorway, looking like one of her own high-profiled, snowy-haired ancestors stepped down from the wall. "I'm looking to see which gold frame is empty!" whispered the Wife.

"Yes, that's the house that remembers pirate days," she said. "It's the oldest anywhere around. It was built more than two centuries ago out at Gully Point, near where the Life-saving Station stands to-day, and was moved here over eighty years ago. The logs laid by the pioneer settler have been boarded over, otherwise the house is as it was when my several times great-grandfather used to go forth to hunt and fish from its door."

We found it, indeed, so true to ancient type, that as we entered its low door we stepped into an earlier century. The hum of a distant hydroplane became the sound of the spinning-wheel; the puff of fragrance from new-baked bread we

were sure must emerge from the ancient wall oven which nestles beside the broad fireplace. To be sure, the present tenant showed us her cooking range of modern complexities, and her gown which was being fashioned from "store goods"; but our minds discarded these at once. Before us had arisen the vision of that long-ago settlement out where stern cliffs meet sterner ocean, painfully wrenching a livelihood from land and sea in all weathers and through all hardships; the long evenings in these tiny, low-ceilinged rooms, lighted by homemade candles and warmed by a driftwood fire, while a nor'easter rattled the latches that are still to be seen on these wee doors.

"My grandmother used to thrill my little girlhood with the tales of her grandmother," the Lady of the Big House went on, as she led us back to her library. "That first 'Grandmother Norwood' remembered the days when she and the other women living out there along the headland used to see the pirates come ashore to get supplies and bury their treasure. It frightened them dreadfully, and they would take their children and valuables and flee into the woods."

She went to a curio cabinet. "Here's a trophy found a hundred years ago, when Aaron Pool's cellar was being dug near Land's End"—and she displayed a figure seemingly of lava, not over two inches in height, the draped form of a woman exquisite in modeling and intact. I could see a greedy glitter in the Artist's eye.

"And if this, why not gold?" He gnashed his words hungrily.

"Indeed, there's been gold both in fancy and fact," she told us, and we learned how Caleb Norwood, in 1776, found the pot of wealth on Francis Pool's land, south of the gully. The two men shared the contents, which were one-ounce ingots of gold, and these, it is said, "were exchanged for depreciated paper money, turned into the state treasury, and received state securities



“THAT S THE REAL WATCH HILL!”

on interest which brought one dollar and ten cents per day until redeemed by the state.”

From that time on the shore beyond Rockport was visited by diggers from all quarters. Mineral rods were brought, mediums went into trances and profited from the treasure-seeking mania, but no further gold was ever found. Everybody used to believe, and many believe to this day, that wealth aplenty is buried “out there,” still awaiting the fortunate. The tradition of William Blatchford is typical of many: he spent years in the quest, repeatedly had visions of an urn filled with ingots; over and over he set out for the spot shown in the vision, but upon reaching it he would be seized with strange tremors and a paralysis, as if under some hypnotic spell; and William Blatchford died at seventy-five, thus foiled up to the end.

And there, among its old-time rows of magenta and white phlox, the little log cabin nestles through the silent years, guarding the secrets which it alone knows. Peeping from the very gable window which faces you to-day, that early “Grandmother Norwood” saw the mysterious and terrible robbers of the sea planting their booty in some nook along the shore or in the pasture above; but, awed by tales of evil spells, dared not seek it out.

We wandered out far along the shore, where charming summer homes and inns and the absurdly delightful little shacks of artists have replaced that pioneer settlement above the huge, brown backs of rocks that hump themselves, rising from the sea.

“Spades look—well, rather out of place, don’t they?” murmured the Artist nervously, and I caught myself wishing that I could exchange mine for

the blue-silk parasol I had left at home. "We might shift our operations to Eastern Point," suggested the Wife.

It was the old ship painter who had told us of Eastern Point, perched aloft the high and dry and yet-unlaunched schooner, upon which he had just inscribed in gold its name of the *Eliza and Hiram*; about the letters he was making superb flourishes of yellow paint, and holding off to view them with an artist's delight. We stood beneath the ribs, pointed our chins in the air, and questioned.

"Traditions? Soop'stitions, I guess you mean." He poised his brush and peered down upon us shrewdly. "Well, there used to be a lot o' soop'stition 'bout buried treasure—"

"Yes, yes?" we murmured.

"Folks used t' tell 'bout old Irving Younger, for one. He used to dream there was gold buried out at Eastern Point, and he spent years, so they say, drawin' maps an' charts to locate it. When everything was ready he come

from the town where he lived, and one dark night he set out, an' he was diggin' like a good un, an' he was pretty near touchin' the chest, when up jumped the ghosts o' the pirate crew, and commenced to dance around him. That settled him."

Since there was no finding the maps and charts so patiently worked out by poor Mr. Younger, we set out unaided and with our hopes riding high. Alas! we found the atmosphere of Eastern Point far more discouraging to our task than the vicinity of Gap Head and Paradise Rocks and Marmion Way. Eastern Point gazes disdainfully from heights of wealth and fashion; at the sight of three spades we felt it draw aside its silken skirts as though elegance were desecrated.

Civilization was proving a wet blanket to our adventure. To be sure, there is a wild bit of rocky coast tipping Eastern Point, but the very lighthouse upon it is jaunty and sophisticated in its natty black and yellow cap.



GOLD COINS JINGLED THROUGH HIS TREMULOUS FINGERS



THEY TOOK THEIR CHILDREN AND VALUABLES AND FLED TO THE WOODS

"Let us flee the golf link and garage," said the Artist. "Upon some untamed shore let us set foot."

"Salt Island!" I proposed.

There seemed no authentic knowledge of treasure buried there, but rumors were afloat. From the northern end of Little Good Harbor Beach we gazed out upon it—somber, bent, brown-cassocked monk, in the midst of gay, blue waters that romped about its feet.

We looked in vain for a dory. "We can scarcely walk there," observed the Wife in ironical disgust, glancing at her new white pumps. And at this a chuckle arose from a rubber-booted native who had just jerked a rock cod from the water and was carrying him home to the pot, red jowled and indignant.

"You folks come back at low tide, an' you *will* walk there," he prophesied, and the rubber boots strode on.

True enough. The magic was wrought. Returning from a stroll in the late after-

noon, we looked out toward the brown-cassocked island, and between it and the shore a path of marvel had sprung—a long, shimmering, silver path of sand, which lay across the darkening water like a moonbeam. From shore to shore we crossed, dry shod, where the ocean had rolled a few hours before.

This sand bar, it seems, never fails the little group of fishermen who haunt Salt Island with their seines and lines and lobster pots. Ever at low tide, it is flung like a carpet before royalty, clasping the solitary island to the peopled shore.

Four tiny brown-shingled fishing huts huddle on the near side, used now merely as handy shacks by fishermen who live on the mainland. Ten years ago they were the homes of four old fellows who comprised the population of Salt Island, living there through fair weather and foul, at the end of the silver path across the sea. It is near these

huts, in the patch of green which marks the only soil upon the island, that treasure was supposed to have been buried.

The rocky heights beyond tempted, and we longed to explore.

"It's better to put off digging till we come back," suggested the Wife, "for the gold would be too heavy to carry all over the island."

The whole of this wild little island is a mass of red and tawny rock mightily lifted in a sheer precipitous wall against the outer waves. We scrambled from end to end of it, and the only human sign we found beyond the four huts was the wreckage of a moving-picture castle set up there the year before. It was erected for the transient purpose of being blown up while a fair damsel was rescued from its imprisonment; to-day its crushed turret, its timbers and broken bits, bleached by a twelvemonth of sun and frost and washing, have taken on the tragic dignity of a genuine wreck.

So childishly did we clamber over rocks, and lie on their terraces to watch the waves, that we lost track of time. The Artist started at last.

"If we're to dig at all—!" he exclaimed, and, shocked, we followed his stride.

But, lo! upon reaching the four brown huts in the little green patch, dismay met us. Our path no longer lay a dry line of silver dust. Over it gently growled

the Atlantic, literally lapping it up out of sight, and licking its chops with relish.

"My white buckskin pumps!" cried the Wife, and she snatched them from her feet, and leaped forward. "Hurry!" she shouted back to us. "A minute more and it will be too deep even to wade!"

And so, shoes in hand, we made our precipitate exit from Salt Island, turning our backs upon its prospective wealth. On dry land, and shod once more, the Artist regained his air of lofty purpose.

"Defeat only strengthens the firm resolve," he declared. "Milk Island to-morrow!"

The rumors concerning Milk Island's treasure are far from vague. We had the story in full from an old resident of Gloucester, who leaned against his net reel while he talked.

"My father knew the man. He came from hereabouts, and he was a cap'n, if I remember rightly.

"He happened to be travelin' in England one time, and on London Bridge he ran on an old fellow with a wooden leg. The two of 'em got into conversation about some congenial topic, and the Cap'n (we'll call him) mentioned that he was from these parts. At that the wooden-legged one pricked up his ears. 'Ever hear of an island called Milk?' he says.



THE HOUSE THAT REMEMBERS PIRATE DAYS



"SO WE LANDED THERE AND DUG DEEP"

"'Been sailin' by it half my days,' says the Cap'n. 'I'll see it again soon, too.'

"Then the wooden-legger looked mighty solemn, and he says: 'My friend, I've got a word for your ear. I'm aged, and soon to die, and I want to confess that I used to be a pirate bold and I buried my wealth on Milk Island.'

"I guess the Cap'n didn't have two ears, but twenty, by that time.

"'Our crew had a 'specially fine lot o' booty aboard, one trip,' the wooden-legger went on, 'and Milk Island looked like the loneliest spot in sight. So we landed there and we dug deep. We murdered a prisoner and buried his body above the gold so's his ghost would guard it forever, but if you don't object to a ghost you might enjoy lookin' for it. We were prevented from goin' back—little hindrances sometimes arise in the pirate life—and you'll find it near the south headland. We marked it by plantin' a cross of field daisies above it. Where the white daisy grows, there you'll find the gold.'

"The Cap'n hustled back here and got somebody to help him, and they worked for months, diggin' every night,

but they never found so much as one coin. But the wooden-legger's story was borne out by the old people, who recollected how, years back, the daisy suddenly sprung up all 'round here, where it never grew before. So if there wasn't a pot o' gold found, anyhow those pirates brought the daisy to Cape Ann."

Milk Island, neighbor to the famous Thatcher's, is so strangely obscure that the old Swedish boatman who took us thither confessed that in years about these shores he had never visited it. Its history is covered in a paragraph. Peter Emmons, who lived in a log cabin near Loblolly Cove, and Peter Bennett, of Pebblestone Beach, pastured cows upon it more than two hundred years ago; whence its name. History does not relate whether the cows swam there. In 1718 Peter Bennett "stung" his brother Anthony (the Artist's language) to the extent of forty-seven pounds, for the whole island. In 1792 a small boat bound from Sandy Bay to Salem, was lost on its bar, "by which accident Daniell Young and Isaac Jacobs were drowned." Later on, an old Swedish hermit lived and died there, undis-

turbed in his crazed belief that he owned the island. And this is the gist of what is known.

We were thrilled with the explorer's fever, and that the setting might be worthy the drama, we chartered a launch with canopy, flags flying, and red velvet cushions. The Wife protested that it was expensive, but the Artist overbore her.

A long, crescent beach, painted in gold and ruby bands by the sun on its sea moss—our Milk Island at last! And the enchantment of it! Here, in the midst of stern and rock-bound coasts, where every other shore line is a precipice, lies this gentle patch of green bordered by a low, pebbly shore, and looking like nothing in the world but a whimsical little meadow that has run away to sea. For a morning long we rambled over it, knee-deep in green. Wild grasses brushed us, and pink, wild morning glory tangled among them, and goldenrod yellowed toward autumn, and asters shone like purple stars, and false dandelion twinkled, and everlasting bloomed dusty-white, and goldenhair wove meshes, and wild strawberry leaves reddened, and lusty bayberry gave forth its spice. A strip of marsh in the island's

heart was bordered with cat-tails and wild iris. The edges of the meadow fringed out into crimson woodbine trailers, which caught at the terracing of pebbles. And this charmed meadow, verdant and gay with flowers, this playground for little children and for big children who believe in fairies, this run-away meadow with its world of enchantments, is an unvisited and forgotten land!

"We have but to keep near the south headland and look for daisies," said the Artist.

But the south headland yielded never a daisy. Nor in all our search of the island did a single one appear. It was the Wife to whom an idea occurred.

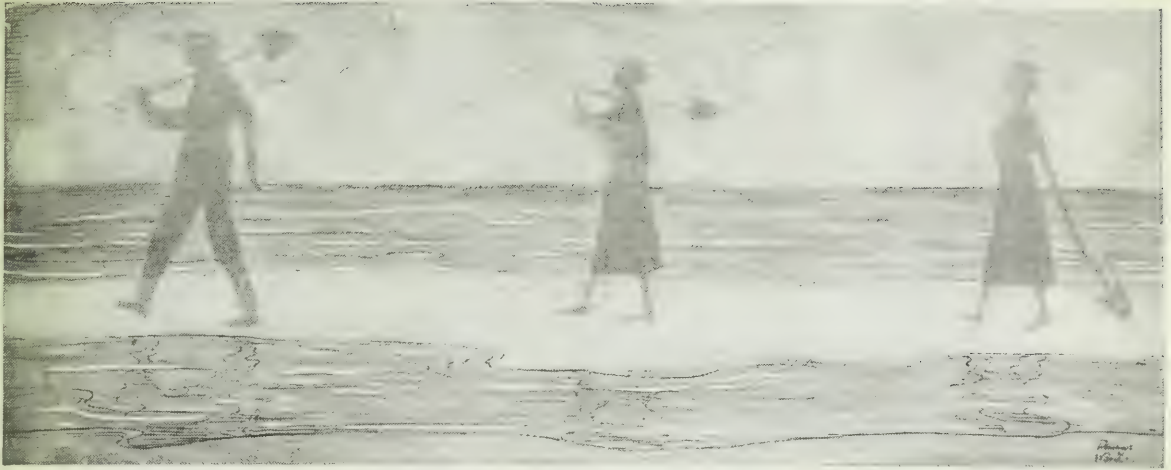
"Oh, don't daisies get through blooming early in the summer?" she inquired, suddenly. "It's September at present."

Since it appeared necessary to postpone our acquisition of Milk Island's wealth until next summer, and since our rents were to go up October 1st, we hastened on to see what could be done around Annisquam. Oddly, it was from the lovely little lady in the dainty cap, a little lady whose eighty-six years seem but the fragrance in which she is folded like some precious bit of old lace—it was from her, rather than from the old seafarers of bronze and sinew, that we learned the most of our pirate lore. "I'm a daughter of sea captains as far back as my great-grandfather, so I ought to know," she smiled.

Treasure aplenty tradition has located near the shore hereabout, across at Coffin's Beach, and near the lighthouse; at the root of that uncanny boulder known as Squam Rock, and up the hill in town.



PETER COFFIN'S FARM, NOW BURIED BY THE DUNES



“ SPADES LOOK RATHER OUT OF PLACE, DON'T THEY ?”

. . . Her face took on adorable little wrinkles of mirth, like the fine lines in a faded rose petal, as she told of the digger whose zeal led him so deep that he fell into his own hole and had to be pulled out by the leg. And how the town went mad once upon a time when an old woman came running up from the beach, shouting that she had found the doubloons, and had started home with her apron full of them; but, meeting a cow, she had dropped them to run, and now she couldn't find a single coin! For weeks thereafter the country around was searched, but the charmed money had never reappeared. . . . And it was at Annisquam that the sloop *Squirrel*, of famous adventure, was owned.

When, in April, 1724, this fine sloop set forth on her maiden fishing voyage, so newly launched was she that some of the carpentry had not been completed. Under her proud captain, Andrew Haraden, she was destined for a brave career, when, on the 14th, suddenly uprose before her the

notorious John Phillips, pirate, with all his wicked company, who in high spirits abandoned their own vessel and took over the *Squirrel*.

It tickled Phillips's sense of humor to set Captain Haraden and all his men to work with carpenter's tools, completing the sloop to the liking of its new possessor; and this caprice served as Phillips's undoing.

A plot was quickly laid among the prisoners, and on the 18th of April as the clock struck twelve, the victims seized their tools for weapons and rose in attack. Phillips was struck down by Haraden with an adze; Burrell, the boatswain, was despatched with a broadax; the master of the pirates and the gunner were thrown overboard; and the rest surrendered. Tradition says that Captain Haraden brought in the heads of two of the pirates, that of Phillips hanging at the *Squirrel's* masthead when she arrived in Annisquam.

The upshot was a trial in Boston before the Admiralty Court and the



“ I KNOW WHERE THE PIRATES BURIED THE GOLD ”



THE GUARDIAN GHOST OF THE TREASURE

hanging of two at Charlestown Ferry under their own black flag. History quaintly adds that the "Reverend Doctor Sewall preached to them from Matthew xviii:2, and both appeared penitent at the gallows."

Strolling along the shore, we were squabbling politely as to where our digging should begin, when the old Sea Gull crossed our path. We never learned his name, so we call him that because of the curious winglike effect of his dear old whiskers and the broad flights he appeared to take—at least in fancy.

He was struggling with a huge fish and a limp, and even so we caught the far-away look in his eyes—a look that follows the beck of dreams.

"That? He's a dogfish—call 'em that 'cause they fights like a dog. Don't wantta be ketched. Bites. Made the dory rock like a baby's cradle."

We discussed fishing at tactful length, then delicately approached our coveted topic. Something told us that he knew.

"... Buried treasure ..." we were murmuring at last.

He was scanning us sharply. "Say,

you look like the right kind o' folks," he summed up at length. "I'm goin' t' tell you the truth."

He dropped his voice to a dramatic whisper. "*I know where the pirates buried the gold.*"

I could feel my heart leap like a flying fish.

"I've knowed it for long," he continued, "an' I've wanted to dig, but 'twan't no use alone; takes more 'n one to keep the devii away, an' I 'ain't never found the right partners. But you look square. I'll tell you. *It's buried near Coffin's Beach.* You go over and walk the length of it to Twopenny Loaf, an' after sundown I'll join you. The way I'll signal you 'll be this song."

Standing there on the shore, with visions in his old, faraway eyes, he cautiously lifted a quavering voice, and this was what we heard:

"Peter Coffin's dead and cold—

The gray sand's a-pilin'.

He lies no deeper than the gold—

The gray sand's a-pilin' high."

Coffin's Beach is the only name the oldtimers ever admit for that stretch of sand upon which the modern has attempted to impose "Wingaersheek," the Indian name for Cape Ann. Some two miles it stretches, lonely, white, and lovely as the crescent moon; giant rocks at either end guard it, and behind it rise the dunes. We employed a boatman to row us over to it; and in the still goldenness of late afternoon we paused before the quest, watching him loaf back across water that coruscated in amber lights and orange and flame-color, as his lazy oars stirred its tremors. The boat diminished, became a speck upon the flame. Across the harbor windows flashed out, one after another, in startling reflection. Little triangular sails fluttered athwart the distance like a flight of moths, homeward bound.

And then we turned away from the world that was fading toward twilight, and found ourselves face to face with as wild a solitude as one could dream of

finding only a wave of the hand from civilization. Behind us, just over the watery way, lay Annisquam, still sparkling in its summer bloom of bathing suits, flowered smocks, and yachting togs, of chatter, dancing, and tea. And here we stood on a solitary shore, while before us, ghostly white, loomed the mysterious dunes—the marching dunes, which for generations have slowly and silently, but always relentlessly, invaded these shores; burying, through the patient years, all that remained of old Peter Coffin's great farm, and some little farms besides, burying the land that once yielded of its fertility, burying human hopes and plans along with the fertile fields and the apple trees from which they sprang.

We thought of the five hundred acres of woodland and fruitful soil where, in 1688, Peter Coffin the elder built him a home to abide unto his sons' sons forever. Woodland and tilled land have vanished along with the great farmhouse and the slaves' house, and every other vestige of oldtime settlement. . . .

It was past ten o'clock when the Wife gave a miserable shiver and rose from the cold rocks where we were huddling.

"I shall freeze to death. I can't wait any longer. The old Sea Gull has probably flown to distant shores and forgotten us." Stiff and disappointed, we agreed.

Furthermore, we decided, for this season, to abandon pirate gold. The Artist is feeling more hopeful, and the Wife has found a new recipe for stuffing peppers with the remnants of the pot roast. "We've had the search, anyway, which is always the best part," her philosophy charmingly consoled us.

But I am haunted still by a look of far visions in unfaded old eyes, and a quavering, wistful little tune. Shall I ever again hear it?

"Peter Coffin's dead and cold—

The gray sand's a-pilin'.

He lies no deeper than the gold—

The gray sand's a-pilin' high."

SEA MONSTERS

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

THE spring was late, but, in spite of the unseasonable chill, the sharks had arrived on time. The first of them that I saw came cruising along the inner edge of the submerged sand bar which makes a wide crescent about the mouth of Frampton's Inlet. He was a big fellow, some ten feet long, I judged, basing my estimate on the distance between his dorsal fin and his tail fin, both of which projected well above the surface as he swam slowly along through the white, foam-covered water just inside the reef. A few minutes before I had been thinking what a pity it was that this reef was no longer accessible to us when we came to the inlet to fish in the surf for channel bass. It had been in the past our favorite "drop," and throughout the first half of the flood tide we would remain on the outer bar, retreating only when the water in the slew behind had grown almost too deep for wading. Although the winds and currents had now deepened and broadened the intervening channel and had cut down the bar itself until it no longer showed above the surface, even at low tide, I liked the place so much that I had been wondering whether it might not be possible at dead low water to wade the slew and fish for half an hour at least in the breakers on the seaward side of the bar. But any plan of the sort that might have been forming in my mind dissolved instantly when I saw that shark sculling along the edge of the submerged reef, not six feet from where I should be standing in the water if I permitted my yearning for bass to get the better of my common sense.

So we stayed where we were, in the

shallows on the margin of the main beach, in water not over a foot deep, where no shark of considerable size could swim, and casting our lines well out into the surf at the mouth of the channel, between the beach and the outer bar; and often, as we stood holding our rods at rest and waiting for the bass to strike, we saw sharks, of different sizes, but most of them large, follow the course which that first big fellow had taken along the inner edge of the reef. A few of them came in closer, swimming up the middle of the slew, their tall black dorsal fins reminding us of the periscopes of submarines; and we amused ourselves by trying to cast our lines on the back of one monster as he passed slowly by at a distance of twenty-five or thirty yards. Of course, we caught no bass. Where big sharks are so plentiful no prudent bass can be expected to linger. But if it was a poor day for bass, it was a great day for sharks; and, as the incident now to be related shows, they were not confined to the stretch of water where we happened to be fishing about the inlet's mouth.

While we were watching those living submarines cruising so peacefully and quietly through the sunny waters off the sea beach, two members of our party were spectators at a very different and a far livelier performance. They had left us that morning to return to the city—a complicated journey, the first stage of which was made in an automobile, the second in a river steamer, and the third on a train. They had nearly completed the second stage, and the steamer had stopped at one of the last of the river landings, when my two

friends noticed a commotion in the water some fifty feet from the boat, and presently saw something I should have given much to see.

Two great sharks, each fully twelve feet long, were engaged in furious combat. Dashing madly at each other, darting this way and that, the two warriors used their long and powerful tails as if they were clubs, and dealt each other mighty blows across the back. A big shark's tail is a deadly weapon. It can break a man's leg or even his spine; and the men on the steamer, noting the evident force of the blows which the two combatants rained on each other, marveled no longer at the fact that they made no use of their trenchant teeth in the conflict. There was never at any time a sign of blood upon the water, but of the grim purpose of the gladiators there was no doubt. Soon one of the sharks began to weaken. His movements became slower, his blows less violent. Presently he turned sideways on the surface and then rolled over on his back. Meanwhile, the other shark, as though satisfied with the punishment which he had inflicted, had disappeared. Two men were putting out in a small boat from the steamer, carrying with them a rope with which to tow the dead or dying shark to the landing, when there came another great swirl in the water close beside the floating monster. The conqueror had returned to the scene of his triumph and, seizing his defeated victim in his jaws, he carried the unresisting body down out of sight.

That is the only battle of sharks that I have ever heard of along the Carolina coast, where in the warm season sharks abound. On the other hand, battles between sharks and porpoises, which are also common along the beaches and in the rivers, and which often ascend the tidal creeks, seem to be of comparatively frequent occurrence; though, with the possible exception of a few doubtful instances, when the distance was too great to make sure of what was

going on, I have never seen one of these combats. A porpoise-shark battle is always a bloody affair; and since in the shark battle just now described, the combatants made no use of their teeth, it seems reasonable to assume that most of this blood is drawn by the porpoise, the shark fighting with his tail. It is the general belief among those who have seen encounters of this sort that the porpoise is the aggressor; that he is more than a match for the shark; that the latter would turn tail and escape if he could, but that the superior swiftness of the porpoise forces the shark to make as hard a fight as possible in self-defense.

Whatever doubts may be entertained about this theory, it need not be discarded, as some might suppose, on the ground that the shark, which can move at express-train speed when he wishes to, can hardly be inferior in this respect to his antagonist. The chances are that the porpoise is really the swifter of the two. I have known a big shark take hold of my hook when I was fishing for bass and carry out almost in an instant the whole six hundred feet of line on my reel. After an experience of that sort it is hard to believe that the ocean holds any creature capable of greater speed. Yet if a shark is an express train, a porpoise is living lightning—when the spirit moves him. Watching a herd of porpoises patrolling the waters off the sea beach, or swimming about in some inlet between two coast islands, one gets scarcely a hint of the truly amazing swiftness with which these strange sea-going mammals can flash through the water. In general, they are slow-moving, leisurely creatures, and at a little distance they appear anything but graceful. That, however, is largely due to the fact that only a portion of the animal, the middle of its curved back, is visible when it comes every minute or so to the surface of the water. When, as sometimes happens, especially in spring, one finds a herd of porpoises in playful mood, one

gets a better idea of their agility and grace. At such times they often leap clear of the water, the whole body being outlined momentarily against the sky, and then anyone having an eye for such things will realize instantly that the porpoise is built for speed.

A negro fisherman once told me a tale for which I will not vouch, but which I am not prepared to deny, since I think it may be true. With another negro he was taking a scow through one of the smaller tideways that wind through the marshes of this coast—a narrow, shallow creek which went almost dry at low tide. A fair wind was blowing, and the men had rigged a square sail to help them as they poled their clumsy craft along against the ebbing tide. Suddenly, when they had reached a point where the creek was very narrow, they saw a porpoise in the water ahead of them. Tempted, no doubt, by the shrimp and mullet which swarm in incalculable myriads in the marsh waterways, this porpoise had remained far up the creek longer than was prudent, and now he was hurrying downstream with the ebb in order to reach the deeper waters below before the creek channel became too shoal. The scow blocked his way. On neither side was there enough water for him to pass by, and it was doubtful whether there was sufficient depth for the porpoise to dive and pass underneath. He increased his speed as he drew near the scow, until he was fairly flying through the water; and then, when he was still a few feet from the square bow of the craft, he launched himself up into the air. In a long, beautiful curve he passed clear over the forward deck of the scow, struck the sail head on, broke through it like a greyhound leaping through a paper hoop at a circus, and, with no apparent slackening of his momentum, cleared the scow's stern and plunged into the water behind it.

The scow was some twenty feet in length, according to the negro's story.

This would imply a leap of at least twenty-four feet by the porpoise, and probably more, because these scows are generally high-sided craft, and the animal must have left the water several feet in front of the square bow in order to reach the elevation necessary to clear it. Perhaps the part of the story which seems most difficult to believe is the porpoise's plunge through the sail; yet this may not be a very serious obstacle, after all. The sails on most of the marsh negroes' boats are weird and ancient makeshifts, composed of many patches of different sorts of cloth sewed together; and a plunging porpoise might well go through one of these crazy quilts as easily as a six-inch shell penetrates a brick wall. I would not swear that the story, just as the man told it, is inaccurate; and, be that as it may, there are many other illustrations, less spectacular but no less impressive, of the porpoise's ability to travel as fast as, and probably faster than, any shark. This being the case—the porpoise being able to evade the combat if it desired to do so—there seems to be no good reason to doubt the popular theory of fishermen that in most of the shark-porpoise battles which occur in these waters, the latter is the aggressor, and that the long, lithe tigers of the deep who lord it over all the other tribes of the fish kingdom give a wide berth whenever possible to these smaller kindred of the whales whose remote progenitors, many ages ago, changed from a terrestrial to an aquatic life, and who are now so much at home in the water and so fishlike in form that you cannot get the average man to believe that porpoises are not fish.

Yet it sometimes happens that the sharks turn the tables on their mammalian foes. I know of at least one instance in which a porpoise was beset by a whole school of big sharks and was driven to seek shelter in shallow water just off the beach of one of the coast islands. He found no refuge

there, for the sharks came into the shallows after him and tore great gashes in him as he lay helpless in water too shoal to float his body. The fact that they used their teeth on this occasion is no proof that they do not rely chiefly on their flaillike tails in combat with the porpoise; for when this porpoise grounded in the shallows the battle was over and it was time for the sharks to devour their victim. This incident emphasizes, by contrast, one advantage which, under ordinary conditions, the porpoise has over the shark and which is probably important. The porpoise travels generally in herds. Hence, a shark attacked by one porpoise is likely to find himself beset almost immediately by many others; and this, undoubtedly, is an excellent reason why the shark should avoid the conflict if possible, even if he were more than a match for one antagonist. If the sharks hunted habitually in packs, the porpoise herds might not exercise so easy a sovereignty over the coastal waters; but the sharks, though they may sometimes hunt in couples, are seldom found in large companies co-operating for defense or in the capture of prey. Only in case some large sea animal is wounded and bleeding is such a shark pack likely to form. Probably it was in this way that the shark pack mentioned just now was assembled. The chances are that the porpoise was injured, perhaps in a fight or in some other of the numerous ways in which such a thing might happen, that it became separated from its companions, and that its blood upon the waters drew many sharks to the spot.

The surf fisherman entertains a kindly feeling for the porpoise. It is a good augury to see a herd of these animals passing along offshore, just outside the farthest line of breakers. The porpoises follow the schools of small fish, and where the small fish are the bass are likely to be found if the wind is right and the water clear. The surf fisherman knows also the shark and

does not like him. He is a bad omen, a nuisance, and perhaps a menace. He drives the bass away; he makes off with the angler's tackle; sometimes he bars the way to some desirable sand bar to which the fisherman would like to wade in order to cast his hook into the outer breakers. Sharks of considerable size have been landed with rod and reel, and their capture with this light equipment is excellent sport when the shark plays the game fairly. This, however, he seldom does. Nine times out of ten, when he takes the mullet-baited hook, he simply chops the line or the leader in two with his knife-edged teeth. Then he is off like a flash, carrying with him hooks and sinker. And when there are sharks about, the surf fisherman, if he has any sense, is constrained to stick to the shallows. In the easy chair at home he will laugh to scorn the tales which are told of sharks that attacked anglers; but in the surf slews, with a tall black fin showing here and there above the foam-flecked water, he is apt to regard those tales more seriously.

He need not be ashamed of his prudence. William Elliott, that paladin of Southern sportsmen, makes frank confession of the respect in which he held the shark. "On one delightful day," he says in his classic *Carolina Sports*, "I was tempted to wade deeper than usual into the sea, which was beautifully clear. I passed along the narrow ridge of a reef, which extended eastwardly to a considerable distance from the main bank, while a swash of some depth lay close within. I had unconsciously remained, until the advancing tide had covered the highest parts of the ridge full waist-deep. Behind me stood my servant, 'Cain,' with my spear and a wicker-basket of bait. An exclamation of terror from him made me turn, when I beheld, but a few yards distant, between us and the shore, and intercepting our retreat, a large shark, close on the side of the ridge, head on for us, and waving his

tail backward and forward with a deliberate sculling motion! 'My spear,' said I; 'keep close to me, and shout when I do.' 'Great God,' said Cain (his eyes almost starting from their sockets), 'another one!' I looked, and saw, not one, but two other sharks, lying behind the first, all in a line, and in the same attitude! Doubtless the bait in the wicker-basket had attracted them; the advancing tide had carried them the scent, and these grim pointers had paused to reconnoitre, before they rushed on their prey. If they attacked us, we were gone! Not a moment was to be lost. It was one of those frequent cases in which we find safety in audacity. Repeating my order to Cain, and grasping my spear in both hands, I rushed upon the leading shark, and struck it down violently across his nose—shouting, at the same time, at the top of my voice—while Cain, in a perfect agony of fear, gave a loud yell, and fell at full length in the water. The manœuvre succeeded; the sharks ran off for deep water, and we took the crown of the ridge, nor looked back, until we had accomplished the one hundred and fifty yards over which we had to wade before we regained the bank!"

Elliott says that after this episode he was ready to leave to "younger and more adventurous sportsmen the pleasures and perils of bass-fishing in the surf." Yet, to give up surf fishing altogether because of that one experience was to carry prudence too far. A fair measure of vigilance, a little ordinary common sense, and the surf fisherman is safe; and although not many of us are foolish enough to put the matter to the test, the sharks of the surf slews are probably not as dangerous as they look. I know of no instance in which an angler has actually been attacked. I have seen a six- or eight-foot shark within a yard of me in the surf, and it was as badly scared as I was, which is saying a good deal. It seems a safe assumption that ninety-nine times out of a hundred the shark

will make off at top speed. Yet, of course, the hundredth chance is always to be considered. The famous man-eater or man-eaters, whose grim exploits along the North Atlantic coast filled the newspapers not long ago, did not visit these Southern waters; but there are a few—a very few—authentic accounts of mishaps with sharks hereabouts which teach the need of a reasonable degree of caution.

The too timid angler may gather courage from the boldness with which deer and the half-wild cattle on some of the coast islands swim the inlets at all seasons. Probably the raccoons, which abound on the islands and in the marshes behind them, are equally venturesome, and sometimes cross the inlets as well as the marsh creeks. Even the temerity of these wild coast dwellers is not fully conclusive, however. It proves that the danger is slight, but it does not prove that there is no danger at all in the deep littoral waters and in the larger beach slews where sharks come and go, however safe may be the flat, shelving portions of the beaches where surf bathers enjoy themselves on summer afternoons. A doe is little larger, a raccoon much smaller, than a Newfoundland dog; and many years ago a group of people, watching a big Newfoundland swimming in a Low Country river, saw two great jaws open about the dog. The water grew suddenly red around him, and in another instant he disappeared and was not seen again.

Standing one day on the high sea wall of the Battery, in Charleston, and looking out across the wide harbor toward Fort Sumter, I saw a thing so weird and fantastic that at first I doubted my own eyes. I saw a monstrous winged creature, like a gigantic bat, shoot up out of the water and then fall back again. It was visible only for an instant; and keeping my eyes fixed upon the spot where it had disappeared, I asked myself whether I had seen anything real or whether the sunlight on the water had produced an extraordinary illusion.

Then, after a few moments, I saw the thing again. It was far away down the harbor, at least a mile and a half distant from where I stood. But the day was very clear and the outlines of the creature were quite distinct; and even at that great distance it looked enormous. It must have been, I judged, at least ten feet wide and probably fifteen from tip to tip of its great wings; and having learned something about devilfish since that time, I doubt whether this estimate was excessive. Then, however, I was a youngster, and I had never seen or heard of anything in these waters resembling that winged monster except the several species of rays or skates—we generally called them stingarees and clamcrackers—which are found on this coast. This creature that I had seen in the harbor was not unlike a ray in shape, but seemed about twenty or thirty times as large as any ray that I had ever come across up to that time; so I concluded that I had seen the great-grandfather of all the rays, the king of the whole stingaree tribe.

I was not far wrong at that. The devilfish or sea devil is nothing but a colossal ray; manta ray it is sometimes called, its Latin name being *Manta birostris*. In appearance it is one of the most formidable of the sea's creatures. "Imagine," says Elliott in his book, which is too little known to this generation, "a monster measuring from sixteen to twenty feet across the back, full three feet in depth, having powerful yet flexible flaps or wings, with which he drives himself furiously through the water or vaults high into air; his feelers (commonly called horns) projecting several feet beyond his mouth and paddling all the small fry, that constitute his food, into that enormous receiver—and you have an idea, an imperfect one, of this curious fish, which, annually during the summer months, frequents our southern seacoast. . . . A school of these fish, as they swept by in front of my grandfather's residence, would

sometimes, at flood tide, approach so near to the shore as to come in contact with the water-fence, the firm posts of which they would clasp and struggle to uprear, till they lashed the water into a foam with their powerful wings."

William Elliott's devilfish hunts took place about three quarters of a century ago. Those were the halcyon days of the Old South. When the Civil War came, that wonderful period ended. Devilfish hunting does not seem to have been resumed by the sportsmen of the coast, when those of them that had survived the battlefield laid aside their arms after the struggle. Of this, the trials and hardships of a stricken people may be a sufficient explanation; but so few are the records since that time of devilfish seen in these waters, that a sensible decrease in their numbers not long after William Elliott's day may, perhaps, be inferred. It may not be a wholly fantastic guess that the blockade of the Carolina coast by a Federal fleet might have helped to drive them away from the formerly peaceful waters which they had been wont to frequent. Whether or not the decline in their abundance came thus suddenly and shortly after the period of which Elliott writes, it must have set in not very long thereafter; for I have talked with men who grew up along the bays and rivers where once the devilfish lived in considerable numbers, men who were youths in the years following the war, and I find that to nearly all of them the devilfish is a creature almost or entirely unknown. There must have been—indeed, it is certain that there were—in the postbellum period, devilfish in these waters; but it is hard to explain, except by a decrease in their abundance, the infrequency with which they were seen.

The last one actually taken on this coast, so far as I have been able to learn, was killed in September, 1885. A short time ago the man who played the principal part in its capture told me the story again. That last devilfish had

a sense of the fitness of things. It was to another William Elliott that he showed himself, a member of the same famous Low Country family to which the author of *Carolina Sports* belonged. A storm was making up and the tide was very high. Mr. Elliott was standing on one of the wharves of Port Royal village when he saw that the water beneath another wharf a few yards distant was boiling like a great caldron. Investigation disclosed the wide black bulk of a devilfish lying amid the piling under the wharf, and churning the water into foam with his huge wings. Probably he had taken hold of one of the piles with his great feelers, just as many years before the schools of devilfish coming up the sound would take hold of the timbers of the water-fence at the old Elliott seaside plantation, and struggle mightily to uprear them.

The monster lay close to the surface. Three shots from a pistol fired into his back probably went clear through him. He turned and dashed through the water to the other wharf, and, coming in contact with one of the piles, clasped the stout post with his feelers and again, more furiously than ever, lashed the water with his tremendous wings. In a little house near by another Elliott kept his fishing equipment. Here were procured a large shark hook, with a length of strong rope attached to it, and a long, broad-bladed lance—perhaps one of the same weapons with which the greatest of devilfish hunters had sallied forth so often in search of his quarry. A negro, lying at the edge of the wharf, plunged the lance again and again into the monster's broad back; and when, weakened by loss of blood, the creature's thrashing of the water had become somewhat less violent, Mr. Elliott got into a small skiff and, paddling close up to him, inserted the shark hook in his body, giving it a kick to make the hook secure. Then six or eight men, standing on the shelving bank at the base of the wharf, took hold of the rope and pulled. There was

still life in the giant fish, but he was dazed and bewildered. He released his hold on the pile and, following the pull of the rope, drove himself ashore with a few sweeps of his wings. When he was spread out upon the bank he measured fifteen feet nine inches across the back, from wing tip to wing tip.

If the devilfish comes no more to this coast we have lost the weirdest of our sea monsters; and since none has been taken in these waters in thirty-five years, science, which always demands the proof, may place an interrogation mark against the one that I am sure I saw perhaps a score of years ago, implying that my devilfish may have been only a big clamcracker. Men who know the coastal waters well tell me that they have never seen a devilfish in all their voyaging up and down the sounds and rivers. But one of them, a zealous student of wild things and a veteran sportsman, says that "two years ago, near the head of St. Helena Sound, with the tide almost full, on a bright moonlight night in the month of August, I saw a huge form rise from the water, sail along like some vampire from the Pit, for a short way, and then come down with a splash that made a great noise. In my opinion it was a devilfish beyond doubt, and a big one."

Probably it was. In the Gulf and the Caribbean, and in many of the other warm seas, the devilfish still flourishes. Fishermen on the Florida reef still see him from time to time, and at night they hear the crash of his great body as it strikes the water after one of his playful leaps into the air. It may well be that devilfish still come to the Carolina coastal waters, but that in this age of motor boats and steamers they are shyer than of old. At any rate, it is permissible to be an optimist about all such matters, so I look for the devilfish often when I cast my line into the surf for bass. Some day I expect to see, beyond the outer breakers, his giant, batlike bulk outlined for a thrilling moment against the sky.

"TO MEET HIS MAJESTY"

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

THE college of which Miles Prior was master had once housed royalty!

Whether it was this that had told or not, practically every student in All Saints knew that the Master dearly loved a lord. They knew, too, that he had hungered, long and faithfully, to bask in the presence of any member of the British royal family who might be available. There was more than a suspicion that he had allowed this desire to be known in influential quarters. This had been one of pre-war Oxford's perennial sources of quiet amusement.

On a day in May, 1919, the Master, turning off the High on his way to Magdalen wharf, narrowly missed colliding with a white-flanneled youth.

"Well—well, young fellow!" he said, automatically, "why aren't you on the river?" That was his stock remark at that hour of the afternoon. All Saints had not made the record it had at Eights Week, and at Henley, too, without work in and out of season by its Master; his own boating history had, of course, given him authority. The Master was quite beaming. It was still wonderful to him to see the old, familiar ways filled with the type of lads he knew.

The next minute he could have bitten his tongue out. This was young Chichester, who had lost an arm at Mons—or was it Harmon who was wounded at Mons? At all events it was unpardonable to have forgotten. It hurt him to think that he might have wounded Chichester. But why didn't the lad answer? The Master was accustomed to meet a frank smile of genuine liking. The knowledge of an amiable weakness did not prevent his having been popular always.

Chichester answered at last, "I am not punting." With one hand in his trousers pocket, he seemed to be gazing nonchalantly at the water under the bridge. His face, however, was averted.

Something in the pose of the figure arrested the Master. The boy was feeling it. When, in the old days, had Chichester ever stood still for two minutes? No, it was after Mons that the boy had been wounded. He hadn't come up until 1916. The boy couldn't be twenty now. The roundness of his figure had not yet hardened into straight lines. The rigidity of his cheek muscles meant that it was a struggle to maintain manly impassivity. A little muscle in the red cheek twitched.

A pang disturbed the Master's remarkably happy mood.

"Chichester was one of the chaps I was watching on the river," he thought, ruefully. "Stratford was so pleased the last time he was here." Prior had rather schooled himself not to allow the use of titles even in his thoughts. There had been only a passing impulse to think "the earl," instead of "Stratford." The Master's rather un-British faculty of seeing himself objectively was sometimes a nuisance, although he often took a certain perversely artistic pleasure in the contemplation of himself being absurd.

"Fortunate it's his left arm that's gone," his thoughts went on, again wholly with the boy. "But—he'd be feeling it now—out of sports, he's thinking. . . . I wonder if more than a tenth of the ones who have come back have escaped without being maimed. . . . It's worse when they're cheerful. . . . I don't believe I'd have been able to stick it at

his age . . . he's asking himself this very minute what's the *use* of sticking it—not a sport he can go in for. . . . The earl must—

"I say, young fellow," the Master called out. "Why don't you have a turn? Ought to use your time, now you've got back to the river. It tells if you lose a day."

"Can't you *see*?" the boy exploded. He had wheeled around. His face was red and wrathful. His hand had clenched itself. Then he recognized the Master. This was some one to whom deference was due, so he managed to look wooden. "Oh, *I'm* so sorry. I—"

"It's *quite* all right." The Master spoke absently. He was thinking. In the hour and more before he must make his London train he had calculated he could punt himself to the barges and back. To be sure, he hadn't his boating flannels on, but since the war everything was more lax. However, this encounter had cut into the time. He stood undecided. He really ought to see if the Eight was out.

Chichester, remembering how decent the Master had always been to him, felt that further amends were due. Not that he could think of any words—he smiled the wistful apology he didn't know how to phrase. The smile knocked at the special compartment in the Master's heart that he kept for the inarticulate troubles of these disciplined youths; at the same time the impersonal observer within him, who scoffed at his own weaknesses, wondered how much of his sympathy was due to the fact that this youth would some day be a belted earl. Had he felt the same eagerness to help "Arry from Bow Bells"?

"I thought perhaps you had had time to get into your form again," he said, thinking to himself, "that's it—man-aged that tone very well. If I can only get away without showing sympathy."

"Form." This time Chichester's tone was hurt rather than angry.

There was an uncomfortable sensation in the Master's throat. "Wish I didn't

know so damned well how he's feeling." (The Master never was profane except in reverie, and then only when that special clutch came on his throat. It seemed to help him not to be sympathetic—externally).

"I thought you knew—" There was the faintest scornful inclination of the boy's chin toward the empty sleeve.

"Oh yes, I knew right enough." The Master's utterance was successfully clipped and casual. "You were on the next to the last list of citations."

"Bally mistake, all that rot," Chichester interpolated, his face an uncomfortable crimson. "Accident. Other fellow should have had it."

"Yes, yes." The Master was not able to repress a smile. That "other fellow" who ought to have received all the decorations bestowed had become a by-word. But, accustomed as he was to the attitude, his heart warmed anew, although he felt bound to hedge, "There may be a bit of swank in it, after all." "Going to try it soon?" he said, out loud.

"I think not—at present."

Prior had had no intention of following the matter up. He was much pre-occupied. The thing was to stop at that stage just short of brutal indifference that would be most soothing to Chichester's kind. The Master, being of the same kind himself, felt, as well as knew, this. But something in the tension of muscle with which the boy maintained his expression of decent blankness warned Prior that this was one of those crises in youthful life which he had never knowingly failed to meet. Inconvenient as it was to have it come to-day, he must help this boy to buck up somehow—youngest possessor of the V. C. in Oxford, though he might be . . . and . . . and future "belted earl." Just because that phrase fascinated the Master he always used it ironically.

"I had just been out with Copley a day or two ago, you see," he continued. "To be sure, he has been demobbed longer than you. As a matter of fact



"WELL, YOUNG FELLOW, WHY AREN'T YOU ON THE RIVER?"

though, he's punting in great form again. Let me see, Copley came up the year before you, didn't he? I remember your general form was better than his from the first, although he had more speed—"

A keen glint came into the youth's blue eyes.

"How long has Copley been punting?"

"Oh, two months or so."

"I—I haven't been on the river yet."

"You'd better try it, young fellow."

Prior turned to go. His own half-formed intention went by the board. He thought the boy would be more apt to try if he were not watched. The quickest way to get him out was to leave him alone. Moreover, this day of all days, he could not afford to become involved.

"Perhaps I will, some time." Chichester's face was averted again. The listlessness in his voice was discouraging. The Master couldn't disregard the danger signal. This was his business.

"Go to it, Chichester!" The note of sportsmanship rarely failed to appeal. "We may have one-armed entries next year—the others to be handicapped."

The way the boy straightened himself

made the Master realize he had made a mistake.

"Shot too low," he told himself. "He can't stand the word yet."

But he was mistaken as to the cause of Chichester's reluctance. The solemnity which the Briton assumes only when it is a question of sport, was in his face.

"I don't think that's a sound idea, sir. Not on the river." The true Oxfordian spoke in the reverence of his tone. "If I can't compete in the same class with all others, and without having favor shown, I'd rather not go in for it at all. There never has been a handicap on the river."

The solemnity of Chichester's deference to tradition might have amused any but the man who was steeped in it himself. To Prior, also, this was a matter worthy of the most weighty consideration.

"That point is well taken, I think," he said, soberly. "But—" The unvoiced thought was that the discouragements in the way of an unhandicapped competition were too great.

What if he should induce Chiches-

ter to come out on the river with him now, and persuade him to have a try at punting with one arm? If once he were convinced that there were sports he could still go in for, the lad would feel he was a whole man again. And it was so necessary that he, like all the others—the best they had—should be made to feel that. It was the job of the hour. But—there was now but a scant hour before he must get his bag and make for the five-fifteen. Could he accomplish anything worth while in that time? Would he merely leave the boy more discouraged than he had been at first?

"Suppose we get out now?" he surprised himself by saying, before he knew his mind was really made up. No, he wouldn't go to the barges, he was saying to himself; there wasn't time, and it would be better to try Chichester out where the water was not so deep. "I have almost an hour to spare, and I was thinking of going out. Come and help me out if my shoulder gives out—rheumatism, I'm afraid," he admitted, with a wry face. "The dampness here does get you after a time."

The boy hesitated. He was mightily tempted. To make a try at it again—under old Razor-edge's coaching! But—was this sympathy?

"I'm afraid I shouldn't be much good." The stiffness of his tone repelled even the Master. Then—he saw that the lad's lip was quivering—

"In case I should give out I fancy you'd be able to make shore at least." They both laughed refreshingly. The shore of the Cherwell in that stretch being nowhere farther away from its fellow than twenty yards or so, even a proper devotee of the river might laugh at that point—indulgently—"in the family."

On the crest of that laugh they found themselves in the boat, the Master continuing his nice calculation of time in his own mind and fixing the point just before they would reach the rollers, where he could with decency make Chichester take the pole.

For some time they were both silent. The Master had slandered himself with cheerful untruthfulness; there was not a muscle in his tall, thin frame that did not work as if the machinery had just been oiled. The long, swaying bend, with which he pushed the boat on was still a keen joy to him; the motion with which he threw the pole—showering translucent drops—up into his left hand was as delicately graceful as if it did not require great muscular exertion. All the suppressed emotion of his class, all the unvoiced poetry, found vent in motion. He sent the little boat joyously on its way. His aquiline neutral-tinted face, which, quite as much as his educational methods, had given him his nickname, softened into peacefulness.

Once seated in the cushioned space, the Master's eyes perforce passing over his head, Chichester's face, too, relaxed. The imperceptible motion of the boat under Prior's skilful punting, the rich green of the Magdalen Water Meadows, where sod proves how it can reward the care of generation after generation, the trees so perfectly spaced and gracious in their symmetry—the disciplined beauty of it all—the peace, the absence of one crude or ugly thing that could make a discord—all drifted him back into the world he had lived in before he was plunged into hideousness. The softness of a clean boy's dreams for a moment beautified his face. The shores of the Cherwell in May—always in May—had hung before his closed eyes in hospital. Only then there was a purple haze over all because he was sure he would never see them again. Now the shores were unwinding again before him with the haze lifted, and—slipping—slipping gently along, with no motion but much speed, he brooded over it all—delicate green of the young willow plumage and springing grass, pink of the May tree, and overhead the deep blue of the sky with the softly floating clouds which, while they withheld rain, playfully hinted of the showers that they withheld. For a time the glamour of a

once un hoped-for future held him, and he smiled with that half-wistful hope of happiness that makes so appealing the curve of firm, red lips of Chichester and his kind—

It was at this moment that the Master asked him:

"Have you anyone coming down to Eights? Are you expecting the—your father?"

"Just my sister," Chichester said, absently, his face clouding.

The Master essayed roguishness that set as uneasily upon him as it would have done upon the visage of some old monk who had once paced All Saints' famous cloister.

"Is she bringing some fair lady with her?"

Chichester's eyes reverted to the slack sleeve tucked into a pocket, and his face hardened.

"No. Why should she? I'm not punting."

The Master, because his job was that of dealing with youth, felt the harden-

ing even as he sensed the bitterness in the tone, although his eyes were directed to the winding shores, where the sharp turns and the sudden shallows make the navigation of the tiny stream the fine art that it really is.

"He's afraid any girl he'd care for would feel pity for him instead of—the other feeling," he thought. "We'll have to get him out of that. He should marry"—the Master smiled derisively at himself because he realized that his thought had used the words, "a belted earl should marry."

Now Prior began to talk, chiefly, of course, about boating—the chances for All Saints at Eights Week—past triumphs. When Chichester responded with polite questions concerning the Master's students, who were expected to get firsts in this year's schools, Prior answered briefly, but did not pursue the subject, such scholastic conversation not being really good form on the river.

Finding that Chichester was still brooding, the Master long before they



THE SHORES OF THE RIVER IN MAY HAD HUNG BEFORE HIM IN THE HOSPITAL

came to the rollers passed the pole to him with a curt, "Sorry, but I'll have to ask you to take it on now."

"It's *quite* all right." If the boy's lips were compressed nervously the Master was not supposed to notice it. He settled himself in comfort, telling himself that he must neither embarrass the boy with scrutiny nor yet make the mistake of too evidently keeping his eyes averted.

Prior had chosen as the scene of Chichester's trial, a fairly long, straight stretch, of the Cherwell, where the water was nowhere more than one third the depth of the pole. Their narrow, square-ended boat, went forward with a dreamy, graceful motion, which always brought to the Master a fleeting thought of Venice until he realized again what shores these were that were more beautiful to him than the façades of stained-marble palaces. Even at the moment when he had come to this conclusion for the thousandth time a jar aroused him. They were aground on a mud bank. A sidelong glance showed Chichester's face crimson with mortification.

"So sorry!" the boy muttered, and bent all his weight on the pole. The Master's impulse was to spring to the rescue. It was not easy to sit quiet and see the maimed lad push and strain until the angry red of his face almost forced the mortified tears into his eyes. What would have been a laughable mishap before his maiming was now a humiliating proof of disability. With the imperfect balance of a body not yet adjusted to the loss of an arm, there was danger that when the boat did move the boy would stagger off into the water. Prior moved uneasily. But the suspicious glance that Chichester darted at him was a warning. His part was to sit back with a happy expression upon his face and let the boy struggle. It was not easy.

Finally, however, a vast effort sent them off with a splash that deluged both but left Chichester on his feet.

"I'm so sorry!" the lad said, perfunctorily. "Rotten carelessness." But there was little contrition in his tone, the Master observed, with inward amusement, even while he told himself he would have to allow a few more minutes in his room than he had planned, since he would undoubtedly have to change his morning suit before starting. He also conquered a strong temptation to blow a bit about the dinner he was going to.

So far the river had not been crowded. But now it was beginning to fill up. Punt after punt, with two or three lads, gallant figures in their white flannels and bright-blue boating coats decorated with the arms of their college in gold and brilliant colors, occasionally a more soberly dressed girl or woman with them, passed their boat. They bumped and were bumped. The greatest skill and accuracy were needed to avoid collisions. Chichester fared badly, usually because of his own fault. So even the careless good humor of the quick, "It's *quite* all right," which answered his curt apology, varied by, "My fault," when the man in the other boat had had time to observe what was the explanation of Chichester's wild punting, failed to reassure the lad. His face was set in the regulation wooden impassivity, but the Master saw the flush that never failed to deepen after each such encounter. He saw, too, the scowl of mortification that appeared on Chichester's forehead. It was not going to be an easy or a short job that Prior had cut out for himself.

"Have I got time to make even a beginning, to-day?" the Master wondered, a little unhappily. He managed to get a surreptitious look at his watch, which he was still old-fashioned enough to wear in his vest pocket.

"My word! I can't give more than half an hour longer. But I'd dislike most fearfully to leave the boy until he has got hold of the thing—and of himself, too. If he fails to-day we may never get him to try again."

They were running straight into the



"IS SHE BRINGING SOME FAIR LADY WITH HER?"

bank. The willows were pollarded, but the vigorous young growth of the spring had got out of bounds and made a thicket. The Master's eyeglasses were knocked off, his hand scratched—although, fortunately, Chichester did not see that.

"Oh, *I'm* so sorry!" The boy's tone was almost fierce. There was a pause that gave the sense of something forcible suppressed.

Now there were a few minutes of peace and plain sailing. Just short of the rollers, Chichester managed to turn the punt with something of his old skill, but he was deluged with every upward cast of the pole, and the little craft was awash. Although the cushions on which the Master sat were getting uncommonly damp, he smiled with exemplary fortitude. The river, for a space, was fairly clear and there were no mishaps for a long time. Chichester's face, when it relaxed, was endearingly boyish. His

fair hair was curling into little damp rings, on his forehead. At the moment when he had essayed a smile his pole caught in some matted reeds. There was a struggle—an instant when it looked as if the boy would infallibly go into the stream—recovery. They shot past, leaving the pole sticking in the bottom of the Cherwell, just out of reach.

It was only a minute, of course, before the next boat was abreast of the pole, and some one pulled it out and restored it to Chichester.

"My word!" the Master said, heartily. "You recovered well. I've lost my pole at that point more times than I'd like to tell you. Usually I've gone in after it."

For the first time Chichester met the Master's eyes squarely in a more than fleeting exchange. The boy's were light-brown eyes, doglike in their inarticulate gratitude. A shimmer of softness

passed over his face—knowledge of what the older man was trying to do—a manly refusal to appeal for sympathy—courage.

What he managed to ejaculate, after a visible struggle, which brought the red to the roots of his hair and into his neck as far as the open collar of his shirt revealed it, was:

"Thanks, thanks awfully!" And the Master was almost embarrassed by the lad's effusiveness. He found it necessary to lean over the side of the punt in an affectation of warm interest in some reedy water plant that a coquettish girl might have envied.

They went jerkily on the return trip, with almost as many excursions into bushes as before. And very slowly. The Master's fine emotion passed, and his own affairs became again highly important. He was seized with a nervous impatience. He glanced at his watch again, this time openly. Good Lord! He really ought to be on shore in five minutes. If his man were alive to the situation he might already have called a taxi for him—that is, if any had been released yet. Or perhaps Chichester would get a call put through from Magdalen—

"I think we'll have to speed up a bit, young fellow. I have an appointment in London, you know." He spoke almost with asperity. It had occurred to him that the boy was too self-absorbed. After all, youth hasn't *all* the rights. Chichester certainly must know what a frightful thing it would be if the Master were late to dinner. Of course he knew about the dinner. At this point in his meditations Prior smiled a little ruefully. He realized that he had been driven by a fatal impulse to confide the great honor which had been conferred on him to everyone he had met since he had known it was coming—and his hopes before he had known. And that when he *knew* that he was being absurd! Sometimes people hadn't even veiled their amusement.

The five-fifteen was really the latest

train he could take that would give him time to dress comfortably at his London club. The six-thirty would make it necessary to change before leaving. And that would mean that he would have to smother in a top coat, and probably arrive with an undetected black on his collar or shirt front. And at that, if there were traffic congestion, he would undoubtedly be a few minutes late. Highly inconvenient it would be to take the six-thirty.

"We'll have to be at the landing in five minutes, you know," he said, rather peevishly.

To his dismay, the boy stopped short.

"Oh, I *say*! I didn't know you had to go!" He was evidently aghast. So Chichester didn't know about the dinner—impossible he could have forgotten that dinner. One was not honored every day by being invited to sit at the same table with royalty. But if Chichester didn't know, he was probably the only man left in Oxford who didn't! The Master felt a strong urge to tell him, but conquered it. One didn't swank when the other man was down. With a sigh he resigned the five-fifteen. After all, a moment in the first-class dressing room would show him whether there were any blacks, and he could take cuffs and collar in his bag—and cover up his vest and shirt front.

"It's all right. I have a dinner in town but the six-thirty will do. We mustn't leave before you have got back your form, and your speed, too."

Chichester nodded doggedly and went at it. The Master leaned back again, with a sudden sense of leisure. Dreamily watching the shores slipping by, his mind went out on a tide of thought—painful thought. Behind that boy's figure and the other hundred thousands of his gracious build, Miles Prior seemed to see the others—dwarfed cockney—loutish Yorkshire—twisted colliery—youths who had, during four years, undated all the Old-World beauty of the place he loved—the million that had gone down in a combat they had no

love for. One had to admit that those other lads had shown themselves true Englishmen. There were, too, the millions who had survived, as had this lad, but mutilated forever in body, and maimed—who could say how permanently—in spirit? And with these his country must build her fortifications—build breathlessly. Where there had been one enemy, now there were many, inside as well as out. Any fool could hear the ominous rumble. *They must build.* And those they should have built with were gone—the stone the builders had rejected must be chiseled into shape. The mutilated bodies must be pieced with courage. Weakness must be buttressed by some divine madness. *England must stand.*

And with her must stand that other people across the Atlantic. After all, it was the same tradition. It was a thin, silk thread, that craving for justice, but it had held to guide them out of the maze into the open country. . . .

It was surely these boys like Chi-

chester who had fed at the first table of a plenteous mother, who must lead in defense of her against her enemies. Who could say the nation could not build defenses when it was possible to inform faulty bodies with a great and selfless courage—when the building stones were like Chichester?

Side by side with this stream of thought ran another, the reward that awaited him. If that reward took the form, with him, of a seat at the same table with a man glossed by the title "King," the Master's innocent snobbery was not entirely ignoble. For his race slides into symbol to express a passion too embarrassingly strong to be put into words. When the king spoke with the consent of the British millions, he was possessed of an almost fearful majesty. To Prior, after the years of banishment from his own kind, to meet His Majesty had in it something infinitely reassuring. The flag was still there! There was, moreover, who can say what longing to realize at last, concretely, that



IT WAS NOT GOING TO BE AN EASY OR A SHORT JOB

the work he had tried to do for England was not unnoticed? It had not been easy to admit that the best war service he could give was in educational work among neglected youths. As hungrily as a child who has walked the uncongenial path of virtue a whole, hard, endless day, he craved to be told he had been good.

He roused himself with a start and a disconcerting sense of the passage of time. There had been a bump. Chichester was aground again. He looked at his watch. Good Heavens! It was a quarter of six! Perhaps he snapped his watch a little significantly back into his pocket, for Chichester flushed.

"Perhaps you would better take it on now," he said. "That is, as you have an appointment to make." It was a listless, discouraged figure, the armless shoulder held a little higher than the other, as if in a fantastically cynical shrug at fate.

If— But it was absurd—it was almost blasphemous to suppose that anything could prevent. But—if anything could—to fail at this late hour! The Master felt actual nausea at the mere thought of the affront to his host—and to the friend, too, who had worked so hard to get the invitation for him. But if anything should prevent his getting there in time he could never hope for recognition to come his way again—there was even that hint of something in the next birthday honors.

But if he left Chichester now, the work not done, the boy not assured that a man's spirit can make whole his body—and—his body not whole—what is a man in England?—how would this affect his future? And Chichester's future seemed to have become England's future. *How, without this assurance, could the Chichesters save England?* Good God! How had he got himself into this maddening situation? Somehow the whole vast problem had been put up to him, the Master of All Saints. *He* had to decide it. It was his passion

of reverence for his country's past that was being pitted against his passion to serve his country's future. It was past against future. It was age against youth. It was himself against this boy. Which way to face?

"I'm really afraid I can't get you back in time." Chichester's voice again reached him. How long had the boy been standing there holding out the pole? But he was smiling. He didn't feel, then, all the things the Master had been imagining. He was not in the least discouraged. This was the real world again. How absurd to think that he couldn't take the matter up again, to-morrow!

"Oh, very well, young fellow, we'll have another bout to-morrow, when you are rested. Great mistake to do too much the first time."

With eagerness the Master took the pole. He shoved off easily. The boat cut the water swiftly. Prior was calculating. He could probably catch a bus that would take him a few blocks. How foolish he had been—his whole career at stake. . . . It might be a baronetcy instead of knighthood. . . . It would have been an affront to his host that would never have been forgiven. His Grace was known to be pretty stiff about such things. What an escape!

Something of his own impatience seemed to be communicated to the boat under him. They darted through the water. Already at farmer Hodgson's meadow. The Master's eyes fell on Chichester huddled loosely in the cushioned seat. The listlessness of despair was in his face and in his body. It was unmistakable. If he left Chichester now it would be worse than if they had not come out at all. Then the boy had only feared failure; now he was convinced of it.

The Master tried to hurry all the more—to get away from something—but he seemed to make little progress. The boat dragged. It was as if hands clutched at it to hold it back—dragging hands.



A GROUP OF WHITE-FLANNELED YOUTHS WERE WAITING AT MAGDALEN LANDING

Now it was Miles Prior who stood motionless for a long minute, leaning on his pole. He tried to go on, but could not. Sane common sense could settle the question admirably when it was a matter of England's youth in the abstract, but this maimed, desolate boy awakened some elemental hunger in him. Nothing was of any importance but to heal him.

The unfulfilled father in him would not let him do this thing.

"Here, young fellow, won't you take the pole? You're a bit rested now."

But Chichester did not move. He looked at the green shores dully, contented to do nothing.

"Sorry. But I'm afraid I'll get you late."

"You'll have to help me out, I'm afraid. I'm not as—fit as I thought I was. Must have twisted my shoulder somehow. And my engagement—doesn't matter."

The boy pulled himself up a little lumberingly. But his smile was courteous.

They went on in silence. Their progress was very slow, although the boy was certainly doing better. The Master

looked at his watch. Five-fifty-two. Perhaps he might still make the other—He could even change on the train.

But he concentrated on his task again.

"You'll find it easier now. There! That's the turn which gave you trouble before. You did it this time in great form; it's that inward twist of the forearm that does it. I think you'd ship less water if you held the pole away from you a little more. Can't you manage it? Here, let me show you. And you'll have to raise your right shoulder. Exaggerate until you overcome the tendency to lift the left one. That's what one has to do, you know, with an arm gone. Good thing there aren't so many punts out now—gone in to tea. Good time to practice. It would be a great show if you could get back your form the very first go. It took Copley a week before he could manage this turn we're coming to. . . . There, that thicket of May tree. . . . Current's very swift this spring. That's top hole. See if you can't stick it."

Tea being well over, and dinner not

yet due, a group of white-flanneled youths were waiting at Magdalen landing when Chichester finally brought the boat in. An All Saints man started when he saw the Master, and looked at his wrist watch. But all eyes were deflected to Chichester. Not a man of them but knew his story. Hardly a man among them but had his own story, from the boy with the scarred face to the jolly little coxswain of Balliol, who, having grown accustomed to discarding his artificial limb in a shell, was even now unstrapping it preparatory to tossing it to the attendant for safe keeping. So, although they courteously masked their interest by various small preoccupations, the boy could have had no more vitally interested spectators. Flushed, gallantly erect, his slender young body deeply swaying with each long, strong motion, he knew it, and his jaw set in the determination to pass—without handicap—this jury of his peers.

It was done—triumphantly. With a gentle perfection the punt glided, without an inch to spare, and yet without grating, beside the landing. Chichester stepped lightly out as the attendant caught the gunwale. The boy tossed the pole to the man, and, catching his coat from the Master's hand, buoyantly shrugged himself into it. Everybody nodded offishly, and one or two who knew Chichester personally spoke to him—to be later on quite tormented in mind lest they might have overdone the thing and so have led him to suppose that they considered the occasion in any way exceptional. For the proper thing was, of course, to assume, if possible, that old Chichester had always had only one arm; or, failing that, that the reckless heroism of the action in which he had lost it was absolutely usual, that his having got back his form on the river in one afternoon—for they all knew he

had not been out before—was also quite usual. Since that was the way they themselves would have wanted to be treated in like circumstances, they strove tensely to do unto him as they would have had him do unto them.

The Master stepped out. Chichester, with a pleasing deference for age and disability, halted his buoyant stride to keep pace with the Master's. He was the Master's man from that day forth. As they came out on the High the sound of a deep-voiced bell pushed its way to them. It was Old Tom, tolling with as tranquil authority from his squat, strong tower, as when, centuries before, his curfew call had real authority to hale each roystering student home.

Although the Master knew with dreary certainty what hour Old Tom would strike, he waited, with a curious sense of suspense, to hear his sentence. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven!" said Old Tom, unhurried, not praising, not blaming; confident, serene. He spoke neither of joy nor of sorrow. He spoke, instead, of the laws of life, of faith in God and country, of which his very voice was a mellow survival. He chanted his unshaken conviction that that faith would be justified unto the end.

With the hour's reverberations still in his ears, the Master parted from Chichester and made his way toward the telegraph office, framing, meantime, the lame words in which he would attempt to explain his failure to appear at dinner. The utmost he could now hope was that his wire would reach his host before his absence had been noted. At the same time he adjusted upon his face that mask of cheerful usualness with which he would, for many weeks, meet the conjecture, the amusement, the mystification, the open laughter with which the best joke of many seasons would make the rounds of his little world.

GAMBLING WITH MOTHER EARTH

BY WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

SUDDEN wealth which comes with the discovery of oil is usually showered on folks who have no knowledge of the blessings of plenty and no sense of the desirability of luxury.

If oil were struck in a great city, and if the sudden wealth that came thereby were to fall upon the poor folk of the town, these same poor folk would quickly find their way to the delights of riches. Are they not familiar with the evidences of wealth? Limousines and the opera, gowns and furs, racing cars and cabarets, breakfast in bed, and journeys in Pullmans, pursuing summer sunshine across the continent—the poorest citizens of our towns know of all these luxuries and their like. Put wealth into their hands, and they will find such things shortly, without study or effort.

But the wealth which comes from oil falls, in part, upon folks different from city dwellers. It is a bleak land, usually, in which oil is found. Now and then it happens that a rich farming community has its riches increased by the discovery of oil, but, in the main—and this is pleasant to consider—it is the struggling farmer, the man who is fighting nature in antagonistic soil, in what the Texas farmers call “a billy-goat land,” who suddenly finds himself rich beyond all his dreams and discovers that it will not be necessary for him or his family ever to toil again.

Wealth finds him, indeed, unprepared and unequipped to seek the full advantages that riches may summon, but there is a fascinating interest in watching him and his wife, his daughters, and his sons, in their desperate attempts to realize that they, of all the people in the world, they who had never tried to be rich or

ever expected to be rich, but who had, in reality, thought themselves doomed to desperate toil all their forlorn lives, have suddenly become rich folks through no efforts of their own.

The processes by which wealth may come so suddenly to a farmer in an out-of-the-way corner of the land are simple and fully covered by the law, so that the farmer's portion of wealth is assured. One day, let us imagine, there comes to him an oil man, who wants to drill for oil on the little farm. This oil man may be a “wildcatter,” a gambler among drillers, who takes his chances in unknown fields. He will ask the farmer to sell him a one-year lease on a certain number of acres, if not on the entire farm. The farmer will be lucky if the leaser offers him more than five dollars for an acre; many “wildcatters” are willing to pay only one dollar an acre on virgin soil, in a community where no drilling has been done. With the deal closed, the papers signed, and the money delivered, the oil man goes his way. From that time on tranquillity is unknown in the farmhouse; either bitter disappointment or news of wealth will one day enter its door. The leaser may immediately move a “rig” to the farm and begin to send his drills down into the earth, or he may be a speculator who will take his lease away to the city and sell it there, if he can, for more than he paid for it. In all events, some one must drill on that land within a year, or the lease expires.

If the “rig” is set up, and the drills bite down into an oil bed, the farmer, by law, will have one eighth of all the oil that comes from the well. State inspectors will watch the flow and will

keep their eyes on the records of the company, and every week the company will place in a bank, to the credit of the lucky farmer, a sum equal to one eighth of all the income which the oil of that well has earned.

The wise farmer—and there are not many of them—does not lease his entire farm to the oil man. If oil is struck in his neighborhood it will be possible for him to lease the remainder of his land for as much as \$25,000 an acre, and still get his one eighth, if the oil comes in.

In every "oil community" there is the farmer who was the pioneer in granting an oil lease. He got little for the oil rights on his place, but his neighbors, profiting by his gamble, merely for granting newcomers the right to drill, receive hundreds, and even thousands, of times as much money as he did.

A farmer in the Texas district sold the rights on his 400 acres at one dollar an acre. It was a "billy-goat" farm, on which he had worked like a slave. Four wells that were struck there brought in 16,000 barrels of oil a day. Of these he got 2,000 barrels. At \$5 a barrel, the price at that time, his income was \$10,000 a day. The man who had bought the lease at one dollar an acre sold a lease on eighty of the acres at \$7,000 an acre, and the other 320 acres brought him \$21,000 an acre, over \$6,000,000 in all, on leases for which the farmer had received \$400.

The value of leases on other near-by farms went up to more than \$20,000 an acre, and though some of the near-by farms yielded no oil, the farmers became millionaires through the sale of drilling rights.

Such easy, unexpected, and comparatively vast wealth throws human nature into some of its oddest moods.

As I moved about among such newly rich folk as these in the Southern oil lands, some weeks ago, I found myself looking on them as human vessels under which a fire of desire had suddenly been lighted; I found myself trying to see

what things had come to the top in the violent boiling of emotions, and I learned that each broth of human nature was different from all the others.

Youth and age, for instance, pass through the experience with different emotions. Age immediately seeks security and comfort. In a town in Kansas, on a board fence which surrounds a small fair ground, you may see painted an extraordinary picture. It shows an old farmer and his wife seated in rocking chairs on the porch of their rambling old house. They are looking out contentedly on a rich wheat field in which the harvesters are working. "John Smith and His Farm" are the words beneath the sign.

"John Smith" explained his sign to his fellows in luck. It showed a most peculiar lack of knowledge of the first principles of advertising.

"All these town fellows who git along in business put up signs tellin' how smart they be," said John, "and maw and I, after we got our money, jes' allowed we'd do a little braggin' ourselves."

He and "maw," in truth, were fixed for life after years of labor, and if there was any better news in the world than that to fix up in bright colors on a sign-board he didn't know it.

A sudden flow of oil on the average farm is as paralyzing as a flow of lava from Vesuvius. Just as Pompeii was stopped in the midst of its daily gesture of living, so almost every little farm which proves to have an under-side richer than its top-side comes to a dead standstill when the stroke of good fortune falls. That little farm has its big moment, indeed. For weeks, and perhaps even months, the occupants of the farmhouse have been going about their chores in a half daze, waiting for the day when the drillers will "shoot the well." The time comes at last. There is little work done in that neighborhood that day, no matter how great the need. All the farm folks for miles around gather at the well and watch the experts lower

their charge of explosive. The explosion occurs. If a great lily-shaped tower of ugly black oil rises into the air with the blast, then those farm folks are through with work for life. The man on whose farm the well has come in realizes that he has already entered into riches. As early as next week he may find money to his account in the local bank. His neighbors have a longer path to travel, but in the moment of that blast they know that the oil rights to their land have multiplied perhaps a thousand times; soon the lease seekers will be hounding them, seeking to give them gold.

Crop raising ends, then and there, for the farmer who sees sure wealth in sight. Around Cushing, Oklahoma, late last summer, I saw more than one farm that had gone to seed. Corn choked by weeds was a common sight, and often, somewhere in the heart of the tangle, was hidden a piece of agricultural machinery where the farmer had left it on the day he discovered that hard work was no longer imperative.

One rarely hears of a farmer sticking to his trade after he has become rich. The oil men in Ranger, Texas, tell of an oil-rich old fellow who used to plow in and out among the oil derricks. Every time he came to a pipe line over which he had to lift his plow, the old man would mouth wild oaths and declare that "these damn oil thingumabobs were spoilin' the whole country." The oil men, however, said it was all a pose with the old fellow; his plowing was haphazard and was usually done where it would annoy the oil workers.

In Cushing, Oklahoma, there is a rich farmer of many years, but of youthful heart, who bought himself several large automobiles of expensive make, took out a jitney driver's license, and spent much of his time trying to pick up astonished fares from the cheap-car men down at the railroad station. He also used to rent out a car, with himself as driver, to rich Easterners, who came to see and discuss the field, and the story goes that

the roughly dressed and roughly spoken driver of the big car overheard many a good tip which he has put to good advantage.

A new house is usually the first demand of these new-rich farmers and their families. They do not, as a usual thing, want to move far away from the old home spot and the folks they know, but, in most cases they find the old house too small or too old, and perhaps on another corner of the farm a new house rises shortly, and is paid for with the first money that comes from oil. They may move to finer homes later, but the climb to luxury is always a slow and painstaking process with them.

There was Jess Walker, at Cushing, Oklahoma, for example. They had struck oil on "Jess Walker's place" some months before my visit, and I rode out to see what was to be seen of it. It was a miserable little house in which the Walkers had lived before the oil came. It had once been white, I suppose, but now it was utterly grimy, and looked as if it had been built to shelter dejection. The doorsills were level with the ground. A despondent-looking man, with a dirty banner-like rag hanging over his left eye, was lying on a board in the yard. He stirred himself and explained that he had "the misery." His left eye was being eaten away by a cancer.

"I keep this rag over it to keep the flies away," he said, with half a groan. A coopful of small chickens and a few measly apples hanging on the tree under which he was reclining were the only fruits of rural toil in view. A lean, sad-faced woman in a doorway, and three barefoot children playing in the mud, made up a picture of desolation.

"Yes, Jess Walker used to live here," said the man. "Eighteen months ago they struck that there oil well," he explained, pointing to a near-by derrick. "Jess left this house right off, and built him a place up on the road. He rents me this for one hundred dollars a year."

I photographed the bleak place where the Walkers had toiled and where their

sons and daughters had been born, and then we went to the other end of the little farm where it faces the main road, to see the new house.

The Walkers had moved from there, I was told. They had stayed there in the new house on a corner of their old farm for three months, but new wells had come in on the farm and the balance at the bank had piled up so rapidly that the "wimmen folks" wanted to move to town.

Trailing down the Walkers, I went into Cushing, and on a finely shaded, finely lawned, and evidently exclusive street I was shown the new Walker home.

It was late afternoon, and on the front porch, clad in crisp white summer garments, sat a plump little woman, with her hands folded across her ample lap.

"Is this Jess Walker's new house?" I asked.

"Yes, 'tis," said the little woman.

I explained that I had seen and photographed the other two Walker homes, and that I should like to take a picture of this one.

"Go ahead," she said, "but I'll jes' step in. I don' want to be taken."

When she returned to the porch, after the camera had snapped, she said:

"This ain't our newest house, though. We bought a better one last week and we're movin' soon."

She gave us the address of the new place, but by the time we found it, on the outskirts of the town in the newest and most aristocratic addition, it was too dark to take a picture. The latest "new house" of the Walkers was a great, rambling bungalow of the California type.

And only eighteen months before their home had been that miserable little hut which was now surrounded by oil wells!

The Walkers ran to new houses, it seemed. And from all I could hear they were not running one-tenth fast enough to keep up with the balance that was growing with the addition of weekly checks in the local banks.

Now and then, among these newly rich folk, you come across a man who by some strange and unexpected mental strength has carried through the hard years a dream which his new wealth helps him to bring true. Down in the Texas oil fields there stands a brick hotel which is a monument to a man who had such a dream. It is known as McCloskey's hotel, and for the oil men it is a haven of comfort, especially during the winter, in a wet and muddy and dreary land.

No finer meals are obtainable in the United States than at this hotel, the oil men say. On a winter's evening, when the mud-covered oil men enter the place in their dirty boots and leave their tracks from the front door to the dining room, one can be sure that, though muddy as the hard-wood floors may be, everything in the room along and above the level of the table tops, including the napery, the silver, the tableware, and the food, is as fine and clean as can be found.

The oil men will tell you about McCloskey. McCloskey was a bricklayer who had turned farmer. Things had gone very badly with him on this bad land; he was nearing the end of his rope, and, indeed, the end of his years, when the oil strike came. McCloskey had always dreamed, they say, that sometime there would be a town near his isolated farm. When his wealth began to pour in from leases and from oil, he determined to make his dream come true. To start a town one must first have a hotel, said McCloskey. Therefore he bought bricks at fabulous prices, wherever he could find them, and had them shipped to him, at extraordinarily high rates, gathered together the few bricklayers he could discover in the countryside, and began the job of building. He laid bricks himself, did McCloskey, to set a pace for the workers, but just as the building was being finished he caught cold from a hard, winter day's work, and died of exhaustion. But his hotel is there, run-

ning full blast, and the town has come at last to edge and overlap his farm, just as he had dreamed.

There are other men, of course, with lesser dreams. In the Burke-Burnette district one rich farmer, who never in all his life had been able to buy all the canned peaches he wanted, ate himself to death in a canned-peach orgy.

In the main, however, the farmers seem to flounder about quite hopelessly for a long time after wealth has come to them. An automobile and a new house satisfy the first cravings for luxury. New clothes come in for attention, but there is so much discomfort in new and expensive gowns and vestments that most of the new-rich farmers and their wives—but this applies only to the old folks—soon discover that there is a luxury in the comfort of good, familiar old clothes, such as Mother Hubbards and overalls, that money cannot buy; and there is a double satisfaction in being so rich that you can wear old clothes without being suspected of poverty.

The axiom that wealth brings suffering and worry to human beings is one which one does not see carried out among these people. To be able to have everything you want in this world is a dangerous situation, in truth, but to have only simple wants restores the balance of safety. There are stories, indeed, and somewhat pitiful ones, too, of educated men such as lawyers or young clerks, who knew something of city life, going utterly to the dogs with their new wealth. Sometimes they are saved by more level-headed friends. In a certain place in Oklahoma there was a young lawyer who had the proudest spirit of any man in town. He had many friends, but he never called on them for advice or help, even when things were going very badly with him in business. He paddled his own canoe, and for a long time, it seemed, he paddled it very badly. The fact of the matter was, he was saving money for a certain purpose. He piled up his little fund dollar by dollar while the

neighbors were pitying his wife for her lack of pleasures, and when finally he had enough money he put it all into a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, in a district remote from the oil country.

"It will be a place to crawl to if things go too bad in the city," he laughingly told his friends.

He struggled on with his law business and bided his time. At last the oil men moved his way. He sold a lease for a few acres of his land and the drills bit into a lake of oil. Actually and literally, overnight, he became a millionaire.

And then came his really unhappy days. He would go to his little office and sit and sit and sit; law business which came his way he turned over to others. Down at the bank, he knew, checks were coming in for deposit to his account, not only weekly, but daily; they were checks not in the hundreds, but in the tens of thousands. At one time he was greatly worried to discover that he had forty thousand dollars more in bank than he thought. He seemed to have come to a standstill, stunned by his success. Two or three times a day he would go down to the bank, walk up and down the lobby floor, apparently sunk in deep thought, and then walk out again. Beyond keeping track of his seven-figured bank account, he seemed to have no other interest in life.

At last, for the first time in his career in that town, he humbled himself one day and went to a lawyer friend and asked his advice:

"What 'll I do?" he said. "I can't go on this way. I don't seem to be able to get interested in anything."

A group of his friends held a conference and decided to advise him to go into the business of buying Liberty bonds; they realized, as he did himself, that without an occupation in life he would be ruined, at least mentally, even with all his wealth.

The advice proved his salvation. He opened an office, and by means of banking connections scoured the country for bargains in Liberty bonds.

Automobiles, a new home, a trip to Europe, all followed in due course, after his interest in life revived, though before that time he had bestirred himself only sufficiently to purchase one set of wicker furniture, which his good wife had promptly sent back to the dealer.

To-day he stands to multiply his millions and is one of the busiest men in his town.

"But it was horrible during those days I was standing still," he has often told his friends.

Generally, however, people follow their natural bent when the sudden oil wealth comes. There is a big, husky, uneducated young man in a large Texas city who has solved the problem of using his wealth to his own satisfaction and to the joy of many of his neighbors. He bought a house in a well conditioned but not fashionable part of town, had it tripled in size, built a gymnasium, swimming pool, and billiard room in the basement, laid out a tennis court and a baseball ground in the neighborhood, and now he keeps open house for all the athletically inclined boys and girls in the district. During the baseball season his three or four automobiles run around to the offices where acquaintances are working, and carry them to box seats in the grand stand as his guests. He tests a man by boxing or wrestling with him, and few oil fortunes have brought more pleasure to their owners than his.

One man whose trail I crossed is enjoying, with his wealth, a lifelong joke on his brother. Together the two bachelor brothers ran a farm in the "billy-goat" country that kept them alive only with desperate toil. The elder brother got sick of the game; he felt he was getting too little sugar for his penny.

"I'm going to find some place where you don't have to work so hard for a living," he declared. He sold out his half to his brother and went off to the city to work on the railroad.

Ten years later the railroader received a telegram calling him back to the farm;

it was the first word he had received from it.

His brother met him at the railroad station in a great car, and took him through lanes of oil derricks to a great house in one corner of the old farm.

"Got a place fer you here, Jim," ran the greeting, according to the local story. "You said nothin' would ever come out of this ole farm, but I worked like hell raisin' onions, and saved a leetle every year, and now we're all fixed fer life."

The brothers live together now in such luxury as they desire, with several million dollars to spend, if they choose, and their place is called the "Onion House."

The brothers never admit to each other that the money came in any other way than by onions.

"Bill is sure some onion grower," is a local joke that delights the heart of the millionaire stay-at-home.

It is not often that a farmer who has made a fortune in oil by no efforts of his own, sinks any of his wealth in oil gambles. Enough money to live on in comfort or luxury the rest of their days seems to be about all that the average farmer and his family ask from oil. It is difficult to create new wants after one's life has been set in the mold, and to be able to get what you want when you want it is about all the average new rich ask of fortune. All above that is a comforting abundance which lies undrawn in the bank.

Now and then, however, in a waning field, the farmers take a renewed interest in affairs as they see the attention of the oil men directed to other areas than theirs. In the town of Cushing there is a hero of the community who has put new wealth in the farmers' pockets. The oil craze of some years ago died out and left Cushing somewhat flat. Everybody had money laid away, but it looked as if the incoming flow of gold had ceased. Milton Thompson, who owned 160 acres, on which he had made a small fortune in previous years, con-

ceived the idea that the wells were failing because they had not been drilled deep enough in the first place. He figured out that 800 feet more would bring in a new oil supply. All the other farmers were holding their leases at the old high figures, with no takers. Thompson surprised the community by *giving away* a lease on his farm. The company that drilled went down to the usual 2,700 feet, and found no oil. Thompson begged them to continue. At 3,500 feet they brought in a huge well. Thompson's fortune, as well as that of everyone in the community, was immediately multiplied. One farm which Thompson had bought for \$2,000 he sold, it is said, at Cushing, for \$575,000 within a few days. The population of the town increased fourfold within the next year, and in one year the bank deposits jumped from \$1,713,000 to \$3,500,000.

As a town boomer Thompson is famous far and wide in the Cushing country.

It is the city man who has a taste for wealth and who, through experience, has learned not to fear the world and its ways, who puts the money he has made in oil back into the oil wells. The oil country abounds in stories of men who have made their fortunes and then have drilled them back into the heart of the earth. There is a tradition, however, in the oil fields, that the city man who has had rural training, who started out his life as a farmer boy, and who knows the feel of the earth, is safer and surer in his oil investments than the city man who knows only the pavements and to whom an oil well is only a piece of paper and so many checks in the bank, instead of a real hole in real earth spouting forth real oil that will begrime your hands with its richness if you touch it.

Harry F. Sinclair, one of the most spectacular successes in the oil fields in recent years, was born in the oil country in Kansas. While his father was not a farmer, Sinclair, in the farming town, got the feel of the oil game and lived among the farm-land oil wells in the

early 'nineties. He had all of a farm boy's familiarity with the good earth, and to him an oil well never existed on paper, as it does to the average city man, but was a real, honest-to-goodness hole in real honest-to-goodness earth. The oil business was never an office business with him, but it took him into the fields and the mud which he had known as a boy.

Sinclair has told me in so many words that the difference between him and the average farmer who made a pile out of oil and was content with that, was that, after his oil came, he hated to sell it at a price which others fixed.

His next step, therefore, was to establish tanks and pipe lines so that he could either hold his oil until he could get the price he asked or move it away to some point where he could command his own prices instead of yielding to those fixed by "city folks." His business gradually pushed him forward, but his success is attributed by other oil men to the fact that he had the country boy's sense of realism in regard to the earth and its products.

Another farmer boy who has made a conspicuous success in oil is the famous Charles Page, of Tulsa, Oklahoma. He was born on a farm in Wisconsin about a half century ago. About twenty years ago he went out into the Oklahoma country, dead broke, after failing at the mining game in the West and after roughing it along the Pacific coast.

When the oil craze started Page was in his element. There was a literalness and a realism about this game of gambling with Mother Earth which he understood. Page was many times a millionaire, it is said, before he even established an office, and then that was the office of a bank which he instituted to care for his own great funds. He lived among the oil derricks and was mentally buried in the earth; he knew the various earths and sands and stones as a painter knows his colors; and paper, which is so important to a city man who thinks of wells in terms of stocks and bonds, was an unimportant item with him.

To-day he is the founder of Sand Springs, a beautiful suburb of the city of Tulsa, with a population of seven thousand. If any oil man has spent his money to better advantage than Charlie Page, I have not heard of him.

"Come to 'The Home' Sunday night, to dinner," he said to me. "I want to show you something interesting."

Sunday night I met at tables, in a great brick house which in any other case would have been called an orphanage, one hundred and fifty boys and girls, every single one of whom bore the name of Page and had been legally adopted by the big, husky oil man.

"They're not orphans now," Page explained. "I'm the daddy of every last one of 'em, and the only reason Mrs. Page and I don't take 'em over to our own house is because we haven't got room for them there. I've got a public school for 'em here in Sand Springs, and a high school, and it's pretty near time for me to start a university, too, because some of 'em are gettin' along."

After dinner fully a hundred of the boys and girls dashed at the big man out on the lawn, calling him "daddy," and begging for a romp.

"Go 'way, now. Go 'way!" he said. "You fellows are too many for me."

We retired to the safety of Page's big automobile, in which he drove me to a hospital which he has established also with his oil money. Thirty patients were there, under the most expert care and in the most scientific surroundings that money could command.

"These children got me started," he said. "I adopted a few, and then I had to take care of their mothers, of course, when they had any. Pretty soon, as the money came in, I stopped pickin' and choosin' among the little fellers in trouble. I just adopted all comers, and the first thing I knew a town was growing up right here."

On a wall at the "Home" I saw a menu card. It ran in part like this. I give only the meat courses:

THINK RIGHT

MENU

Celery	Olives	Assorted Nuts
Roast Young Bear with Chestnut Dressing		
Venison Steak with Cranberry Jelly		
Venison Stew with Vegetables		
Cold Roast Buffalo and Potato Salad		
Baked Buffalo Hash		
Baked Opossum and Candied Yams		
Roast Mallard Duck with Chestnut Stuffing		
Baked Sirloin of Elk with Brown Gravy		
Fried Rabbit on Toast with Cream Gravy		
Quail on Toast		

"Who had such a dinner as this?" I asked Page.

"We did," he answered, with a roaring laugh, "here with the kids. It was our Christmas dinner last year, and you should have seen 'em eat."

"But where did you get such food?" I asked.

"Why, in my amusement park!" he answered. "You see, I figured out the children ought to have sort of a playground, and when I got the playground started it seemed to me they ought to have a kind of zoo, so I got that started, and then I put in a merry-go-round I bought from a feller who made the big merry-go-round at Coney Island, and by the time I had a few other things put in to amuse 'em I had a real Coney Island going. I got our Christmas dinner out of the zoo, and we could have had a lot of other things, too, if we'd wanted 'em. But I guess we had a big enough Christmas dinner as it was. Things have just sort of grown big on me since I got interested in these kids."

"And do the oil wells grow, too?" I asked.

"I've missed only two wells in my life," he said, quietly.

There's oil to be got out of the earth if you can find it, and there's gold to be got out of the oil. But there's something to be got out of the gold that most of the folks whom I saw in the oil country seem to have missed. I think big, gruff Charlie Page, has found it.

THE LION'S MOUTH

MURMURINGS OF A COMMON SCOLD

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

"I SAYS to him he hadn't ought to go out on strike, and he says to me what does a dub like you know about it, and I says to him I wouldn't waste time arguing with a man whose parents was furriners."

Here is a pretty bit of debate. The question is, resolved, that to strike is wrong. The case for the negative may be briefly stated—to wit, my opponent is an ignoramus. The case for the affirmative is, with equal brevity, that the negative is of foreign parentage. The rightness or wrongness of striking has thus been thrashed out. There has been on both sides a use of the intuitive rather than the logical method; and intuition, I am told, is a sort of subconscious reasoning. Yet one might complain that on the surface the speakers did not hold strictly to the point. Little boys do a better piece of work when they cry, antiphonally: "'Tis!" "'Tain't!" "'Tis!" "'Tain't!"

I like to converse with my fellow men. It is pleasant to find those that agree with me in any sort of opinion, but pleasanter still to find those that disagree, if they will stick to the point. But I do not like people who think that shouting very loud will convince me, or who believe that they meet my argument by disparaging my parentage.

I wish I could assert that all persons who dispute in such fashion are uneducated. But they are not. Although this complaint starts off with a dialogue between two of the presumably uncultured majority, it is my belief that our "intellectuals" do the most of that sort of arguing. You may disagree with me;

I trust you will. But I know I am right!

As a matter of fact, here in these United States our developing national habits of mind are against us. The Russian Jew, when he first comes to us, is a great debater. He can discuss an abstraction and stick to the point interminably. His forbears have been debating ever since Joseph's brethren reasoned together and Job argued with Bildad and the rest of that lugubrious debating team, and ever since Daniel reasoned with the king. But the Russian Jews have in recent centuries done very little reasoning with kings. So, instead, they have become adept in discussing abstractions with one another.

In fact, oppressed common folk from the old monarchies are almost always better debaters than ourselves. Arguing abstract principles has been the only possible exercise of their natural interest in methods of human government. Perhaps that is why, when control of government suddenly falls into their hands, they try to put abstractions at once into practice without any compromise with expediency, and make such a mess of it. Our political forbears were all radical in their day, even the most conservative of them, but they argued principles instead of personalities, and stuck to the point, until they achieved great, constructive, working compromises.

But see what has been happening to us, long trained in self-government. Our political bulk has necessarily done away with the town meeting, that school of shrewd debate. We have come to discuss principles in terms of candidates. "A protective tariff is wise," says Mr. Candidate. "You're a Seventh Day Adventist," retorts his opponent; and the

voters are deeply shaken. "I ask your support of certain political policies," says Mr. Statesman. "You drink buttermilk!" shrieks an opposition press.

A vast number of intellectuals who really believed in Theodore Roosevelt's policies opposed him because they accepted a distorted newspaper picture of his personality. "What do you think of the proposed league of nations?" I asked a lady of alleged intelligence. "He had no business taking his wife to Europe," she answers promptly. "Shall we accept Dewey's political platform?" inquires a section of the press. "We gave him a house and he deeded it to his wife!" shrieks an aroused populace. *Ad personam, ad turgam, ad nauseam.*

I have heard more of this sort of thing proportionately from learned counselors and ladies at afternoon teas than I have from trainmen and car conductors. I suspect, and the suspicion is based on evidence, that farmers and the followers of other deliberative callings are least guilty.

However that may be, the custom of missing the point in argument seems to be more and more a custom with averagely intelligent people. In trying to suggest a reason for this tendency one might charge it up to those broad-backed scapegoats of the present moment—the newspapers and the movies. One encourages emotionalism and the other lazy-mindedness. But I am not going to charge it wholly to them, because I am neither wise enough nor foolish enough to be sure of my ground. Certain it is, however, that well-considered, well-argued editorials are finding less room in the daily press and less attention when they appear there, and certain it is that people whose reading is largely newspapers and movie captions meet with very few influences to counteract either emotionalism or lazy mindedness, and both of these are the foes of clean-cut argument.

The greatest foe of all to good debate is the tendency to make a personal attack. "That is a lie" and "You are a

liar" are two statements very different in their import, and yet a great many people do not see the difference. The former is at least pertinent and has direct bearing upon the question at issue, even though it seems to lack reasoning power as well as good manners. But the latter is impertinent in every sense of the word, for it is conceivable that a liar may happen to stand upon the truthful side in many disputes.

This protest of mine is all the more bitter because it applies more particularly to that class of people which includes the greatest number of my friends and acquaintances. It would be a pleasure to have any of them dispute these assertions, but not on the ground that I am a common scold or that my nose is crooked.

THE CONSERVATIVE

BY C. A. BENNETT

FIRST he needs to be defined. Well, then . . .

Tennyson once wrote in his sententious way:

That man's the true Conservative
Who lops the molder'd branch away.

No; I do not mean that. I prefer that definition given by some unknown epigrammatist, "A conservative is a man who believes that nothing should ever be done for the first time." That is perfect. It catches the essence of the man and his creed—the opposition to change not because it disturbs the existing order, but just because it is change; natural human inertia reflected upon and transformed into a philosophy—a fact turned into a theory to justify the fact.

Of course, he never states his philosophy in such simple, naked form; this is, so to speak, the main root or trunk which proliferates and burgeons into a matted tropical growth of subordinate dogmas and middle axioms. One may get instruction and entertainment from examining some of these.

There is, for example, the great and sacrosanct principle of Continuity. In explaining what this means he will inform you, with the air of one patiently bestowing enlightenment, that before the time of Darwin men believed in catastrophic change. Social transformations were revolutionary; in religious life sudden and violent conversion was popular; the course of nature was supposed to be subject to upheavals and miraculous interventions. But Darwin changed all that. Now we know that *natura non facit saltum*, and our motto must henceforward be, "Not revolution, but evolution." In practice the principle seems to come to this—that every change must be so slight, gradual, and inconspicuous as hardly to amount to a change at all. Any change, therefore, which is perceptible is for that very reason undesirable and is to be dismissed from consideration with the gnomie warning that it is no good trying to introduce Utopias overnight. We must confine ourselves to making infinitesimal alterations—that is, we must do practically nothing at a time; the inference being that if only everyone will busy himself with effecting practically nothing at a time in a million years or so Utopia will have been silently and almost automatically achieved.

Then there is the great principle of Compromise. It rests upon an axiom which runs: After all, we live in a practical world. It may be exhibited in a simple example. A wants to paint a wall black. B wants to paint it white. They finally agree to paint it gray. That is compromise. The peculiar virtue of this device is that, in time, A and B come to believe that, in a practical, rough-and-tumble world, gray—a nice, conservative gray, as the tailors have it—is the only possible color for walls. Anyone who believes that walls either can or should be painted black or white or any color that is not strict gray thereby declares himself an Extremist, a Crank, an Absolutist, an Idealist, a Doctrinaire, and an Unpractical Visionary.

And once you have called a man by one of these names you need seek no farther for epithets with which to discredit himself and his policy.

Passing over such notable principles as, "You can't turn back the hands of the clock," "The best way to change a bad law is to obey it," "Don't swap horses when crossing the stream," "*Festina lente*," and "Reform from within," I will mention only one other conservative formula. It is known as The Necessity for Looking on the Bright Side of Things. This is fundamental, for the desire for change starts from a perception of badness somewhere, and if you want to resist change you must be able to show that every item of bad is somehow counterbalanced by an item of good. From this we infer that it is as dangerous to tamper with this equilibrium as with the balance of nature. So, if some one calls your attention to intolerable industrial conditions, you maintain that this represents only one side of the picture, and that one could discover plenty of just employers and contented employees if one only looked for them. Or suppose you are offered the aggressive and repulsive mediocrity of *Main Street* as a true picture of life, you deny it hotly, averring that the author deliberately selected the unpleasant elements, and that he could have easily discerned many admirable and even lovable traits in his characters if he had taken the trouble to look for them. Obviously, then, there is no need to do anything about the industrial system or *Main Street*.

I am sometimes assured by my friends that the salvation of the world rests with the conservatives—the steady, practical conservatives. I cannot believe it. Their creed is a creed of evasions and postponements and dilutions. In the atmosphere of their mind all principles lose their cutting edge and convictions their force; in that enervating climate the distinction between right and wrong disappears in a blur of expediency, and the virtue goes out of all ideals. Surely

these are not the people and wisdom shall not die with *them*. And even if I should come to believe that the race of conservatives were the chosen instrument, I should continue to hope that my belief was unfounded. For the world that they would save would not be worth saving.

SHAD

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I WENT into a fish market of the better sort not long ago, a fish market of distinction, as was testified by this sign in the window, "We Have Shad from the River Washington Crossed." It was that early season when a livelier iris burns upon the turtle dove, and when a housekeeper's fancy, lightly or heavily, according to the weight of her purse, turns to thoughts of shad roe.

I had for ten days or more been inquiring casually, while the fishman was tying up my pan fish, as to the price of shad roe. And he would say sympathetically, with that engaging smile of his which he turns on me in contradistinction to the great gravity, not to say reverence, with which he serves the rich:

"Pretty high yet."

He is kind, that fishman, and his "Pretty high yet," with which he always prefaced his quotation of the price, was meant to soften the blow and to show that his judgment was sound—that he knew at a glance that I was not of the very rich, yet that he nevertheless did not hold that against me; that he honored me also, after a fashion, and even quite liked me.

"Pretty high yet!—Two dollars and a half a pair." "Pretty high yet!—Two dollars a pair!" "Pretty high yet!—A dollar and eighty-five a pair!" "A dollar fifty!"

So by gradations, day after day!

Then a day dawned! It was neither pan fish nor oysters that I was destined to carry home with me.

He came forward wiping his large, clean hands on his large, immaculate apron. I almost thought he was going to shake hands with me.

"How much is shad roe to-day?" I ventured.

"*Beautiful* shad roe!" he declared, and, with his chest out, led me to them. "Ever see prettier ones than that?" He took a pair up deftly, delicately, and flapped them on to a sheet of white wrapping paper and held them forward on one palm. "That's as beautiful a pair of shad roe as you'd ever see. *Beautiful!*"

"How much?"

Pride, delight—delight in the chance now afforded me—could not have been better expressed than his manner and voice expressed them.

"One dollar and a quarter!"

He hardly waited for my assent. His was a skilled eye. I do not know whether it was by some subtle impression conveyed to him by the make and fashion of my hat, or my shoes, or my manner of speaking, or the timbre of my voice, or whether by some delicate impression composite of all these that he knew my type and possibilities so accurately that he could be sure that my conscience, stopping short of all former prices, would not stop short of this.

"You'll take this pair? *Beautiful!* Certainly! I thought you'd like them! You'll never get better! *Beautiful!*"

He was an artist, you see. He called them "beautiful," leaving it to utilitarians or a later hour to call them delicious.

I turned, perhaps fatuously, to my old, original, philosophic tendencies of a tender sort.

"I suppose everybody wants shad roe these days."

"Yes, they do. In the market where I got these this morning I saw one man buy eleven hundred pairs for one hotel. He paid a dollar apiece for them straight."

"Eleven hundred!" I said. "For one hotel?"

"Yes."

"Mercy! I wonder there are any shad left."

"Oh, they're very fortunate," he said; "they've only got a short season. Only about two months. The rest of the time they're off and there's nobody wanting them, and you can't get them."

"Still," I said, dubiously, "eleven hundred for *one* hotel!"

He smiled at this; gave me my neatly tied-up bundle, my price check, assured me again with a gracious smile I should be sure to find the roe "beautiful." I think he would have accompanied me to the door but for the advent of a middle-aged dame whom even my unpracticed eye recognized as a wealthy customer, who then crossed his vision. I saw him suddenly grow grave, reverent, as pompous as a fish-selling parson, were there such a species.

I left him, and, free from his engaging smile, noticed for the first time a lesser employee, a fish boy who was unpacking at that moment a barrel of shad, laying each one in its place in the neat rows which he was making of them on the marble-topped fish counter—all this performed with an accustomed, deft, repetitious movement.

These shad were, indeed, worthy the fishman's adjective! These were "beautiful" shad—beautiful beyond any words of mine to describe.

I know! They are looked on usually with a marketable eye, which appraises them for weight, freshness, and possible price. To such an eye they were but shad—fresh-looking, choice, of a goodly size, lying on a marble fish counter, already temptingly decorated with delicate sprigs of parsley, like the frail shadow of coming events—shad, soon to be eaten and enjoyed.

But had you that habit of detachment which the mind acquires when it has learned to look upon created creation without personal bias, nor thought of personal gain nor hunger, nor hope of possession, then you would have seen them for creatures of a most marvelous order.

Take any one of them, just as the fish boy lifts it up. Is there not something kingly about it? Look at this creature, finally still now, but who, even before that, never, like the domesticated animals, capitulated to heed men's speech. Is he not fit to bring up the King's most priceless jewel in his mouth, if he chose, now, as he did in the ancient fairy tale? Might not Gulnare herself, troubled, have gone to such an one for silver counsel? Who, looking at these, can wonder that in our less arrogant days we built up such a noble mythology and so much worthy fairy lore?

Beautiful? Beautiful indeed, exceedingly. Clothed in preciousness. As they lay there before me they were such creatures—I am serious—as an angel might have stopped to look at; such as an eye that had never seen them might have doted on. Clean, silver, ruby, and opal! I have often wondered at the maintained smoothness and the immitigable severity of that extreme beauty of order in which the birds go clothed, which nothing successfully assails, and which not even the driven storms of the heavens can disarrange; yet I am not sure but there may be here a still better marvel—this shining mail, in which the best imagination might clothe invulnerably a fairy prince—these silver scales, silver, ruby, and opal and pearl! Did ever Galahad go clothed in such armor, seeking the Grail? Let anyone with a fresh eye and a heart without prejudice give himself the answer.

I have seen the most beautiful of our own species—our women—bedeck themselves in an expensive but poor imitation of this spangled beauty, that is but the common daily garb of these. And I have seen them drift, in the arms of men of a not too high order, in "swallow-tails," to the rhythms of a labored and contrived music, in the making of which musicians, for the most part, get red in the face and break many a fiddle string. Whereas these, but a little while since, moved in inimitable beauty and to im-

memorial rhythm of their own and the many-tided sea; in caves of sea pearl and in dim sea twilight, among the unthinkable softness of sea shadows; pearl within pearl; fire within immeasurable coolness; moving opal within sea sapphire, emerald, and forever-changing aquamarine, tourmaline, and amber; these, mind you, only a little while before eleven hundred shad roe were sold for a dollar apiece in the market to one man, for one hotel.

Meantime the day goes on. By noon eleven hundred and many times eleven hundred pairs of shad roe will be busily broiling on electric devices in subterranean chambers of vast hostelries; and, with obsequiousness, in gaudily gilded chambers abovestairs, black-clothed waiters will be serving them for the delectation of men and women—mostly women—of a species which, originally naked in the sight of God, count it now to be one of its glories as well as its prerogatives that its women go decked in the appropriated feathers of birds, the leather of kid, the silk of the cocoon, the wool of the lamb, and the fur of many animals. Women, light women, with tumults of feathers on their heads, who laugh and chatter headlessly; and in the midst of the chatter pause to remark how delicious is the shad roe.

I know of nothing comparable to this save a horse I once saw—beautiful exceedingly, his neck as of old clothed with thunder, his nostrils as it were breathing “Ha-ha” among the trumpets, beautiful beyond words! fit, in our human idiom, to have been sire of all the sultan’s stables—driven by a drunken groom to a corner tavern in the old days. I saw this one then snap the hitching chain to make sure of the creature’s waiting. And there, incomparable, it waited until the groom, much elated with the company he had enjoyed, came out again, and with scarcely any guiding of the reins, but much wabbling of the head, allowed this marvel of power and beauty and sagacity to take him safely home.

Who would wonder that man has

fashioned a God in his own image, and thinks upon himself as a creature of special privilege!

I think again of those marvelous and exquisite creatures, lying there, so unremonstrant under the fish boy’s careless hand!

As is obvious by my marketing, I am not a vegetarian. I have no ax to grind. It is simply that I wonder. It is simply that, though my eye has passed over them many times, once I chanced to *see*—shad.

“ARMA PUERUMQUE”

BY LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

THE college buildings, austere and ivy-clad, stood grouped among elms upon a campus aloof from the town, but one had only to descend the “hill,” as it was called—a walk of a few short blocks—to debouch upon a Main Street remote from all academic influences. It was a smartly sloping descent, heavily shaded by maples, and the law of gravitation may very likely have had some part in drawing our freshman feet nightly in this direction. But, after two or three hours of desultory grinding upon Livy or Trigonometry, a more potent attraction—in fact, a lure irresistible—was the all-night lunch cart stationed in Main Street, the sole nocturnal place of refection which the little New England town afforded.

It presented to the eye a somewhat circus-wagon-like exterior, with its gaudy embellishments and glowing panes of colored glass, but within—especially when the nights grew chill—it was a warm and cozy refuge, the coffee boiler purring softly, and the heavy odor of oil lamps mingling with the aroma of sandwiches and pies in an over-close and steaming atmosphere.

While the town lay asleep—naught but a congregation of shrouded houses, bleak, dark, and inhospitable—here was a place of glorious rendezvous, where sophomore and freshman mingled demo-

cratically at unseasonable hours in a common desire for food. Looking back after an interval of twenty years, I cannot but wonder at the aggregate number of hot frankfurters—each swathed in mustard and tucked into a cleft, elongated roll—which I must have gorged in the course of those many care-free, nocturnal repasts. I know, indeed, that they totaled up alarmingly, for I was repeatedly confronted with the problem of camouflaging at least a portion of these outlays in the expense account which—strictly itemized—must be sent home each month to be scanned by the parental eye. But one must be indulgent to the lusty appetite of seventeen, which hardly needs a two hours' struggle with the hexameters of Homer to give it edge.

If we did not descend in groups upon the lunch wagon for these midnight forays, one was certain to encounter kindred spirits already assembled there, and after regalement upon egg sandwiches and pumpkin pie and cups of blisteringly hot coffee, we decamped *en masse* to remount the hill, our singing voices not a whit impaired by our repast. Halfway up the hill, on a corner where the electric street light was almost engulfed by the heavy shade of overhanging trees, stood Russell Library—if I mistake not, an endowed and private institution, venerable and impressive, encompassed by the most immaculate of greenswards. Decorously flanking its approaches, were mounted several ancient cannon, and at right and left neat pyramids of cannon balls, rigid, symmetrical, intact.

In that jocund era of freshman days I never thought to speculate as to the history or antiquity of those grim memorials of past conflicts. They may well have dated back to Revolutionary days, or perhaps they thundered defiance at the British *circa* 1812. Surely nothing less venerable would have been permitted to grace so austere and dignified a seat of learning. It was inconceivable, in the heart of New England, where

everything seemed to hark back to the days of Pilgrim or Puritan, that these moldering cannon should have played their part in so recent a disturbance as our Civil War. However that may be, on our way up the hill it was our freshman practice—and of innumerable freshmen before us!—to raid these mounds of cannon balls, like street gamins stealing oranges from a fruit stand; whereupon we resumed our way uphill, each of us straining to his breast one of those heavy iron shot.

When High Street was gained, we paused, a little out of breath with our burdens, which were indeed an armful; and we let them go slowly bowling down the sidewalk up which we had laboriously trudged. The massive iron spheres sluggishly moved away, quickly lost to sight under the shadows of the elms, but the dull rumble of their progress over stone flaggings bore to our ears testimony of their accelerated motion. The incline of the street seemed steep enough to warrant a more precipitous descent, but it may well be that those ancient missiles, once freed from our profane hands, were mindful of their outraged dignity, and, if fashioned more than a century ago to be hurled at the scarlet-coated minions of George III, they may very properly have resented this enforced and ignominious trundling over terra firma. At any rate, they seemed to rumble sullenly away, with a begrudging and reluctant motion, and with as much of high disdain for youthful pranks as a cannon ball can muster.

They held to the sidewalk in a truly astonishing manner, as if resolved—since gravitation was not to be denied—to have done with the business with all the decorum which comported with their age and tradition. They never went cavorting off into the street, to scuttle through ruts and puddles, as any ordinary iron ball of negligible antecedents would have done, ending up against some curb or drain. On the contrary, they held to the straight, smooth tenor of their way in a manner that impressed

me even at that uncritical and callow age. The two or three cross streets which intercepted their path did not impede or halt their progress. Out of the blackness of the night we would hear a sudden thump as they descended from the walk to the cross street, then a muffled rumble over the brief stretch of macadam, when, with a sharp bump against the opposing curb, their momentum would lift them clear, and they would proceed to traverse the succeeding block.

Their journey conjecturally ended at Main Street, but of this we could never be certain from our remote station at the top of the hill. It is to be presumed that they went bumping over cobbles and trolley tracks and brought up somewhere among the marts of trade, for the sound of their passing died out in the silent night and our interest in them died out as speedily, as we sought the campus and our beds.

I confess that it is difficult to explain to the reader—especially if he has not gone to college and indulged in like practices—wherein lies the satisfaction and delight of lugging twenty or thirty pounds of cast-iron uphill merely to listen to it go rumbling off into the dark. But for us the enterprise had a persistent fascination, and as surely as we descended, *via* College Street, to the all-night lunch wagon, we reascended, *via* Court Street—and the cannon balls of Russell Library would rumble in the night. . . .

A distant and enlightened age may some day illumine and explain the crude usage and custom of our time. A transcendent Science, in contrast with which our modern psychology will seem but a clumsy fumbling amid error, may yet lay bare the human mind and heart, so that instinct and habit, thought and feeling, will be but fixed co-ordinates, by means of which the spirals of human folly, the hyperbolas of aspiration, or the slow descending parabolas of despair, will be

plotted with mathematical exactness. Our emotions will be reduced to tangential formulæ replete with squares and cube roots. All will have been probed, discovered, classified, and definitively set down in the manuals for all time. Such a consummation may have its value and satisfaction to the super-developed and omniscient mortals—or immortals they may be—of that distant day. But Wonder will be dead, and Romance atrophied, and the Poetry of Life will have evaporated, leaving but the flat and tasteless wine of a mere Existence, calculated and secure. . . .

But I am digressing from the cannon balls ignominiously come to rest somewhere in the drab precincts of Main Street.

Rumor had it that the aged caretaker of the Library was an indefatigable and zealous servitor, that he took a vast pride in the unfailing performance of his duties which had rested upon his shoulders for more than twoscore years. With a patience at which now I can but marvel, this worthy man through an infinitude of days must have gone early to his task, only to be greeted by the sight of those depleted mounds of cannon balls. And somehow he must have retrieved those that were missing—in what spirit of wrath or resignation to the perennial caprice of youth I know not. For very early in the morning, long before the good townspeople were abroad, the cannon balls would be reassembled and the piles neatly intact. One never saw those rigid, angular pyramids truncated or askew—never a ball missing or out of place.

And yet, it must be confessed, if one were sharply observant and looked closely, he might discern that the balls capping the piles differed from the other tiers, sleek and black below them, in that the top ones seemed a little battered, or even rusty, and often in need of a fresh coating of paint.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IN good old Grub Street times when the disrepute of the literary calling was its protection, no respectable character went into it for a living. Those times are gone. Any day we may see Congress, that guardian of American industry, besought to do something for the protection of writers whose field of employment has been invaded by outsiders. It may still be disreputable to be a journalist, but at least it is not disreputable enough to keep people out of that vocation who think there is something in it that belongs to them. It is getting especially to be the refuge of dislocated statesmen and serviceable citizens who have graduated from public office. Since President Roosevelt adjourned from the White House to the editorial rooms of the *Outlook* the bars of journalism have been down to graduates from offices of state. Just as the saloon, and more recently the stage, have been the refuge of successful prize fighters who wished to turn to account the public admiration their labors had brought them, so now journalism is the refuge of statesmen. Mr. Taft writes editorials and correspondence articles for a syndicate. Colonel House does the like. Mr. Marshall, lately Vice President, contributes discourse to another syndicate, not to mention the crowd of witnesses who are giving testimony in books or lectures or newspaper articles of their labors in the war and what they think of the labors of others.

It is a pleasant calling to be a writer if one can make it go, as the dislocated statesmen seem to have discovered. All of them must have learned how much of government is done by newspapers, and to all of them it must have seemed

a natural step from official desk to writer's desk. Too great a multiplication of distinguished syndicate writers is hardly to be desired by journalists because syndicate writers, by the process of duplication, fill a lot of space. Perhaps Congress will be asked to do something, and there is something that Congress can do. It can pension the ex-Presidents. They will not be so likely to write for the papers if they do not need the money their labors bring in. There is no objection to their being writers, but they ought to be able to stick to the more dignified lines of composition—to write books.

Better still if they would take to preaching, for there is a real dearth of preachers. The world never needed effective preaching more, and there never was a time when so many important people seemed to know it. One expounder after another, impressed with the difficulties and the tangles that the world is in, realizes that a different spirit in man is necessary to release it from existing complications, and proclaims that the great world need is religion.

President Harding declared only the other day that what the world needed was more Christianity. Ex-President Taft has come out quite strong for Christianity, excepting the miracles. H. G. Wells had it revealed to him, as may be remembered, that religion has got to come across. Herbert Croly, of the *New Republic*, wrote a piece in that imperfectly sanctified journal to the same effect. There is a crowd of important witnesses to the world's need of religion—to the great urgency of that need. Yet the zeal of young men for the ministry seems very moderate—only one candidate in this year's graduating class

at Amherst College, which used to be a hotbed of piety! Of course there are preachers. Of course the work does go on, but, considering how white the world is for the harvest, the supply of laborers seems scant.

President Butler of Columbia College, in his annual report last fall discussed the state of the world and found it "significant that in this period of vigorous, able-bodied reaction the world should be without a poet, without a philosopher, and without a notable religious leader." He found "the great voices of the spirit all stilled, while the mad passion for gain and for power endeavors to gratify itself through the odd device of destroying what has already been gained and accomplished." There can be no cure, he said, for the world's ills and no abatement of the world's discontent until faith and the rule of everlasting principle are again restored and made supreme in the life of men and of nations.

Doctor Butler merely expressed vigorously and well the sentiments which thousands of people share. The case is not obscure at all. The ministry are quite aware of it. A great many of them are working overtime and are far from satisfied with the results of their exertions. The active minds among the preachers are quite alive to the great current need and are willing to do anything that is suggested and looks hopeful, and do do it with zeal; and yet somehow the Church is not yet getting results commensurate with its efforts and desires, or with the need of the times. The state of the world, though it seems to be slowly improving, is still full of perils, and liable to relapse. If the trouble was with the Christian religion—if that was defective or out of date—that would be one thing; but that seems not to be the trouble. The difficulty is to get it home to men; to make it live and do the work that it was designed to do.

Perhaps the preaching is not yet good enough. Indeed, we can leave off the

"perhaps" and make a flat assertion that it is not yet good enough. We need somebody that can preach like St. Paul, as Alexander Harvey has described his preaching recently in the *Freeman*. Mr. Harvey apparently had been examining it, and he made out that St. Paul had an immense sense of news, and that he had one great piece of news that he was always putting out, and the diffusion of which he seemed to regard as his great and special mission.

Mr. Harvey sees him, and sees him very big, in his relation to this piece of news, "the most tremendous since the fall of Adam," which, Mr. Harvey considers, the other apostles were neglecting. "Paul," he says, "is never a mere press-agent, instructed to make propaganda look like news, but a grown man with a big story, hampered by incompetent subordinates, hounded by censors, hiding from the police . . . yet always getting his copy in and lifting his circulation to heights that obliterated rivalry."

And what was this story, this "big story," that St. Paul struggled unceasingly to get out? What was his great news? Mr. Harvey always puts it in italics: "*Jesus Christ of Nazareth has risen from the dead.*" That was his news—the resurrection of Christ; and Mr. Harvey considers that St. Paul, without newspapers, without any of the appliances of advertising, without the printing press, did get his great news around in a truly wonderful manner and by so doing established Christianity.

Perhaps that is the kind of preaching we need now, and it may be, and many think it is, that St. Paul's great message is precisely the one that needs diffusion at this time.

St. Paul was not a minister of modern training at all. He came to the task of preaching because he had a message. He never went through a theological school. He had to make his own theology, and there has been a good deal of fault found with the way he did it, but it is true, as Mr. Harvey says, that he

did have a story and considered it a great story, and felt that, unless it was true, nothing much mattered. His writings are great writings, marvelous writings; but it was not because he was proficient in rhetoric or composition. It was because of something inside of him that would come through. His writings got their form and fire and music and penetration from the message that they carried. When that happens we call it inspiration.

Mr. John Palmer Gavit lately quoted in the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post* something that appeared thirty-one years ago in the *Sun* about writing—to wit:

You don't find feelings in written words unless there were feelings in the man who used them. . . . It is like the faculty of getting the quality of interest into pictures. If the quality exists in the artist's mind he is likely to find means to get it into his pictures, but if it isn't in the man no technical skill will supply it. . . . It isn't the way the words are strung together that makes Lincoln's Gettysburg speech immortal, but the feelings that were in the man. But how do such little, plain words manage to keep their grip on such feelings? That is the miracle.

That is the idea. It is the feeling in the man that makes great writing and the same thing that makes great preaching, and the trouble with the preaching nowadays must be that the preachers have not the necessary feelings; that the right facts have not possession of them. Is the world going to pieces because the preachers do not preach what they ought to, and is the reason they do not preach what they ought to that they do not realize what is important? The thing that is important is what Mr. Harvey calls St. Paul's great piece of news, but how is that going to help the world? A contemporary authority has said: "The minute a man becomes absolutely convinced of eternal life and gets the adjustment of his point of view that enables him to see that life on earth is a preparation for that eternity, all his values change and fall each into its own

place." St. Paul's great message is the chief historical basis of the accepted relations of this visible world with the world invisible. The task is to make people realize that certain things like immortality are not theories of this or that religion, but facts; living, operating facts, which all religions must accept and realize and put forward and live by if they are to get anywhere.

There is now a great activity constantly at work and constantly spreading, the main end and object of which is to make mankind accept St. Paul's great news item with all its consequences, and to believe, to feel actively, that the dead live, and that life on earth is a preparation for more and more important, life to follow. It is true that the minute a man becomes absolutely convinced of that, all his values change and fall each into its own place. The concerns of this world will still be important to him because his work is still here, but not so destructively important. They will not be primary; they will be secondary, as they ought to be. They will bear a relation to the things of the next stage of life. Preaching that will bring them to that relation is what is needed, but the preaching we get is timid on that subject. It shows something not so much like eagerness to have immortality proved as an apprehension that it may be proved in some irregular way. It will hardly be proved with vividness enough to help the world in its present crisis except in an irregular way. St. Paul's great piece of news seems to need contemporary corroboration. It is so familiar that it has lost a good deal of its news value. It is accepted by those who do accept it as something that happened a long time ago and has not happened since. That is true enough. It has not happened since so far as anybody knows, but a great deal has happened since to verify it and renew its force. Things that seem to make for verification of it are now happening constantly, but most of the preachers are afraid of them and most of

those who sit under the preaching do not, perhaps, know enough about them to have any opinion of their value. If there is great news available for the preachers, it must be let out if it is to do any good, and to let it out—to back it, diffuse it, and put it over as St. Paul put over his great news—is a mighty scary task, that all prudent people are going to avoid as long as they can.

Happily, St. Paul was not a prudent man. He had a great conviction and all the courage of it. His story was, of course, ridiculous to all the common-sensible people of his time. There was no precedent for it; nothing like it had ever happened. Anybody who put out a story like that ought to have a committee of his person, of course. Of this great news that St. Paul had, Mr. Harvey says, "There were a few poor Jews who were in a position to corroborate the story, but the better class of Jews deemed the whole thing a fake, pure and simple." It was the same, naturally, with the better class of Gentiles. Compared with the story of the resurrection of Christ, the news of modern spiritism, that the dead can speak to us, has wonderful support. Some of the best-known and most authoritative minds in the last and the present generations have credited it and affirmed the possibility of its truth.

Myers said, in his book on the Survival of Personality, that, in his opinion, except for psychical research and its fruits, there would have been few persons left in the world a century hence who would have believed in the resurrection of Christ, but as things are, or as they were when Myers wrote, he believed that there would be few people who did not believe it.

William James, who was not at all convinced of the facts of the Christian religion, saw, nevertheless, a possibility of new knowledge that might clarify and

re-establish it. "I confess," he said, in a letter written in 1884 to Thomas Davidson, "I rather despair of any popular religion of a philosophic character, and I sometimes find myself wondering whether there can be any popular religion raised on the ruins of the old Christianity without the presence of that element which in the past has presided over the origin of all religions—namely, a belief in new physical facts and possibilities. Abstract considerations about the soul and the reality of a moral order will not do in a year what the glimpse into a world of new phenomenal possibilities enveloping those of the present life, afforded by an extension of our insight into the order of nature, would do in an instant. Are the much-despised 'Spiritualism' and the 'Society for Psychical Research' to be the chosen instruments for a new era of faith? It would surely be strange if they were; but if they are not, I see no other agency that can do the work."

If there is news for the preachers that will make their message burn and live they ought to get it. St. Paul got his news at first hand—it was revealed to him so that he felt its truth with passionate conviction. It is impossible that the preachers or anyone else should preach the spiritual news of our day until they get it. When they do get it, they will preach it. The most that one can advise them is to look for it, remembering that it is not more incredible than what they undertake to preach, and that it corroborates that gospel and does not conflict with it.

Clergymen are individuals and not a group that thinks all alike. They believe and they preach each man according to the light that he can get, and if now there is, as Conan Doyle says, "a new revelation" constantly coming through, they will in due time get hold of that.



FROM THE DIARY OF A CAVE MAN

Freely Rendered into English Verse

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

A WARRIOR, indomitably brave,
I hunt the elk where leafy forests wave.
I am fond of tribal dances
With their delicate nuances,
And of caroling a prehistoric stave.

My records on the walls of rocky cells,
On mammoth tusks and reindeer horns and shells,
Are completely copyrighted,
So I fear they may be slighted
By historians like Mr. H. G. Wells.

We have reached a most extraordinary stage
Of progress on our earthly pilgrimage.
We have weapons! We have fire!!
We have notions!!! We aspire!!!!
Oh, how glorious to live in such an age!!!!!!



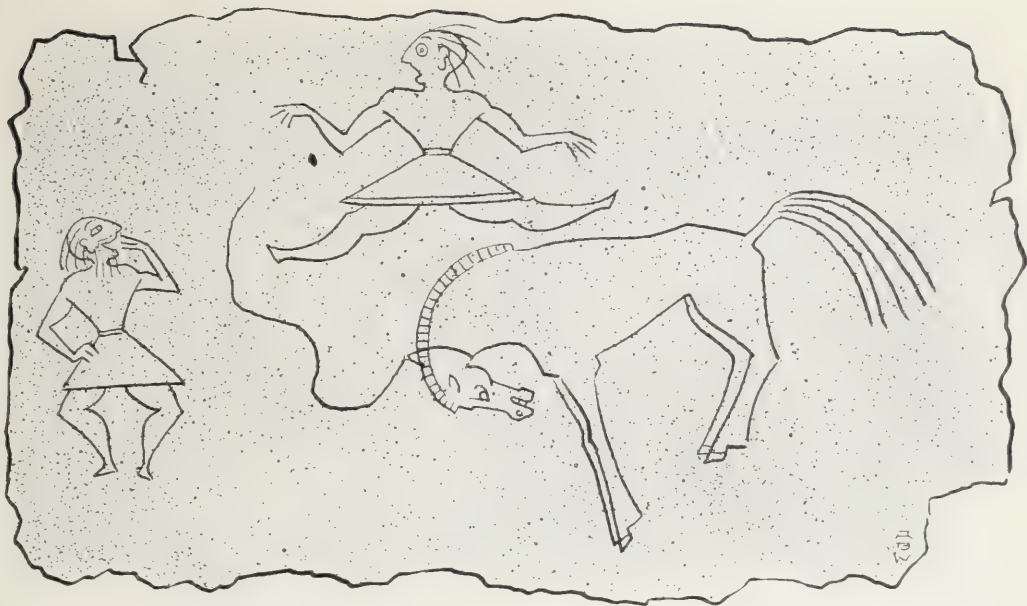
EARLY ATTACK ON TAMMANY

This marvelous invention is a bow—
 A most efficient weapon, don't you know.
 But our Better Sort repute it
 Hardly sportsmanlike to shoot it,
 As it doesn't give the saber-tooth a show.



JAZZ IN THE STONE AGE

Our orchestra have argued till they're dumb
 The proper syncopation of the drum;
 Is it only right to thump it,
 "Tump-it, tump-it, tump-it, tump-it,"
 Or permissible to interject a "Tum"?



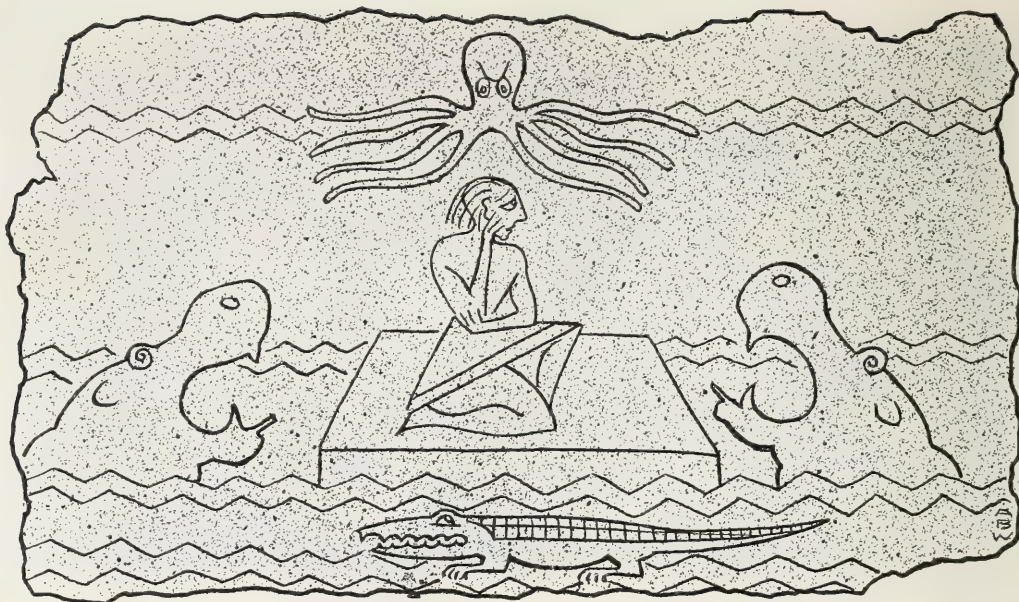
INCIDENT IN PRIMITIVE ROUND-UP

Not satisfied with capturing the horse
 (For culinary purposes, of course),
 In a crazy whim to ride him
 My companion leaped astride him,
 And is showing every symptom of remorse.



SHOWING ORIGIN OF THE FAMILY TREE

My nephew has a consort in his hall;
 He won her young affections with a maul.
 But her family, pursuing,
 Gave him such a lot of doing
 That he hasn't any folks-in-law at all!



FIRST RECORD OF SUBMARINE ATTACK

As captain of a serviceable raft,
I'm puzzled how to navigate the craft,
With an octopus to starboard
And a crocodile to larboard
And those hippopotamussies fore and aft.

A Thorough Job

IN the cook's absence the young mistress of the house undertook, with the help of an inexperienced waitress, to get the Sunday luncheon. The flurried maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee-machine which refused to work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce.

"Well, never mind, Marie," said the considerate mistress. "Go on with the coffee and I'll do it. Where do you keep the soap?"

The Beginnings of Prosperity

AN old farmer was in debt to a friend for money with which to buy a pair of steers, and, as the times were hard, was unable to cancel it. He was a renter, and at least every other season he occupied a different farm. By the friend's advice he had moved the year before into an entirely new field, a dozen miles from his usual haunts. When his friend saw him after an absence of several months—business having taken him into the old man's neighborhood—the farmer hailed him from the cornfield and came out to the fence.

"Hello!" said the friend. "Is this your farm?"

"Yes; and I just come over to tell you that I will be ready to pay part of that claim of yours before long."

"You must be doing well?"

"I think I am doing first rate, and I am powerful obliged to you for heading me this way. It's kinder strange, but as long as I am doing as well as I am I am going to stand it."

"Are you making any money?"

The old man's face brightened perceptibly. "No, I ain't," he replied, hopefully, "but I am losing it slower than I ever did in my life before."

A Real Climber

OF all the nerve I ever saw, Miss Upstart has the most complete supply! She seems to think her newly acquired wealth will take her anywhere!" said a disgruntled acquaintance of the lady.

"Well, it has taken her into the exclusive Country Club, anyway, I hear," said another.

"Yes, but that is not the limit of her ambitions, by any means. I heard her bragging at luncheon that she thought she would send in her application to join the League of Nations!"

Military Preparedness

THE morning before an attack was to be made upon a village occupied by German troops, George Washington Johnson, of the Mississippi colored troops, took his place in line with a large and somewhat battered pan attached to his equipment. This attracted the attention of the officer in charge, who demanded an explanation.

"Indeed, sah," said the soldier, "I done heahd de boss say dat when we got into dat town yonder we was goin' to cook Fritzie's goose, and I sure doan' wan' to miss dat cookin'."



Expert Testimony

MRS. SLIGHTLEIGH had been married but a short time. At an afternoon function she confided to a couple of friends that she was quite sure her husband never played poker at his club, like so many of those horrid men.

"And how," asked one of the other young women, "did you learn that Mr. Slightleigh did not play?"

"Oh," explained the bride, with an air of easy confidence, "I met some members of his club the other day and I asked them, 'Can Reginald play poker?' They looked thoughtful for a moment and then answered, very sincerely, 'No! He certainly can not.'"

Trailed to Its Lair

DURING a suit to recover damages following an automobile collision in the Adirondacks, the complainant's attorney, a city lawyer, constantly hectored the defendant's principal witness, a rough old guide, but was unable to shake his testimony.

During cross-examination the guide mentioned "havin' come across the trail of a Ford." The city lawyer jumped at this chance to discredit the guide's evidence.

"Do you mean to tell this court," he de-

À la Carte

THE NEW COOK: "Yes, ma'm, I do all your cooking in me own residence, and send the meals over by motor."

manded, "that you can determine the make of a car by studying its track? How did you know it was a Ford?"

"Well, sir," drawled the guide, "I followed its trail about a hundred yards and found a Ford at the end of it."

An Eye to Business

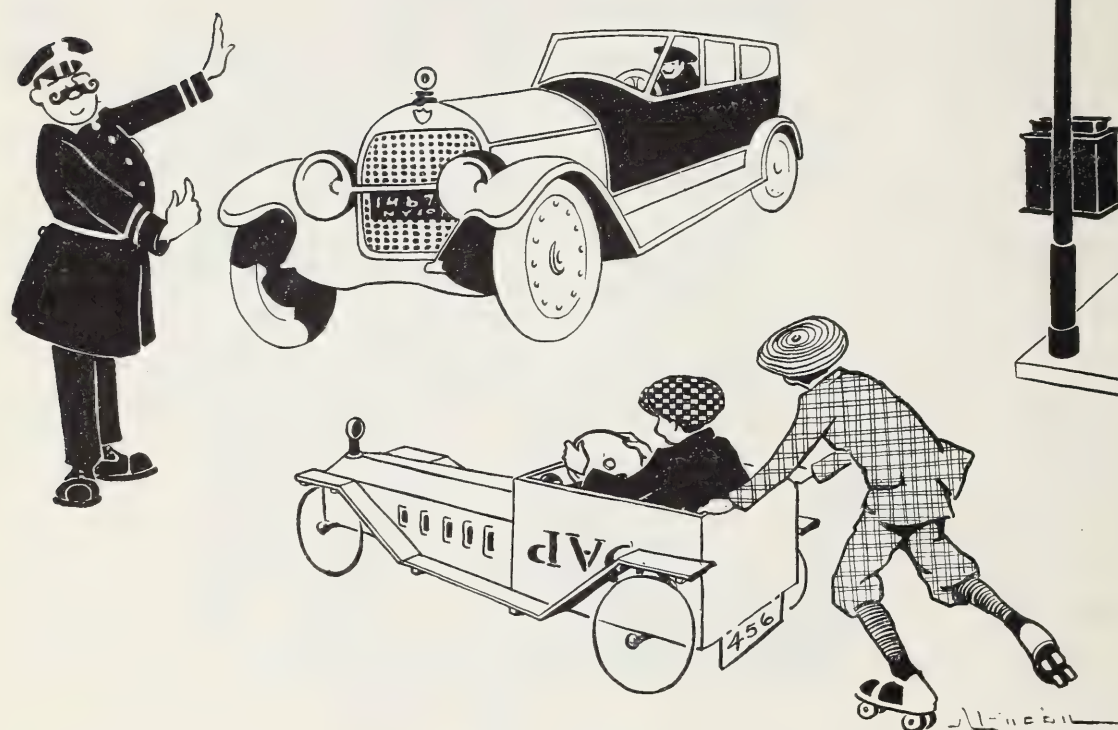
THE little daughter of a Congressman was sitting one evening on her father's knee. She had a new little brother whom she regarded with wonder, as children do regard the latest usurper before they have learned to love him.

"To-day," said her father, "a man offered to give me a whole roomful of gold for little brother. Shall I sell him?"

The child shook her head.

"But," said the father, "think how many nice things a roomful of gold would buy! Don't you think I better let the man have him?"

"No," answered the girl, thoughtfully, "let's keep him till he's older; he'll be worth more then."



The Right of Way

The cop who was once a boy and didn't forget it.

Reënforced

TWO contractors, of a type unfortunately too familiar, were talking of some buildings which had collapsed before they were finished.

"Well, Billerton," said one, "you always have better luck than I do."

"Better luck? How's that?"

"Why, my row of new houses blew down in last week's wind, you know, while yours weren't harmed. All were built the same—same woodwork, same mortar, same everything."

"Yes," said the other, "but you forget that mine had been papered."

The Trodden Path

A MASSACHUSETTS man famed for his dry humor, never having taken a sea trip, conceived the idea one day of making a real voyage. Accordingly, he sailed from Boston in a small schooner.

The first day out a storm was encountered and the old gentleman became violently sick; but after several hours he mustered up cour-

age and strength to look out upon the troubled waters. As he gazed from the side of the little vessel up the trough of the sea, it seemed very smooth to him. The captain's cutting of the waves was senseless, he felt sure. But as this mad steering continued, the unhappy passenger finally crawled out, on hands and knees, to where the captain stood at the wheel, and, raising his voice above the din of waves and wind, shouted:

"Man, keep in the ruts, keep in the ruts!"

Hard On Both of Them

AN Irishman whose face was so plain that his friends used to tell him it was an offense to the landscape, happened also to be as poor as he was homely.

One day a neighbor met him and asked, "How are you, Dennis?"

"Mighty bad. Sure, 'tis starvation that's starin' me in the face."

"Begorra," said his neighbor, sympathetically, "it can't be very pleasant for either of you!"

Near Enough

ONE rainy afternoon, as a train from the East pulled up at the little station of a most depressing town in the fever-and-ague district of a South-western state, a passenger, thrusting his head out of a car window, asked of a dejected-looking man who was leaning against the station door:

"Say, what do you call this measly, dreary, ornery, low-down place?"

"That's near enough, stranger," replied the native, in a melancholy voice. "Let it go at that."



A Pertinent Query

A CERTAIN captain had been lecturing his recruits at some length on the duties of a soldier, and decided that he would see what effect his eloquence had had on them.

Casting his eye over the men, he fixed on

"Keep your hands up, partner! A desperate man don't stand for no funny work."

his first victim. "Private Clancy," he asked, "why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?"

The private scratched his head, then an ingratiating smile flittered across his face. "Sure, Captain," he said, pleasantly, "you're right. Why should he?"



MOTHER: "James! Do you see that child pounding on the baseboard? And he has the hatchet!"

HARASSED FATHER: "Yes, better take it from him. He'll need it after awhile for the piano legs."

Willing To Do His Part

AN American who has spent much time in Scotland tells of an old farmer who once took tea with a former Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh at Drumlanrig Castle, His Grace's Dumfriesshire estate.

His first cup of tea was swallowed almost immediately the duchess gave it to him. Again and again his cup was passed along to the head of the table. At the tenth cup the duchess grew uneasy about the supply on hand.

"How many cups do you take, David?" she asked.

"How mony do ye gie?" John asked, cannily.



At Niagara Falls

PROVIDENT BRIDE: *"I can't help thinking, Silas dear, that we should have stayed at home and saved the money. We could have seen all this at the movies for fifty cents."*

The Majority Had It

THE manager of the apartment house received a call one morning from an irate top-floor tenant.

"The roof leaks!" cried the top-floor man.

"Roof leaks? Nonsense!" retorted the manager. "None of the people in the other flats say so."

One Too Many

A LITERARY family to which a seventh child had just come was at a country house, and for a time a good deal of the care of the other six children devolved upon the father, who had Spartan ideas as to the upbringing of his sons. One morning he carried his two-year-old to the creek near his home, to give him a cold plunge. The child objected lustily to this proceeding, but was firmly held and ducked, notwithstanding.

At the instant of the ducking, however, a brawny hand seized the Spartan father by his shoulder and flung him back, while the

angry voice of the farmer, who was his nearest neighbor, roared in his ears:

"Here! None of that! I'll have the law on you for this."

For some time the father endeavored to convince the farmer that he was not trying to drown the child. Even then he wasn't wholly convinced. To the very last minute he kept shaking his head skeptically and saying:

"Well, I dunno about that. I dunno. You got six besides this."

Lullaby

IF, my dear, you seek to slumber,
Count of stars an infinite number;
If you still continue wakeful,
Count the drops that make a lakeful;
Then, if vigilance yet above you
Hover, count the times I love you;
And if slumber still rebel you,
Count the times I do not tell you.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Wilbur Daniel Steele, who begins in this issue of the Magazine the recital of his impressions of North Africa, has returned to the French Riviera after several months spent in Tunisia and Algeria. But, looking back upon the strange country he has left, he feels drawn to it again, and in a letter to the Editors he announces an indefinite stay abroad:

CANNES, FRANCE.

I can't give up the foothold I've got now in Africa. This winter hasn't been more than an introduction—and now that I'm introduced, now that I've made friends that are able and willing to get me into the inside of the show and now that I've made a breach in the language—which is bound to make a tremendous difference in getting at the story of things—now I simply don't feel that I'd be doing right by myself or by anybody else if I gave it up. There are stories there to write that nobody in America, I'm quite sure, has yet written. And some day somebody will want to read them.

Traveling in company with Mr. Steele, Oscar Gieberich has made the sketches which appear with this and the others of Mr. Steele's articles to follow. Mr. Gieberich is an American artist who formerly resided at Provincetown, Massachusetts, and whose etchings and portraits have been shown frequently in New York exhibitions.

Alice Brown, who is best known to our readers by her frequent stories of New England life, occasionally turns her pen to verse of a delightful quality. **Charles Caldwell Dobie** resides in San Francisco, where, having abandoned a business career, he now devotes himself wholly to writing. He has contributed to HARPER'S a number of short stories of unique distinction, and is the author of *The Blood-Red Dawn*. A second novel from his pen, *Broken to the Plow*, will be published in the autumn. For facts concerning **Cornelia Stratton Parker** the reader is referred to these pages in last month's issue of the Magazine, in which appeared the first of her series of articles now in course of publication. **Frank Swinnerton** is an English

novelist of great distinction and literary adviser to one of the leading English publishing houses. Among his novels which have been published in America *Nocturne* and *September* are best known. **John M. Manly** has been at the head of the Department of English at Chicago University for over twenty years. In 1917, he was granted a leave of absence for the duration of the war, and he enlisted in the United States army, being assigned to the Military Intelligence Section of the General Staff. His interest in cryptography began when, as a boy, he first read Poe's *The Gold Bug*. Later he made a study of all the principal works on the subject extant in English, Latin, German, French, Italian, and Spanish. As an expert in this field, during his army service he was in charge of the section which deciphered messages, prepared codes and ciphers for Intelligence officers, and maintained telegraphic and cable communication with them. Professor Manly has in preparation for HARPER'S MAGAZINE other articles on the subject of ciphers and their use

Edith M. Thomas is a poet familiarly known to a generation of readers both in England and America. In addition to the facts stated in these pages last month concerning **Richard Matthews Hallet**, author of "The Harbor Master," it may be noted that the motion-picture rights in this story were applied for within twenty-four hours of the appearance on the news stand of the Magazine containing the first installment. The story is concluded in this issue. **E. V. Lucas** is one of the most genial of present-day British essayists. His Italian books of travel, and his notable *Life of Charles Lamb* are already classics in their respective fields. **Sarah Comstock**, after graduating from Stanford University, did her first literary work as a special writer for the San Francisco *Call*. She has been interested in infant welfare work and the education of girls in a number of large cities, and has con-

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tributed numerous articles on these subjects to various periodicals. She now makes her home in New York. **Herbert Ravenel Sass**, who resides in Charleston, South Carolina, is a new contributor whom we welcome to the pages of the Magazine. **Margarita Spalding Gerry** was born at Washington, D. C., where she still makes her home. She is the author of several novels and numerous stories, many of which have appeared in HARPER'S.

William G. Shepherd, writer and war correspondent, has seen service in many lands. He entered Mexico City with Madero during the revolution, reported the Olympic Games at Stockholm in 1912, returned to Mexico at the time of Huerta's downfall, and was with the United States army at Vera Cruz. During the World War he was in almost every capital and with every army, on both sides, except the Turks, Bulgars, and Rumanians. He also attended the Peace Conference and the signing of the Treaty at Versailles. Since his return he has visited the Oklahoma oil fields. A companion piece to the article in the present issue was published in November, 1920, issue, entitled "Lo, the Rich Indian!"

Burges Johnson is an associate professor of English at Vassar College and a contributor of verse and prose to many periodicals. **C. A. Bennett**, in the opinion of the Editor of the *Lion's Mouth*, devotes too much of his time to his duties as an Instructor of Philosophy at Yale University. **Laura Spencer Portor** is an accomplished essayist and writer of fiction, as well as one of the Editors of the *Woman's Home Companion*. **Lee Foster Hartman** is Associate Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE and an occasional contributor of stories to various periodicals. His last story in HARPER'S, "The Judgment of Vulcan," is one of two stories which have the distinction of appearing both in O'Brien's *Best Short Stories of 1920* and in the O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories of 1920. **Arthur Guiterman**, always a welcome contributor to the Editor's Drawer, has been frequently mentioned in these pages.



As the Editors anticipated, Professor Brown's article on "Educational Unleveling" has evoked a chorus of response from all quarters of the land. Evidently a vast num-

ber of people believe that Professor Brown has laid squarely before the American colleges a very serious charge against the present-day methods of university teaching, and it is from the colleges themselves that many letters in agreement have come. The first of those that we are permitted to reprint comes from the Secretary of the Corporation of Harvard University:

DEAR HARPERS,—Let me congratulate you on the excellent article by Prof. Rollo W. Brown in the current number. I have never seen this particular weakness of American colleges stated so ably. I agree with everything he says—with one or two reservations. No American university would do wisely to throw overboard the mediocre man and cultivate the man of promise. A university must, of course, do its best for both, and realize that just as in any family the parents are likely to be much occupied with the problem of the backward child, so college authorities must necessarily spend a lot of time on the stupid or indifferent students. But there is no question that there is a tendency in American universities to leave the first-rate man without the sort of guidance which would help him; and it may interest you to know that one of the purposes of our new tutorial system here at Harvard is to give the able student a chance under competent advice and individual instruction to go deeper into the subject than the ordinary man would care or be able to go.

What Professor Brown says about college advertising impresses me particularly. There is, I think, a certain advertising value in athletics which he may overlook. Many of us here in New England never knew of the existence of Center College in Kentucky until they sent a football team up here and made a particularly sportsmanlike showing, and that strikes me as to some extent a gain for Center College. We felt that the trip last year of the Harvard football team to the Pacific Coast did us good in that it showed a lot of people out in the West that some of the absurd ideas which they had formed about Harvard were false, and that Harvard men did not, as apparently some of them supposed, all wear spats and carry canes. But the great disadvantage of athletic advertising—the fact that, after all, you are "advertising the advertising department," and the fact that you are giving to the public a false idea of values in college education—I have never seen better stated than by Professor Brown. It is an excellent article and I congratulate you on securing it.

Very truly yours,
FREDERICK L. ALLEN.

Here are other letters which the author has received from various parts of the country:

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

Your article in May HARPER's is one of the most vigorous I have ever seen. I agree with you perfectly. I have a boy of thirteen, who will enter college in three or four years. My wife says Yale, in the footsteps of his father. But I want some small college where he will be inspired by the enthusiasm of an enthusiastic, independent body of *teachers* and *students*. "We are here because we are here." I dread and loathe that sort of a student body. College and going to college is with most student bodies a form, a convention, a social requirement, and most teachers are the leavings of the timid end of the rear rank of the conventional student body.

I wish a few enterprising teachers would get together and organize a school into which only the real, independent, truth-seeking students of the country could gain admission. Let them enter Freshmen, or Seniors. Originality, vim, curiosity, discernment in one or more subjects should be the main qualification for entrance. Not one-sidedness nor yet perfection in all lines should govern. No man can excel in all, or even in a few things. Prometheus and the cranks have made the world progress. Genius in the individual is never of various types. Two gods never shared one mortal.

I believe the money could be easily found to create such an institution, and surely the faculty would appear. Such a man as you are should lead such a movement. The graduates of such a school would be marked as the eugenic princes and princesses of the earth. And I believe such a school would contribute materially to the advancement of every branch of human endeavor.

Can it be done? Whether or not, I am certainly glad to have met your splendid independent spirit.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

Your article on present-day democratic education is by far the best thing I have read on the subject, and in the past year or so I have read a great deal on it in connection with a contemplated volume on contemporary democracy. You have "taken the bull by the horns" and said all the things that the professional educationalists have been either too stupid or too yellow to say. The article is truly revolutionary, not only because of its frank and persuasive description of existent conditions, but because of its plea for what amounts to an aristocratic revolution in education. All of it is admirable, particularly the section on the deplorable effects resulting from the application of the quantitative standard to education. If the criticism of democracy is to be one of the chief concerns of civilized minds in the near future, as I believe it will, then you have surely stolen a march on all other writers about education.

I shall certainly pass the article on to all my friends on the campus and off.

STATE COLLEGE,
NEW MEXICO.

I have read your article, "Educational Unleveling," in the May number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, with great interest and profit.

I am a graduate from the School of Civil Engineering of one of the leading universities in the Middle West. In looking back on my college days, I can see that a tendency to reduce a class of students to a dead level of instruction existed. This tendency was less marked in the Junior and Senior year than in the Sophomore and Freshman years, due to the weeding process that began about the time of the Thanksgiving recess of the first year and only ended at the very last moment of the Senior year.

The College of Engineering was in a strong enough position to eliminate, regardless of any personal or political influence that might prevent the process of elimination in a college of less strength. But at the end of four years the men who received their degrees ranged from very bright to scarcely mediocre. I believe that the chief fault lay in the lack of individual instruction. A single instructor attempted to handle too large groups of students. Another bad condition, which I know is now being overcome, was the lack of contact of the really big men of the faculty with the students. Young instructors, carrying out the programs of their older superiors in a more or less routine manner, made the contact. I believe that this system worked a hardship on the dull student and the very bright student, but in each case for entirely different reasons.

At the present time I am teaching in a small Western college, and the weeding-out process is very slow and painful (painful for the faculty that is exhorted to appreciate the value of numbers). But the small size of the classes and the intimate touch which the instructor and student cultivate make it possible for the instructor to prod the slow student on the one hand, and on the other hand point the way to greater attainment to the bright, ambitious student. The small college is overlooking a splendid field of service if it does not take the fullest advantage of the opportunity for helping the bright man to help himself to good things not in the regular course of study. Students are quick to respond to personal guidance by their teachers, and we should be glad and willing to extend the limits of the prescribed curriculum.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

I have just finished reading your article in the May issue of HARPER'S, and I want to congratulate you on the splendid thing you have done. I don't know when I have read an article by an educator which strikes at a fundamental problem with such courage and with such true marksmanship as you have done in this. I have long felt this same rebellion against educational traditions, but this is the first time I have ever heard my rebellion

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voiced. It was primarily to escape the "hardening process" and to avoid the "intellectual staticity" that I gave up educational work for "soulless business."

Again I congratulate you.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN G. BRADLEY,
(Formerly of Trinity University).



Getting rich overnight is one of the most arresting of human adventures, and the psychological effect of suddenly acquired riches offers a study of unfailing interest to thoughtful people. In this issue of the Magazine W. G. Shepherd gives a graphic portrayal of the way in which Oklahoma has become a land literally gushing with gold. He has not ventured to philosophize about these extraordinary people and the vast wealth thrust precipitately upon them, but the spectacle provoked certain reflections while he was witnessing it. These he has set down as a sort of postscript to his article, "Gambling with Mother Earth," and they are printed below. In the opinion of the editors Mr. Shepherd voices a very sound bit of philosophy and human understanding.

How much money is enough?

All during my trip through Oklahoma in search of material for my article on "Gambling with Mother Earth" this question kept coming up in my mind. Every time I came across one of the lucky farmers who had suddenly been enriched by the discovery of oil on his place I tried to discover whether or not he felt that he had enough riches.

In nearly every instance I found the farmer satisfied—content, indeed, beyond measure. And all my life I had heard that riches breed greed. Why should these Oklahoma farmers upset my sacred traditional belief?

Seeing riches in the raw, as it were, riches gained without an effort, I came to some new conclusions about wealth and its possession. It seemed to me there in the oil country, among the simple new-rich folks, that wealth is not so much a matter of what one possesses as what one wants; not of possessions, but of desires. If you could find a man who desired nothing or wanted nothing in this world you would find a man as rich as Croesus. Croesus himself killed every want and every desire by filling it. Without wants and without desires, he was on a level with the man who had absolutely nothing and wished for nothing.

The measure of riches is how near one can come to satisfying one's wants and desires. The man who, through lack of education or training, has developed within himself few wants and desires, may easily reach supposed riches. It is the man or woman who has many wants and many desires who experiences real trouble and real pleasure in this world.

Which brings me to the conclusion that no man can, in the true sense of the word, become "suddenly" rich. To be really rich a man must have vast possessions in the way of needs and wants and desires. Your really rich man is the man who has every want and desire and even whim that can come to a man and is able to satisfy them all.

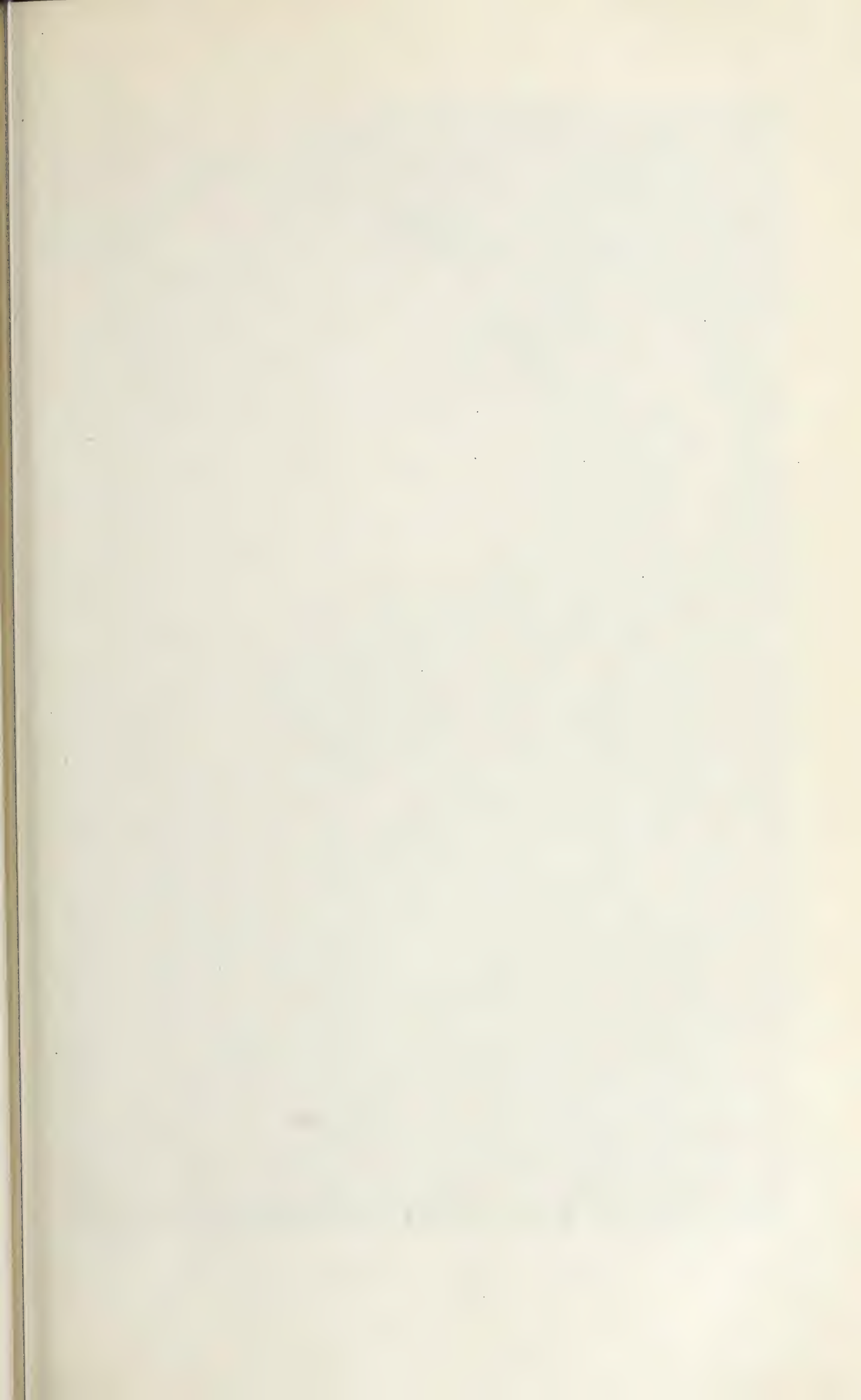
No one is born with all these wants, desires, and whims. They must be accumulated, slowly; they are a matter of gradual education. They come with the growth of wealth; they accumulate and develop with wealth. The question of whether the wealth or the want comes first is one with the question about the precedence of the egg or the hen.

There is a flatness of life among the new-rich folk in the oil country that is, at first, hard to explain. But you finally arrive at the secret of it when you realize that the real pleasure of wealth exists in its accumulation, not in its possession. The growth of new desires and new aspirations within the man who is accumulating wealth must be a source of intense pleasure to him. He can measure his progress not so much by what he has in his bank as by the new wants that well up within his being. One of the happiest days that can come to a man who is growing rich must be that day on which he discovers the beauty of a good painting and finds, within himself, a desire to possess it.

Your "sudden-rich" folk have been robbed of all this experience; they have been cheated out of growth. It is a pleasure, indeed, to see the "wimmen folks" of the oil country "jest a-sittin'" on the front porch" with folded hands, rid of all worries for the future, or to watch the "men-folks" on a fine autumn day, when other people are tending their crops, starting out in their cars with shotguns for a day's shooting. It is true that they have come to that satisfaction which grows out of a secure future, and it is pleasant to see them enjoy this sense of security. But they have missed the fun of "growing rich."

"Growing rich" is a game; it must be fun. "Being rich" is a state; out in Oklahoma, and perhaps everywhere else in the world, it looks deadly.

Speaking as an onlooker, if I had the choice of "growing rich" or of "being rich" I should take the former; there's where the real fun lies.





Painting by Ralph P. Coleman

Illustration for "The Sightseers"

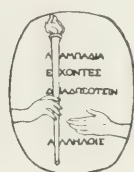
THEY HAD STOOD ON THE HILLSIDE TOGETHER THAT AFTERNOON

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BUCHANAN HEARS THE WIND

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

BUCHANAN doesn't attempt to explain the story. How could he? He merely relates it as one of those queer incidents, not to be defined, examples of which every man over forty has in the limbo of his mind. A door opens; you see something; then the door closes. There was Linnard—Thomas Linnard—the little, short, plump bond broker, with his toothbrush mustache and his mouse-colored hair, turning thin on top, and Linnard's wife; and then there was what happened to them.

Linnard lived in Rutley, or wherever it is that brokers live, and every morning he appeared at his office and every afternoon he left the city on the four-thirty express—club car, and people playing bridge before they drop off at their respective stations. One pictured him as hurrying to the golf course, and drinking a cocktail afterward, and then sitting down to an excellent but unilluminated meal, and then going on somewhere for cards. Each fortnight or so he and his wife came to the city and dined at an expensive restaurant—Linnard loved to spend money largely, foolishly, and publicly—and went to a more or less stupid play. Sometimes, on a Sunday, Buchanan himself took the train to Rutley.

He regarded these visits in much the

same way that a faintly nonreligious man regards church-going; they gave him rest from the exigencies of town life and a few hours in which—such is the perversity of the human mind—to concentrate secretly upon the subjects he was really interested in, but for the mental digestion of which he seldom otherwise found time—politics, books, philosophical questions, a review of his own personality in regard to its environment. You gather from this that he was one of those big, black-haired, good-natured men, a little dreamy, who go into business in this country because there's no place else to go. Long ago he had trained himself to listen to Linnard's inconsequent chatter without hearing a word of it, and yet at the same time being able to put in an appropriate "Yes" or "No" with clairvoyant accuracy. As for Mrs. Linnard, she so seldom spoke herself that there was little need to bother about her.

At first Mrs. Linnard had puzzled Buchanan greatly. She possessed the initial strength of almost complete passivity. You wondered what was behind this perpetual calm. But Buchanan had decided that the impression of power she gave was largely fictitious, was due to the rubberlike consistency of the entirely simple mind. You push it in;

it snaps back. In the beginning there is nothing so baffling as the lack of complexity, and Buchanan, on the whole, was distrustful of the supposed profundity of silence. He knew that most inarticulate people are inarticulate because they have nothing to be articulate about. At college he had discovered the fallacy back of those large, quiet men, usually nicknamed "Pop," who so impress the undergraduate mind.

Mrs. Linnard was a small, compact, dark woman—very dark. You knew that she had a delicately rounded figure and a creamy skin. Her glossy, blue-black hair came down in a widow's peak above her eyes. Her eyes were not unremarkable; long and tawny and, so you thought at first, imaginative. Distinct eyebrows, markedly curved, gave an expression of inquiring surprise. Mrs. Linnard had proved another disappointment in Buchanan's life. A certain childlike eagerness that lay back of his outward slowness led him into these disillusionments. It seemed to him now that Mrs. Linnard was completely suited to Rutley and to Linnard. As a matter of fact, had it been otherwise, how could she have married Linnard?—Or could she? Women do queer things. There was a pathetic something about Linnard which made it barely possible that he might have been selected as an object for maternal solicitude.

Linnard, meanwhile, prospered. He took bigger offices; he expanded into a firm of three names; he became more than ever anxious to entertain his friends in a useless way that necessitated glittering expenditure. As for Buchanan, he hated cabarets. He could not understand how anyone of his or her free will would choose to spend time in a place of bad-mannered waiters and dubious smells watching overly fat people dance to the cacophonies of wearied negroes. He regarded these expeditions as penances and avoided them as much as possible. Sometimes he was unable to do so, and then he sat in a haze of cigarette smoke, studying the utterly quiescent

Mrs. Linnard across the table. She seldom danced; they were frequently left alone together. Linnard usually had four or five others in the party, including always several thin-flanked little girls from Rutley, who followed the music with a devastating, cold persistency. One would have been in doubt as to their emotions if one hadn't known that they came from very respectable suburban families.

"Why don't you dance?" asked Buchanan.

Mrs. Linnard looked at him with less than no interest in her long, tawny eyes. She toyed with the stem of her cigarette holder. "Because," she said, "dancing was meant for out of doors—on a hill—in the wind."

"Ah!" Buchanan stared. It was one of those isolated remarks of hers that every now and then caused him to wonder if she were, after all, quite so simple as he had decided. And yet, even at that—on these rare occasions, that is—there was still the feeling that what she said had very little to do with her real character; as if sometimes thoughts blew through her mind from outside—outside, through, and out again—leaving no impression on their journey.

One could follow the ascending curve of Linnard's fortune by means of his cars and his houses and the jewels with which he decked his wife. Sumptuousness progressed from the first modest runabout and the initial string of shy imitation pearls, through sedans and touring cars and rings, to the final glory of a chauffeured limousine and a coronet, which was never worn, of diamonds. So too, with his abodes, from the first small, pseudo-Elizabethan with stucco and half timber to the very splendid Georgian, set in ample grounds, with a sweeping arc of drive leading up to it. There was even talk of taking an apartment in town for two or three months of the winter.

"It's really a nuisance during the bad weather," said Linnard. "And then—well, we want to go about more, meet



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"SO MANY PEOPLE FIND LIFE ALWAYS A DILEMMA"

more people. Rutley is all very well, but . . ."

The curious garments of complacency which the successful weave for themselves—particularly when they haven't much common sense, and especially when they are small, rather shy men—were beginning to be noticed about Linnard's spiritual body. There was a new smugness in the quirk of his tight little waxed mustache. A man finds it easy to decide that God has picked him out for individual favor.

"Do you think you will like living in New York?" Buchanan asked Mrs. Linnard.

She shrugged her shoulders with the odalisquean gesture to which he was accustomed.

"Why not?" she retorted. "After all, it's *peu de chose*—isn't it? Or, I suppose, 'It's nothing of a thing'—of no importance—a trifle."

It was an irritating phrase; she used it frequently. Why she did, Buchanan could not imagine. She did not speak French, and this made her fondness for the *cliché* all the more annoying. Linnard had at least the good sense to realize this. His brow clouded.

"Where did you get that?" he growled. "At the Lafayette-Brevoort?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Linnard. "I like it. It expresses so much."

Here seemed an epitome, with laughable nicety, of the average suburban couple. Buchanan regretted that there was no one to write *The Rise of Thomas Linnard*—the struggle toward the social apex of the typical thrusting, thoughtless, but shrewd male, accompanied by that most quaint product of liberty and democracy, the cyprian American wife, the sleepy-minded sultana to whom each night (if he permits her even that much knowledge of his affairs) the man brings back his tale of money won and prizes gained. No wonder Mrs. Linnard was as foolishly and insolently uninterested as a cocker spaniel. She lolled in the expanding sunlight of useless accessories. "*Peu de chose!*" Exactly! How did Lin-

nard stand it? How did most American husbands stand it? The answer was easy; they liked it, or they wouldn't have had it.

All of which—Buchanan's summation of the situation—is an example of the tendency of the imaginative to deny, rather irritably, imagination to less gifted others. Very few, after all, are so dull as not sometimes to lift their eyes to the wonder and puzzlement and beauty of the world. Buchanan, that July, was to receive an illumination.

It happened on a hot Sunday night, when the crickets and the katydids and the other creatures of the dark were intermittently silenced by the rumble of an approaching thunder storm. Buchanan had spent the afternoon at Rutley, somnolent, meditative, stirred out of his lethargy by Linnard shaking cocktails at seven o'clock. There had followed the little suburban ritual.

"I don't know how you will like these. I put a shade more vermouth in than usual."

"Oh—! Ah—er, they're delicious! Just right, thanks!"

"Only half a one for me, Tom."

"Nonsense! A whole one will do you good. Well, drink it up! Here's some dividend."

"No, thanks! No, not a drop more! . . . Oh, well, just a little, then—just a little! Thanks; that's plenty!"

Afterward—after dinner, that is—Linnard had been called away to the country club on a matter of business, leaving Buchanan and Mrs. Linnard together. Buchanan was a trifle alarmed. It was easy enough to remain undisturbed when Linnard, with his inelastic garrulity, was present, but the smooth silences of Mrs. Linnard were harder to bear. Together he and Mrs. Linnard went out on to the porch and sat in big wicker chairs, facing the odorous and heavy shadow of the trees. Mrs. Linnard's figure, clad in white, gleamed faintly, like mother of pearl in twilight waters.

"I hope Tom won't get wet," said Buchanan.

Mrs. Linnard turned her head toward him, as if she had not heard what he had said. A flash of lightning, ripping the black velvet of the night across, showed, beyond, the troubled branches of the trees and the green expectancy of the lawn. In the hush that followed, the scent of geraniums, of box, of honeysuckle, seemed to gather into a single moment of sharp perfume.

"Had we better go in?" asked Buchanan.

"Oh no!" answered Mrs. Linnard, with an odd breathlessness.

Buchanan continued to smoke his cigar, a placid surprise taking the place of his former stubborn resignation.

The storm broke with a fury of wind-driven rain and hurrying thunder. Buchanan and Mrs. Linnard moved their chairs back into a sheltered recess of the porch. Then, as suddenly as it had come, the rain marched on down the valley, and a wet moon shone between ragged clouds. Buchanan was aware that Mrs. Linnard was standing at the railing of the porch, looking out.

"You like thunder storms?" he asked. She did not answer.

"They affect you?"

She turned toward him, raised her arms, and let them drop to her sides. In the diluent light her face was dead white, heart-shaped.

"I don't know," she said, between her teeth. "They sometimes seem to open a passage back—or forward—"

"Into what?"

"Into reality."

"Gracious!" thought Buchanan, astounded. "This is not Rutley!" Aloud he said, "You mean—?"

"I don't know. I'm confused."

She sat down and folded her hands in her lap, but Buchanan could feel the tautness back of her quiet pose.

"So many people," she said, abruptly, using the same odd, hurried voice he had never heard before—as if she was half ashamed of what she was saying;

as if, crowding up for expression, was a multitude of thoughts long held in check—"particularly women, find life always a dilemma, or I think they do. Do they? Is there no straight going anywhere? Or don't most people want direct roads? Does one always have to kill most of oneself so that a little part can flourish? I don't know. . . . If that is true, it's insane."

"What is?" asked Buchanan.

"Rutley!" she answered, but as if the question were an impediment to her hastening thoughts. "All of it—New York! We were meant to live like trees or the grass, with our hearts all open to the world."

"We have to compromise," observed Buchanan. "We have to make the best of the circumstances we are in."

"Perhaps. And yet it seems to me that somehow that isn't true; that somehow there is a way, yet undiscovered, of making circumstances suit us and not suiting ourselves to them. There must be a way, a way of expressing ourselves like sunshine, or a spring day, or dawn. They're here; they're all about us. Why are we bathed in such things and yet so separate?"

"I think—if you'll pardon me," said Buchanan, soberly, "that altogether happily married women don't talk that way. I'm not trying to be impertinent," he hastily added; "I'm trying to be intelligent. I'm trying to get to the bottom of exactly what you are talking about. . . . If you wouldn't mind going on and telling me. . . ."

"There's nothing to tell," said Mrs. Linnard, with a sudden flagging of interest. She laughed. "Happily married women! They're the very ones who are most trapped. If you are unhappily married you can do something about it." She stood up again. "You don't know what it is," she said, "to love a child, or the average man. You burn your bridges." She paused, as if uncertain of her thoughts. "I wonder," she asked, "if there isn't some compensation, some sweeping back into the things you love—"

afterward—when you get rid of the present, I mean? These strange affinities! . . . There must be. The swimmer for the sea, and the people who love mountains. . . .”

Buchanan laughed. “And yourself for a thunder storm?”

“Oh no, I love other things much more than thunder storms. They are only part of what I mean . . . a catching up and full forgetfulness of crowds and automobiles and the silly destruction of thought and loveliness. Some complete, unimpeded expression. You see,” she said, “I have never even expressed myself by the common way of children. Here’s my body and my mind and my heart, beautiful—I mean, just as instruments; wonderful, anyway; and what happens? What good are they?”

“Who knows?” said Buchanan. “Who can tell? As for myself, I’m afraid, I think—obliteration.”

In the pause that followed the purr of Linnard’s six cylinders sounded in the driveway.

Mrs. Linnard sank back into her chair. “And the trouble is,” she said, “that I shouldn’t be happy even in complete expression unless *he* were along. That’s your happily married woman!”

Linnard discovered them on the porch. He brought the odor of prosperity, of good cigars, good wine, and soap.

“Well,” he said, rubbing his hands together, “it’s been a big night for H. Thomas Linnard. I guess I’ll be able to clean up to-morrow. Sunday always was my good day. I don’t want to be vulgar, my dear, but I’ll buy you some pearls.”

It was not until his entrance that Buchanan realized the complete singularity of the conversation just ended. While it had been going on, its nervous swiftness had prevented any very acute surprise. Now, he reflected, he was unable to fit it in with anything he had known or thought concerning Mrs. Linnard. Well, people were always astonishing.

That autumn Buchanan had to go to

Europe on business. He was gone four months; when he returned he learned that Mrs. Linnard had been dead a week.

Buchanan found himself peculiarly shocked. It seemed that here there was more regret to be extracted than ordinarily from the loss of a friend, even a friend known intimately in a way he had never known Mrs. Linnard . . . somehow a woman, young, in the very fullness of her life! And, besides, that this fullness, inarticulate and confused as it was, should have seen its beginning and end in Rutley! This constituted an especial quaint protest against fate. Rutley was not a place in which with fitting dignity the whole drama of life could be played out. To one who did not believe in immortality, only in present fulfillment, Rutley was too suburban a heaven or hell.

Buchanan had almost forgotten that last conversation he had had with Mrs. Linnard. The first shock of interest had been assuaged by subsequent reflection that vague rebellion was a state of mind common to women between thirty and forty whose lives were materially too successful—wearisomely common. Buchanan had not been a bachelor for nothing; over his large, comforting, pondering presence several married women had poured the pent-up waters of their discontent. If he recalled the conversation now, it was only to deplore the fact that Mrs. Linnard had been unable to develop farther what might have been the first faint struggles of intelligence.

Of Linnard, for some reason or other, he began to see less and less. He wasn’t quite sure how he felt about Linnard. Linnard seemed a man not to be hindered in his acquisitive career by the mere incident of death. He would pick up a new wife as soon as he needed one—almost anything to hang pearls on and to sit at the head of a table. He wondered how capable Linnard was of love. Had either of these people, in their curious suburban way, loved the other? Then, one August afternoon, he ran into Lin-



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

THE WAY LAY ALONG A TRAIL CUT INTO THE FACE OF A PRECIPICE

nard on the street. He was shocked at the little man's appearance. There was a curious inner falling away, although the waxed mustaches were still gallant and pugnacious. There was an odd impression, that is, that two men were standing up in the dapper checked suit, an outer plump man, and an inner desiccated man, thin as the shell of a locust. A few months later Buchanan heard that Linnard had sold his business and gone west.

"Tuberculosis!" he thought.

It wasn't that, but it was several years—five, to be exact—before he found out otherwise.

Buchanan himself had to go west. There were some mining claims—defunct, he imagined, and quite correctly—into which it was necessary to look for the settling up of an estate. Buchanan had never been west; he had no desire to go; his tastes lay in exactly the opposite direction. All he had ever heard had merely confirmed an impression of uncouthness and discomfort and aridity, peculiarly distressing to an urban disposition. Yet, at the moment, it was fortunate that he had to go somewhere—anywhere—to escape from himself. Buchanan was unhappy. He had done well in the affairs of the world; an uncle, moreover, had died, leaving him a fortune; but at the age of forty-five he had got himself engaged to a woman fifteen years his junior. He was very much in love, and found his wife-to-be beautiful and charming, and an entire completion of the other side of his nature. Then he had quarreled with her, absurdly—most quarrels between men and women who love each other are absurd—and they had parted, unqualifiedly determined never to see each other again. Mature lovers are more proud, more accustomed to pride, than the very young; they are considerably less malleable. This had happened a year ago, and Buchanan was still bruised, still a neighbor of bitterness. This state of mind, coupled with the original prejudice, sent him

west with the intention of being drearily displeased. It was amusing that his first visit should have taken him into a country where the West—the fundamental West—still lingers, and always will, immaculate and encompassing.

It was an odd country he had come to in central Idaho—a country where suddenly the mountains come together like cross waves of a sea, and are held at their highest point of meeting as if by some green enchantment. You climb to a height of land and see no means of escape. On all sides, as far as it is possible to look, the surging billows of hill and forest swing away to the shining horizon. Far off, like the desires of a dream, are a fantasy of tapering snow peaks. Above is a recluse sky; an eagle, possibly, swimming in emptiness; white clouds in an eucharistic blue. Here and there, at the bottom of deep, wide cañons, watercourses mark the prevailing aquamarine with denser shadows and empty into hurrying rivers whose tortuous paths the mind can follow for only a little way. And yet it is not altogether a new country as such things go. Compared with other parts of the West, crowded now with dry farms and Ford cars, it is old. Even as far back as the Civil War, gold was found there, and the first crest of eager, thin-faced men had broken over it. Subsequently, every decade or so, rumor of new "strikes" had gone forth—Thunder Mountain, Yellow Jacket; but visions had faded before reality, and the successive torrents of immigration had driven past, leaving the hills as they had been before, save for, here and there, a lonely cattle ranch, or, in some mining village, where pool hall and saloon and cabin still stood, a bearded caretaker with a Chinese wife, or perhaps only a dog.

Buchanan had suspected no such land. He would not have believed in it had it been described to him. It seemed impossible to relate it nationally to New York, or Rutley, or the crude, formidable Western cities, where the most modern

bathtubs in the most modern of hotels go hand in hand (one realizes that the figure of speech is twisted) with Bœotian morals and Bœotian manners and Methodistic blue laws. At first he was a little resentful, vaguely regretful for the dangerous security of crowds, but gradually, as he went about his business, riding fifteen, or twenty, or thirty miles a day, the spaciousness and blueness and quiet overlaid his heart as they overlay the hearts of all who approach them.

It was July, and under the pines and firs, and along the river bottoms, and in the high, open, windy meadows there was a misty gorgeousness of purple lupin, and white lupin; of pink fireweed; of larkspur, vibrantly blue; of luminous sego lilies, and the brave summer assumption of fleurs-de-lis. Sometimes, in wet places, where a waterfall made crystal lace between the trees and gray ousels darted in and out of affused sunshine, a hidden pocket of columbine relaxed one's heart with loveliness.

Buchanan lived in a little frame hotel that faced the dusty square of a forgotten town. Every now and then a cowboy, elaborate in sombrero and floating scarf and goatskin "chaps," cantered in and tied his sardonic pony to the hitching rack, and occasionally bewildered traveling salesmen came in on the stage from the outer world. One in particular, who was selling tombstones, confided to Buchanan that "the town was dead." It was not meant as a compliment, which was curious, considering his vocation. Buchanan had been there two weeks when one morning his shy host, whose duty in life seemed to be a veiled contemplation from his porch of the surrounding mountains, spoke to him as he was going out to his horse.

"There's a fellow lives about twenty miles from here," he said. "He's an Easterner, too."

"Is he?" replied Buchanan, politely, but without interest.

"Yaas. Has th' ole Makepiece place—little cow ranch at the fork of Owl Creek. But he don't do nothin'—

leastways, I never heard of his doin' nothin'."

"What's his name?" asked Buchanan.

"Linnard—Thomas Linnard."

"Linnard!" For a moment the dusty square with its circle of blue hills faded into the heavy foliage of Rutley. "Is he a little, thick-set man, with a mustache?"

"That's him!"

Buchanan brought his fist down into the palm of his hand. "I know him!" he said. "He's an old friend of mine. I'll go to see him to-day." He went on out to his horse.

The way lay along a trail cut into the sheer face of a precipice. Below, an intent stream swept along in waves of cobalt capped with white. The cicadas whirled in the dry sunlight. Then the trail dipped down into the fragrant shadows of a pine forest, interspersed with the silver agitation of quaking aspens. Toward dusk, Buchanan, coming out on an open spur of land, saw at his feet, set in a grassy place, ringed close with the evening opacity of firs, the gray buildings of a ranch. A little fat man, very lonely in the gathering darkness, stood in the meadow, gazing up at the mountains.

Buchanan urged his horse down the declivity. Linnard turned and stared. "By God!" he said, suddenly

"Yes," said Buchanan, "it's a long way from Rutley, isn't it?"

"Come in!" said Linnard. "I'll take your horse—I'll tell Chung. I live here alone with a Chinaman, you know."

In telling about it afterward, Buchanan makes very clear the fact that outwardly Linnard had not changed in the least, astonishingly had not changed. One discounted the last time he had been seen. That period of feeble dissolution was apparently over. Linnard had reincarnated his old exuberant, well-fed self. Even his mustaches were still firmly waxed. His clothes were a careful combination of Eastern sportsman and Western landowner—just the sort of clothes one would expect a broker turned

rancher to wear. Inwardly, too, fundamentally, there seemed little change, although, of course, the expression of his tastes had altered or he would not have been where he was. He was extremely happy—that was the answer—not quite so garrulous, perhaps, but extremely happy. Buchanan finds no adequate description except to say that “he was suffused with contentment”—like a fish who finds water exactly of the temperature desired.

Buchanan felt that he wasn't going to like this, wasn't going to like Linnard much better than he had in the years gone by. A sense of fitness was outraged by the thought of a man whose wife had been dead only five years seeking with such complacency complete loneliness. Buchanan's own recent emotional loss had made him, so he thought, sensitive concerning bereavement in general.

Linnard had taken with him his genius for pleasant surroundings. The long ranch house, blistered and gray with weather on the exterior, had inside been transformed by means of rugs and hangings and silvery-brown skins to a matter of beauty and soft comfort. It was odd to sit there, before an open fire, stretched out in a great lounging chair, smoking a cigarette, the firelight twinkling on copper and pottery and the frame of an occasional picture—catching itself for a moment in pools of gold in the deep obscurity of a bear hide, or turning a luminous slate in the long hair of tanned wolf—and reflect that outside in the darkness extended for leagues the swarthy hills, withdrawn and desolate.

Chung served a delicate and complete meal. Linnard even had claret.

“We don't keep the Eighteenth Amendment out here,” he observed. “I buy grapes from California. I used to go to California myself in the winter, but I don't any more; I like it too well here.”

Strange! Buchanan twisted the stem of his glass between his fingers and stared at the dregs of the ruddy wine. Of all men in the world, he would have

picked Linnard as the very last to whom isolation would have appealed.

They went back to the main room. The firelight threw damask reflections on the shining brown of the log walls and a single lamp, with its small circle of illumination, made little headway against the gentle obscurity. Buchanan had not noticed earlier the large photograph of Mrs. Linnard in a silver frame which stood in a corner of a side table. He picked it up and studied it while Linnard, in a chair before the fire, sat with his back to him.

She was in evening clothes, Mrs. Linnard, very slim and smooth as to her bare shoulders, staring out with those arched eyebrows above dark, wide eyes. Questioning? Well, perhaps. How much had she questioned? How sensibly and sincerely? Or was that one outburst merely the ferment of an empty mind? No matter! Her questions, real or fictitious, had been answered now. But all this beauty—it had really been a real beauty; cleansed of the detractions of bodily presence it attained in retrospect a translucent quality—what had become of that? What had happened to it? It was a force. Had it simply been blown out like a candle? And individuality, too—that little subtle difference which makes all the difference in the world? This ornate, ugly frame, this conventional photograph, already becoming a trifle out of fashion—pathetically so—were the sole reminders of Rutley left. Suddenly Buchanan could feel again the great wind sweeping the Jersey hills, and the dampness of rain, and the wet smell of dripping leaves; could see again the white figure of Mrs. Linnard, glimmering in the dimness. *Peu de chose!* Well, she hadn't said that that night, had she? He put down the photograph and turned toward the fireplace.

“Is there much wind here, Linnard?” he asked.

Linnard hesitated, then twisted around in his chair so that half his face was visible. “Why—er—” he said, un-

certainly, "curiously enough, there is. Yes. There shouldn't be—it's a very sheltered place. I think it's because of the fork of the creeks—long cañons." There was unexpected embarrassment about him; his face glistened like that of a small boy who has been found out in a hidden and adored trick—smoking cigarettes, possibly. Nor did he ask why Buchanan had wanted to know, had asked so adventitious a question.

It was this that made Buchanan sit down abruptly, half frightened, a complete understanding of the strangeness of his inquiry coming over him. Now why in the world had he asked that?—"Is there much wind here, Linnard?" There was an uncanny grotesqueness in the way the human mind worked. And then, suddenly, he realized that a wind had actually sprung up, that it was whispering about the ends of the house.

For a moment the terror of the human imagination—in which rests all possibilities of terror—at itself, increased the stillness of his blood. It was like incantation, as if the wind had answered his brooding memories. Presently, he smiled at his own absurdity, at the simple explanation of his discomfort. The wind, of course, must have been blowing all the while, but until that moment he had heard it only subconsciously. He went to the door and threw it open. Linnard followed him.

The light from the room stretched out along the grass until it picked out a single panel of distant fence. The sound of the two little rivers rose and fell, a gurgling and chuckling of water over stones. Against a sky, deep purple, the shadows of the mountains loomed like hooded gods noting the slow lapse of time. And there was a wind; perhaps it should have been called a breeze, although it had the unbroken, soft persistency of wind; a wind coming from the west, full and quiet, and laden, it would seem, with the secrets of a thousand miles of lonely places; heavy, odorous, exciting. Buchanan felt the little shiver down his backbone that wind

brings. He turned to Linnard, who was peering over his shoulder.

"It's like a Chinook," he said. "It's like a March wind, not a July one."

Linnard continued to stare. "It's often that way," he said. "Look! The moon!"

Over the hills to the east the extraordinary emotion of light began to stir the darkness.

The same embarrassment crept into Linnard's voice that had been there before. "Would you—" he began. "How would you like—er—to walk, or ride?" I often walk at night—nights like this." He ended with an uncomfortable smile, as if his statement was something to be ashamed of.

Buchanan laughed. "Why, no!" he said. "Walk at night? I hate it. But you go if you want to."

"Oh no! No, I won't, if you won't. No—not this evening." But there was reluctance now in the throaty voice as well as embarrassment.

Linnard closed the door and turned back to the fireplace. "Sit down," he said, "and tell me something about yourself."

Buchanan was, indeed, more tired than he had imagined. Shortly afterward he excused himself and went to bed. Linnard saw him to his room and answered his "Good night!" with a yawn. "I'm off to bed myself," he confided.

Once Buchanan awakened from a dreamless sleep to hear the closing of a door directly opposite his own. Through the window the soft wind was still pouring, but the moon had sunk; it was near dawn. He rolled over. "Why, Linnard did go for a walk, after all!" he said to himself, with slumberous surprise.

Chung proved to be a constant source of amusement and information. Chung took a calm Oriental delight in a world that consisted largely of subtly humorous situations. Chung served Buchanan his breakfast the next morning.

"Mr. Linny," he said, "no blee at blekflas. Him walk las' night." He

seemed to find this secretly comic. "No clom till lunch when he walk."

"You have much wind here?" asked Buchanan.

"Too much!" vouchsafed Chung. "Flid egg?"

"He smokes a little opium," observed Linnard, later, "but it doesn't seem to hurt him. He says it's not half as bad as the way I smoke cigarettes. Come along; I'll show you all I know about the fish in these streams."

"I love Chung," he admitted, after the first cast, while they were lighting pipes. "He's brother and sister and both parents to me. Queer how you can love some one you don't know, nor ever will!"

On his fishing expeditions, Buchanan became acquainted with shadows in high mountain countries in a way he had never before imagined possible; with the aloof, busy life of cloud and mist and atmosphere. They had personalities, these things. The hours were sharply divided between the robust single figure of sunlight and the multitude of veiled presences that crept down when the sun sank behind the peaks to the west. He looked forward to the evening chill; to the released scent of earth and mint and willow, and the touch upon his face of the dusk, cool as the fingers of tender contemplation.

He came back to the ranch house. In the gathering darkness a single window gleamed yellow. "The moon will be up about ten to-night," he said to himself. "How splendid!" He was utterly content for the first time in many years, replete with contentment. He chuckled inwardly at himself that this country, once so dreaded, should, in so short a while, have done to him what nothing else in the world had ever been able to do. . . . Yes, one thing! His face became grave again. He was again aware of loss. If only he were coming back now in this iridescent twilight with a woman entirely beloved! Coming back to a house with a single window gleaming yellow!

He found Linnard before the fire, legs thrust out to the glowing logs. "Good fishing?" Linnard asked. "You're late."

Buchanan took off his creel and laid his rod in a corner, and followed his host in to the belated meal. His sense of well-being increased as he satisfied his hunger; it became almost a happy intoxication in which the figure of Linnard opposite him and the silent-footed apparition of Chung took to themselves radiant auras of diffused lamplight and mellow reflection. They floated in golden haze.

"I have a little brandy," said Linnard. "I think I'll take a drop."

"Blandee?" Chung seemed to find this esoterically droll. No doubt to his faintly narcotized tranquillity such stimulant represented gigantic dissipation.

He brought it to them afterward in the main room, the firelight shining through his thin, striped breeches of cotton so that one caught the outline of his scanty legs. Buchanan remembered Linnard's voice going on and on, rising, falling, rising again, like the flicker of flame. How could a man talk so much? . . . And then—he never knew just how it happened—he was out of the door with Linnard, walking down a white road between aspen trees, into the mouth of a great yellow cavern of a moon.

It was like coming up after a plunge into deep waters; he felt extraordinarily vigorous, and the blood near his skin was cool and tingling. Above them the aspen leaves tossed and twinkled like gold coins flung from their hands.

"It's the wind," said Linnard. "It came up late to-night."

"Have I been asleep?" asked Buchanan.

Linnard chuckled. "Very much so," he retorted. "You even had a nightmare."

"A nightmare?"

"Yes. You insisted that the door had blown open and that somebody else had come into the room. So!—You were up from your chair and begging me to keep them out—some rigamarole about not being ready yet to understand, or

something like that. But—well, it was a little creepish.”

“Oh!”

“But the door did blow open,” Buchanan insisted, after a while.

Linnard chuckled again.

Buchanan wouldn't argue, but he remembered now. His nerves rehearsed faintly the chill of the occasion. Oh yes, he remembered perfectly! As if some sorrow had come up from the depths of retrospection and had stood upon the verge of explanation! And he had dreaded the explanation, felt that the moment was not altogether ripe. The thing was too shining, too transcendent. One would have suffered the tearing of a veil before one was quite sure that one was ready for the tearing. Perhaps complete fulfillment of your stifled hopes, perhaps complete dismay that, after all, the bitter conclusions of your logic were true. That was it; he recalled his sensations—the wonder, the fear, the hesitation before the absolvment. . . . Then he had insisted that Linnard go out with him—and here they were. . . . What a strange dream!

They left the aspen trees and plunged into the more open shadows of the firs. The moonlight was no longer broken into a million aureate moving disks, but lay in great liquid patches of gold edged with darkness. The wind seemed more a medium in which the trees swam than a disturbing force. Beneath their feet the dry sward crackled. They crossed a brook hidden in ferns and giant carrots, and climbed a hill on the farther side. Behind them the open pools and emerging rocks shone like scattered, broken glass, and the rank, stirring smell of weeds at night followed them. Once, at the farther edge of a clearing, they saw a deer, head up, watching them. About his antlers, just growing, encased in velvet, the light focused, and his eyes were like opals. He seemed a creature of another time, fayic, a St. Hubert's stag. Again, they halted silently to listen to some wanderer of the night plunging farther and farther into the depths of

the forest. An angry squirrel awoke and chattered sleepily; an owl challenged them with precision. They were walking abreast now, with a persistent, unhurried energy. Time seemed to have stopped; the triple magic of silence and shadow and radiance seemed immutable.

Linnard spoke at last. “Beyond,” he said, “is the side hill I usually go to.”

They came out upon it presently, leaving the trees behind; out into a blinding effulgence of moonlight, and Buchanan felt the high, wet grass about his knees. Then there must have been another lapse of recognition, for Linnard was no longer at his elbow. But Buchanan did not care; he had no sensations of loneliness or astonishment; he was concerned only with the fact that once more he had come into the presence of the unimpeded wind.

He stood to face it, as it came upon him, embracing, pressing close, touching his lips, his hair, rustling the bracken and the flowers at his feet. Below him a little valley stretched, sunk deep in radiance, with a shining ribbon of river twisted along it, and across from him the round hills slumbered watchfully.

He stretched out his arms and threw back his head. “I know!” he said. “I understand. You've got your wish, haven't you? You are part of the wind, of the glory and the loveliness of life. Beauty is beauty unending and our hearts' desires do not die. Rutley wasn't the end, was it? It never has been, and never will be. We go on. Oh, my poor friend—oh, my very happy friend, you were right and I was wrong!” He lay down in the grass with his face in his arms.

How long he was there he does not know; many hours certainly. They were hours filled with talk—no, not his own thoughts, but talk—actual. The wind came and went, and came again, as if on mysterious errands, but it left always some part of itself there. He saw clearly for the first time the utter loneliness of life, and the one defense against it. (And that is so, for as soon as might

be he went back to the woman he loved and forbade her explanations with his lips.) He realized love, and how it is a gratification neither of pride nor of passion, but the sole passionate barrier against time and isolation and death, the single entrance into completeness and permanence. It was the wind he talked to, he said, but he did not dare raise his head lest he see Mrs. Linnard, and that would have been knowledge greater than a man should have. . . .

When he did raise his head it was dark, some hour shortly before dawn. The wind had gone. Out of the timber a little ball of light, concrete and round, was approaching, and for the first time that night real terror seized him. He could not move. The light came closer and showed him a lantern reflecting up into the impassive eyes of Chung. Chung stooped over him.

"Time to clom hlome!" he said, cheerfully. "Mr. Linny, he hlome long aglo. He sent me for you."

Buchanan saw Linnard the next morning, before he left for the dusty little town. He didn't want to stay any longer. Linnard was a trifle shamefaced, as if the two of them had indulged in some immature piece of folly.

"I don't know why it is," he said, "but nowadays the wind affects me so oddly. It never used to be that way; I never gave it a thought. But now—well, you see how I was last night."

"Why did you come here, Linnard?" asked Buchanan, abruptly.

"I don't know. To tell you the honest

truth, I don't know. I know it seems very queer, but—well, I was awfully restless, you see, and I wandered about until I found a place that exactly suited me, and there I stayed."

"But surely," said Buchanan, in hoarse wonder, "you understand? You know what—" He stopped short. If Linnard didn't know; if he failed completely to understand; if it was merely a vague happiness to him—"

Linnard looked up with a puzzled expression wrinkling his red, fat little face. "I don't get exactly what you mean," he said. Then his brow cleared, and he smiled good humoredly. "Oh yes, I do! But if you mean that, I don't care—don't care in the least. What difference does it make to me whether people think I'm insane or not, staying out here? Probably I am. Some day"—he grew confidential—"however, I will walk out into that wind and they'll find me dead, a very old man. I can't resist it, you see. But as to what people say"—he shrugged his shoulders—"that's *peu de chose*, isn't it?"

"What?" asked Buchanan.

"*Peu de chose*. Oh, I beg your pardon! I—I find myself using that phrase a lot. It's a stupid phrase. I don't know where I picked it up. Well, I wish you could stay longer."

So he didn't know; didn't understand. Perhaps, after all—who can tell?—maybe there wasn't anything to understand, except that the wind blows and that in high mountain countries comes a thinning of the perceptions.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE GENESEE

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

"IT'S God's country," said the man who rode beside me in the cog railroad mounting toward the top of Pike's Peak. I took another look at the country around, the great, majestic mountains, and the clouds piling against their peaks, and I thought that I understood.

"Yes, it's a wonderful mountain country," I replied.

He turned upon me a look of great scorn.

"Oh, I don't mean *this* country," said he, decisively. "These lean, bare hills get on my nerves. I was thinking of the real God's country—of western New York, of the valley of the Genesee. That's God's country. Have you ever been in Livingston County?"

I murmured something about once having lived in Rochester.

"That's Monroe County," he corrected quickly. "That's good country, too. The Genesee gets pretty busy down there, tumbling over the high rocks and turning all the water wheels. I know it there, too, just as I know it up at Portage on those higher falls. She's a fine river, all the way down from the Pennsylvania hills; she's the main stem of God's country."

For the moment I was tempted to become cynic and mutter something about "absentee landlordism," just for the sake of turning a remark. Then I really understood. This man, like ten thousand others in those high altitudes of Colorado, was expatriate. Three days before I had been seated in a side-street restaurant in Denver, reading the old-fashioned newspaper from the New York State town from which I originally came, when a waitress had sidled across the room and asked if she might have the

sheet when I was done with it. The familiar first-page heading had attracted her attention. When I had asked her of herself, the story was quickly told. Her sister and herself—they came from a good old county family in northern New York—had educated themselves in the university upon the hill at Syracuse. They had hoped to be stenographers or secretaries. Fate had sent them hurrying out to high-set Denver where there were more stenographers than waitresses. They, too, were expatriates.

In more than name is the great State of New York an empire. It is, in fact, a grouping of smaller states, each well-populated, strong, individual. You may take a map of the state and separate these under-states for yourself—Long Island, the imperial city which is situate upon the island of Manhattan and its boroughs closely roundabout, the Hudson Valley, the Mohawk Valley, northern New York, and the western New York country. The boundaries of each of these sub-states are fairly definable, and though some 80 per cent of the wealth and the population of New York is gathered along a belt hardly twenty miles in width, following the course of the Hudson River from New York City to Albany and the new Barge Canal from Albany to Buffalo, these districts have each its individuality and its charm.

The western New York country is a land of great hills and deep valleys—a land of waterways, too; to be more exact, of two great dominating waterways—one made by the hand of God, the other wrought by the hand of man. They cross at right angles near the heart

of the city of Rochester, which is the hub of the region. The one, God-made, is the Genesee. The one which man made—and has remade, again and again—is the historic Erie Canal, now officially renamed as the Barge Canal of the State of New York. With its completion almost a full century ago, the upbuilding of the western New York country really began.

Yet, even before the coming of the Erie Canal, there was a pathway of no small importance across this country. It led straight from the ancient city of Albany west to Black Rock, at the head of the Niagara River (since become a portion of Buffalo), and by a strange contrariness did not follow the valley of the Mohawk, but roamed up and down the hills, well to the south of that natural pathway. It is a fine road, finely built. Tradition says that it follows with much exactitude the great trail of the Five Nations. Whether this be true or not, the fact remains that this was known from Albany to Buffalo as "the state road." None other shared its fame. It was ninety-six feet in width for its entire three hundred miles of length. Over it rolled the mail from the sloops and then from the early steamboats which poked their noses against the crowded wharves of Albany, and on toward the craft of Lake Erie and that little-known land beyond.

It begins, the western New York country—and, as we shall see, quite definitely and legally—at the Præemption Road, which runs due north and south two or three miles west of the charming city of Geneva situated at the foot of Seneca Lake. But because Geneva herself is well entitled to be designated a western New York city, and because the so-called Finger Lakes, of which Seneca is one of the most important, are generally considered as belonging to the westerly portion of the state, we shall pause there for a brief moment—just long enough to take definite notice of Geneva. If we drive up to her

from the east we shall skirt the edge of the lake for a full two miles before coming into her brisk business center, and there, under the edge of bordering willows, we contemplate across blue waters the sharp profile and contour of the town against the western skies. It is no mean town. On the contrary, it is a community of distinct charm and attractiveness, to say nothing of real beauty. Geneva may not have the great imposing hills of her collegiate rival, Ithaca, but in her chief residential street, and the old-time houses that line it, she shows as fine a picture of an unchanged and all but unspoiled American town as one may find outside of Salem.

It is fifteen miles in a straight line, and through a farming and nursery country of surpassing loveliness, from Geneva to Canandaigua, a community to excite one's frankest admiration. A full century ago it was a considerable town, the county seat of one of the earliest of the western New York counties, and a place where the Federal courts were, and still are, held. Its Red Jacket Inn was a tavern of far more than local reputation. From it the great Western Mail departed at midnight for Buffalo—a nightly occurrence of much noise and confusion. The Western Mail long since ceased to rumble its clumsy way from Canandaigua toward the valleys of the Genesee and the Niagara, the Red Jacket to offer its famed hospitality. It still stands, however, and so does the ancient jail of Ontario County, wherein one William Morgan was once held in durance vile while half the land was in turmoil. One may still see his cell.

Morgan was a tramp printer who, for reasons best known to himself, published, nearly a century ago, a small volume which purported to set forth the secrets of Free Masonry. To-day such a book would probably command but little general attention. But back in the third decade of the last century Morgan's book was little less than the traditional bombshell. At any rate, it result-



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

AT LOCKPORT THE CANAL BOATS CLIMB A STAIRLIKE FLIGHT OF LOCKS

ed in his arrest, on some vague charge, and his incarceration in Canandaigua jail, from which he presently was abducted, and, as far as any testimony reads, was not seen alive again by mortal man. Eventually his body was recovered and was buried under an imposing monument in Batavia cemetery. That shaft may still be seen from the passing cars of the New York Central Railroad. It was, and is, a far nobler monument than any journeyman printer could have aspired to. It was erected by popular subscription, in a wave of great popular indignation, not to say frenzy, which arose after Morgan's abduction. It was years before the outburst died away, and many innocent men suffered grave persecutions because of it. To this day the exact fate of William Morgan remains a mystery. I remember many years ago meeting an old lady who resided upon the Ridge Road, a few miles west of Rochester,

who gave me out of her memory a distinct story of being awakened in her father's house in the middle of the night by a coach and four which were noisily halted in the moonlight, and of seeing, with the unforgetting eyes of a frightened child, a face poke itself out of the window of the coach—a face that was white, save for two black and startled eyes—and then of hearing cursing, and seeing the face thrust back from the window and its blind tightly drawn . . . and a moment later the coach under way again. The old lady of Holley may have been the last human being to look upon the face of William Morgan, except the cabal which was supposed to have murdered him.

At Avon the old state road crosses the Genesee, formerly by a covered wooden bridge, and in more recent years by a slender and rather frail series of iron trusses. If one's concept of the valley of the Genesee be limited to the view of it from Avon bridge he is doomed to a certain disappointment. The river here is narrow and unimpressive. It meanders lazily and with no seeming certainty of purpose through broad meadow lands.

It is above Avon—and below—that the Genesee becomes both dramatic and beautiful. At the little old village by the state road it is merely indolent and serene. And so is the little town itself. Yet it was not always this way. Time was, and that time not so very long ago, when Avon had the audacity to rival Saratoga itself. That was in the days when Americans still went to spas, staying weeks at a time, tasting the waters solemnly and taking the enterprise in no light vein. In those days, along the state road alone, Sharon Springs rivaled Richfield, and Avon



THE TOWN HALL AT CANANDAIGUA



GENEVA SHOWS A PICTURE OF AN UNSPOILED AMERICAN TOWN

sought to wrest away the laurels of both.

There may be some kindly soul whose eyes will fall upon these paragraphs and who can recall for himself, or for herself, the golden age of Avon's great hostelry, Congress Hall, whose fame sped so quickly across the land and then into England and the Continent; which drew patronage from everywhere; who can recall the real comfort of the tavern, now a pathetic ruin, the beneficence of the ill-smelling spring in the thickness of oak and maple just beyond; the certain joys to be reaped at the near-by race track. For this is the country where the horse has always been king—and still is.

It is the Genesee which, after all, most definitely typifies western New York to the man or woman who is native to that country. Born in the extreme northern

hills of Pennsylvania, it stretches the greater part of its course through the Empire State. It is still a small stream when it comes there, and the tiny little New York villages begin to multiply along its banks, Cuba, Angelica, Belfast, chief among them. Here in the reaches of the upper valley is a farming country which gives a foretaste of the glories of the lower. The villages are charming and fairly prosperous, despite a certain tendency in this part of the district to go backward rather than forward. It never has been greatly favored, despite the fact of its early settlement. One sees constant traces of the early days.

Five miles from Angelica, standing upon the river shore and looking down it, as Mount Vernon looks down the Potomac, or the great houses of the James confront that estuary of the sea, stands Belvidere, the ancestral home of

the Churches. The old house, designed by Latrobe, the architect of the Washington Capitol, of dark-gray stone, and with a lofty, white-pillared portico looking toward the river, is still in good preservation—or was when last I saw it. It was built in 1802, by Philip Church, the only son of John B. Church, who was a great personal friend of Washington and of Lafayette. The elder Church had purchased the estate from Robert Morris, who in the days after the Revolution was a heavy speculator in western New York land. John B. Church never saw it, however. It was his son who, in 1798, broke through the wilderness into the Genesee country, bringing with him a few companions, who helped him in rough surveys and clearings upon the river bank. Four years later he went back again to the seaboard and brought with him to his fine new house his bride, Anne Matilda Stewart, daughter of Gen. Walter Stewart, one of Washington's aides-de-camp. With him, too, he

brought a retinue of negro slaves, many of whose descendants are still living in the upper valley. He set up a social establishment in his house and then laid out a model town which he named after his mother, Angelica Schuyler, daughter of the Gen. Philip Schuyler of Revolutionary fame. The small village of Angelica shows to-day the care and skill devoted to its planning. Its fine main street, bordered by maples and oaks and chestnuts, is parklike in its breadth and charm. When I last went into the little town—some ten or a dozen years ago—Major Richard Church, son of the original proprietor of Belvidere, was still living at the advanced age of eighty-seven. But not in the manorial home; it already had passed to an alien family, although fortunately one with the wealth and good taste to maintain it in full keeping with its ancient traditions.

Portage is the point that marks the separation between the upper and the



LEISURELY TRAVEL ON THE NEW CANAL



NUMEROUS MILLS TESTIFY TO THE FERTILITY OF THE VALLEY

lower valleys of the Genesee. The transition is sudden, startling, dramatic. In a short chasm of hardly a quarter of a mile—Westerners would call it a cañon—the Genesee, now grown to a waterway of real proportions, drops more than seven hundred feet, in three great cataracts of exquisite beauty. The sky lines of the two lofty edges of the chasm are joined by the spider-like trestle of the main line of the Erie Railroad from New York to Buffalo.

Portage, too, has its traditions, and here they run far back even of the days of the early settlers. Even at that, however, they hinge largely upon the romantic existence of a white woman, Mary Jemison, who is supposed to have come into the Genesee country at least two decades before General Sullivan's ill-fated Revolutionary army. The earliest settlers found the Jemison woman

already in the valley. She had seemingly known no other home than with the friendly Indians. You can still see at Letchworth Park the house which Mary Jemison built for her daughter down in the valley, her statue and her grave. There is something in the romance of this "white daughter of the Senecas" which holds more than an ordinary interest. According to one of the most accurate recent authorities on western New York history, she was captured by the Senecas when she was very young, and then adopted into the tribe, serving first, probably, as a servant in the cabin of her captors. This was in accord with the custom of the Iroquois, and the women of the Long Houses were the dictators of life and death to the prisoners taken in the raids and battles of the tribes. Mary Jemison grew in all things a Seneca woman. She twice mar-

ried Indian warriors, and her children lived in the Genesee Valley long after her. A log house built by a son of hers is still standing on the Cuylerville road and is used as a habitation. Squawkie Hill, overlooking the lower valley near Mount Morris, was her home during the later years of her life. Here she and her people lived until the summer of 1831, when she sold her fine holdings in the Genesee country and moved to the Buffalo Creek Reservation, where she died two years later, at the fine old age of ninety-one.

After her there came the settlers, slowly in those first days after the Revolution, then more and more rapidly, as trails and roads became better marked and broken through. Some of the soldiers of the Sullivan Expedition had brought back stirring reports of the fer-

tility of the country, of the grass in the lowlands of the Genesee growing so high that it all but hid the face of a man seated in his saddle.

For a number of those years, however, the development of the western New York country was sadly halted and confused by great perplexities in the land titles. It seems that back in 1620 King James had granted the Plymouth Company all the land reaching back of the New England sea-frontage for an indefinite distance, while forty-four years later Charles II had made a similar grant to the Duke of York, embracing a sea frontage along the coast of what is now New York. If the two seacoasts had continued as a straight line all would have been well. Unfortunately, that particular portion of the north Atlantic shore is decidedly concave, and as the



LIFE IS COMFORTABLE AND STABLE IN A RICH LAND

respective colonial lines were extended westward they collided and overlapped—all to the vast confusion of the then new land titles. It finally took a convention to settle the rival claims of Massachusetts and New York in the Genesee country. This was held in 1786 at Hartford, and its Solomon-like judgment was that the disputed country should have its sovereignty and jurisdiction vested in New York, but that Massachusetts had the actual ownership of the land. This decision covered all that part of New York west of a line drawn north and south, three miles west of Geneva, and explains the quaint name of Preëmption Road which has come down to this very day.

Massachusetts, being in need of ready cash, promptly proceeded toward the sale of its New York State holdings—most of them east of the Genesee—to two shrewd Yankees, Phelps and Gorham, and those west of the river—with the exception of a narrow tract to Robert Morris, the Philadelphia banker of Revolutionary repute—to the Holland Land Company. It is only within the last thirty-five or forty years that the Holland Company resold its final holdings, and its snug little office in the main street of Batavia became one of the most entertaining museums in the entire state of New York.

Phelps and Gorham proceeded at once to the disposal of their holdings. They were sharp real-estate operators, predecessors of a generation which a full cen-



A HILLSIDE IN THE LAKE KEUKA GRAPE COUNTRY

tury later was to speculate in city lots and country estates. They succeeded in inducing many long-visioned New England farmers, discouraged at the prospect of ever attaining great agricultural success on the hard hillsides of Connecticut and Massachusetts, to move into what was then the newest West. So to the Genesee country came many fine settlers—and not the least of these James and William Wadsworth, the nephews of an extremely successful Connecticut miller, one Jeremiah Wadsworth of Durham.

The Wadsworths came to the Genesee country to see, to conquer, and to remain. They saw, they conquered—and they remained. To-day they are, almost without exception, the only family which for more than a century has there

retained its traditions. In all that time none other than a Wadsworth has dwelt beneath the roof of the manorial home at Geneseo. The full record of this fine American family would easily run to great lengths. It includes a devotion to the cause of education—which resulted in one of the earliest normal schools of the state being established and since maintained at Geneseo—and a patriotic fealty to the nation which gave the life of one of the most beloved sons of the family in the Civil War, and for generation after generation an unbroken record of real public service, both at Albany and at Washington.

The family still owns and operates more than thirty-five thousand acres of the finest land that God ever put into his country. It is not all of it continuous or con-

tiguous. Some of it has been in the hands of the family for a full century, other acres are of comparatively recent acquisition.

For the tenant system the Wadsworths have the utmost contempt. Knowing farming from A to Izzard, they are quite happy in operating their broad acres themselves, and successfully. Yet success in their case has only meant the upkeeping of as simple a democracy as one may find to-day in the whole length and breadth of the country. Even the hunt, which has attained so widespread a reputation and which was temporarily suspended after the death of Major William A. Wadsworth, has been operated upon a thoroughly democratic principle. The farmers of Livingston County have joined in it year after year



ONE OF THE OLD CANAL TAVERNS WHICH HAS FALLEN FROM ITS HIGH ESTATE

with a vast deal of interest and enthusiasm.

In that very hour when Philip Church and the Wadsworths were working their way through forests and hardships into the promise of the western New York country, three southern gentlemen of means and taste and distinction were listening with great attention to every report that came out of it. Nathaniel Rochester, James Fitzhugh, both of Virginia, and Charles Carroll—of the immortal Carrollton—were more than merely interested in the lower falls of the Genesee, where the river takes three final leaps before burying itself in Ontario, but seven miles distant. Finally their interest led them to those falls, to purchase a town site, and there to lay out a milling community, which some day might come to something more. And the choice of a name for the ancient town having come to a decision, Rochester's was chosen.

So was born the metropolis of western New York. Rochester and Carroll and Fitzhugh, in 1820, could not have dreamed of a Rochester of nearly three hundred thousand folk in 1920, and a distinction for culture which is hardly equaled by many cities of twice her size. They could not have dreamed this, a hundred years into the future, yet some of those early settlers were remarkably long-visioned. I know this because there lie before me in the form of a small, blue-covered book, the privately printed letters of a Philadelphia gentleman who ventured into the western New York country in 1829.

After breakfast [says he] I spent several hours in rambling through and about this town of rapid growth. There is no great beauty about it and at this time I consider it a dirty place. All the streets are filled with mud and rubbish. Building is the order of the day, but there are few houses in the place which can be called handsome, and even the best are nothing to what I have seen in the other towns. Yet, when its natural advantages are considered, I know no place which can compare with it. . . . Several manufac-

turies and mills for different purposes are now building; and I have no hesitation in saying, that, although Rochester can never be a handsome town, owing principally to its low situation, yet I believe it will see the time, perhaps very soon, when no place in the Union can exceed it in point of variety and manufactures. . . .

To-day Rochester does rank high among the industrial cities of the land in the quantity and quality as well as the variety of her manufactures. I have no desire, however, to bore the reader with commercial statistics. They can be obtained readily enough elsewhere. But I quote again from the Philadelphia traveler's letters:

. . . The most wonderful work of man I have yet seen, in one place since I left home, is the aqueduct crossing the river at this place, supported by eight stone arches. This must have been a work of time and patience and immense cost. . . .

It was indeed a work of time and patience and great cost, and old-fashioned folk in the days of my boyhood still had a habit of referring to it as the eighth wonder of the world. And so it must have seemed—all of that great man-made waterway stretching the three hundred long miles from the Hudson side at Albany to the foot of Lake Erie at distant Buffalo Creek. The fact that for nearly one half of its length it crossed all the natural waterways at right angles added very greatly to the problem of its construction. Of these, the two greatest were the outlet marshes of Seneca Lake at Montezuma, just north of Geneva, and the crossing of the Genesee in the very heart of Rochester. This last was accomplished from the beginning by a stone aqueduct which, a decade or more after the completion of the original canal, was greatly enlarged. It did not take half that time for the folk of York State to realize that their canal—in those days it was known pretty generally as the Grand Clinton Canal, after the man whose enterprise had rendered it possible—was inade-

quate in size to the traffic demands upon it, and they promptly proceeded to widen it and to deepen it, a process which has been repeated from time to time ever since.

The Rochester aqueduct still stands, as does the far longer structure of magnificent hewn granite by which the old canal was finally carried across the wastes of Montezuma. The new Barge Canal, however, scorns both. It has definitely disposed of horse or mule power in favor of steam traction, which means that no longer must a towpath be maintained. This in turn permits the right-angled waterways now to be crossed quite easily and naturally at even grade by the simple process of the damming and the impounding of their waters. In such a process Rochester has gained a superb, new, artificial harbor, hardly three hundred yards distant from her main street, and in addition to her busy natural water gateway at the mouth of the Genesee.

In time to come the Barge Canal may yet teem with traffic, as once the old one did, although I am inclined to doubt even the possibility of such a prophecy. The onerous conditions surrounding the operation of the new ditch are proving to be greatly hampering to its success. But even if each mile of its length should bear one or two or three or four barges, as the ancient Erie was wont to do in the heyday of its prosperity, it would never possess one half the flavor or the personality. A steel barge—a floating freight car—bearing a most impersonal serial number and pulled by a steam tug can never equal the individuality of the *Nettie G.* of Palmyra, or the *Emerald* of Brockport, hauled by three ancient mules and under the skipper'ship of a man who scorned efficiency, but who knew his trade and loved it.

Those old canalers were a generation unto themselves. They came, as a rule, from good York State stock and lived their winters in snug farmhouses up on the hillsides of Onondaga County, or Monroe, or Oneida. By late April their

itinerancy began. The *Nettie G.* or the *Emerald* must be painted and put in shape for a brisk summer's business. For under ordinary circumstances the bulletin from the State Superintendent of Public Works down at Albany announcing the formal opening of the Erie would come not later than the second week in May, and the boat must be at the Buffalo elevators or the wharves of Tonawanda or Rochester or Syracuse waiting for cargo.

In the course of a number of years I have probably ridden on a hundred of these ancient craft. It was easy to stand on the low bridges in the Brighton end of Rochester, just where the well-famed Wide-waters of the Erie contracted into the narrow trench of artificial canal, and beg a lift. And sometimes, when one made oneself particularly ingratiating, he was bidden to dine in the neat and tiny cabin. The meal was sure to be well cooked. The old-time canalers had a particular fondness for chicken, chicken fricasseed and served with the most wonderful biscuits and gravy.

From the new canal these old-timers are conspicuously absent. They have gone back to their homes in the hills for the last time; the *Nettie G.'s* and the *Emeralds* lie rotting in the shales of the half-drained sections of the old Erie, abandoned in the coming of the great and efficient new waterway. Now and again you may see one of them coming through the new canal, astern of a noisy tug, an incongruous and saddening sight. But even these occasions are rare indeed. The great fleet of nearly six thousand canal boats which plied the Erie a little more than a quarter of a century ago has dropped to a mere three or four hundred. The new canal is an impressive highway from almost every point of view, but it is a very lonely one. In this respect it compares but sadly with the Erie Canal of, let us say, 1867, when in eight months it carried out of Buffalo 7,500,000 tons of freight, as against but 4,000,000 tons hauled east by its chief



Painting by W. J. Aylward

Illustration for "In the Valley of the Genesee"

OLD BUILDINGS HANGING OVER THE RIVER RECALL FLORENCE AND THE ARNO



railroad competitor out of that great hub in an entire twelvemonth. To-day this situation is completely reversed.

The builders of the Erie Canal found water level for their pathway as far as possible, which meant that its route for the greater part was well to the north of the old state road. That earlier highway, as we have already seen, seemed to court hills rather than to avoid them. The canal followed the route of the Indians and the earlier traders with their *bateaux*—straight up the valley of the Mohawk, from the head of navigation on the Hudson, and then by easy stages along the gentle plateau land just south of Ontario, all the way to Tonawanda, the upper Niagara River, and Buffalo. Few of the young towns along the state road were upon its banks. Instead, it created a new line of communities—Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Lyons, and, west of Rochester, a list of “ports”—Spencerport, Brockport, Middleport, Gasport, and Lockport; this last, the dramatically situated place where in a tiny but precipitous gorge the canal boats, old and new, have climbed their way these many years, in and out through stairlike flights of locks. The old canal took five hand-operated locks to make the climb; the new does it in two, operated swiftly and mechanically by electric power developed from the flow of the canal waters from the upper levels to the lower.

A decade after the completion of the original Erie the railroad came. It chose for its pathway, east of Rochester at least, the line of the canal; it took the ambitious and struggling towns upon its banks and made real cities of them, some of them of national and international reputation. The “ports” west of Rochester were left, however, to their own devices. And, left to their own devices, they have chosen a sleepy path of comfortable prosperity. They are, for the most part, agricultural communities of moderate wealth and much comfort and culture in life. A few quarries, some modest factories, and the finest orchards

in God’s country are the solid foundations of their prosperity. We have heard a good deal in recent years about the apples of Oregon and of Washington. The western New York growers must be modest men indeed, for the fact remains that from three comparatively small railroad stations just northwest of Rochester enough apples are shipped in the course of an average year to more than equal the entire annual output of those two noisily prolific states of the Northwest put together. These are but three; there are fully a hundred whose canneries and storage warehouses bespeak the fullness of the fruit of those selfsame widespread orchards.

A final highroad through this orchard country bespeaks our attention. No description of the western New York country, no matter how brief, could claim completeness if it omitted mention of the Ridge Road, that fine highway which stretches straight east from the Falls of Niagara to and through Rochester and for many miles beyond. It is a natural road. No better description of it has ever come to me than those same letters of the Philadelphia traveler, which we already have been privileged to quote. He wrote of it on the fourteenth day of May, 1829:

I was called up early [at Niagara] to take stage for Rochester, distant eighty miles, fare \$3.25. We started at five o’clock, six of us, and arrived at the wonderful mushroom of the west at five in the afternoon, over the great Ridge Road, the finest I have ever traveled. This road is truly remarkable. It seems to me that when old Mother Nature, after having perfected the gigantic cataract originally begun at Lewistown, was so tickled and delighted with her production that she resolved to make a pathway for the children of men to come and see her prodigy—accordingly she went to work and made this beautiful turnpike of from eight to twelve rods wide, of hard gravel and sand, through a low country of swamp and clay—and said to the children of men, “Travel, behold and wonder!”

To-day the Ridge Road is perfectly paved, an important link in the New

York State highway system, and used by the motorists of forty-seven other states as well. Yet not all the cars that come so gayly gallivanting over its smoothly polished surface are those of aliens. The western New York country possesses a number of them of its own. There is not a farmer in all of this prosperous district who does not own his automobile—generally a motor truck in addition to his passenger car—and almost invariably of good make and cost. I have gone to a fruit grower's meeting in Orleans County and thought myself at an open-air automobile show. An afternoon's calling will oftentimes choke up the front yard with expensive gasoline-burning vehicles. Some of the orchard men make a good use of the motor car in the solution of their labor problem. The farm worker has no joy in segregation. His joy is in town life. Yet farms cannot be in towns—not all of them. Hence, the automobile.

Work and play. Play with work. There seems to be the real secret of success in the western New York country. Even Rochester, with all of its recent great growth, does not seem to be in the least an exception. On a single summer night I have myself seen ten or fifteen thousand people gathered in Seneca Park on the north edge of the town for a community "sing," and almost every human being in the crowd seated solemnly upon the greensward, with a tiny lighted candle in front of him until the entire hill slope seemed a glowing, burning thing. Yet this was but a small crowd. On another night in Genesee Valley Park at the opposite edge of the town twenty-four thousand automobiles entered the gates, the attendance being estimated as in excess of one hundred and twenty-five thousand persons, which was a goodly showing for a town of hardly more than twice that number of residents.

Play with work. Autumn and the country fairs. Of course, if one wishes, there are the big shows at Rochester and Syracuse and Toronto, but to see the

real western New York folk one should find his way to the fairs at Canandaigua or Caledonia or Brockport or Batavia. There the horse-trots are genuine affairs indeed, the drivers local talent, the two-year-olds within the sulky shafts are probably raised on the blue grass of the Genesee. And if one scorn the racing—but who of western New York ever does—there are the products of the home in Farm Hall, the new automobiles and the tractors in Machinery Hall, or the ladies of the First Methodist Church setting up a lunch in a wide-spread tent for seventy-five cents which couldn't be beaten—or even equaled—in the city for four times that figure.

When winter comes the Genesee at last is solidly frozen over and the hill-tops which line the valley so blanketed in white that the bare trees and the crazy fences stand out more clearly than at any other time of the year; when by day the smoke ascends straight upward from the farmhouses and men's shoes crunching through the crusts betray the zero temperature, and night brings the stars and the crescent moon a little nearer Mother Earth than at any other season—even then the western New York folk refuse to be discomfited. A few of them may hie themselves off to Florida or California. The real western New-Yorker gets out the old pung sleigh that grandfather first owned. In the dusk he drives home again, the mare ambling briskly in the sleigh runs with cheering thoughts of the warm stall just ahead, and the man ruminating upon the goodness of being alive, in a land which knows naught of fuel famines or food shortages or subway crushes; which interprets life with exquisite simplicity and definiteness, which considers itself remote from internationalism and all those puzzling, things for which internationalism stands, and which prefers to continue regarding itself merely as a segment of the old-fashioned America, the America which was quite good enough for its fathers, and even for its grandfathers.

WHEN OLD CHESTER WONDERED

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART I

BY MARGARET DELAND

IF any reflection could be made upon our Old Chester young men it was that Rose Knight, at thirty, was still Rose Knight. It is fair to add that most of our boys could say it wasn't their fault; nearly every youngster in town went through a period of being in love with her. And no wonder! . . . "She's good looking," Thomas Dilworth used to say; "and she has horse sense, and she makes you laugh, and, my Lord! what more do you want? I bet on Rose!" Mr. Dilworth always ended.

Really, nobody could want more; the nobly shaped head, set on the snowy column of her throat, the dark, good-humored eyes, the laughing, generous mouth—all declared a nature as fragrant as her name. Tom Dilworth would have been glad if his own son had seen things that way; but instead poor Neddy Dilworth eloped with Helen Hayes, who, twenty years his senior, had flattered him into a proposal. If he had made up to Helen's sister, Lucy, it would have been easier for his family and more appropriate for Ned, for she was at least the boy's own age. But, though Lucy was pretty, and cleverer than most of us Old Chester girls, she had a quick little temper, and she was an awful flirt, as witness the way in which she kept Harry Mack dangling between hope and angry despair; so perhaps if Ned Dilworth *had* to marry into the Hayes family, he did well to take the mature Helen—"Though, if he'd had any gumption," said Old Chester, "he'd have tried to get Rose Knight."

It wasn't a question of "gumption"; nobody could "get" her! Rose was too busy to fall in love, she said. She lived

with her cousin, Mrs. Ezra Barkley, in an old stone house, all roped with wistaria and honeysuckle—where lived, also, Mrs. Ezra's lazy and religious nephew, Charles Welwood, and his sickly wife, Edith, and their constantly increasing family; and what with looking after everything and everybody, and teaching school, Rose really couldn't, as she said, take time to fall in love.

Then, suddenly, there arrived in Old Chester a Mercer young man, a doctor, who was to take care of us while our own William King went off for six months' rest. Willie hesitated about going, but Doctor Lavendar said:

"Off with you! This boy can give us quinine and blue mass just as well as you can, maybe better."

So William took his vacation; and when Dr. Lyman Holden settled down to prescribe for us, Rose, we observed, was not "too busy" to notice him! And no wonder. Holden was a nice fellow, with friendly eyes and a hilarious laugh. Also, he knew his trade, William said—although just at first, some of us didn't feel sure of this, so we sent his prescriptions to Doctor King to know if they were all right. William was in California, and we usually got well before we heard that it was perfectly safe to take the boy's pills. "Boy"? He was in the early thirties. Just the age for Rose! Thomas Dilworth was the first to say so, and all the rest of us agreed with him. "They're made for each other!" we said—"if only Lucy Hayes doesn't catch him first."

"Shucks!" said Tom Dilworth; "I bet on Rose!"

Well, the obviously suitable happened. Lucy didn't "catch" Doctor

Holden, and Doctor Holden did "catch" Rose. "So, for once," said Mr. Dilworth, "Providence has taken my advice." Perhaps Henry Mack offered Providence some advice, too; for, in his angry misery at another refusal, he thought Lucy was looking in Doctor Holden's direction, so, naturally, he hoped Doctor Holden would look in Rose's direction! I will say that Lucy *tried* to comfort Harry by making this last refusal as gradual as possible; she wrote friendly notes to him, and invited him to go to walk with her, so that she could "help him to get over it." ("Exactly like pulling a tooth by degrees," said Doctor Lavendar.)

When Lyman Holden appeared Lucy stopped "helping" Harry—so abruptly that you might have thought the tooth would have come out with a jerk. But it didn't; he merely grew so vituperative—he referred to Lucy as the damned little flirt—that one couldn't blame her for not wanting to marry him. However, his period of saying, "If she be not fair for me"—or, to be exact, for he was not poetical, "I'd like to wring her neck!"—didn't last long; in a week he was as much in love as ever; probably because young Holden's eyes were so plainly fixed on Rose.

This was what happened the very day after the doctor arrived in Old Chester:

He went to church and saw Rose, with four of the Charles Welwood children, two on either side of her. When his blue eyes caught her brown ones, his eyes looked away, decorously fastening themselves upon the page of his prayer book, where he got all mixed up in the responses. (He was not an Episcopalian; in fact, it got about in Old Chester that he used to go to a Unitarian church in Philadelphia! But this was never proved, and so long as he came now to our church, "why," as Doctor Lavendar said, "rake up his past?") But, be this as it may, he went to the Rectory for dinner, and (so Mary reported) he spoke out, even before Doctor Lavendar had a chance to ask the blessing, and said, "I

noticed a mighty pretty girl in the second pew from the front." (I believe it is not customary among Unitarians to ask a blessing, so probably he didn't know he was holding dinner back.)

"Oh yes," said Doctor Lavendar; "Miss Rose Knight."

"'Miss'? I thought she was a 'Mrs.,' there were so many children in the pew," said the young man, never noticing Mary's black looks because of the cooling soup.

"She ought to be," said Doctor Lavendar; "some man doesn't know which side his bread's buttered! . . . *Bless, O Lord, we beseech Thee—*" . . . and his guest bent his head as properly as anybody. (I really don't think he was a Unitarian.) . . . "Yes; Rose is a big, generous creature. She lives with her cousin, Mrs. Ezra Barkley, and she looks after forty-'leven of Charles Welwood's youngsters. Charles is Mrs. Ezra's nephew. He and his Edith are always making nice little visits of a year or two at Mrs. Ezra's; Rose brings up their children."

"An attractive face," said Doctor Holden.

"She's an attractive girl—and sweet. She has a little school in the basement of my church. She has more sense than most girls."

So that was how it began, and it really was a pretty love affair! It moved with a rapidity which was as amusing to Old Chester as it was satisfactory to young Holden. It wasn't a month before we felt pretty sure what was going to happen. Lucy Hayes said she felt sure—although she reminded the doctor, in her candid way, of the cup and the lip.

"Rose has as many beaux as there are gentlemen in Old Chester, doctor, so you'd better hurry up!"

This was at a party at Mrs. Mack's, and Harry Mack was, of course, hanging around Lucy, who, in a blue cross-barred muslin, flounced to her little waist, and a lace bertha and a white sash, was as pretty as could be. Harry, listening to her outburst about Rose, smiled cynically.

"Rose is the nicest girl in town, Doctor," he said, briefly.

"Indeed she is," Lucy agreed, turning a cold and pretty shoulder upon poor Henry. "I adore her!"

"I'm sure she returns it," the doctor declared, gallantly.

But she laughed. "I'm just a silly girl. They call me a flirt, Doctor Holden. Perhaps I'd better warn you about myself?"

"I shall be on my guard."

"Oh, *you!*" she said. "No girl would ever dare to flirt with you." Her eyes were blue and frank.

"And why not?" he protested, laughing.

But she was suddenly serious. "Because she'd be afraid to. *You* would see through her at once. Oh yes, I flirt, but not with my betters, Doctor Holden." (Harry Mack coughed.) "But Rose—darling Rose—never flirted in her life. And she's awfully intelligent. And good! I'm a dreadful sinner, compared to her."

"*That's* true," Harry said.

"You should see the way she takes care of Edith Welwood's darling children. I love children," Lucy said, "but poor dear Edith is always having babies. Well! I give you warning. Hurry up!"

She was so eager in praising another girl that, though startled at those "babies" (this was in the '70's, when girls didn't talk obstetrics to young men), Lyman Holden couldn't help showing his admiration for her generosity. . . . "I can see that you and Miss Rose have lots of qualities in common."

"Rose and Lucy *alike?*" Henry Mack said. "Oh yes; they are twins, Doctor."

But Lucy, still refusing to notice him, said, "Oh, *do* you think I'm like Rose?" Her lip quivered. "Rose is very dear to me." She gave Lyman her timid, serious look. "I'm grateful for those words, Doctor Holden."

Harry smiled. Afterward, as he walked home with her, he said, sardonically: "He swallowed it, Lucy! He swallowed it!"

"Who swallowed what?" she said.

Then his meaning dawned on her and she stood still and stamped her foot. "Harry, you are simply horrid! I hate you! Nobody in the world was ever so rude as you are."

"Hold your horses," Harry commanded, calmly. "I'm not rude to you; I'm merely truthful. Nobody else dares to be."

"He's head over heels in love with Rose," she said. "Oh, Harry, I hate Rose! She's so everlasting good! Sometimes I think I'd like to write a letter to her and tell her so—and not sign my name."

"I almost wish you would," Harry said, sighing; "*that* would cure me. I can stand your flirting and your temper, but sneakiness would finish me. Look here; Rose *is* good, so keep your claws off Holden, you little harpy! Lucy, I think I'm coming into something pretty good on an oil well."

"Oil is awfully vulgar."

"You wouldn't think it was vulgar if it gave you a handsome house."

"I wouldn't live in Old Chester for anything."

"You'll have to if you live with me."

"But I'm not going to live with you. Harry, Doctor Holden is good-looking, isn't he?"

"I suppose you'll tell him so. Well, he seems to have a strong stomach. If you told *me* I was good-looking, I'd—"

"Don't worry; I never shall."

"Lucy, look here: I know what a wicked little thing you are; you've never pulled the wool over my eyes, with your 'gratitude for my words'! Yet none of your 'betters' (oh, Lucy, what a humbug you are!) will ever love you as I do. Lucy! Listen: Say you'll marry me."

She had plainly not been listening, but she laughed (they were almost at her father's door) and looked round at him. "What! Still proposing?"

"I am, and I shall continue to propose until I get you."

"Why on earth do you want me?" she pondered, good-naturedly.

"Upon my soul, I don't know!" Harry

said. "I sometimes wonder at it myself. Perhaps I want the chance to pay you back for all you've made me suffer. I guess," he said, grinning, "I want to beat you, Lucy."

"Let's see," she retorted; "you can use a stick no bigger than your thumb, can't you? Well, I'll never take you, Harry dear." And with that sunny chuckle of hers she slipped into the house, banging the door in his face.

Harry grew a little pale—which made his freckles plainer than ever—but he set his jaw, and said to himself, "I'll get her!"

It was after that that that young Holden "hurried up." And everybody said to everybody else, "They're made for each other!"—and waited for the engagement to be announced. But the announcement didn't come as soon as we expected.

"You see," Rose told the doctor, "you really don't know me very well—I'm just an old-maid schoolmarm," she warned him, laughing.

They were in the empty church. School was over, and Rose had gone up to the organ loft to replace a borrowed hymn book; then she slipped into a pew and sat down. She wanted to be alone; solitude was almost impossible at her cousin Maria's, where the little Charleses clung to her like limpets. But here, in the silent church that smelled of bibles and old carpet, she could think without interruption, and her thoughts were doubtful and happy by turns. For, like all Old Chester, Rose knew what was going to happen; but she didn't know whether she wanted it to happen. . . . She liked his face, eager and impulsive and good-natured; and she liked his straightforwardness; "and he *is* fond of me," she thought: "and I'm fond of him. Why do I back and fill this way? The truth of it is," she told herself, frowning, "I don't feel sure how deep it goes with him."

On this particular afternoon, Lyman, having made up his mind to tell her how deep it went, came after school hours to walk home with her, and, finding the

basement room deserted, felt his way up the dark, twisting staircase into the cool dimness of the church. The September afternoon was falling into dusk, but the sun still touched the stained-glass borders of the windows, and there were pools of red and violet and blue on the worn carpet on the chancel steps. Lyman, stumbling up the winding stairs, pushed open the door and entered, and there was Rose, in the very pew in which he had seen her that first Sunday.

"Why! how did you find your way up here?" she said.

"The door was unfastened," he told her; and came and sat down beside her, one arm over the back of the pew in front of them, and his laughing eyes looking into hers. "I wanted to see you,—dear," he said—and even her white throat flushed at that word. ("Oh, he's—he's *going to!* I'll have to make up my mind!" she was thinking, in a panic.) So she talked, hurriedly, of the weather, and how soon Doctor King's vacation would be over; then he reminded her of that first day when he had seen her, in this very pew, with all the Charles children; and she said the eldest, Charlie, was an imp!

"He took the feather out of my new hat and pinned it on his kite, 'to help it to fly.' Wasn't it cunning in him? I wanted to shake him!"

But he wouldn't talk about the imp. He talked about himself and his practice. Then, suddenly:

"Rose, I'll work my hands off to make you happy and give you everything you want, if you'll just . . . Oh, Rose, don't you think—*don't* you think you could love me a little?"

Rose, holding her lip between her teeth, stared at the pools of light on the carpet until they blurred and ran together. Except for the flutter of wings in the ivy around a tilted window, the church was very still.

"But I want you to know all about me," he said, soberly. "I did, once or twice, when I was in college, think I was in love with girls. I suppose when I was

young I was a susceptible idiot. But I never was really in love. I see that now."

The shamefaced directness of that pleased her. "*I* never cared for anybody before," she said; then saw an admission in her words, and added, hurriedly, that he didn't really know her. "I'm just a schoolmarm. There are lots of girls you would like better. . . . I've watched you with Lucy Hayes," she said, and laughed.

"You think I like her?" he said, dismayed.

"Well, yes; I think you do," Rose said; but added, as if eager to protect his intelligence—"that's only because you don't know her! And when she says pleasant things to you . . ."

"Flatters me, you mean?"

"I suppose that's what it amounts to—you believe her. But never mind that. Lucy doesn't mean any harm; she's just a nice little humbug! *I* like her. But I—I'm sort of—of schoolmarmy, I'm afraid!" She smiled, but rather ruefully; then, to make time, she said, "Doctor Holden, why *do* you think you love me?"

He laughed at the absurdity of the question. "Why? Because you are Rose. That's reason enough." Then he saw his chance. "Why do you love me?"

"I haven't said I do."

"But you do."

"Oh—dear!" said Rose. "I don't believe I'm the kind of girl for you to marry. But—but—"

"But you *do*!" he said again, triumphantly. "At least—at least, I *hope* you do?" He began to quake. "Oh, Rose, please do!" He suddenly lost his self-confidence and was scared. Perhaps he was going to lose her?

Neither of them spoke. The church had darkened, and the little pools of light were swallowed by the rising tide of dusk. Then Rose suddenly smiled

"Oh, I *will* try and make you happy!"

In amazed triumph—for there had been a really scared moment—he caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"I've got you—I've got you!" he said.

As neither Lyman nor Rose had any money to speak of, it was obvious that they couldn't be married very soon, so when the engagement was at last announced the realization that the school wouldn't lose her immediately, gave an added warmth to Old Chester's congratulations. Harry Mack was not interested in the school, but his congratulations were really hot. Charles and his wife said they were "pleased"; said it a little pensively, because it did seem selfish, Charles said, for Rose to look forward to going off and leaving Mr. and Mrs. Ezra in their old age—"though Edith and I shall be here as much as we can," Charles said.

"I'm *sure* you will!" said Rose, dryly.

Lucy Hayes's congratulations were without any qualifying criticism. She said it was perfectly wonderful! "They are made for each other. Everybody's tickled to death that they're engaged. Well, I'm glad Rose is happy. . . . I'm awfully unhappy myself," she told Edith Welwood, "because Harry bothers me to death. Heaven knows it isn't my fault that he's silly about me! I hate his freckles—I couldn't possibly marry a man with freckles—but all the same it worries me to have him so desperate. He says awful things."

"I shouldn't worry," Edith consoled her; "Harry is so bad tempered he'll never hurt himself; his mother says he's furious at you now."

"He'll get over being furious when he hears about Rose," Lucy said, with an ironic chuckle. "He was scared to death because he thought the doctor cast an eye in my humble direction."

"The idea!" said Edith.

As Lucy said, everybody was pleased. When Doctor King came home, and Lyman went back to Mercer, it was with the warm consciousness that a whole little community was anxious for his success. Lucy, whenever she met him—which was quite frequently, because she spent most of that winter with an aunt

of hers in Mercer—Lucy always told him how proud Old Chester was of him. “It isn’t only Rose who thinks you are wonderful; everybody does. And—and I do, too.”

Lyman was not displeased to hear that a pretty girl thought him wonderful. What being who wears trousers would be displeased? But once when Harry Mack heard Lucy gush to the young doctor, he almost paid her a compliment: “Lucy, I swear you can pile it on thicker than anybody I ever knew—and yet not believe a word you say!”

I think Henry was wrong. I think Lucy did believe what she was saying. Lyman Holden attracted her; as for why he attracted her—you might as well say why did she attract Harry? There isn’t any “why” when it comes to falling in love! At any rate, *I* believe that, for the first time in her life, little Lucy knew what love meant. It may not have been a very deep love—a pint pot can’t hold a quart; but if it holds a pint it is doing all that can be expected of it. Lucy loved as much as she could, which is all any of us can do; and when the pint pot of her heart was full to overflowing she held it to Lyman Holden’s lips. . . .

At first, she herself didn’t know what had happened to her, or what she wanted. She only knew that she was restless and unhappy and that she liked to meet Doctor Holden. After she had met him two or three times—she talked to him of nothing but Rose, and always with admiration—which probably marks the exact time when she began to know what had happened to her and to take steps to get what she wanted! Lyman, accepting his own wonderfulness as simply as a cat accepts cream, was deeply impressed by her generosity toward Rose; for of course he was not thirty-three, and very sympathetic, *and a doctor*, for nothing! He knew that Lucy was attracted by him; “yet she admires Rose,” he thought; and admired Lucy for such nobility of mind! Sometimes on his occasional Saturday-night visits to Old Chester, Lyman mentioned to

Rose his admiration for Lucy, and Rose said, good-naturedly, “Yes, she’s a nice little thing, in spite of being a dreadful little flirt—and a fibber, too, I’m afraid.” But of course Lyman never mentioned to Rose the fact that Lucy made the appeal which, to a friendly mind like his, is so peculiarly pitiful—a sort of clinging self-abnegation, combined with intelligent appreciation. She was as simple with him, he thought, as confiding and as humble as a child; and as appreciative as a woman—“a mighty intelligent woman”! But, of course, any woman who “appreciates” a man is considered intelligent. . . .

Lucy grew thin about that time; her eyes, blue and brilliant, seemed bigger than ever, and her lips had a pitiful droop. She looked so ill that Harry Mack, quite pale under his freckles, actually went to William King about her, and said:

“Damn it! Lucy Hayes is going to die.”

“Die?” said Doctor King. “Not Lucy! That kind doesn’t die.”

Of course Lyman was stupid. Most decent men are stupid about this sort of thing. Lyman was so stupid that he tried (like Lucy herself with Harry Mack) to “help her get over it” by kindness. His opportunities for kindness were mostly confined to Mercer, where he accepted occasional invitations from her aunt to come to supper. When he was in Old Chester he never thought of her—unless he saw her at church, where he always went with Rose, keeping his thumb on his half of the hymn book, and singing, in a pleasant bass, all the hymns that Unitarians would never dream of singing. But it was astonishing how frequently, on his journeys to and from Old Chester, Lucy was journeying too! And when he found her in the coach of course he was “kind.” . . .

So it was that there came an April Saturday when there were no other passengers. When Lyman got into the stage at Mercer, he said: “Why, Miss Lucy! You going to Old Chester, too?”

And she said, "Well, this *is* a surprise!" He sat down with his back to the horses; she, muffled in her blue cloak, was in the opposite corner. It would have been natural to talk, but he read his paper, and she looked out of the window into the soft April afternoon. Twice he glanced at her and frowned; but she never looked in his direction; she just turned toward him that gently hollowed cheek which had filled Henry with alarm.

It takes a good while for two fat old horses to pull a creaking, rocking stage for fourteen muddy miles. And a fourteen-mile silence may become clamorous with things unsaid. It must have been at the end of the eighth mile that Lyman could not endure the consciousness (not the sight, for he tried not to look at her) that once in a while Lucy lifted a furtive hand and brushed something from her cheek. And he may have heard her sigh; and once, or perhaps twice, he must have known that she caught her breath in a small, broken sob. Suddenly he flung his newspaper down on the seat beside him, and stared, frowning, out of the window. Then he looked at her.

"I can't bear to see you unhappy. Miss Lucy, please—please don't cry."

"I'm not crying."

"Yes, you are. I wish I could help you. Won't you tell me what is the matter?" He unhooked the swinging back of the seat across the middle of the stage, stepped over, and sat down on the narrow center bench, directly opposite Lucy. He bent toward her, his hands clasped between his knees; he was frowning with concern. He must have known that he was playing with fire, but he was entirely honest in his wish to stamp out the flames that were scorching poor little Lucy. "*Don't cry*," he said, trying to take her hand.

Instantly she cringed as if he had struck her. "Don't touch me!" she said; then, even as he drew back, frightened at the fierceness of that cry, she caught at his hand and dragged it to her lips. "You mustn't touch me! Because—because I love you." But as she clung to

his sharply withdrawing hand the coach swayed and jolted, and somehow she seemed to be flung upon his knee and against his breast.

There was a silent moment; he felt her lips upon his hand, then her sobbing breath on his neck—her whole little quivering body against him. Even while his mind recoiled his arms caught her, held her—his lips were on her face—on her mouth. She clung to him in panting silence. Then, abruptly, her whole body relaxed; she seemed to slip out of his arms, and crumple up, and slide down upon the floor at his feet. Of course he caught her and lifted her.

"You're faint!" he said. For an instant she was just a sick girl to him.

But she said, in a whisper, "No, no; I'm not fainting."

With great gentleness he guided her back into her corner of the coach; then sat beside her until, with long, sobbing breaths, she seemed to get herself together. They neither of them spoke. The tornado of passion had blown itself out; it had not lasted five minutes.

Then Doctor Holden said, "You are overtired."

She shook her head. "No. . . . You will tell Rose?" . . .

"Of course I won't."

"She doesn't love you as much as I do."

"Lucy! You only imagine that you—"

His voice broke with the pity of it. In the cavernous dusk of the coach he saw her little white face turning toward him; she had pulled her blue cloak over her lips to hide their trembling, and her eyes, wild with suffering and adoration, looked straight into his:

"I don't mind if *you* despise me—"

"But I don't despise you!"

"—I don't mind at all; but I won't have her . . ."

"I sha'n't speak of it; it was nothing. Just a fancy—"

"No, not a fancy. I love you. And I don't care if you despise me, because"—her voice shook with agonized triumph—"because you kissed me!"

"I oughtn't to have; I am ashamed. Forgive me. . . ."

"There is nothing to forgive. I shall live on it."

They did not speak again until the stage drew up at the tavern door, and Lyman Holden, reaching for his bag and umbrella, said, in a low voice, "Good night."

When he went upstairs to his room in the tavern he was tingling all over. He lit the lamp on the little center table, then stood still and tried to get his bearings. He had said he wouldn't tell Rose, and of course he wouldn't—that is, he wouldn't tell her who the girl was, who had—done it; but he must tell her what *he* had done. He must tell Rose that he had kissed a frantic, love-sick girl—"taken advantage of her," he thought, acutely humiliated. Yet, even in his disgusted mortification, he felt again that clinging weight against his breast, and those panting lips hot upon his own. Mechanically he began to remove the dust of the journey; he was in a hurry to wash his face—to wash away the velvet touch of that cheek pressed against his.

"Oh!" he said to himself, with a sort of groan, "I'm a double-barreled idiot! If only I hadn't kissed her! How *can* I tell Rose?"

He was so ashamed—and scared, too, for perhaps Rose wouldn't understand how a man can kiss one girl when he is dead in love with another girl—that for a minute he thought, "I'll not tell her!" But of course he knew he would tell her. The only thing was, how should he do it? How does one tell a thing like that? In the first place, the infernal caddishness of *telling* that a girl has kissed you! You can clear her—at least a doctor can—by putting her kisses down to "crisis of nerves"; but you can't say you had a crisis of nerves yourself.

In his effort to think this out, Lyman was late in reaching Mrs. Barkley's, and there was Rose waiting for him at the gate. She snuggled her arm in his and said: "Let's take a walk! I *must* tell you Charles's latest piousity." So they

strolled along the River Road in the April dusk, and Rose told her story, to which Lyman applied, rather absently, a word which made Rose laugh, but would have shocked the pious Charles. Then Rose said that little Charlie was the dearest little monkey. "When he heard the thunder yesterday he said it was God, growling," said Rose, and even poor, preoccupied Lyman laughed at that. But all the while she was talking he was trying to get a word in about "nerves"; but how can you talk about kissing another girl when you've got your arm around your own girl's waist? As they turned back, Rose said: "Now tell me about yourself! Got any nice, new, rich patients?" . . . And that didn't suggest other ladies' kisses, either.

Lyman, admitting, ruefully, that rich patients were scarce, was saying to himself, "If only I could forget the little idiot!"

But you can't "forget" to order; and the more you want to, the more you don't. Lyman had thirty-six hours with Rose, and never in one single minute of one single hour did he "forget" the five fierce minutes with Lucy in the old coach. After a placid family evening at Mrs. Ezra's he went back to the tavern, saying he was tired; but his wakeful and remembering night did not rest him very much. He was glad to go to church the next morning, but there, too, he *remembered*; he sat beside Rose, not hearing a word Doctor Lavendar said, but hearing again and again Lucy's assertion that she "would live on" what had happened. And, hearing it, an honest and horrified vanity would run like wine in his veins. . . . When, coming out of church, William King touched him on the shoulder, and said: "Holden, I want you to give a look at a patient of mine this afternoon—if Rose will let you off. Will you, Rosa Mundi?" he had a sense of escape; he would have a little more time to think out just how he would tell Rose.

After dinner (there had been no chance for confidences before dinner,

with all the Charles swarming about!) when Lyman went out to the gate to wait for William King's buggy, he said to himself that this business of having a secret from Rose was darned uncomfortable. For by that time reaction from the flattery of the gift of unasked love from a pretty girl had set in; it came in the form of a bleak consciousness of having been an ass.

"I feel like a fool. And I hate secrets! But what chance have I had to tell her? Everybody's always hanging round!" Then William appeared, and Lyman, climbing into the buggy, told Rose he would come back as soon as he could. . . . "What's the case?" he said.

"Temper, I guess," Doctor King said; "she has a quick little temper. They sent for me at eleven o'clock last night. She got to screaming. It's Lucy Hayes; she . . ."

"What!"

"Yes. Hysterics—that's all right! I don't mind *that*. But . . ." Then he went into various symptoms, to which the younger man listened silently. "You boys are more up on treating these monkeyshines than old fogies like me," said Willy King. "When the 'cup of cold water' in their face fails, I'm plumb bothered to know whether to let 'em alone, or what."

"It's bothering," Doctor Holden said.

"Lucy's a tyke," said William, "but she's no fool. So I feel pretty sure she's had some sort of a shock, and it's thrown things out of kilter. Maybe Harry Mack's been tormenting her again. But I can't find out what's happened! Well, it occurred to me that you, being almost a stranger, might get at the root of it."

"Does she know I'm coming?"

"Oh, she put it into my head," William said, chuckling. Lyman frowned. "She was very polite, of course, and said I was a 'wonderful doctor'; but if I wouldn't mind, she'd like to see Doctor Holden, because 'it seemed friendly to darling Rose to show appreciation.' I wonder what she's got against Rose—she loves her so much? I said I didn't

mind calling you in, in the least. I hope you'll send a big bill."

Lyman Holden's face was slowly reddening. He felt a sudden healthy irritation at Lucy, yet there was no way of getting out of her trap without betraying her; if he refused to go on to the Hayes house, Doctor King might do some guessing.

"I don't want to see the little goose," he thought, really frightened. "Of course I understand; just nerves. And it's a compliment, I suppose. But, damn it! what shall I do if she gets going again?" Then he said some vague thing about a stranger being able, sometimes, to do more for a nervous patient than a friend could.

"Exactly!" said William. "When you've been in practice as long as I have you'll have that rubbed into you. Well, I'll take you upstairs and let you try your hand on her."

In spite of his irritation at the "trap," Lyman's "hand" was very gentle. When he and Doctor King and Mrs. Hayes entered the girl's room she was lying on her face; he saw her quiver as she heard his voice; and when, in his very best "bedside manner," he said, "Good afternoon, Miss Lucy," she was suddenly rigid. She made no reply; just lay on her face, motionless.

"Oh, Lucy dear," Mrs. Hayes entreated, stroking her daughter's shoulder, "*do* speak to the doctor!"

Lucy, her face turned away from Doctor Holden, scowled at her mother, who whimpered; but when Lyman made a little motion of dismissal, Mrs. Hayes, on the verge of tears, meekly followed Doctor King out of the room.

Still Lucy did not speak. Apparently she was waiting until the sound of William's ponderously retreating steps and her mother's trickle of worried talk should be broken off by the closing of her bedroom door. . . . When everything was quiet she gave a long sigh, turned her head, sat up, and looked at Lyman.

"I wanted to see you."

Her face twitched so with pain that

his scared annoyance vanished in real concern. "Poor little thing!" he thought. "I'm afraid you're tired, Miss Lucy. You have been overdoing."

She smiled. "You think I'm troubled because of yesterday? I'm not. Not in the least."

"Of course not! No reason to be. Only, I want you to rest, and . . ."

"I asked Doctor King to have you come, because I wanted you to know"—she pressed her clasped hands hard against her throbbing throat; her lips smiled, but he saw that her eyes were blurring with tears—"I wanted you to know I am not unhappy. I knew you would think I was, and that would trouble you. And I didn't want you to be troubled. I couldn't bear that. But I am not unhappy. A girl in love is happy, whether she's loved back again or not." Two big, bright tears brimmed over and rolled slowly down her face. "It's enough to give. *I kissed you.* Don't dislike me."

"Dislike you? I could never dislike you!" Lyman was very much moved. How could he have doubted the reality of her feeling for him? Pain is a horribly sincere thing, and Lucy Hayes was suffering. To this sympathetic young man the sight of her pain blotted out his personal dismay and left nothing but a thrill of—well, he didn't know exactly what. And to the appeal of pain came the quick answer of protecting pity. "Miss Lucy, I am honored by your regard! Please believe that I am *honored!*"

She nodded; then she said, in a whisper: "I was sure you wouldn't despise me, because you are not like other men. No; I'm not ashamed to love a man like you."

Then she was silent, and he tried, desperately, to find something to say; not finding it, he was silent, too.

"Always, always, I shall think of you," Lucy said. "Rose couldn't mind *that*. But she would mind if she knew that you kissed me. Don't let her find out. Don't tell her that I . . ."

"I shouldn't dream of telling her about you," he said; and even through the dismay of the moment he had a sudden honest satisfaction in knowing that his Rose, when he should tell her about himself, would never try to "find out" who the girl was! However, he couldn't go into that with Lucy; he got up and said: "I do truly appreciate what you've said, and it's just between you and me. We won't ever talk about it, Miss Lucy; but you'll count on my friendship—and Rose's, too. Now—we must find some medicine to make you stronger."

She smiled faintly and shook her head.

"You must be very quiet," he said, with an elaborate cheerfulness, "and eat some supper. Promise me!" he commanded.

She said, very pitifully, like a little sick child: "Yes, if you want me to. I'll do anything you want."

Lyman stepped to the door and called, very cheerfully, "Doctor King!"

When William King came and the two doctors stood by the bed where Lucy lay, very still, eyes closed, slow tears welling up and rolling down her cheeks, the young doctor looked over at the older doctor and said that their patient had evidently been overdoing. "I am afraid we must tell Mrs. Hayes to scold her a little." Then he suggested a prescription. And as he and William went jogging back to Rosa Mundi he felt again the hot velvet of those childlike lips on his own; and by and by he became so silent that William chuckled to himself; after all, old fogies do have a few merits. They don't feel that the world is shaking because a chit like Lucy Hayes sheds a few crocodile tears! "The boy takes her monkeyshines seriously," William thought, much amused.

Certainly Lyman took Lucy seriously enough to find it difficult to tell Rose his experience in the stage, and he couldn't seem to make an opportunity. "So I'll have to write to her about it," he thought. . . .

(To be continued.)

ON BEING A FOREIGNER

BY E. V. LUCAS

AFTER living securely on one's own native soil for years and years, not without suspicion as to the sanity, cleanliness, morality, and general suitability of the inhabitants of all the other countries of the world, it is startling to set foot on alien ground and realize that one has suddenly become a foreigner oneself; that one is a kind of trespasser, a dweller elsewhere on sufferance; that one's own people, and (even more important) one's own vocabulary, are over there, behind. This is—or should be—one of those moments when we pause and take stock, overwhelmed by the thought, so impressive to Thomas Hood, that "even the little children speak French!" But different people, of course, act in different ways, and, while the humble will realize their foreignness and walk warily, the arrogant will do everything in their power to annex the new territory as their own and make its natives feel like outcasts and excrescences. The fury of a woman scorned I have seen reduced to meekness in comparison with the rage of a certain kind of traveler at loggerheads with a porter who has the effrontery to understand no language but his own.

That is a not too uncommon sight at Calais and Boulogne; and I have always thought it would be interesting to meet the same travelers on their way back and to see how they have improved—what being a foreigner has done for them. For there should be no state more instructive and, often, humiliating.

Dividing foreigners into the bad and the good, I should say—but first of all we must make up our minds as to what a good foreigner is. For example, there is a story of an English intolerant who, on

hearing that a friend had returned from abroad in shattered health, remarked, "I've always said that abroad was a nasty place." Now this speaker could be described both as a very bad foreigner or a very good one, according as the case is considered. A good foreigner, you see, may equally be the alien who is most readily absorptive of the habits and customs of the country he is now in, or the alien who retains and guards the greatest number of native peculiarities and is proud of doing so. In the first case he would be a better emigrant than in the other, but as to his merits as a foreigner you pay your money and you take your choice.

If we take the second group to be the more admirable—and in a way it must be so, for it is better to cherish personality than to see it blurred and misty, without definition—then the French are among the best foreigners of all. Their reluctance to leave their country causes them, when they are forced to take the horrid step, to carry as much of it about with them as they can; to meet only their compatriots; to dine in restaurants where the cuisine is French; and to embrace every opportunity of not acquiring the language, or if, for reasons of diplomacy or commerce, it must be acquired, to cling passionately to their own accent. Englishmen have occasionally been found to speak French like a native, but no Frenchman ever spoke English in that way. It is not the Frenchman's fault; it is due to the way he is made. The problems of ethnology are indeed endless. The impossibility of a man living at Calais being unable to pronounce even the simple monosyllable "No" like a man living twenty-one

miles north of him, at Dover, is only one of thousands. It should have been enough for the Tower of Babel to confuse tongues; to go on to construct larynges incapable of reproducing one's neighbors' vowel sounds at all was gratuitous. Yet that is what happened. When an Englishman talks French like an Englishman the reason often enough is that he would die rather than subject his mouth to the undignified contortions that are necessary if any Gallic illusion is to be set up. To talk like a Frenchman would not be an impossibility. But a Frenchman's vocal arrangements—the tone of his voice alone—are wholly incapable of being bent to the desired end. This then, is one reason why the Frenchman is the best foreigner; but the principal reason is that he does not want to assimilate; he wants never to settle down, but eternally to be on the *qui vive* (his own phrase) to hear *la belle France* calling him back.

When we take the other meaning of "best" as applied to a foreigner—namely, the most successfully assimilative—the Englishman comes perhaps first, by reason of his willingness to live out of his own country, and an inexhaustible curiosity that leads him to explorations which often provide him with a deeper knowledge of the adopted land than many of its own inhabitants possess, although, of course, only in spots. I don't think Americans make such good foreigners, in this sense, as the English; but there is no comparison between America and England in the capacity of the two countries to turn a foreigner into a citizen. It is America's large-hearted way to insist upon the aliens who reach her shores becoming Americans as quickly as possible, and the guests fall easily and naturally into line. But aliens in England come in for some very hard knocks in the House of Commons and in the press, and, since the war, they have effected a landing only with difficulty. These are reasons enough for this, but a single one is sufficient. England is a small country, not

so big as the state of New York, and there simply isn't room for them. Those that have transplanted themselves there are always thinking about the blissful day when they can go home again. I don't say that they do go home; but they talk about going, plan for it, save up for it, and, I think, mean to depart. For years the staple of conversation between an Italian barber in London and myself has been his dream of ultimate retirement to Livorno, there to be happy among his spaghetti and Chianti, to sit outside the café under a trustworthy sun, where he will discuss politics and never give a glance to any *chevelure* or chin but his own. Very likely he will never go, and his bones will eventually be deposited in the Italian cemetery at Kensal Green; but to go is his hope and his desire. Yet it is conceivable that he will be happier to toy with the hope and defer its fulfillment. One of the calamities that can come upon a man must be this: to live abroad for so long that when at last he returns to his own country he is a foreigner there. A worse calamity is not to want to return at all. There is usually something very wrong with a man whose denationalization is willful. To forswear one's own country is treachery.

But there can be such a thing as denationalization by force. I was hearing the other day of an American of distinguished attainments who for so long has been domiciled in Switzerland that he has become a new Philip Nolan—a man without a country. America, it appears, insists on the periodical return of her sons to the motherland if they are to retain the privilege of family membership; and it is more than fifty years since this scholar and Alpinist was at home.

Do the Italians in America feel the same nostalgia as my friend, I wonder, or are they all Americans? Those that I met in the district just below Washington Square seemed contented enough, and to be in their restaurants was to feel perfectly at Rome; but more than one

of them confessed that the loss of the *vino* was making the exile distasteful in a new way.

I have said that the English become willing foreigners, but the Scotch go beyond willingness—they are eager to emigrate. Doctor Johnson had always something caustic at his tongue's end to say on this subject, but the famous couplet by Cleveland is the deadliest commentary:

Had Cain been Scot, God would have
changed his doom:
Not forced him wander, but condemned
him home.

Still, it is neither the English nor the Scotch who are the best foreigners in our first sense of the word best. They live abroad and accommodate themselves among strange peoples, but they cannot forget the place of their birth. It may not be ever present in their minds, as it is with exiles from the fair land of France, but it is there. When, however, we come to the best foreigners of all this thought does not trouble; the Jews are undisturbed by ghosts from their native land. The Jews, having no country of their own, make whatever country they settle in theirs. Only one of them wanders; the rest establish themselves, prosper, and gradually become more American than the Americans, more English than the English, more French than the French.

With the English the art of becoming a foreigner is a more drastic matter than with a Frenchman or any other Continental. A Frenchman has merely to slip across the frontier between his country and his neighbors' to become a foreigner in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, or Spain. If he chances to live near one of the borders, it may be an everyday occurrence for him. Even an American can become a foreigner in Canada or Mexico without undergoing the torture of a sea crossing. But the English are doomed. The Englishman in order to become a foreigner must cross the sea, and this makes it an event. He

thus has time not only to reflect upon what he is doing, but (when Britannia is ruling the waves indifferently well) to wish he had never set out on such a fool's errand at all.

That is the reason why an Englishman who wishes to become a foreigner for the safety of his own skin—a fugitive from justice—has so much more difficult a time than a Continental malefactor, or an American. For them there are so many obscure and unnoticeable ways of getting into another country and being lost, but the Englishman must resort to officials, and then, having obtained a passport, he must take a ship, and while he is doing this there is time for a description of him to be cabled in every direction. Now the catch about a ship is that you cannot leave it except by a gang-plank two feet wide. The world is a vast place, but it is continually narrowing down to gang-planks two feet wide stretched from decks to quays, with detectives at the shore end of them. This, perhaps, is why England is so moral a country.

Returning to virtue, I would put it on record, from my own experience, that there is a particular pleasure in being a foreigner in a country—such as America or Ireland—where the language is one's own. Half the joy of loitering in France and Italy has always been lost to me through inability to carry on wayside conversations. I can ask questions with anyone, but nobody so successfully fails to understand the reply. But in Ireland, which is as foreign to an Englishman as any Latin country, I can talk all day and am delighted to do so. In America, too, I found myself able to exchange ideas with quite a number of its inhabitants. Now and then the native idiom was too much for me, but for the most part I could both be fluent and comprehend fluency. I have not found that good linguists are any cleverer or better informed than other people; and yet on the face of it a man who carries thirty living languages in his head should have more that is interesting to tell than

a man who has conversed only with his own countrymen. But the truth is that linguistic ability is a branch of the art of mimicry, and mimics can be the dullest dogs when they are not impersonating others.

In spite of my conversational ease I felt that I had failed utterly—at any rate, with one individual—when a New York interviewer said of me that I resembled a typical American business man. Not that I have anything against the American business man (whom I have admiringly watched being Napoleonic in his office and sat with, when he is tired, at some very amusing burlesques), nor have I any poignant reluctance to look like him; but I would rather have looked like myself, who, in too many respects besides wealth, am probably his very antipodes. None the less I would not be so idiosyncratic, so insular, as to be continually an object of remark, because the art of travel, on which so many foreigners are principally engaged, is to be more observing than observed. The highest compliment that can be paid to a foreigner is to be stopped in the street and asked the way by a native. Let him be content with that; even if he cannot answer the question he has scored a point. But it will never happen to him if he retains too many of his distinguishing marks.

As a matter of fact, the number of Englishmen who resemble Americans beyond ordinary optical detection is very small. They may dress the part to perfection, but something will betray them—gait or posture or features—while in England most Americans reveal themselves as such. We can pick out the Australians, too, in a moment.

It is the boast of most travelers that they are "citizens of the world," but the true citizen of the world is very scarce. It is not enough to be able to order a good dinner in any language, which is the ordinary qualification. Moreover, no white man can really be a citizen of the dark world or a dark man a citizen of the white; they can at best

make their habitations there. Only with the assistance of disguise can a man be a citizen of the whole world, and even then there are countries that would tax his ingenuity too far. Sir Richard Burton could get to Mecca, but could he have persuaded a Tokyo policeman that he was a true-born Japanese? The translator of the *Arabian Nights* had recourse to walnut juice, or its equivalent, when he set out on his perilous pilgrimage, but for ordinary purposes the best protective coloring for travelers who do not wish to be too much gaped at is a native hat. If one always bought at Calais, immediately on disembarking, a hat two sizes too small, one might pass through France without attracting a glance. Indigenous clothes would make things so much easier that I am surprised that no enterprising merchant—probably of Hebraic origin—has opened in every harbor a clothing store where the more characteristic apparel of the country can be obtained by the arriving voyagers. It is as reasonable as a money-changer's office.

This reminds me of my own failure with headgear. Before leaving England I had carefully selected what I imagined to be a hat that would pass unnoticed in any American street, where the soft hat has always been more in vogue than, until recently, in London. On arriving at San Francisco, and being continually (short of the point of surrendering my walking-stick) desirous of mingling and merging rather than attracting attention, I was prepared to buy a Stetson, or whatever offered, if it seemed that my own choice was outlandish; but I decided that it would serve. How wrong I was I learned when I came to read a description of myself by Mr. Holliday, who, after passing me under examination in Chicago, dwelt with almost savage emphasis on the exotic peculiarities of my headgear.

Of all the cities that I know, London is most particular about its hats; we adjust them in mirrors and deplore slovenly angles; and this carefulness is an

aid, by contrast, in detecting the alien in our midst, who is almost always less self-consciously rooed. But hats, though so indicative and as evidence often so trustworthy, are not all. There is the walk. Why should a Frenchman take a shorter step than an Englishman? Has this ever been explained? Jews are said to shuffle because their ancestors in the desert had to push the sand aside with their feet. True or not, the explanation is plausible, and certainly a vast majority of Jews, no matter what flag they trade under, or how far from Palestine, still walk in this way and could be known by it if the other racial signs were invisible.

The good foreigner, however we define him, is distinguished by an instantaneous quickening of vision. At home we take almost everything but our

neighbors' failings (which must be narrowly inquired into), fallen horses, and vehicular collisions, for granted; but when we travel we are observing all the while. This is why it is only foreigners and provincials who know anything of the treasures of art and architecture that any city possesses. Have you ever seen a Florentine in the Uffizi? or a New-Yorker in the Metropolitan Museum? This may be a too extreme question; but I am certain that no one ever saw a Parisian in Sainte Chapelle, and it was not until they heard, the other day, that it was about to fall down, that any Londoners ever entered Westminster Abbey. If, however, you wish when in Paris to be sure of hearing your own language, no matter from what country you come, you may confidentially seek the Louvre.

THE FIDDLER

BY HARRY LEE

HE climbed my attic stair with me
Above gray Gotham town,
A little foolish fiddler-man,
In faded green and brown.

And many a wistful star looked in,
As in the shade and sheen,
He played such tunes as April plays
To make the meadows green.

"Ah, little foolish fiddler-man,
And have you then no home?"
"Wherever Beauty bides," he said,
"For in her quest I roam.

"And though I go the lonely road,
And know not kith nor kin,
The wide world is a pilgrim band
When sings my violin.

"And I will drink life to the dregs,
And call the bitter sweet,
To be before the journey ends
The nearer Beauty's feet."

A BACCHANALE OF THE BOULEVARDS

BY ALEXANDER PORTERFIELD

IN Paris almost anything might happen in April. And, anyhow, adventures are by no means only for the adventurous.

Still, when, from where he sat at one of the rickety little iron tables on the pavement outside the Café de la Paix, a very fair young man waved to Mr. Harborough Hope, who was looking for a seat, with insistent friendliness, that American citizen was considerably astonished. And Mr. Hope was not unaccustomed to notice.

Everyone in Paris knew Mr. Hope. There was the Hope fortune, in the first place. Everyone knew about that. And then there was the cottage at Newport, U. S. A., which was of the purest white marble, and which incorporated the more austere architectural splendors of the Abbey at Westminster with those of the Kursaal at Ostend. There were the sea-going yachts, and the grouse moors in Scotland, and the skyscrapers in New York. There were the famous racing stables at Chantilly; the house in Grosvenor Square; the château on the Loire; the villa at Cannes, where Mr. Hope had entertained the late King Edward, and that picturesque prelate, the Cardinal-Archbishop of the Andaman Islands. Photographs of him talking to the King or Lord Lonsdale on the lawn at Ascot, and enjoying a stroll at Monte Carlo with Mrs. Gay, the actress, appeared continually in the illustrated papers. And then there was that slim and absurdly beautiful girl who was his niece.

Naturally, everyone knew Mr. Hope; and, naturally, Mr. Hope was not unaccustomed to being known, and pointed out, and frequently pestered, by stran-

gers. But even then he was hardly prepared for the easy unconcern of the very fair young man's greeting.

"I say, isn't your name Hope?"

After all, what on earth can you say to such a piece of confounded impertinence?

As a matter of fact, the very fair young man merely addressed Mr. Hope in exactly the same way in which he would have addressed any presentable sort of person he met at an evening party in Upper Brook Street, W., or in Cadogan Gardens. But of course Mr. Hope could not know that.

It was a warm, delicious afternoon in April, and the Place de l'Opéra was filled with a soft, golden dustiness of sunshine; and as a result the tables outside the Café de la Paix were crowded, except that at which the very fair young man sat. He cheerfully occupied three seats at that table by the extremely simple expedient of sitting on one, and displaying his feet, and his hat, gloves, stick, and a brown-paper parcel conspicuously on the other two.

"Think I met you at Doncaster," the fair young man said, imperturbably, in a clear, penetrating voice, before Mr. Hope contrived to think of any retort sufficiently crushing by way of reply. "But it might have been Henley—or the last Grand National but one."

There was an expectant, prolonged pause.

"Think a chap named Barrowglass introduced us."

"Sir," said Mr. Hope, coldly, "I don't know anyone named Barrowglass."

"Well," replied the very fair young man, "then I must have won some money on one of your jolly old horses at

Newmarket, or Ascot, and some one pointed you out to me in the paddock, or at the Olympians Club. . . . But, anyway," he stated, definitely, "I remember you perfectly."

He removed his feet from the chair on which they were resting and, a waiter having dusted it, Mr. Hope sat down rather stiffly and in silence.

"In any case," he said, at last, "I'm obliged to you for this seat."

"Ah, not at all. Not a bit of it. Rather not. Can't sit on more than one chair at a time, unless," he added, tremendously—"unless one were a contortionist."

"A contortionist!" echoed Mr. Hope, helplessly.

"Or an acrobat. You know, one of those jolly old chaps who can balance themselves as calm as dammit on three chairs piled one on top of the other, and a King Charles spaniel, and drink a gallon of water, or smoke a cigarette. . . . I knew a fellow once who was in the Highland Light Infantry and his name was MacLeod, and he had a most frightfully pretty sister. He came from Cochín - China—or perhaps it was Canada or Afghanistan, but it was a place like that, anyway—and I saw him stand on his head in an *estaminet* just outside St. Pol and drink three pints of French beer, which was a silly thing to do, because French beer's such beastly stuff to drink, anyway."

Mr. Hope eased his collar with a confused forefinger, and swallowed several times.

"But we'd better have a drink," the very fair young man went on to remark, rather briskly. "Dry work, talkin'."

"Very," Mr. Hope managed to murmur as he eased again a collar which suddenly seemed singularly small and uncomfortable.

And then it struck him that there was something about the fair young man's face, or something nervously courageous in his manner perhaps, faintly familiar. Mr. Hope tried to determine exactly

what it was, and—as his disturbed gaze rested upon the fair young man's slight, almost girlish, features—he was startled to notice that they were extremely like those of the Prince of Wales. . . . It was, of course, a ridiculous reflection. . . . Still, the fair young man wore a Guards' tie and his hat tilted jauntily to one side; his clothes were the smartly cut gray tweeds in which His Royal Highness has been so frequently photographed; and there was, too, an affable and engaging air of command one somehow associates with the conduct of a prince. . . . Of course it was absurd. It was also somewhat disquieting, but Mr. Hope made no remark upon it. It was too fantastic altogether. . . .

And, anyway, the very fair young man appeared to have something to say himself, and indeed was saying it at the top of a clear and tremendously excited voice.

"Oh, I say . . . My name's Cloverley, Basil Cloverley, in case you've forgotten—I mean to say, in case we've never really met before."

He signaled a passing waiter energetically, and Mr. Hope recovered what he could of a somewhat disarrayed composure.

"Hi, *garçon!*" the fair young man, whose name was fortunately Cloverley, was saying. "*Garçon!*" And then to Mr. Hope, with a bright and eager glance, "Champagne, what?"

"Champagne!" exclaimed Mr. Hope, in some consternation. "Champagne, at four in the afternoon?"

"Oh, rather; just the thing . . ."

And then Basil Cloverley turned to the waiter. "Bring us a bottle of dear old Pommery, 1911, *tout de suite*—and, I say! the *tout-er* the sweeter. . . ."

Mr. Hope mopped his brow and groped for his cigar case, and wondered just how the dickens he could discourage any further conversation and the actual drinking of champagne. He regretted that he had not bought a newspaper at the kiosk he passed; a newspaper propped up in front of him would have

been a formidable barrier; but as it was his eyes inevitably encountered those of the fair young man's and he observed that it was hot. He also eased his collar once more.

He wanted to tell the fair young man to go to the devil, but after an inward and ignominious struggle he merely succeeded in repeating his original remark:

"Quite warm to-day, isn't it?"

And Basil nodded.

"The fizz will buck you up," he said. "However, what I wanted to ask you—" His high, well-bred voice hesitated into an abstracted silence. "Now, what the dickens *was* I going to ask you?" he demanded, suddenly.

A splendid retort happened to occur to Mr. Hope just then; he cleared his throat cheerfully and smiled; he regained something of his usually suave serenity of manner.

"I hope," he said, slowly, with a bland tone he always found particularly effective, "you will have remembered by the time I have the pleasure of meeting you again."

And then he blew his nose triumphantly.

The very fair young man regarded him with his head tilted a little to one side for a moment, in a vaguely perplexed silence. But an amused smile gradually became apparent upon his lips. And then a ghostliness of reflected triumph in his eyes.

Mr. Hope observed it with obscure uneasiness.

"Ah, I remember!"

Basil went on breathlessly to state that he had spent ten days' leave in Paris during the war, and that he had met upon that occasion, and in an extraordinary way, a girl who had been very delightful to him; kind, jolly, and simply splendid. At that point he embarked upon a digression which Mr. Hope found some difficulty in following, since he talked with such extreme and excited rapidity and employed his hands in a fashion singularly distracting and inexpressive. It appeared finally, how-

ever, to concern social manners and modern conventions largely, with some mention of the practice of law as a profession, and the habits and customs of the ancient Britons. Exactly how it concerned the girl the fair young man had met at the Ritz in 1917 did not appear, at least to Mr. Hope, at all.

"Hardly the sort of girl you could meet in America," remarked Mr. Hope, primly, "if you were to go there."

"But I'm not," said Basil.

And then he proceeded to supply the somehow not altogether unexpected information that he knew neither her name nor her address in Paris.

"And that's a terrible pity, because if I did," he added, sensibly, "I could find her without the slightest trouble."

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Hope, in shocked perplexity. "Er—are you really trying to find her?"

He gulped feverishly at his champagne. He felt considerable need of being "bucked up," in the idiom of the fair young man, and, as if in a vaguely delirious dream, he heard the fair young man still talking volubly.

"She was a slim, tallish sort of girl, with curly yellow hair—bobbed, you know—jolly nice, too. Beautiful hands, and a pale, scornful beauty."

Pale, scornful beauty! Well, that settled it. Mr. Hope stiffened instantly. He really must refuse to listen to any more such nonsense. It was positively ridiculous—and sickening. Pale, scornful beauty!

"Now, you must get about quite a bit," he heard the young man saying, "and what I wanted to ask you is whether you have ever seen her or not? In fact," Basil added, confidentially, "that's the reason I'm in Paris."

"To find out whether I've ever seen this girl or not?" exclaimed Mr. Hope.

"Oh, no. To find this girl."

"H'm . . ." grunted Mr. Hope.

But he was astonished to discover that he was beginning to feel a certain dazed interest in the fair young man on the opposite side of the table, although

he regarded him in formidable silence. And then he asked, abruptly:

"Do you expect to find her?"

"Hope," observed Basil, modestly, "springs infernal in the human breast! No pun, of course."

"H'm," said Mr. Hope. "A young man in quest of Egeria." There was a faint touch of asperity in his voice.

"Well," said Basil, after another pause, "there you are."

As a matter of fact, he hadn't the least idea what Mr. Hope meant; in his knowledge of classics truth was considerably more of a stranger than fiction; but he smiled pleasantly.

Rather impressed by the phrase, Mr. Hope repeated it:

"In quest of Egeria."

"In quest, as a matter of fact, of Jane," remarked Basil. "I called her Jane."

There was another pause.

"Did she like being called Jane?" Mr. Hope inquired, dryly.

The fair young man sipped his champagne reflectively for a moment.

"I think she did—rather," he said, as he put down his glass and smiled reminiscently. "But, I say, you haven't told me yet whether you've seen that girl. . . . And it's frightfully important, really," Basil added, earnestly.

"Your description's so vague," protested Mr. Hope. "Now, you might have been describing that girl at the next table—except for that pale, scornful sort of beauty."

"And except that her hair's not short, and I can't see what her hands are like as she's wearing gloves."

"Well, then, you might have described my niece." Mr. Hope smiled indulgently. "She has short, yellow hair, and I'm told that her hands are especially beautiful."

"Of course I *might* have," agreed Basil, dubiously, "but I hardly think it likely. Do you?"

"No," said Mr. Hope, "I don't. . . ."

There was a gently amused silence of several minutes, and from the distance,

and very faintly, came the music of a barrel organ, playing the Parisian prelude to spring.

Mr. Hope was not in the habit of frequenting the Café de la Paix, and on the following afternoon he deliberately avoided it altogether by crossing the Boulevard des Capucines at the rue Danau. But halfway across, precisely, he perceived the very fair young man of the previous afternoon sauntering leisurely toward him from the direction of the rue de la Paix. He perceived, moreover, that the very fair young man had seen him; indeed, he was in the act of brandishing a beautifully rolled umbrella at Mr. Hope; and that somewhat disconcerted cosmopolitan replied with what amiability he could muster, which was not, as a matter of fact, a great deal.

Basil had an enormous bunch of Parma violets in the buttonhole of his tightly fitting coat, and his trousers were astonishingly voluminous and exquisitely pressed; he wore white spats and extremely yellow gloves; and, in spite of the fact that Paris was flooded with bright, untroubled sunshine, that umbrella. . . . Certainly it was perfectly rolled, and, as he had explained to an expostulating valet at his hotel, in Paris almost anything might happen in April.

"It might rain, and then where should I be?" he demanded, reasonably. "Now, I know a chap in the city, and I met him once at Lords' carryin' a brolly, and he said he always carried it because if he lost all his money racing, or matching half crowns, he could always pop it and get enough to get home on. And he had a most awf'ly jolly mother, and he played a jolly good game of auction."

"But," protested the valet, who followed Basil's excursions into the realms of pure logic somewhat uncertainly, "monsieur is not going to the races."

"No, I'm not. But you never can tell . . . and I might go to the races."

"But there are no races," said the valet.

"Well, you never can tell," said Basil, philosophically.

So, from where he stood watching Mr. Hope crossing the street, he waved his umbrella with a victorious flourish which Mr. Hope felt rather unnecessary in the circumstances. He responded more modestly, hoping devoutly no one he knew happened to be passing.

"And how is the quest for Egeria progressing?" he asked.

Basil tucked his umbrella adroitly under one arm, and slipped the other through Mr. Hope's.

"Not at all well," he said, "but while there's life, there's hope. . . ."

Mr. Hope caught his eye and smiled nervously.

"So let's crash along to the jolly old Café de la Paix and drown our sorrow in drink. Splendid place, the Café de la Paix. Splendid thing, drink."

Mr. Hope protested. It appeared that he had an appointment. He pointed out that they would be unable to get seats. There were other reasons, too; but Basil brushed them aside importantly.

"I have a reason," he said, with a significant glance at Mr. Hope.

He led the way toward the Café de la Paix.

"I might see her," he said, over his shoulder.

"At the Café de la Paix?" asked Mr. Hope.

"Ah, you never can tell. Stranger things than that have happened."

Mr. Hope candidly considered his distaste for their destination, and his compliance in the matter, and was forced to agree, inwardly, although he preserved a somewhat discreet silence as he followed Basil to a table where a waiter was mopping up some spilled beer. The fair young man immediately ordered champagne . . . and it was not long before it was rather remarkably demonstrated that stranger things than that do happen.

Mr. Hope was commiserating with the fair young man upon the difficulties of his search:

"It's apt to be a distinctly discouraging business. Jason embarked upon a like errand, you may remember, and he had a most damnable sort of time. . . . I can't recall exactly what happened to Numa Pompilius; his case is the historic instance, of course; but I dare say he married in the end (in spite of all scandal) and they lived unhappily ever afterward."

"Did he?" said Basil, brightly. "Well, now, fancy that. . . . I knew a man once who lost a liver-colored Irish setter and he told me at the ninth hole at Sunningdale that he would walk through every English county until he managed to find it, and he did—only he found a girl somewhere in Oxfordshire first and married her, which was a silly sort of thing to do, because she wouldn't let him go on looking for the Irish setter any longer."

It was at about this point of the dissertation that it became obvious to Mr. Hope that stranger things than that alluded to by the fair young man not only had happened, but were actually in the process of happening. He had been faintly aware of guarded and stealthy whispering immediately at his back for some time, but unquestioning conviction came with a sharp, insistent prod in the neighborhood of his kidneys. There could be no doubt about it; stranger things than any imagined by Mr. Hope as possible were happening.

"There is a note in your pocket. Give it to your young friend."

Mr. Hope could hardly believe his ears, but, as a matter of fact, that was exactly what he had heard, whispered as it was, and in spite of the fair young man's dizzy conversational acrobatics, which were performed at the top of his high and extremely excited voice.

"Give the note in your pocket at once to your friend."

And then Mr. Hope felt another and particularly violent prod in the small of the back.

"I say, are you ill?" Basil asked, immediately, ending an amazing exordium



HE SURRENDERED THE DOCUMENT TO THE SUCCESSFUL CLAIMANT

on English bars and Scottish brewers (dealing especially with the chronological events of a certain evening some years previous which he had spent at Rickmansworth, in the several premises of the one, and devoted entirely to the consumption of the other's products) abruptly in the middle.

"You look horribly ill."

"I don't feel quite so ill," said Mr. Hope, indignantly, "as I feel like a postman."

"A postman?" repeated Basil, vaguely. "A postman? Well, you look jolly ill."

"H'm . . . I may look it . . . but my acts are more like those of a postman than an invalid," said Mr. Hope.

He groped viciously through the pockets of his coat and discovered two handkerchiefs, a letter, the leather case of his cigar holder, and his cigar case. Finally, in his right-hand pocket he found a crumpled and disreputable piece of paper.

"Like a postman," he said again, since

he felt slightly disputatious upon that point.

Basil accepted the note as calmly as if Mr. Hope was in fact a most ordinary sort of postman. He waved it delicately in the air while he observed that it was an exciting world, and that you never can tell, and that everyone ought to be as happy as cabbages and pigs.

It was an opinion from which, at that moment, Mr. Hope dissented vehemently. He glanced about him furtively, apprehensive, and hoping that his part in the business of delivering the note had been unobserved, and encountered the interested gaze of a man in a somewhat dusty, floppy-brimmed hat who sat at a near-by table.

"But where did this come from?" inquired Basil with sudden interest.

Mr. Hope allowed an icy, unseeing stare to rest upon the man in the floppy-brimmed hat a moment and then turned to Basil.

"Read it—and see," he said, testily. And er—don't wave it about like

that. It's—er—confidential," he added, prompted by another prod in the back.

He noticed unhappily that the man in the hat with the floppy brim continued to exhibit a lively curiosity in the matter. This was bad enough, but what followed was infinitely worse. The man rose leisurely and made his way toward them; he was lean, loosely jointed, tall, with round shoulders; and the face under the wide brim was dark, hunted, and cynical. He removed that hat with immense politeness.

Mr. Hope stared at him blackly, but with some misgivings.

"A thousand pardons," the tall man said, bowing, "but I see that a slight mishap has occurred to a note I wrote a few minutes ago. I regret having to trouble you. . . . The fact of the matter is, that it has been delivered to you by mistake. . . . An affair of the heart—but no doubt monsieur understands."

Basil gazed at him with bright, puzzled eyes.

"D'you mean this?" he asked, presently, and waved the folded scrap of paper under the man's nose.

"But certainly." The man shrugged his shoulders. "It is unfortunate that monsieur has been troubled—"

"Troubled!" echoed Basil. "I should jolly well say so!"

Mr. Hope stared stonily over his head into immeasurable space, biting his cigar. He felt convinced that his afternoon was to be occupied entirely with lunatics of one sort and another, and he was determined to have as little to do with them as possible.

"So that, if monsieur will accept my apologies and return my note—"

And the tall man smiled, and bowed profoundly.

"But—but my friend just told me that it is confidential," said Basil.

"Confidential—yes, but for madame. Monsieur no doubt understands perfectly."

"Madame? Where?" demanded Basil, immediately.

But it appeared, after a deal of dis-

cussion and investigation of the adjoining tables, that madame had departed. At least, that was the impression Mr. Hope obtained finally; but, since the tall man spoke French with a particularly Basque accent, and Basil with an accent particularly British, there was a picturesque uncertainty about that conversation. In the end, the waiter and several onlookers gayly entered the argument, and it required the combined lingual efforts of Mr. Hope and the manager himself to settle the matter to the satisfaction of all concerned.

"Well, if you say this note's yours, I dare say it is," said Basil.

He was promptly assured by the waiter and several onlookers that such, indeed, was the case.

"Then here it is."

He surrendered the document to the successful claimant. Mr. Hope called for the bill with the terse air of a man far gone in exasperation.

Mr. Hope took that opportunity to glance over his shoulder at the table behind him. The waiter was engaged in noisily adding up the plates; Basil was obviously marking time mentally, and the tall man had disappeared. A peaceful quiet brooded over the tables outside the Café de la Paix once more.

Mr. Hope glanced quickly and cautiously over his shoulder, first at the top of a large plate-glass window and then immediately below, and he was startled to discover himself staring into the calm and unconcerned eyes of a girl. With an uncomfortable and guilty feeling, as if he had been caught with his hand in another man's pocket, he glanced hastily at the top of the window again. It was nonsense to suppose that that girl had passed him the note, or prodded him so viciously in the small of his back; Mr. Hope winced as he thought of that.

What in the world could he say about that at his club? *S'explique, s'implique* . . . and yet to have been publicly prodded in the small of the back, with a parasol, or a walking stick! He paid the amount asked by the waiter and stood

up, and he allowed a stern gaze to rest for a moment on the fair young man's face.

"I'm going home," he said, determinedly. "I'm very glad to have met you, Cloverley, but . . . Look here; you're rather a pleasant young fellow," he continued, after a slight pause, when a recurrence of whispering interrupted him suddenly:

"Altesse, prenez garde. . ."

Mr. Hope turned round violently, to the consternation of the waiter and the occupants of the near-by tables; there was an alarmed silence, and Mr. Hope looked rather foolishly at the girl who sat at the table immediately next to theirs, since she met his eyes with candid indifference.

"The English," observed the waiter, somewhat inaccurately, "are all most certainly mad."

At the edge of the pavement, and a short distance from the tables, Mr. Hope

hailed a passing taxi with a feeling of overwhelming relief.

"Did you hear that girl whisper 'look out' to us?" he asked, as he opened the door.

Basil nodded.

"Now what the devil d'you suppose she meant?" Mr. Hope exclaimed, impatiently. "Is all Paris utterly mad to-day?"

"Isn't it an exciting world? Isn't it tremendous just being alive? Isn't it fun?" almost shouted Basil, in sudden enthusiasm. "And didn't I say that you never can tell what will happen? I knew a man once who had—"

Mr. Hope scribbled his address on a visiting card and interrupted him by thrusting it into his hand.

"Well, you're a rather decent young fellow, and if you get into trouble here's my name and address," he began again, and with more noticeable success. "I'd—I'd be delighted to help you," he said,



"IT'S MOST FRIGHTFUL CHEEK—BUT I WONDER IF YOU'D HAVE LUNCHEON WITH ME?"

grimly. "Let me know . . . and before you go back to London look me up."

He climbed into the taxi with alacrity and started to close the door, but Basil held it open.

"I say, what *do* you suppose that girl meant?" he asked.

Mr. Hope regarded him ironically for a moment. "That you were the Prince of Wales," he said.

"Neither do I," said Basil, with a vague grin, and banged the door of the taxi shut.

But, as a matter of fact, that was not the end of the matter.

He did not see Mr. Hope the next day. That gentleman remained securely at home, reading the *Athenæum* in his library, and expecting hourly to be called to the telephone by the police, or any one of a number of hospitals. As the fair young man said, he reflected, uneasily, you never can tell what may happen. And after lounging most of the day at the Café d'Harcourt, talking to Bertie Fotheringill, who was attached to the embassy in some obscure but highly ornamental capacity, Basil decided to dine that night at the Ritz.

It had been a casually momentous decision. According to Bertie, you met everyone at the Ritz. And, as Basil reflected, Bertie ought to know. But there were weightier reasons than that; Basil possessed an implicit faith in the casual, and it had been at the Ritz and most casually that he had met her for the first time. . . .

She had been sitting alone in the almost deserted lounge of that impressive caravansary, listlessly waiting for the appearance of some one. He had been smoking a lonely cigarette over an *apéritif*, wondering how on earth he could manage to pass the remainder of his leave without perishing from sheer ennui, and their eyes met. She smiled rather wistfully; he smiled back; and there resulted a period of hopeful but uncertain waiting. By the time fifteen minutes had passed, the girl was still lan-

guidly studying the tip of her boot, and yawning candidly. Their eyes met again, and they both smiled, simultaneously.

And then Basil rose defiantly from his chair and, with an outward self-possession he was very far indeed from feeling, sauntered across the room to where she sat, watching his approach.

He introduced himself in stilted, embarrassed French and, rather wonderfully, she smiled.

"Perhaps if you used English," she remarked, in an obvious and delicate amusement, "we might get along a little better."

"Look here— I mean, I say—it's most frightful cheek, of course . . . but I wonder if you'd have luncheon with me? I'm alone on leave in Paris and I don't know a soul, and I'm simply dyin' of loneliness. And I've got to push off back to the front in a day or two . . . and, anyhow, it's beastly lunching alone day after day."

He added this desperately because, of course, she'd refuse, and he wanted to talk to her, frightfully. But the amazing part of it was that she hadn't. That had been the beginning; and as he whistled softly to himself, and used up white tie after tie, Basil remembered the ending—the Gare du Nord in the gray, dismal, December twilight. The lights of the booking office, the refreshment room, and a bookstall gleaming, like jeweled shrines in the gloom of some old, Gothic cathedral. And the girl with a bunch of violets pinned at her breast, pale and delicately chiseled and exquisite in the gray, sooty shadows. . . .

"When the war is over—somehow, sometime, we'll meet again."

He held her slim fingers passionately.

"But can't I write? Can't I know who you are, and where I can find you when the war is over?" he cried, bitterly.

She shook her head then, gently.

"No, not now. It has been too wonderful, these three days we have had together. There must be no death duties—nothing to remember, but the happiness of it."



"WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER—SOMEHOW, SOMETIME, WE'LL MEET AGAIN"

"Ah, but when? Everything's so terribly vague and uncertain. And, hang it all! I ought to know where I can find you when I do come back for you."

She smiled. "Don't you see? That's just it. You . . . you might not want to come back in a little while." She pressed his hands with impulsive tenderness and her eyes held his. "And if you do want to . . . I'm in Paris every April, and you can find me—if you want to."

And that was all. . . .

Basil stepped back from the mirror to obtain a better view of his handiwork; a white tie is a serious matter and not to be undertaken lightly, and so he abandoned whistling and his memories. Another touch and the thing was perfect. He slipped into his evening coat, stuck a gardenia in the buttonhole, and

collected hat, gloves, and stick from the bed. And it was with the large and contented deliberation of a man at peace with the world that he found his way downstairs.

Twilight had deepened into night—the soft, shimmering, scented night of early spring. Lights twinkled delicately silver and gold and lilac in the haze; the gay, excited riot of Paris came up insistently through the still air, and Basil, his stick under one arm and his opera hat tilted rather scampishly to one side, paused in the door to draw a deep breath. Absentmindedly he stood considering the delightful potentialities of the evening. The *chasseur* touched his cap.

"Taxi, monsieur?"

"Of course she'll be there. I'm a fool to doubt it," Basil said, aloud, with immense conviction.

"Pardon, monsieur?" said the chasseur, politely.

Basil glanced at the man calmly.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" he said. "I simply said that it was a jolly nice evening."

The chasseur looked critically at the sky.

"But certainly, monsieur," he replied.

That accomplished diplomat understood English well, but a number of other things even better.

The Ritz appeared to be crowded with only the most superior sort of people. As the fair young man delivered his hat and stick to a silk-stockinged individual of immense dignity and condescension, an elderly man in evening clothes, with a ribbon in his buttonhole, strolled haughtily past. Several general officers, completely covered with ribbons, passed; and women in enormous furs, with very bored young men languidly following them. The atmosphere seemed to be composed of a polite murmur, a strong fragrance of flowers, and a great deal of gilt.

At a table in the lounge Basil ordered a cocktail.

"By the way," said Basil, when the waiter appeared with his cocktail in a very small glass on a very large tray, "I wonder if you happen to remember me?"

The waiter embarked upon a hazardous journey into the past with flattering alacrity.

"Monsieur 'as not been 'ere for some time," he replied, "but certainly I remember monsieur."

A year's hard training at Larue's, or at the Café Royal would beyond a doubt be of inestimable value to any embryonic diplomat.

"I say, that's splendid. We *are* gettin' on. Now, I say, do you remember a lady I used to come here with?" Basil bent his head to one side and peeked into the waiter's face expectantly. "A young lady with short hair?"

The waiter gazed into the middle distance hopefully, but without any immediate success.

"A lady wiz short 'air," he echoed, thoughtfully.

"Slim, and very fair. And English."

"Ah! monsieur means Mademoiselle Connie Quex, of—"

"No; nothing of the sort. Don't be silly. Not—er—not that sort of English. . . . More *haute noblesse* kind of thing, you know . . . Gwendolen, Duchess-of-Wilmington sort of thing."

But the waiter reluctantly was compelled to admit that he could not remember the young lady. It was very unfortunate. And an accident even more unfortunate occurred just as Basil made his way toward the restaurant, which somewhat further depressed him.

Of course, he had not seen the old gentleman making his way to the restaurant, too. Nor the *maître d'hôtel* standing in the doorway, looking over the rows of tables within with abstracted satisfaction, urbane and important and resplendent. And, since the old man apparently also saw nobody, and the *maître d'hôtel's* back was turned upon them both, it happened that they converged with some suddenness.

The old man scowled at the young man.

"Sorry," said Basil, easily. "Didn't see you comin'."

And since there seemed to be nothing else to do in the matter, Basil walked on into the restaurant. But the old man remained staring at his back in a somewhat inexplicable surprise.

"Did you see who that was?" he said, in a shaken voice to the *maître d'hôtel*. "My God! how unfortunate!" he added. "His Royal Highness . . ."

"His Royal Highness!" exclaimed the *maître d'hôtel*, in a voice of shocked and serious concern.

"In Paris—alone!" The old man blinked rapidly as he looked into the restaurant, with the pride and consternation of a democratic Briton. "The sly young dog! . . . He's—he's escaped from his equerry!"

And they both stared at the fair young man sitting down at a table in an in-

conspicuous corner of the room. It was sly and reprehensible and extraordinary. . . . The *maître d'hôtel* hurried after him, extremely and reproachfully agitated. The fair young man was commanding an ample dinner in a very high voice as he reached his side.

"*Cailles en casserole* with a salad," he was ordering. "And a half bottle of Perrier-Jouet, 1911."

The *maître d'hôtel* plunged into his subject at once. His air was that of magnificent melancholy.

"Ah, *Altesse*, I am desolate—"

Basil looked up at him with not unnatural amazement.

"Desolate," he repeated, vaguely. "Desolate? But that's quite all right," he added, indulgently.

"Ah, how like your sainted grandfather!" cried the *maître d'hôtel* in an access of impressive, but respectful, enthusiasm. "What kindness! What courtesy! What superb condescension!"

"I say, what the dickens are you talkin' about?" demanded Basil, curiously.

The late Gen. Sir Marcus Cloverley, K.C.B., C.V.O., of the Indian army, had been in life notable for a number of things, but not for any seasoned sweetness of temper.

"Now what are you talkin' about?" repeated the grandson of that distinguished warrior.

"Of your sainted and illustrious grandfather."

"Are you?" said Basil, distinctly skeptical. "Er—my grandfather?"

The *maître d'hôtel* made a profound bow.

Now by this time a certain general interest began to be manifest which was flattering and yet, on the whole, a little disconcerting. Conversation had dwindled away completely. The orchestra

stopped playing. Even the waiters stood expectantly in small, excited groups, regarding the fair young man and the *maître d'hôtel* with alert attention.

And then the *maître d'hôtel* bowed again.

"Look here," said Basil, irritably, "don't keep on bowin' heavily from the waist at me. I don't like it."

He appeared quite pink, especially about the ears.

"But certainly, Your Royal Highness."

Basil stared at the *maître d'hôtel* in the helpless, stricken fashion of those suddenly uncertain of their own hearing. Royal Highness! Well, fancy that. . . . But of course the French were all mad—mad as March hares. . . . It was notorious. Royal Highness. . . .



"TAXI, MONSIEUR?"



"NOW, DIDN'T I SAY THIS WAS AN AMAZIN' WORLD?"

"I say—I knew a chap once whose mother was the cousin of a fellow who was extra equerry to the old Duke of Cambridge—or perhaps he was an honorary chaplain to Queen Victoria—I can't remember which, but it was something to do with royalty, anyway. But what I want to know," he added, "is whether or not . . ."

The *maître d'hôtel* bowed once more, involuntarily and instinctively, although an acutely terrible suspicion entered his mind that his royal visitor had been drinking. He shuddered. Drinking. . . . But immediately he remembered himself, and hastily bowed once more and even more deeply.

"Good God! Don't go on bowing at me like that," cried the very fair young man. "But I say," he asked, briskly, after an awkward and awful pause, "I wonder if you happen to have seen my friend in here lately . . . rather a slim, tall girl with fair, bobbed hair."

Dinner was consumed in a subsequent and dubious silence in which the

orchestra played half-heartedly and the waiters moved among the tables more delicately than ever Agag walked. And at the far end of the room, with his back to the world, the *maître d'hôtel* reflected bitterly upon the capriciousness of princes. . . .

The Place Vendome was dim and shadowy in lamplight, and deserted, when Basil left the entrance of the Ritz and started to make his way toward the Bristol. There was a faint scent of horse chestnuts and lilac in the cool night air, and the lights glimmered mistily; the great bronze column of Napoleon soared triumphantly into the purple, star-powdered sky, and from the distance an echo of unending traffic was soft and drowsy, like the hum of bees.

Near the column Basil stopped in aimless indecision, and leaned upon his stick.

Something had to be done. That was certain. Yet exactly what was to be done remained rather vague and indefinite; Basil could think of no more places to search; he had visited them

all, and without the slightest success. And it was far too early to go to bed.

He took out his cigarette case and with abstracted care selected one of the cigarettes stuffed inside. He tapped it against the case leisurely, and then he struck a match. The little, mothlike flame flickered fragily between his hands for a moment, lighting up his face, and went out suddenly; and there was a pleasant perfumed odor of tobacco smoke—he remembered that afterward vividly—and some one singing rather drunkenly a music-hall ballad.

It was extremely curious, because at that moment two men sprang at him savagely from the shadow at the base of the column.

Instinctively, Basil dodged. One man missed him altogether, and sprawled out at full length, cursing vilely, if somewhat breathlessly, on the cobble stones. The other clutched him with clawing, vicious hands and slid down his legs to a passionate embrace of Basil's knees, and Basil rather hastily fell over him, shouting for help.

Exactly what happened afterward Basil could not remember. As a matter of fact, they described two or three jerky, irregular circles on the pavement to a panting, struggling heap. Rather hazily, he heard running footsteps and the shrill insistence of a police whistle, and then a muttered curse and a sudden biting, burning pain in one shoulder. There was a sense of falling dizzily immeasurable distances . . . and a swift, swimming darkness, blotting out everything.

From a commanding position in front of a sea-coal fire, Mr. Hope regarded a very fair young man with his arm in a sling as he lit a cigar.

In the large, quilted-silk dressing gown which enveloped him, and which had obviously been made originally for a wearer of more generous proportions than his own, Basil presented the appearance of nothing quite so much as that of an animated jelly-roll. Except

for that, and the arm he wore in a sling, he seemed to be little the worse for his misadventure of the previous evening, especially since a certain pallor of countenance was not unbecoming.

"Of course," said Mr. Hope, tolerantly enough, "you had much too much champagne."

He spoke as if that in itself explained perfectly the fact that a most murderous assault had been committed in the Place Vendome at half past nine o'clock the night before.

"Of course I had exactly nothing of the sort. As a matter of fact, I had too little."

"Too little!" reiterated Mr. Hope, incredulously.

"Certainly. I never fight really well on less than three or four bottles of bubbly. And as I had had only one or two during the whole of the day—well, you see what happened."

Which was, of course, unanswerable.

"But three or four bottles," said Mr. Hope, still unconvinced, and somewhat disapprovingly, "is dreadful. It's a great deal too much for a young man to drink."

"I dare say it is. Nevertheless, I never fight well on less. But look here, Mr. Hope," Basil continued, briskly, "how in the dickens did you get to hear about the row?"

"They telephoned from the Prefecture."

He was interrupted by Basil demanding to know if it was indeed not an exciting world, and if everyone should not be as happy as sandboys in simply being alive, with the added remark that, after all, you never can tell what will happen.

"No," observed Mr. Hope, dryly, "you can't."

"Still, how did they know at the jolly old Prefecture that you knew me?"

"Except for some money, you had nothing in your pockets but my card. And you see I'm not altogether unknown in Paris, so they rang up to ask me who you were."

"Did they?" exclaimed Basil, with immense interest. "Fancy that. . . ."

Mr. Hope poked the fire suddenly with extraordinary violence. And then he went on, rather red in the face:

"It appears they caught one fellow—he was that disreputable-looking ruffian who came up and spoke to you about that—er, that note at the Café de la Paix—and that he'd been following you all over Paris."

"Had he? Well, I'll be blowed! . . . I say, that's a rum sort of thing, what?"

"Very rum—as you say," remarked Mr. Hope, solemnly. "But there's something even—er, even rummer than that. . . ."

He studied Basil's fair, frail features through the thin haze of the smoke from his cigar for several minutes critically. Basil stared thoughtfully into the fire. And then Mr. Hope coughed—rather uncomfortably.

"And the extraordinary thing is that it's not really striking," he said, vaguely. "Not in the least. I happened to notice it myself the other day . . . still, it's slight, very slight," he added, "and perfectly ridiculous."

"Rum . . . slight . . . and ridiculous!"

Basil reflected upon these facts with careful, if somewhat confused, attention.

"Rum" he repeated, "and slight But whatever is so rum and slight?"

He asked this with the triumph of one suddenly remembering a certain lost and crucial point of a controversy which turned defeat into immediate victory.

"Why, they thought you were the Prince of Wales!" blurted out Mr. Hope. "The whole business is absurd," and he avoided his fair young guest's excited gaze and stared intently at nothing with the disturbing conviction that he had said something singularly idiotic.

"Now, didn't I say this was an amazin' world? And didn't I say that you never can tell?" Basil enthusiastically demanded, "although," he added, "that's what a chap thought once in a Turkish bath in Jermyn Street. . . ."

But I say, tell me more," he said, breaking off his recollections rather abruptly.

"Well, there isn't really anything more. This fellow followed you round Paris for a day or two—the police are looking for that girl who sent you the note—they think she's a member of the gang and that she got cold feet and tried to warn you at the Café de la Paix. However, a waiter at the Ritz appeared to be in the game, too. . . . You see, you simply walked right into it."

There was a remarkable silence.

"Of course you were bound to get into trouble—hunting Paris for the sort of woman you pick up at the Ritz of an afternoon," said Mr. Hope, severely. "It was a most preposterous business."

"But, dash it all! one hardly expects to be mistaken for the Prince of Wales and scragged at the same time in the Place Vendome," expostulated Basil. "I might have been merely goin' to the jolly old Bristol—"

"You might have been, certainly," admitted Mr. Hope, "but you weren't."

It was, of course, obvious. But Basil appeared to be in a somewhat disputatious frame of mind, and argued the point with Mr. Hope so hotly that neither the one nor the other observed the door open and a girl stroll into the room. It was an immensely long room, and, except for the uncertain firelight, and the shaded radiance of a lamp where they sat, practically in darkness. And, anyway, the dispute had reached the dizzier heights of logic and rhetoric.

The girl paused to listen, with an air of some amusement and great and growing astonishment. She was very slim, and pale tinted, and her hair short and curly and delicately yellow; with her exquisitely molded profile, easy, unconscious grace, and radiance she might have been some Greek goddess who had strayed into that immense modern room from the pages of mythology. But she appeared to be rather unreasonably astonished, nevertheless.

"Ah, I wondered if you'd come in and see us," exclaimed Mr. Hope, suddenly

perceiving her and breaking off his argument. "This is the young idiot . . ."

His voice trailed off into a startled silence and he stared at her in doubt and disapproval.

"What on earth's the matter?" he asked, in nervous perplexity.

Nieces, especially well-brought-up American nieces, are not in the habit of shaking their heads strangely at strange young men.

"Matter? Nothing's the matter," replied that particular niece in a crisp voice that caused the fair young man to sit up violently in his chair.

And then Mr. Hope happened to notice Basil.

Obviously, something was very much the matter indeed. Mr. Hope stared from his niece to his visitor and from his visitor to his niece in bewildered incredulity. Basil sank back into his chair in a way that was an utter collapse more than anything else; Mr. Hope looked at him more attentively; there was an expression of startled imbecility upon that fair young man's face that Mr. Hope felt uncomfortably certain left a reflection on his own. From his guest he looked again at his niece. And then he pitched his cigar into the fire. There was indeed something tremendously the matter.

And then his niece began to laugh in a

gay helplessness of amusement that was as extraordinary as it was unaccountable. Mr. Hope stared at her aghast. . . . He stared at her without really seeing her . . . until it occurred to him—for no particular reason, but with painful clarity—that Valentine's hair was bobbed and yellow and curly. It was, of course, a fact of which he had been aware for several years at least, still . . .

He turned to observe his guest. The fair young man about the gills was a guilty, unmistakable, blissful pink. Mr. Hope glanced again at his niece; she was still laughing, and he noticed that she was tall and extremely slender and that her hands were betrayingly beautiful. And, after all, almost anything may happen in Paris. He jingled the coins in his pockets helplessly, and then he shrugged his shoulders and strolled toward the door.

"Since you two young people appear to know each other," he remarked, rather bitterly, "there's no need for me to introduce you. . . ."

He paused on the threshold and looked back into the room.

"It would seem that idiocy secures its own reward," he said, and rather thoughtfully, although with every appearance of prodigious preoccupation, he closed the door quietly after him as he went out. . . .

THE CONFESSION OF AN IDEALIST

MORTON calls me an idealist. He says I am always wasting my time with something that has no money in it.

Once when I spent two hours on a train with Morton he almost wrecked my whole philosophy of living. He preached me a little sermon—these “practical” men are always telling somebody something—on the advantages of getting out of the thirty-five-hundred-dollar class into the three-hundred - and - fifty - thousand - dollar class. My native capacity, he assured me, in addition to meriting the “comforts of life”—“a good house, a good machine, a good table, and freedom from anxiety”—merited the joy of “self-realization.” “What you need,” he concluded, as we stood together by my chair, waiting for the train to stop, “is the sense of power that money gives you. You meet Smith and his family somewhere, and you can tell by the way he treats you and by the way his wife treats your wife that you are a bigger man than he is. It’s all right to talk about these ‘spiritual compensations,’ if you wish; you see, I grew up in a Methodist parsonage. But I’d just like to have you experience for once the sense of being powerful. There’s nothing like it, I tell you.”

He had classified me. And, in the hot flush of consciousness that swept over me after he left the train, I was surprised that I had never tried to classify myself. Friends had sometimes called me a conservative, sometimes a radical, sometimes an altruist, sometimes an egoist. But Morton was businesslike and specific, and he pronounced “idealist” as if the word were in some way related to a Ladies’ Aid Society. He succeeded in planting doubts in my mind.

As the train raced across pleasant valleys and crashed through innumerable sooty little villages, I felt myself drifting off into the vibrant mood of detachment that envelops a man when he is burning with a fever. I could see Morton in his offices, surrounded by push buttons, speaking tubes, and high-salaried assistants, presiding comfortably, easily, over the destinies of a small army of construction engineers and ten thousand workmen. I could see him swinging ponderously, almost regally, over grade crossings, as he rode late in the afternoon toward his new lodge on Sunset Hill. More disquieting still was the pulsing echo of some of his words: “They don’t appreciate your efforts, anyhow. . . . You’re an idealist . . . necessity of self-realization . . . consciousness of power.” . . .

A sense of sickness, heart sickness, crushed me down into my chair. True, men had referred to me as a “vivid personality” and an “enthusiastic teacher.” Yet, now that Morton had raised the question, I recalled that I had sometimes remarked myself that “personality” and “enthusiasm” were dangerous qualities for a teacher to have. One of my former colleagues, an able scholar, a wise counselor, and the finest-spirited gentleman I have ever known, had been summarily dismissed from his post, after years of service, because he “wouldn’t do.” Another, known from one end of the country to the other for his production of classical plays, was forced to turn away from the civilization of the Greeks and take up the marketing of paving bricks. And still another, a man who had worked for a decade on means of giving the people of earth more light at a reduction in price, was now—humiliation of humiliations—engaged in the manu-

facture of sanitary hog troughs. I recalled, too, how, during the war, I had given my time and my special knowledge absolutely without price, only to see a certain high counselor of state—so high that to mention his title would be to name him—come to my own city and charge the Chamber of Commerce five hundred dollars for telling an audience of twelve hundred people that they ought to buy Liberty bonds. And, now that I thought of it, nobody had protested very much against this high-handed patriotic robbery. "He ought not to have done it," everyone said, and then bought more bonds. My sickness of heart grew into a terrifying fear: What if Morton were right? What if I had spent fifteen years in pursuit of an ideal that was not worth possessing?

By the time we reached the outskirts of the smoky, muddy city where I was to spend the night I was utterly overwhelmed with a sense of uselessness. That evening I was to be the guest of honor at a dinner where "distinguished" men and women—some of them of Morton's economic class—were to be numerous; yet I wanted to run away, to lose the identity of which I had formerly been proud. I wanted to clamber to the top of one of the innumerable freight trains that were hunting their way, serpentlike, through rows of blast-furnaces and factories out into the open country, and ride, and ride, and ride. I wanted to swing into a bigger limousine than Morton's and shout gruffly to boys at crossings, "Keep out of the way there, or you'll get run over!" I wanted to bury myself in discussions of "margin" and "overhead" and "turn-over," and dream only of wheel foundries and blast furnaces and smoke. I wanted to do what Morton and the rest were doing, and forget that I had ever been in the thirty-five-hundred-dollar class of "idealists."

I suppose I talked as well as usual that evening. From one man I received a powerful handshake—with much "personality" in it—coupled with the assur-

ance that I might have his income for a year if I would only tell him "how to do it"; from a white-haired, stolid lady of sixty who seemed never to have been excited in her life, I learned that I had "a wonderful way of getting right down into the heart of things." And at the station the next morning, after I had spent the night sleeplessly staring at a dozen blast furnaces that kept the horizon quiveringly aflame like as many impending tornadoes, a voluble neurasthenic told me in confidence that my words had helped her to "a clear glimpse of that peace which passeth all understanding." She did not know that I had spent the night in a very literal hell of fiery furnaces.

On my way home I had an opportunity, I thought, to test one of Morton's contentions. I rode for an hour with one of the trustees of the institution in which I have taught for several years. He is reputed to have much more than an ordinary interest in his trust, and frequently he has been very cordial in his praise of my work. So in the course of a conversation that began with a discussion of the morale of the Republican party, I directed his attention to a college problem at which I had been working for more than four years. I was receiving no extra pay for this arduous outside labor; I wished to have the trustees see the high-minded devotion with which members of their faculty were willing to work. My stupefaction, then, can be imagined when I discovered that this trustee did not know I was doing this work, and did not know it ought to be done. More depressing still, he did not see the necessity of giving to any kind of work the care for significant detail which lifts it from mediocrity to distinction. Through some inexplicable logic, our conversation came to an end by his proposing that I take out a life-insurance policy in his company.

At home a note left by my wife, who had gone out for the afternoon, called my attention to a faculty meeting at three o'clock. I hurried away, glad for

once that I was probably to while away two hours in the discussion of purely routine matters. I arrived just as the president was introducing a "special representative" of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. This emissary began his remarks with a suavity that momentarily led me to imagine myself in a very unreal dream. "On account of an inadequacy of funds, the Foundation has come to feel that the continuance of its present scheme of pensions would be impracticable." Then blandly, as if he were explaining a new grade of automobile oil, he announced that if the younger men in the faculties of "associated institutions" wished to guarantee themselves a pension in old age, they could do so by taking out insurance at a reasonable rate in a society that had just been formed for that purpose.

The Carnegie pension gone? This one hope that enabled a man to work on cheerfully at a small salary and feel secure for old age—was it suddenly vanishing in thin air? "No, not wholly," the special representative assured me, patronizingly. "You began teaching prior to 1914. If you wish to regard sixty-five as the retiring age, there will still be a small pension for you. Two thirds of your salary minus five fifteenths," and he mentioned a sum so meager that it would bar retirement from a regular occupation quite as effectually as if I were to receive no pension at all.

As I went away from that meeting I believe I experienced for five or ten minutes the chaos of the man who has lost his sanity over a philosophic doctrine or a religious faith. My mind was a roaring void. I wanted to walk, to run. Like a small boy who has been charged with some serious neglect of duty, I wanted to get away from everybody, including myself. As I passed the courthouse, I was reminded in some vague way that I had not yet paid my income tax—a small matter, to be sure, but I did not care to add to all of my

other indignities by going to jail. I entered the office of the revenue collector in nervous haste, and then stood for an hour and a quarter while he helped a man and woman determine the income on which they should pay tax. They were just clods, those two; less intelligent than any Basque peasants. Yet the amount on which they paid income tax was so great that if I were to teach in the wealthiest university in America from now until I am eighty (and I am scarcely forty), and were to live as economically all of that time as I have lived in the past, and were to invest advantageously every penny of my savings, I could not hope to amass half of such a sum. And they were under fifty and had made it all themselves. The one gleam of hope that flashed across my mind was this: "If these people can make money, why should men and women with brains?" . . .

In the consolation of this thought, I felt a little of my native sense of humor returning. I had better go home, I reflected, grimly, and go to bed before any other evil should befall me. I needed sleep.

I dropped into my favorite easy chair in the study. While I sat there, enjoying for a moment the neutrally pleasant state of staring blankly at the window, I heard my wife enter the house. She paused a moment in the living room, undoubtedly noting evidence of my arrival. Then I heard her approaching. She clasped her hands tightly over my eyes from behind, and in her undisturbed, confident voice asked:

"Do you suppose there are two other people in the world as happy as we are?"

I whirled around, startled.

Her eyes penetrate like violet rays. "Why, what are you thinking about?" she inquired with concern.

"Nothing," I lied, truthfully.

"Then you have not seen these?" And she pressed into my hands a dozen or more letters that had accumulated during my absence. Most of them were "just letters"—invitations to deliver

addresses, announcements of weddings and births, and requests from former students for notes of recommendation. But three or four had come from that heaven of romance which the "practical" man forever seeks but may never enter. One was signed by a kind-spirited old Scandinavian who had read a book of mine that he flatteringly assured me possessed merit. Another was from Jessup, one of my students still with his regiment in France. He had gone unexpectedly to the address of a little boy I had adopted and had found him alone in the house framing a photograph of my wife with a frail cordon of spring flowers. "The poor little devil," he wrote, "was beside himself when I told him I knew you." And still another was from a man I had known when I had lived in Europe five or six years before. "When shall I have the joy of seeing you again?" he asked, with all the enthusiasm of youth. "So far as I am concerned, those few hours we spent together were among the most decisive of my life. You opened a new world to me. You led me to make the effort to acquire your native tongue; you turned my habitual thought toward certain international relations that may prove to be the salvation of my country; you brought me into contact with many of your most brilliant compatriots, and your letters during the dark hours of the war were my most precious comfort. My father, who no longer sees our little world except through the eyes of his son, never spent an evening at our fireside without asking about you."

I was still so much under the spell of Morton's philosophy that I took a furtive glance or two at the envelopes to make sure that they bore my name.

Then there was a telegram from Kinsal, '13—imperturbable vagabond—who said he was coming to see me the next day "about a very important matter." He came. The important matter about which he wished to see me was philosophical. "I've been up in the air a little," he explained, casually, "since I

got out of the army, and, as you seem to get more unmixed joy out of life than anybody I have ever known" (I smiled a frightened smile at my luck that he did not come a day earlier), "I thought maybe you wouldn't mind if I'd just stick around for two or three days and get settled down a little." He stayed a week, and each day he unwittingly contributed something toward my recovery from the two hours I had spent with Morton.

That was two years ago. For a time immediately after, I waited with some caution, lest the attack might recur. But the farther away I find myself, the more certain do I feel that my one wild day of subjection to the god of steel was only a slight "dislocation of consciousness"; that in an unguarded moment I allowed the obviousness of the commonplace to get the better of me; that, in spite of all, I have lived my life according to a superior principle. I do not say it with egotism, but I have a feeling of acceptability before my own best instincts that I could not possibly barter for all the luxurious comforts with which Morton has surrounded himself. I probably could not make the matter clear to him; I am unaccustomed to writing epigrammatic classifications of five or six words and "letting it go at that" without regard for significant overlappings and fringes. Nor can I speak to anyone else with the presumption that my words will be accepted as an authoritative recipe. But examples are within the pale of expression, and examples may not fail utterly to reveal the "idealism" that sustains me.

I believe it no small matter, for instance, that I am blessed with the time and the state of mind to come face to face with the adventure of life as I make my way through it. I am not forced by any worship of the god of "efficiency" to arrive at a certain year—my fiftieth, let us say—with a given amount of baggage, whether or not I have seen anything on the journey. One day I re-

marked to a friend who worships at an altar not unlike Morton's, though smaller, that I had "a bully good time" on my way to work of mornings. Sometimes I merely drank in the life of the street,—the smiles, the anxieties, the noises, the colors. Sometimes I imagined that I walked with Gilbert K. Chesterton, or Anatole France, or Maurice Maeterlinck, and listened to their divergent comments on the things I saw. A flash of embarrassment crossed his face—he had never heard any of these names before—and then he sought to dismiss me pityingly by remarking that when he started to the office he hadn't any time to look at insects or hear noises or imagine the conversation of somebody he wasn't interested in. "I must get there!" he declared, with a nervous suggestion that something at that very moment was being neglected because he was talking with me.

"But what do you do when you get there?" I asked, innocently.

He did not deign to tell me. But I know. I know his entire program. He rises at 7.05, and, after giving his razor sharpener exactly so many turns, he begins shaving at 7.10. Promptly at 7.40 he sits down to breakfast and to the financial page of the newspaper. Then he hurries away to his office and then hurries into his letters and then hurries into his conferences and then hurries to his lunch ("Combination No. 4, and bring it right away!"), after which he hurriedly makes some more money by doing it all over again. Then he rushes away to the golf course "to keep up the social end of things" and "take" some relaxation. He puffs in nervous fury over the course in an effort to do the eighteen holes in eighty-eight, and get back to town by six-fifty o'clock in order that the evening may pass off on schedule so that he may have plenty of sleep and be ready to shave again at 7.10 the next morning. Some Irresistible Energy seems to be hurrying him past everything that is worth doing or worth seeing in a desperate effort to bring him at last

face to face with something of tremendous importance that yet remains undone or unseen.

Now I am sure my interest in my profession is as genuine as Morton's interest in his business. A college is an object of interest, as is a steel mill; and to strive toward a definite and substantial end is one of the greatest privileges of life. But to see nothing of consequence on the landscape except colleges and steel mills, or to strive toward nothing except "holding a position" or "playing the big game" would make my life unendurable. When I make a journey I sometimes like to look beyond the timetable before me, beyond the monuments of brick and steel and stone along the way, beyond the endless lines of billboards that disfigure the green fields with glaring representations of truck tires, chewing-gum, and hosiery. To be able to look past all of these things and view the winding roads, the hurrying brooks, and the silent trees on the hillside without wondering how much profit there is in cement-machinery, bridges, and lumber, is a "compensation" of no small value. It is important that one arrive, to be sure; but that was a wise philosopher who believed the adventures along the way ought to count for something.

Another of my "compensations" is closely akin to this capacity for experiencing the adventure of life. In all fairness to Morton and "practical" men of his class, I know that I enjoy an intellectual honesty that they cannot even understand. I make no pretense of being without prejudices, yet I can view a political or an economic situation with a degree of detachment, and Morton cannot. I can tell, for example, what Morton's attitude will be toward educating the negro, or admitting immigrants, or opening the Great Lakes to ocean liners, or appointing an engineer to a place in the national Cabinet, just as soon as I can ascertain the relation of any of these questions to dividends in steel. In a two-hour conversation he talks much about the "theoretical aspect" of moral

or economic problems and the "practical aspect"—a distinction which means, when reduced to its simplest terms, that Morton maintains one standard for his conscience and another for his conduct. Had he lived in 1860, he would have "admired" Lincoln, but he would have voted for Douglas. Perhaps he does not feel poignantly the loss of this power to act without deliberately consulting his financial aims—many years have passed since he surrendered—but I know that he no longer possesses it, and, in all humility, I know that I do. And I know that the satisfaction of exercising one's best judgment on a public question, unhampered by thought of dividends and the resultant attitude of Smith's wife toward my wife, is one of the abiding satisfactions that may bless a man of uncalled-for sensibilities.

Nor is my freedom limited to my thinking. I may enter unreservedly, passionately, into any enterprise that seems to merit support, and find my reward in the simple, personal joy of doing a good thing well. I need not say to anyone, "I am really in sympathy with your cause, but for 'practical' reasons I prefer not to have my name mentioned"; nor, "Naturally, of course, if I do it, I should be glad to have credit for my little part." It is true that sometimes when men of my profession have espoused certain causes which "practical" men of Morton's class have disapproved, they have suffered for their activity. But either they deserved to suffer or they triumphed in spite of their suffering. As a young teacher I sometimes went to a high officer of the institution where I taught, and told him about my dearest plans. Usually he dismissed them with a word—sometimes without a word. My benumbing sense of futility after I talked with the trustee that day on the train was a lingering survival of that same starving for sympathetic consideration. But I have come to understand the laws of appreciation better than I did ten years ago. I have come to see that up to a certain point

one is always appreciated; perhaps not by the person toward whom one looks, but always by some one. And beyond that point external appreciation, though agreeable, is not essential. I have come to see, as did the gentle but strong R. L. S., that for the highest perfection in any labor one must expect to find his chief reward in the somewhat cold approval of his own conscience. At times I think nothing else matters.

But a greater "compensation" than any of these is the knowledge that in my heart of hearts I hate no one—though I pity many; that I have no desire to wreck another man's business in order to make mine a little larger; that I do not want Smith's wife to have her attitude toward my wife determined by my financial rating; that I am so conscious of the social kinship and common destiny of men that, in modest yet proud truth, I love humankind. For one reason alone I should like to be a millionaire: I should like to help men to come in their own peculiar way to the highest happiness that they are struggling to experience. I know a man of striking artistic ability and fineness of feeling who would give all he possesses, and anything he might ever possess, for just one year, or even six months, in the Italian galleries. Down the street below him lives the millionaire daughter of an ex-brewer who might spend all the days of her life in the Italian galleries, but she does not do so, and she would see nothing if she did. Now I could find great delight for myself—and perhaps even a little for her—if I could hold some of her money in trust for her, and use the income in helping this brilliant man—as well as many another of his kind—toward the completer development and expression of his genius. For I have learned, as Morton with all of his ingenuity in devising comforts for himself has not, that if one is simply searching for the most glowing, uncloying romance the world affords, it is to be found in the consciousness of having said to some man who has dreamed and suffered almost to despair,

"Henceforth you are not to suffer; you are to dream and realize."

But do men, even if they appreciate your efforts at "self-realization," care to have you heap goodwill upon them? From the fund of my own experience, I know they do. It is true that they are suspicious; they have many times been the victims of fraud. But when one is moved by genuine impulse to give others a zest for life or a new hunger for the beauty of the world, they understand by a fine intuition that he does not have in mind trying later to sell them irrigation bonds or oil "securities." A million, or ten million years ago, life found this sensitiveness for the things that make life more abundant, and every creature remains sensitive. I like dogs, and somehow every dog I meet is aware of the fact. Many a disagreeable, unkempt cur or red-mouthed hound by the roadside has sniffed inquiringly in my direction, hesitated a moment to catch my attitude with his eyes, and then confidently joined me for a six-mile tramp across the fields. I like children—I worship them as no one ever worshiped a grown-up hero or heroine; and every morning when I meet little six-year-olds on their way to school I see that my worship is joyously returned. They say "Good morning" with a full heart—just as mine is—and then squirm happily as they hurry on. I have seen many of these tots cross the street in the middle of the block in order to be sure to meet me. No doubt Morton would not have seen them; he would have been concerned with some such important object as a new dumping device for a steel coal car.

I respect his seriousness; we must, for the present at least, have coal. But I should rather have one unspoiled human being think me worth meeting than to share the profits of the best dumping device a coal car ever carried. I like workingmen; and scores of plasterers and draymen and miners and potters who never heard me utter a word on the labor situation, who never saw the scars of labor that my own hands bear, sur-

prise me daily by calling me by name. They tell me their troubles and seek my counsel without caution, although they feel that many men in my profession are controlled by capitalists and are, therefore, unsafe. I like students; and I never live through a week without receiving letters from San Francisco or New York or Boston or Paris or Tokio in which some member of "the family" tells me of something I once said or did (I have usually forgotten it myself) that has made the road a little straighter or a little more worth traveling.

So I think it is not exceptional that I should believe men grateful, or that I should find one of my "compensations" in their gratitude. Morton, I know, derives a great pleasure from seeing his giant coal cars lumbering along on every railroad in the land. Through them he gives expression to the creative instinct which it is the lot of mankind to possess. But for me there is an infinite difference between that pleasure and the godlike exaltation I experience when I recall that, the world over, there are young scholars, young social workers, young writers, young composers, young painters, young advocates, and young statesmen who find delight in telling me that in some degree their courage, their vision, and their power are the product of my labors.

But the "compensation" that the "practical" man would understand least, yet the one which satisfies me most, is an unfettered kind of faith that makes me unafraid. Morton professes to have "confidence," and he "trusts" business. But I know Morton intimately; and I know that, in spite of his appearance of ease, he lives in constant fear. He is afraid of his competitors; he is afraid of "the market"; he is afraid of labor; he is afraid of unfavorable legislation; he is sometimes afraid of his own judgment; and he is afraid to think of the time when he will have to step out of "the game." He must be busy; he must be the master; he dare not trust to anyone else the problem of making things come

out according to specification. It would be futile to profess that my own faith is absolutely fear-proof. I have myself made confession that it is not. Yet, all in all, my life is grimly serene. I do not put my trust in "the game," therefore I need not despair when "the game" breaks in the wrong way. I play for stakes that are above manipulation, so I have nothing to conceal. The best of life, I am convinced, is not acquired, but accepted. In this faith I pursue my way unafraid. I cannot conceive of anything that could happen to me that would be absolutely disastrous—except to become a "practical" man like Morton.

This faith sustains me, too, when I am misunderstood or when I misunderstand myself. Many qualities are attributed to me that I feel sure I do not possess, or possess only in a small degree; and many are assumed to be beyond my nature when I have taken them for granted all of my life. When, therefore, I know I am not bending all of my intellectual and emotional powers toward some preconceived financial end, I am content to go my way without trying to analyze and justify every impulse that makes up the detail of my existence. Just living, when one has untrammelled faith, makes the misconceptions of the unthinking many and the rewards of overnice introspective scrutiny seem like very, very insignificant matters. I see, on my breakfast table, the insensate sugar in the marmalade always assuming the same form of crystal; I observe one of Fabre's young spiders building a web with the geometrical accuracy of a trained mathematician; and I note the meadow larks returning each spring to a field where meadow larks thrive. Why, then, should I be forever fearful unless I am lost in the specific enterprise of wrenching my destiny impatiently from the universe in which I find myself?

Morton would probably call my confession only another defensive effort to glorify poverty. But it is not. I neither exalt poverty nor bewail riches. When, however, a man must choose between losing himself in "the game" and losing himself in the more romantic, more significant intoxications of life, he ought to be permitted to decide against "the game," if he wishes so to do, and still be a person of some importance. Even on Morton's own basis of making estimations, I am unwilling to be rated as having no power. Morton is positive; he is confident; he settles all matters by putting them down in 1, 2, 3. Sometimes he overawes a man who wishes to be deferential and open-minded. He is filled with a gross sense of power whenever he sways some small current of industry ever so little. But in my confidence, so unassuming that he mistakes it for weakness, I know that I can reorganize, if I will, the entire industrial system. Men come to me in the glad, fearless days of their youth when they are only too eager to try any experiment that remains untried. They go from my classroom with certain of my so-called idealistic principles taken for granted, and in a generation or two they have more or less unconsciously carried my teachings into practice to such an extent that the center of social and industrial life has been shifted unalterably. Or it may be that some one man will go from my classroom so filled with a new sense of social obligation, and so fired with the enthusiasm of his purpose, that he will be a prophet for mankind. In his effort to lead the people to a finer sense of values he may help even the "practical" men of Morton's type to a greater exaltation of spirit than they find in the single engrossing contest of seeing who can spout the most black smoke up into the radiant blue of heaven.

THE WALLOW OF THE SEA

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

AFTER twenty years I saw Deolda Costa again, Deolda who, when I was a girl, had meant to me Beauty and Romance. There she sat before me, large, mountainous, her lithe gypsy body clothed in fat. Her dark eyes, beautiful as ever, still with a hint of wildness, met mine proudly. And as she looked at me the old doubts rose again in my mind, a cold chill crawled up my back as I thought what was locked in Deolda's heart. My mind went back to that night twenty years ago, with the rain beating its devil's tattoo against the window, when all night long I sat holding Deolda's hand while she never spoke or stirred the hours through, but stared with her crazy, smut-rimmed eyes out into the storm where Johany Deutra was. I heard again the shuttle of her feet weaving up and down the room through the long hours.

It was a strange thing to see Deolda after having known her as I did. There she was, with her delight of life all changed into youngsters and fat. There she was, heavy as a monument, and the devil in her divided among her children—though Deolda had plenty of devil to divide.

My first thought was: "Here's the end of Romance. To think that you once were Love, Passion, and maybe even carried Death in your hand—and when I look at you now!"

Then the thought came to me, "After all, it is a greater Romance that she should have triumphed completely, that the weakness of remorse has never set its fangs in her heart." She had seized the one loophole that life had given her and had infused her relentless courage into another's veins.

I was at the bottom of Deolda Costa's coming to live with my aunt Josephine Kingsbury, for I had been what my mother called "peaked," and was sent down to the seashore to visit her. And suddenly I, an inland child, found myself in a world of romance whose very colors were changed. I had lived in a world of swimming green with faint blue distance; hills ringed us mildly; wide, green fields lapped up to our houses; islands of shade trees dotted the fields.

My world of romance was blue and gray, with the savage dunes glittering gold in the sun. Here life was intense. Danger lurked always under the horizon. Lights, like warning eyes, flashed at night, and through the drenching fog, bells on reefs talked to invisible ships. Old men who told tales of storm and strange, savage islands, of great catches of fish, of smuggling, visited my aunt.

Then, as if this were merely the background of a drama, Deolda Costa came to live with us in a prosaic enough fashion, as a "girl to help out."

If you ask me how my aunt, a decent, law-abiding woman—a sick woman at that—took a firebrand like Deolda into her home, all I would be able to answer is: If you had seen her stand there, as I did, on the porch that morning, you wouldn't ask the question. The doorbell rang and my aunt opened it, I tagging behind. There was a girl there who looked as though she were daring all mankind, a strange girl with skin tawny, like sand on a hot day, and dark, brooding eyes. My aunt said:

"You want to see me?"

The girl glanced up slowly under her dark brows that looked as if they had been drawn with a pencil.

"I've come to work for you," she said in a shy, friendly fashion. "I'm a real strong girl."

No one could have turned her away, not unless he were deaf and blind, not unless he were ready to murder happiness. I was fifteen and romantic, and I was bedazzled just as the others were. She made me think of dancing women I had heard of, and music, and of soft, starlit nights, velvet black. She was more foreign than anything I had ever seen and she meant to me what she did to plenty of others—Romance. She must have meant it to my aunt, sick as she was and needing a hired girl. So when Deolda asked, in that soft way of hers:

"Shall I stay?"

"Yes," answered my aunt, reluctantly, her eyes on the girl's lovely mouth.

While she stood there, her shoulders drooping, her eyes searching my aunt's face, she still found time to shoot a glance like a flaming signal to Johnny Deutra, staring at her agape. I surprised the glance, and so did my aunt Josephine, who must have known she was in for nothing but trouble. And so was Johnny Deutra, for from that first glance of Deolda's that dared him, love laid its heavy hand on his young shoulders.

"What's your name, dear?" my aunt asked.

"Deolda Costa," said she.

"Oh, you're one-armed Manel's girl. I don't remember seeing you about lately."

"I been working to New Bedford. My father an' mother both died. I came up for the funeral. I—don't want to go back to the mills—" Then sudden fury flamed in her. "I hate the men there!" she cried. "I'd drown before I'd go back!"

"There, there, dear," my aunt soothed her. "You ain't going back—you're going to work for Auntie Kingsbury."

That was the way Deolda had. She never gave one any chance for an illusion about her, for there was handsome Johnny Deutra still hanging round the

gate watching Deolda, and she already held my aunt's heart in her slender hand.

My aunt went around muttering, "One-armed Manel's girl!" She appealed to me: "She's got to live somewhere, hasn't she?"

I imagine that my aunt excused herself for deliberately running into foul weather by telling herself that Deolda was her "lot," something the Lord had sent her to take care of.

"Who was one-armed Manel?" I asked, tagging after my aunt.

"Oh, he was a queer old one-armed Portygee who lived down along," said my aunt, "clear down along under the sand dunes in a green-painted house with a garden in front of it with as many colors as Joseph's coat. Those Costas lived 'most any way." Then my aunt added, over her shoulder: "They say the old woman was a gypsy and got married to one-armed Manel jumping over a broomstick. And I wouldn't wonder a mite if 'twas true. She was a queer looking old hag with black, piercing eyes and a proud way of walking. The boys are a wild crew. Why, I remember this girl Deolda, like a little leopard cat with blue-black shadows in her hair and eyes like saucers, selling berries at the back door!"

My uncle Ariel, Aunt Josephine's brother, came in after a while. As he took a look at Deolda going out of the room, he said:

"P—hew! What's that?"

"I told you I was sick and had to get a girl to help out—what with Susie visiting and all," said my aunt, very short.

"Help out? Help out! My Lord! *help out!* What's her name—Beth Sheba?"

Now this wasn't as silly as it sounded. I suppose what Uncle Ariel meant was that Deolda made him think of Eastern queens and Araby. But my attention was distracted by the appearance of two wild-looking boys with a green-blue sea chest which served Deolda as a trunk. I followed it to her room and started making friends with Deolda, who

opened the trunk, and I glimpsed something embroidered in red flowers.

"Oh, Deolda, let me see. Oh, let me see!" I cried.

It was a saffron shawl all embroidered with splotchy red flowers as big as my hand. It made me tingle as it lay there in its crinkly folds, telling of another civilization and other lands than our somber shores. The shawl and its crawling, venomous, alluring flowers marked Deolda off from us. She seemed to belong to the shawl and its scarlet insinuations.

"That was my mother's," she said. Then she added this astounding thing: "My mother was a great dancer. All Lisbon went wild about her. When she danced the whole town went crazy. The bull fighters and the princes would come—"

"But how—?" I started, and stopped, for Deolda had dropped beside the chest and pressed her face in the shawl, and I remembered that her mother was dead only a few days ago, and I couldn't ask her how the great dancer came to be in Dennisport in the cabin under the dunes. I tiptoed out, my heart thrilled with Romance for the gypsy dancer's daughter.

When my aunt was ready for bed there was no Deolda. Later came the sound of footsteps and my aunt's voice in the hall outside my room.

"That you, Deolda?"

"Yes'm."

"Where were you all evening?"

"Oh, just out under the lilacs."

"For pity's sake! Out under the lilacs! What were you doing out there?"

Deolda's voice came clear and tranquil. "Making love with Johnny Deutra."

I held my breath. What can you do when a girl tells the truth unabashed.

"I've known Johnny Deutra ever since he came from the Islands, Deolda," my aunt said, sternly. "He'll mean it when he falls in love."

"I know it," said Deolda, with a little breathless catch in her voice.

"He's only a kid. He's barely twenty," my aunt went on, inexorably. "He's got to help his mother. He's not got enough to marry; any girl who married him would have to live with the old folks. Look where you're going, Deolda."

There was silence, and I heard their footsteps going to their rooms.

The next day Deolda went to walk, and back she came, old Conboy driving her in his motor. Old Conboy was rich; he had one of the first motors on the Cape, when cars were still a wonder. After that Deolda went off in Conboy's motor as soon as her dishes were done, and after supper there would be handsome Johnny Deutra. We were profoundly shocked. You may be sure village tongues were already busy after a few days of these goings on.

"Deolda," my aunt said, sternly, "what are you going out with that old Conboy for?"

"I'm going to marry him," Deolda answered.

"You're *what*?"

"Going to marry him," Deolda repeated in her cool, truthful way that always took my breath.

"Has he asked you?" my aunt inquired, sarcastically.

"No, but he will," said Deolda. She looked out under her long, slanting eyes that looked as if they had little red flames dancing in the depths of them.

"But you love Johnny," my aunt went on.

She nodded three times with the gesture of a little girl.

"Do you know what you're headed for, Deolda?" said my aunt. "Do you know what you're doing when you talk about marrying old Conboy and loving that handsome, no-account kid, Johnny?"

We were all three sitting on the bulkheads after supper. It was one of those soft nights with great lazy yellow clouds with pink edges sailing down over the rim of the sea, fleet after fleet of them. I was terribly interested in it all, but

horribly shocked, and from my vantage of fifteen years I said:

"Deolda, I think you ought to marry Johnny."

"Fiddledee!" said my aunt. "If she had sense she wouldn't marry either one of 'em—one's too old, one's too young."

"She ought to marry Johnny and make a man of him," I persisted, for it seemed ridiculous to me to call Johnny Deutra a boy when he was twenty and handsome as a picture in a book.

My prim words touched some sore place in Deolda. She gave a brief gesture with her hands and pushed the idea from her.

"I can't," she said, "I can't do it over again. Oh, I can't—I can't. I'm afraid of emptiness—empty purses, empty bellies. The last words my mother spoke were to me. She said, '*Deolda, fear nothing but emptiness—empty bellies, empty hearts.*' She left me something, too."

She went into the house and came back with the saffron shawl, its long fringe trailing on the floor, its red flowers venomous and lovely in the evening light.

"You've seen my mother," she said, "but you've seen her a poor old woman. She had everything in the world once. She gave it up for love. I've seen what love comes to. I've seen my mother with her hands callous with work and her temper sharp as a razor edge nagging my father, and my father cursing out us children. She had a whole city in love with her and she gave up everything to run away with my father. He was jealous and wanted her for himself. He got her to marry him. Then he lost his arm and they were poor and her voice went. I've seen where love goes. If I married Johnny I'd go and live at Deutra's and I'd have kids, and old Ma Deutra would hate me and scream at me just like my mother used to. It would be going back, right back in the trap I've just come out of."

What she said gave me an entirely new vision of life and love. "They were

married and lived happy ever afterward" was what I had read in books. Now I saw all at once the other side of the medal. It was my first contact, too, with a nature strong enough to attempt to subdue life to will. I had seen only the subservient ones who had accepted life.

Deolda was a fierce and passionate reaction against destiny. It's a queer thing, when you think of it, for a girl to be brought up face to face with the wreck of a tragic passion, to grow up in the house with love's ashes and to see what were lovers turned into an old hag and a cantankerous, one-armed man nagging each other.

My aunt made one more argument. "What makes you get married to any of 'em, Deolda?"

Now Deolda looked at her with a queer look; then she gave a queer laugh like a short bark.

"I can't stay here forever. I'm not going back to the mill."

Then my aunt surprised me by throwing her arms around Deolda and kissing her and calling her "my poor lamb," while Deolda leaned up against my aunt as if she were her own little girl and snuggled up in a way that would break your heart.

One afternoon soon after old Conboy brought Deolda home before tea-time, and as she jumped out:

"Oh, all right!" he called after her. "Have your own way; I'll marry you if you want me to!"

She made him pay for this. "You see," she said to my aunt, "I told you I was going to marry him."

"Well, then come out motoring to-night when you've got your dishes done," called old Conboy.

"I'm going to the breakwater with Johnny Deutra to-night," said Deolda, in that awful truthful way of hers.

"You see what you get," said my aunt, "if you marry that girl."

"I'll get worse not marrying her," said Conboy. "I may die any minute; I've a high blood pressure, and maybe

a stroke will carry me off any day. But I've never wanted anything in many years as I want to hold Deolda in my arms."

"Shame on you!" cried my aunt. "An old man like you!"

So things went on. Johnny kept right on coming. My aunt would fume about it, but she did nothing. We were all under Deolda's enchantment. As for me, I adored her; she had a look that always disarmed me. She would sit brooding with a look I had come to know as the "Deolda look." Tears would come to her eyes and slide down her face.

"Deolda," I would plead, "what are you crying about?"

"Life," she answered.

But I knew that she was crying because Johnny Deutra was only a boy. Then she would change into a mood of wild gayety, whip the shawl around her, and dance for me, looking a thousand times more beautiful than anyone I had ever seen. And then she would shove me out of the room, leaving me feeling as though I had witnessed some strange rite at once beautiful and unholy.

She'd sit mocking Conboy, but he'd only smile. She'd go off with her other love and my aunt powerless to stop her. As for Johnny Deutra, he was so in love that all he saw was Deolda. I don't believe he ever thought that she was in earnest about old Conboy.

So things stood when one day Capt. Mark Hammar came driving up with Conboy to take Deolda out. Mark was his real name, but Nick was what they called him, after the "Old Nick," for he was a devil if there ever was one, a big, rollicking devil—that is, outwardly. But gossips said no crueller man ever drove a crew for the third summer into the Northern Seas. I didn't like the way he looked at Deolda from the first, with his narrowed eyes and his smiling mouth. My aunt didn't like the way she signaled back to him. We watched them go, my aunt saying:

"No good 'll come of that!" And no good did.

All three of them came back excited and laughing. Old Conboy, tall as Mark Hammar, wide-shouldered, shambling like a bear, but a fine figure of an old fellow for all that; Mark Hammar, heavy and splendid in his sinister fashion; and between them Deolda with her big, red mouth and her sallow skin and her eyes burning as they did when she was excited.

"I'm saying to Deolda here," said Captain Hammar, coming up to my aunt, "that I'll make a better runnin' mate than Conboy." He drew her up to him. There was something alike about them; the same devil flamed out of the eyes of both of them. Their glances met like forked lightning. "I've got a lot more money than him, too," said Hammar, jerking his thumb toward Conboy. He roused the devil in Deolda.

"You may have more money," said she, "but you'll live longer! And I want to be a rich widow!"

"Stop your joking," my aunt said, sharply. "It don't sound nice."

"Joking?" says Captain Hammar, letting his big head lunge forward. "I ain't joking; I'm goin' to marry that girl."

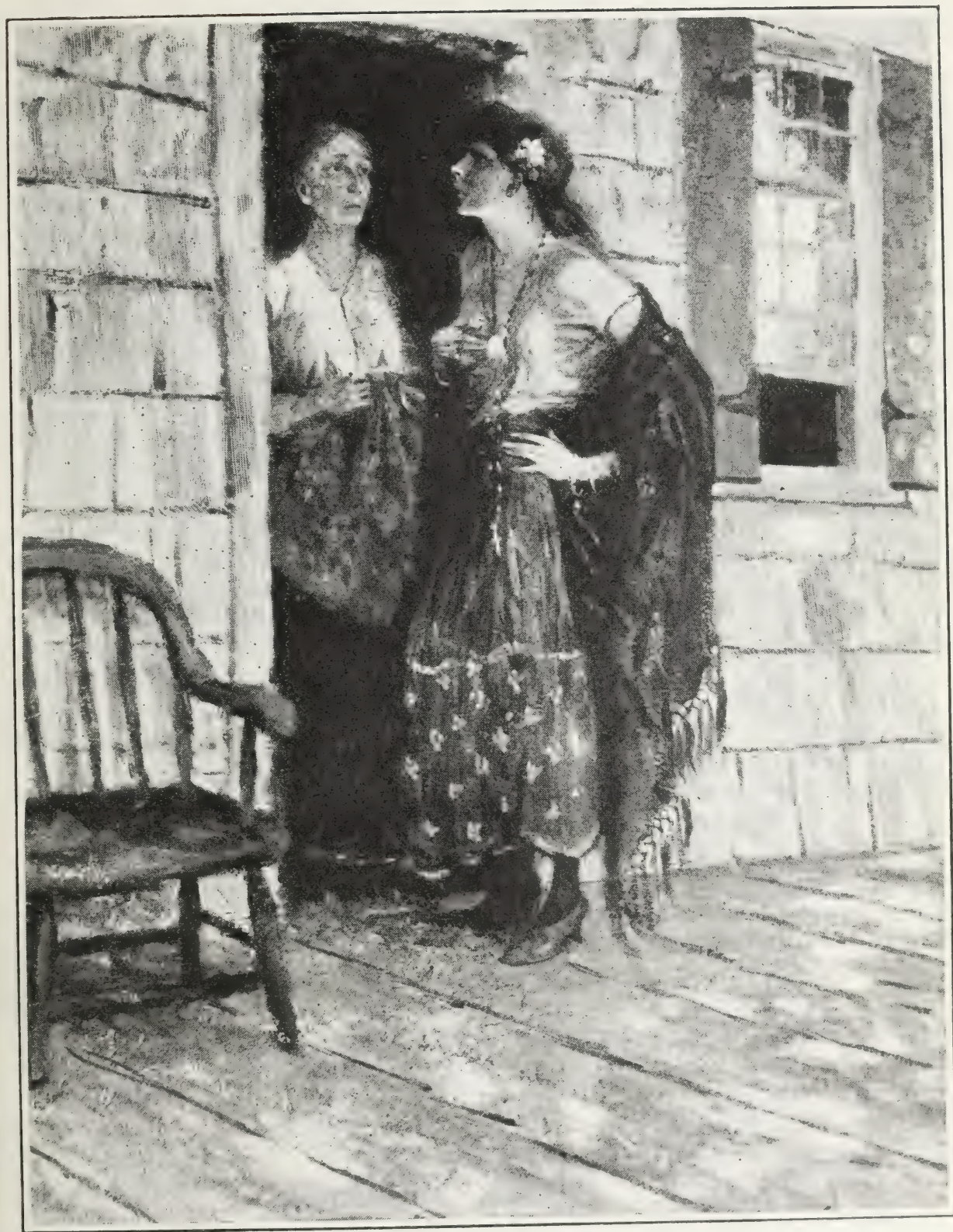
My aunt said no more while they were there. She sat like a ramrod in her chair. That was one of the worst things about Deolda. We cover our bodies decently with clothes, and we ought to cover up our thoughts decently with words. But Deolda had no shame, and people with her didn't, either. They'd say just what they were thinking about.

After they left Deolda came to Aunt Josephine and put her arms around her like a good, sweet child.

"What's the matter, Auntie?" she asked.

"You—that's what. I can't stand it to hear you go on."

Deolda looked at her with a sort of wonder. "We were only saying out loud what every girl's thinking about when she marries a man of forty-five, or when she marries a man who's sixty-five. It's a trade—the world's like that."



Drawn by Clark Fay

"I'VE COME TO WORK FOR YOU. I'M A REAL STRONG GIRL."

"Let me tell you one thing," said my aunt. "You can't fool with Capt. Mark Hammar. It means that you give up your other sweetheart."

"That's to be seen," said Deolda in her dark, sultry way. Then she said, as if she was talking to herself: "Life—with him—would be interesting. He thinks he could crush me like a fly. . . . He can't, though—" And then all of a sudden she burst into tears and threw herself in my aunt's lap, sobbing: "Oh, oh! Why's life like this? Why isn't my Johnny grown up? Why—don't he—take me away—from them all?"

After that Captain Hammar kept coming to the house. He showed well enough he was serious.

"That black devil's hypnotized her," my aunt put it.

Deolda seemed to have some awful kinship to Mark Hammar, and Johnny Deutra, who never paid much attention to old Conboy, paid attention to him. Black looks passed between them, and I would catch "Nick" Hammar's eyes resting on Johnny with a smiling venom that struck fear into me. Johnny Deutra seldom came daytimes, but he came in late one afternoon and sat there looking moodily at Deolda, who flung past him with the air she had when she wore the saffron shawl. I could almost see its long fringes trailing behind her as she stood before him, one hand on her tilted hip, her head on one side.

It was a queer sort of day, a day with storm in the air, a day when all our nerves got on edge, when the possibility of danger whips the blood. I had an uncomfortable sense of knowing that I ought to leave Deolda and Johnny, and that Johnny was waiting for me to go to talk. And yet I was fascinated, as little girls are; and just as I was about to leave the room I ran into old Conboy hurrying in, his reddish hair standing on end.

"Well, Deolda," said he, "Captain Hammar's gone down the Cape all of a sudden. He told me to tell you good-by for him. Deolda, for God's sake, marry

me before he comes back! He'll kill you, that's what he'll do. It's not for my sake I'm asking you—it's for your sake!"

She looked at him with her big black eyes. "I believe you mean that, Conboy. I believe I'll do it. But I'll be fair and square with you as you are with me. You'd better let me be; you know what I'm like. I won't make you happy; I never pretended I would. And as for him killing me, how do you know, Conboy, I mightn't lose my temper first?"

"He'll break you," said Conboy. "God! but he's a man without pity! Don't you know how he drives his men? Don't you know the stories about his first wife? He's put some of his magic on you. You're nothing but a poor little lamb, Deolda, playing with a wolf, for all your spirit. There's nothing he'd stop at. Nothing," he repeated, staring at Johnny. "I wouldn't give a cent for that Johnny Deutra's life until I'm married to you, Deolda. I've seen the way Mark Hammar looks at him—you have, too. I tell you, Mark Hammar don't value the life of any man who stands in his way!" And the way the old man spoke lifted the hair on my head.

Then all of us were quiet, for there stood Captain Hammar himself.

"Why, Mark, I thought you'd gone down the Cape!" said Conboy.

"I lost the train," he answered.

"Well, what about that vessel you was going to buy in Gloucester?"

"I got to sail over," said Captain Hammar.

Conboy glanced out of the window. The bay was ringed around with heavy clouds; weather was making. Storm signals were flying up on Town Hill, and down the harbor a fleet of scared vessels were making for port.

"You can't go out in that, Mark," says Conboy.

"I've got the money," says Mark Hammar, "and I'm going to go. If I don't get down there that crazy Porty-gee'll have sold that vessel to some one else. It ain't every day you can buy a vessel like that for the price. He let me

know about it first, but he won't wait long, and he's got to have the cash in his hands. He's up to some crooked work or he wouldn't 'a' sent the boy down with the letter; he'd 'a' sent it by post, or telegraphed even. He's let me know about it first, but he won't wait. It was getting the money strapped up that made me late. I had to wait for the old cashier to get back from his dinner."

"You and your money'll be in the bottom of the bay, that's where you'll be," said Conboy.

"If I'd taken in sail for every little bit o' wind I'd encountered in my life," said Mark Hammar, "I'd not be where I am now. So I just thought I'd come and run in on Deolda before I left, seeing as I'm going to marry her when I get back."

Johnny Deutra undid his long length from the chair. He was a tall, heavy boy, making up in looks for what he lacked in head. He came and stood over Mark Hammar. He said:

"I've had enough of this. I've had just enough of you two hanging around Deolda. She's my woman—I'm going to marry Deolda myself. Nobody else is going to touch her; so just as soon as you two want to clear out you can."

There was silence so that you could hear a pin drop. And then the wind that had been making hit the house like the blow of a fist and went screaming down the road. Deolda didn't see or hear; she was just looking at Johnny. He went to her.

"Don't you listen to 'em, Deolda. I'll make money for you; I'll make more than any of 'em. It's right you should want it. Tell 'em that you're going to marry me, Deolda. Clear 'em out."

That was where he made his mistake. *He* should have cleared them out. Now Captain Hammar spoke:

"You're quite a little man, ain't you, Johnny? Here's where you got a chance to prove it. You can make a hundred dollars to-night by taking the *Anita* across to Gloucester with me. We'll start right off."

Everyone was quiet. Then old Conboy cried out:

"Don't go, Mark. Don't go! Why, it's *murder* to tempt that boy out there."

At the word "murder" Deolda drew her breath in and clapped her hand over her mouth, her eyes staring at Johnny Deutra. "Nick" Hammar pretended he hadn't noticed. He sat smiling at Johnny.

"We-ll," he drawled. "How about it, Johnny? Goin'?"

Johnny had been studying, his eyes on the floor.

"I'll go with you," he said.

Then again for a half minute nobody spoke. Captain Hammar glared, letting us see what was in his dark mind. Old Conboy shrunk into himself and Deolda sat with her wild eyes going from one to the other, but not moving. We were all thinking of what old Conboy had said just before Captain Hammar had flung open the door. A sudden impulse seized me; I wanted to cry out: "Don't go, Johnny. He'll shove you overboard." For I knew that was what was in "Nick" Hammar's mind as well as if he had told me. A terrible excitement went through me. I wanted to fling myself at "Nick" Hammar and beat him with my fists and say, "He sha'n't go—he sha'n't, he sha'n't!" But I sat there unable to move or speak. Then suddenly into the frozen silence came the voice of "Nick" Hammar. This is what he said in his easy and tranquil way:

"Well, I'm goin' along. Are you coming, Conboy?" He spoke as though nothing had happened. "I'll meet you down at the wharf, Johnny, in a half hour. I'll leave you to say good-by to Deolda." They went out, the wind blowing the door shut behind them.

Deolda got up and so did Johnny. They stood facing each other in the queer yellow light of the coming storm. They didn't notice my aunt or me.

"*You going?*" asked Deolda.

They looked into each other's eyes, and he answered so I could barely hear:

"Sure."

"*You know what he's thinking about?*" said Deolda.

Again Johnny waited before he answered in a voice hardly above a whisper:

"I can guess."

Deolda went up slowly to him and put one of her long hands on each of his shoulders. She looked deep into his eyes. She didn't speak; she just looked. And he looked back, as though trying to find out what she had in her heart, and as he looked a little flicker of horror went over his face. Then he smiled a slow smile, as though he had understood something and consented to it—and it was a queer smile to see on the face of a young fellow. It was as if the youth of Johnny Deutra had passed away forever. Then Deolda said to him:

"Good for you, Johnny Deutra!" and put out her hand, and he laid his in hers and they shook on it, though no word has passed between them. And all this time my aunt and I sat motionless on the haircloth sofa next to the wall. And I tell you as I watched them my blood ran cold, though I didn't understand what it was about. But later I understood well enough.

There never was so long an evening. The squall blew over and a heavy blow set in. I could hear the pounding of the waves on the outside shore. Deolda sat outside the circle of the lamp in a horrible tense quiet. My aunt tried to make talk, and made a failure of it. It was awful to hear the clatter of her voice trying to sound natural in the face of the whistle of the storm, and out wallowing in it the gasoline dory with its freight of hatred. I hated to go to bed, for my room gave on the sea, and it seemed as if the night and the tragedy which I had glimpsed would come peering in at me with ghastly eyes.

I had just got under the blanket when the door opened quietly.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"It's me—Deolda."

She went to the window and peered out into the storm, as though she were

trying to penetrate its mystery. I couldn't bear her standing there; it was as if I could hear her heart bleed. It was as if for a while I had become fused with her and her love for Johnny Deutra and with all the dark things that had happened in our house this afternoon. I got out of bed and went to her and put my hand in hers. If she'd only cried, or if she'd only spoken I could have stood it; if she'd said in words what was going on inside her mind. But she sat there with her hand cold in mine, staring into the storm through all the long hours of the night.

Toward the end I was so tired that my mind went to sleep in that way your mind can when your body stays awake and everything seems far off and like things happening in a nightmare except that you know they're real. At last daylight broke, very pale, threatening, and slate colored. Deolda got up and began padding up and down the floor, back and forth, like a soul in torment.

About ten o'clock old Conboy came in.

"I got the license, Deolda," he said.

"All right," said Deolda, "all right—go away." And she kept on padding up and down the room like a leopard in a cage.

Conboy beckoned my aunt out into the entry. I followed.

"What ails her?" he asked.

"I guess she thinks she sent Johnny Deutra to his grave," said my aunt.

Conboy peered in the door at Deolda. Her face looked like a yellow mask of death with her black hair hanging around her.

"God!" he said, in a whisper. "*She cares!*" I don't believe it had dawned on him before that she was anything but a wild devil.

All that day the *Anita* wasn't heard from. That night I was tired out and went to bed. But I couldn't sleep; Deolda sat staring out into the dark as she had the night before.

Next morning I was standing outside the house when one of Deolda's brothers came tearing along. It was Joe, the



Drawn by Clark Fay

DEOLDA WENT UP SLOWLY TO HIM AND LOOKED DEEP INTO HIS EYES

youngest of one-armed Manel's brood, a boy of sixteen who worked in the fish factory.

"Deolda!" he yelled. "Deolda, Johnny's all right!"

She caught him by the wrist. "Tell me what's happened!"

"The other feller—he's lost."

"Lost?" said Deolda, her breath drawn in sharply. "Lost—how?"

"Washed overboard," said Joe. "See—looka here. When Johnny got ashore this is what he says." He read aloud from the newspaper he had brought, a word at a time, like a grammar-school kid:

"With a lame propeller and driven out of her course, the *Anita* made Plymouth this morning without her Captain, Mark Hammar. John Deutra, who brought her in, made the following statement:

"I was lying in my bunk unable to sleep, for we were being combed by waves again and again. Suddenly I noticed we were wallowing in the trough of the sea, and went on deck to see what was wrong. I groped my way to the wheel. It swung empty. Captain Hammar was gone, washed overboard in the storm. How I made port myself I don't know—"

Here his reading was interrupted by an awful noise—Deolda laughing, Deolda laughing and sobbing, her hands above her head, a wild thing, terrible.

"Go on," my aunt told the boy. "Go home!" And she and Deolda went into the house, her laughter filling it with awful sound.

After a time she quieted down. She stood staring out of the window, hands clenched.

"Well?" she said, defiantly. "Well?" She looked at us, and what was in her eyes made chills go down me. Triumph was what was in her eyes. Then suddenly she flung her arms around my aunt and kissed her. "Oh," she cried, "kiss me, Auntie, kiss me! He's not dead, my Johnny—not dead!"

"Go up to your room, Deolda," said my aunt, "and rest." She patted her shoulder just as though she were a little

girl, for all the thoughts that were crawling around our hearts.

When later in the day Conboy came, "Where's Deolda?" he asked.

"I'll call her," I said. But Deolda wasn't anywhere; not a sign of her. She'd vanished. Conboy and Aunt Josephine looked at each other.

"She's gone to him," said Conboy.

My aunt leaned toward him and whispered, "*What do you think?*"

"Hush!" said Conboy, sternly. "*Don't think, Josephine! Don't speak. Don't even dream!* Don't let your mind stray. You know that crew couldn't have made port in fair weather together. The strongest man won—that's all!"

"Then you believe—" my aunt began.

"Hush!" he said, and put his hand over her mouth. Then he laughed suddenly and slapped his thigh. "God!" he said. "Deolda— Can you beat her? She's got luck—by gorry, she's got luck! You got a pen and ink?"

"What for?" said my aunt.

"I want to write out a weddin' present for Deolda," he said. "Wouldn't do to have her without a penny."

So he wrote out a check for her. And then in two months old Conboy died and left every other cent to Deolda. You might have imagined him sardonic and grinning over it, looking across at Deolda's luck from the other side of the grave.

But what had happened wasn't luck. I knew that she had sent her Johnny out informed with her own terrible courage. A weaker woman could have kept him back. A weaker woman would have had remorse. But Deolda had the courage to hold what she had taken, and maybe this courage of hers is the very heart of Romance.

I looked at her, stately, monumental, and I wondered if she ever thinks of that night when the wallow of the sea claimed Mark Hammar instead of Johnny Deutra. But there's one thing I'm sure of, and that is, if she does think of it the old look of triumph comes over her face.

NEW GLEANINGS IN FIELD AND WOOD

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

Much of the material making up this article was written by Mr. Burroughs in the summer of 1920, at Woodchuck Lodge, his midsummer home near Roxbury in the Catskills. Last January, while at La Jolla, California, he worked on it from time to time, interrupted by short illnesses—the last work being done in a little cabin in Pasadena Glen, a few days before the development of his final illness. At that time he selected the title and attempted to arrange the various headings, but felt unequal to the task.

It is significant that his last published utterance shows his abiding interest in Nature—no phase is unimportant to him; tirelessly he observes, explores, speculates. He chides her for her inconsistencies and her haphazard methods, laments her waste and indifference and cruelty, yet sees that amid all her waywardness, even her seeming malevolence, “her definite ends are inclosed in universal ends.” In truth, he accepts the universe as it is. The philosophy which, as a young man, he expressed in that sublime line from his poem, “Waiting,”—“I stand amid the eternal ways,”—he held consistently, even to the hour of facing the Mystery.—CLARA BARRUS.

AS I saunter through the fields and woods I discover new acts in Nature's drama. They are, however, the old acts, played again and again, which have hitherto escaped my notice, so absorbed have I been in the rise and fall of the curtain, and in the entrances and exits of the more familiar players. I count myself fortunate if, during each season, I detect a few new acts on the vast stage; and as long as I live I expect to cogitate and speculate on the old acts, and keep up my interest in the whole performance.

SUNRISE

The most impressive moment of the day here in the Catskills is the rising of the sun. From my cot on the porch I see the first flash of his coming. Before that I see his rays glint here and there through the forest trees which give a mane to the mountain crest. The dawn comes very gently. I am usually watching for it. As I gaze I gradually become conscious of a faint luminousness in the eastern sky. This slowly increases and changes to a deep saffron, and then in eight or ten minutes that fades into a light, bluish tinge—the gold turns to

silver. After some minutes the sky, just at the point where the sun is to appear, begins to glow again, as if the silver were getting warm; a minute or two more and the brow of the great god is above the horizon line. His mere brow, as I try to fix my eye upon it, fairly smites me blind. The brow is magnified by the eye into the whole face. One realizes in these few seconds how rapidly the old earth turns on its axis. You witness the miracle of the transition of the dawn into day. The day is born in a twinkling. Is it Browning who uses the word “boil” to describe this moment?—“Day boils at last.” Gilder, I think, speaks of it as a scimitar flashing on the brim of the world. At any rate, I watch for it each morning as if I were seeing it for the first time. It is the critical moment of the day. You actually see the earth turning. Later in the day one does not note in the same way the sun climbing the heavens. The setting sun does not impress one, because he is usually enveloped in vapors. His day's work is done and he goes to his rest veiled and subdued. He is new in the morning and old at his going down. His gilding of the clouds at sunset is a token of a fair

day on the morrow; his touching them with fire in the morning is a token of wind or storm. So much we make of these things, yet the sun knows them not. They are local and only earth phenomena, yet the benefaction of the sun is as if he shone for us alone. It is as great as if this were the case, and yet the fraction of his light and heat that actually falls upon this mote of a world adrift in sidereal space is so infinitely small that it could hardly be computed by numbers. In our religion we appropriate God to ourselves in the same way, but He knows us not in this private and particular way, though we are all sharers in the Universal Beneficence.

SPENDTHRIFT NATURE

Emerson says, "Nature is a spendthrift, but takes the shortest way to her ends." She is like ourselves, she is ourselves written large—written in animal, in tree, in fruit, in flower. She is lavish of that of which she has the most. She is lavish of her leaves, but less so of her flowers, still less of her fruit, and less yet of her germinal parts. The production of seed is a costly process to the plant. Many trees yield fruit only every other year.

I say that Nature is a spendthrift only of what she has the most. Behold the clouds of pollen from the blooming pines and from the grasses in the meadow. She is more parsimonious with her winged seeds, such as the maple and the elm, than with her heavy nuts—butter-nuts, hickory nuts, acorns, beechnuts, and so on. All these depend upon the agency of the birds and squirrels to scatter them. She offers them the wage of the sweet kernel, and knows that they will scatter more than they eat. To all creatures that will sow the seeds of her berries she offers the delectable pulp. "Do this chore for me, and you will find the service its own reward." All the wild fruits of the fields and woods hold seeds that must be distributed by animal agency. Even the fiery *Arum*, or Indian turnip, tempts some birds to

feast upon its red berries, and this scatters the undigested seeds. The mice and the squirrels doubtless give them a wide berth, but in the crop of the bird the seeds have the sting taken out of them. You cannot poison a hen with strychnine.

We ourselves are covetous of those things of which we have but few, extravagant with those of which we have an abundance. When the Western farmer burns corn in place of coal, he assured he sees his own account in it. We husband our white pine, and are free with our hemlock; we are stingy with our hickory, and openhanded with our beech and chestnut.

COSMIC RHYTHMS

The swells that beat upon the shores of the ocean are not merely the result of a local agitation of the waters. The pulse of the earth is in them. The pulse of the sun and the moon is in them. They are more cosmic than terrestrial. The earth wears her seas like a loose garment which the sun and moon constantly pluck at and shift from side to side. Only the ocean feels the tidal impulse, the heavenly influences. The great inland bodies of water are unresponsive to them—they are too small for the meshes of the solar and lunar net. Is it not equally true that only great souls are moved by the great fundamental questions of life? What a puzzle the tides must have been to early man! What proof they afford of the cosmic forces that play upon us at all times and hold us in their net! Without the proof they afford, we should not know how we are tied to the solar system. The lazy, reluctant waters—how they follow the sun and moon, "with fluid step," as Whitman says, "round the world"! The land feels the pull also and would follow if it could. But the mobile clouds go their way, and the ærial ocean makes no sign. The pull of the sun and the moon is upon you and me also, but we are all unconscious of it. We are bodies too slight to affect the beam of the huge scale.

THE BEGINNINGS OF LIFE

It is remarkable, I think, that Professor Osborne, in his *Origin and Evolution of Life*, would make no account of the micro-organisms or unicellular lives that are older than the continents, older than the Cambrian rocks, and that have survived unchanged even to our times. I saw in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado where they were laid down horizontally on the old Azoic or original rocks, as if by the hand of a mason building the foundation of a superstructure. All the vast series of limestone rocks are made up from the skeletons of minute living bodies. Other strata of rocks are made up of the skeletons of diatoms. Some of our polishing powders are made from these rocks. Formed of pure silex, these rocks are made up of the skeletons of organisms of many exquisite forms, *Foraminifera*. The Pyramids are said to be built of rocks formed by these organisms. "No single group of the animal kingdom," says Mr. W. B. Carpenter, "has contributed, or is at present contributing, so largely as has the *Foraminifera* to the formation of the earth's crust." In the face of these facts, how unsatisfactory seem Professor Osborne's statements that life probably originated on the continents, either in the moist crevices of rocks or soils, in the fresh waters of continental pools, or in the slightly saline waters of the "bordering primordial seas." This last suggestion comes nearer the mark. There is no variation during geologic time of these primordial living organisms. All conceivable change of environment have passed over them, but they change not. Bacteria struggle together, one form devouring another form. Unicellular life long precedes multicellular. Biologists usually begin with the latter; the former is fixed; with the latter begins development or evolution, and the peopling of the world with myriads of animal forms.

NATURE'S METHODS

Nature baffles us by methods so unlike our own. Man improves upon his

inventions; he makes them better and better and discards the old. The first airplane flew a few miles with its pilot; now the airplane flies hundreds of miles and carries tons of weight. Nature has progressed steadily from lower to higher forms, but she keeps all her lower forms; her first rude sketches are as precious to her as the perfected models. There is no vacancy at the bottom of her series, as there is in the case of man. I am aware that we falsify her methods in contrasting them with those of man in any respect. She has no method, in our sense of the term. She is action, and not thought; growth and not construction; is internal and not external. To try to explain her in terms of our own methods is like trying to describe the sphere in terms of angles and right lines.

The origin of species is as dark a problem as is the origin of the secondary rocks. What factors or forces entered into the production of the vast variety of stratified rocks, differing as widely from the original Adam-rock, the granite, as the races of men differ from one another? There is just as much room for natural selection to work in one case as in the other. We find where two kinds of rock touch, one overlying the other, an absolute difference in texture and color, and no union between them. How account for their juxtaposition? Rock begat rock, undoubtedly, and the aerial forces played the chief part, but the origin of each kind is hidden in the abyss of geologic time, as is that of the animal species.

The position of the camel with reference to the giraffe in Africa is analogous to that, say, of the Catskill conglomerate to the laminated sandstone that lies beneath it. They are kindred; one graduates into the other. Whence the long neck and high withers of the giraffe? The need of high feeding, say the selectionists; but other browsing animals must have felt the same need. Our moose is strictly a browsing animal, and, while his neck and shoulders are high, and his lips long, they do not approach

those of the giraffe. The ostrich has a long neck also, but it is a low feeder, mainly from the ground.

I had a letter the other day from a man who wanted to know why the meadow or field mice gnaw or bark the apple trees when there is a deep coverlid of snow upon the ground. Is it, he asks, because they find it difficult to get up through the deep frozen snow to the surface to secure seeds to eat? He does not seem to know that meadow mice are not seed eaters, but that they live on grass and roots and keep well hidden beneath the ground during the day. But when there is a deep fall of snow they come up out of their retreats and lead a free holiday life beneath the snow, free from the danger of cats, foxes, owls, and hawks. Life becomes a sort of picnic with them. They build new nests on the surface of the ground, and form new runways, and disport themselves apparently in a festive mood. The snow is their protection; they bark the trees and take their time. When the snow is gone, their winter picnic is at an end, and they retreat to their dens in the ground and beneath flat stones and lead once more the life of fear.

We can only account for man and other higher forms of life surviving in the highway of the physical forces on the ground that the wheels and tramping hoofs missed them much oftener than they hit them. They learned instinctively to avoid these destructive forces. Animal life was developed amid these dangers. The physical forces go their way as indifferent to life as is your automobile to the worms and beetles in the road. Pain and suffering are nothing to the Eternal; the only thing that concerns It is the survival of the fit, no matter how many fall or are crushed by the way; to It men are as cheap as fleas; and they have slaughtered one another in Europe of late without help or hindrance from the Eternal, as do the tribes of hostile ants. The wars of the microbes and the wars of men are all of a piece in the total scheme of things. The surviv-

ors owe their power of survival to the forces that sought their destruction; they are strong by what they have overcome; they graduated in that school. Hence it is that we can say that evil is for us as much as it is against us. Pain and suffering are guardian angels; they teach us what to shun.

How puzzling and contradictory Nature often is! How impossible, for instance, to reduce her use of horns to a single rule. In the deer and elk tribe the antlers seem purely secondary sexual characteristics; they are dropped as the season wanes. But the antelopes do not drop their horns, and in Africa they are singularly ornamental. But with our common sheep the horns are sexual manifestations; yet the old ram does not shed his horns. Nature will not be consistent. The moose does not shed his horns, and are not they sexual signs also—the badge of the male?

Back in geologic time we had a ruminant with four horns—two on the nose and two on the crown, and they were real, permanent, bony growths.

What a powerful right forelimb nature has given to the shovel-footed mole; while the chipmunk, who also burrows in the ground, has no special tool to aid him in building his mound of earth; he is compelled to use his soft, tender little nose as a pusher. When the soil which his feet have loosened has accumulated at the entrance to his hole, he shoves it back with his nose.

Here are two species of our wild mice—the white-footed mouse, and the long-tailed, jumping or kangaroo mouse. The former is active the year through; the latter hibernates in winter, and thus saves a lot of worry and exposure in search of food. The woodchuck eats and basks all summer and sleeps all winter, while its brother rodent, the porcupine, is actively feeding on the bark of some tree all winter.

Even to some of her thistles Nature is partial. The Canada thistle sows its seeds upon the wind like the common native thistle; then in addition it sends a

big root underground parallel with its surface, and just beyond the reach of the plow, which sends up shoots every six or seven inches, so that, like some other noxious weeds, it carries on its conquests like a powerful besieging army, both below ground and above.

A bachelor of laws in Michigan writes me in a rather peremptory manner demanding an answer by return mail as to why robins are evenly distributed over the country instead of collected in large numbers in one locality; and if they breed in the South; and he insists that my answer be explicit, and not the mere statement "that it is natural law."

I wonder that he did not put a special-delivery stamp on his letter. He is probably wondering why I am so dilatory in answering.

There seems to be an inherent tendency in nearly all living things to scatter, to seek new fields. They are obeying the first command—to increase and multiply. Then it is also a question of food, which is limited in every locality. Robins do not breed in flocks, but in pairs. Every gas is a vacuum to every other gas, and every locality is a vacuum to the different species of birds that breed there. The seed eaters, the fruit eaters, the insect eaters, and the omnivorous feeders, like the robin—in other words, the sparrows, the flycatchers, the warblers, may and do all live together in harmony in the same narrow area.

The struggle, of which we have heard so much since Darwin's time, is mainly a natural sifting and distributing process, such as that going on all about us by the winds and the waters. The seeds carried by the winds do not thrive unless they chance to fall on suitable ground. All may be "fit" to survive and yet fail unless they are also lucky. What so frail as a spider's web, and yet how the spiders thrive! Nature gives the weak many advantages.

There is a slow, bloodless struggle of one species with another—the fleet with the slow, the cunning with the stupid, the sharp-eyed and sharp-eared with the

dull of eye and ear, the keen of scent with the blunt of scent—which we call natural competition; but the slow, the stupid, the dull-eyed, dull-eared, and dull-scented find their place and thrive for all that. They are dull and slow because they do not need to be otherwise; the conditions of their lives do not require speed and sharpness. The porcupine has its barbed quills, the skunk its pungent secretion. All parts of nature dovetail together. The deer and the antelope kind have speed and sharp senses because their enemies have speed and sharp senses. The small birds are keen-eyed and watchful because the hawks are so, too. The red squirrel dominates the gray squirrel, which is above him in size and strength, and the chipmunk below him, but he does not exterminate either. The chipmunk burrows in the ground where the red cannot follow him, and he lays up a store of nuts and seeds which the red does not. The weasel easily dominates the rat, but the rat prospers in spite of cats and traps and weasels.

The sifting of species is done largely by environment, the wet, the cold, the heat—the fittest, or those best adapted to their environment, survive. For some obscure reason they have a fuller measure of life than those who fall by the way.

HEADS AND TAILS

I have heard a story of a young artist who, after painting a picture of a horse facing a storm, was not satisfied with it, and, feeling that something was wrong, asked Landseer to look at it. Instantly the great artist said to him, "Turn the horse around."

The cow turns her head to the storm, the horse turns his tail. Why this difference? Because each adopts the plan best suited to its needs and its anatomy. How much better suited is the broad, square head of the cow, with its heavy coating of hair and its ridge of bone that supports its horns, to face the storm than is the smooth, more nervous and sensitive head of the horse! What a con-

trast between their noses and their mode of grazing! The cow has no upper front teeth; she reaps the grass with the scythe of her tongue, while the horse bites it off and loves to bite the turf with it. The lip of the horse is mobile and sensitive. Then the bovine animals fight with their heads, and the equine with their heels. The horse is a hard and high kicker, the cow a feeble one in comparison. The horse will kick with both hind feet, the cow with only one. In fact, there is not much "kick" in her kind. The tail of the cow is of less protection to her than is that of the horse to him. Her great need of it is to fight flies, and, if attacked in the rear, it furnishes a good hold for her enemies. Then her bony stern with its ridges and depressions and thin flanks, is less fit in any encounter with storm or with beast than is her head. On the other hand, the round, smooth, solid buttocks of the horse, with their huge masses of muscles, his smooth flanks, and his tail—an apron of long, straight, strong, black hair—are well designed to resist storm and cold. What animal is it in Job whose neck is clothed with thunder? With the horse, it is the hips that are so clothed. His tremendous drive is in his hips.

AN UNSAVORY SUBJECT

If a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, I suppose the breath of the obscene fungus by any other name would smell as bad. The defensive weapon of our black-and-white wood pussy would probably not be less offensive if we called him by that name alone, instead of the common one by which he is universally known.

While in Southern California last winter I heard of one that took up his abode in the basement of a house that stood on the side of a hill in the edge of the country. It was in a sort of lumber room where all sorts of odds and ends had accumulated. On some shelves was a box of miscellaneous articles, such as lids to tin cans, bed castors, old toothbrushes, bits of broken crockery, pieces

of wire, chips of wood, and the dried foot and leg of a hen. One morning, on opening the door of the basement, the mistress of the house was surprised to see the whole collection of trash laid out in a line across the floor. The articles were placed with a considerable degree of regularity covering a space about fifteen inches wide and ten feet in length. There were sixty-one articles in the row.

Having such an unsavory creature in the basement of your house is rather ticklish business; not so perilous as a stick of dynamite, yet fraught with unpleasant possibilities. They cleared away the exhibit and left the door open, hoping their uninvited guest would take his departure. But he did not. A few nights later he began another collection, finding a lot of new material—among other things a box with old atomizer bulbs, four of which he arranged here and there, in the row—a motley array.

What is his object? I confess I do not know. No one has seen him do it, as he works at night, but there is little doubt that it is his work.¹ The Western skunk, or civet cat, is a small creature, not much bigger than a gray squirrel. He can hide behind a dustpan.

I wish some one would tell me why this night prowler so often seems to spray the midnight air with his essence, which leaves no trace by day. He never taints his own fur with it. In the wilds our Eastern species is as free from odor as a squirrel or a woodchuck. Kill or disturb one by day or night in his haunts, and he leaves an odor on the ground that lasts for months. While at a friend's house in the Catskills last August a wood pussy came up behind the kitchen and dug in the garbage heap. We saw him from the window in the early evening, and we smelled him. For some reason he betrayed his presence. Late that night I was awakened by a wave of his pungent odor; it fairly made my nose smart, yet in the morning no

¹ Later investigations point to this having been the work of a wood rat instead of a civet cat.—C. B.

odor could be detected anywhere about the place. Of course the smell is much more pronounced in the damp night air than by day, yet this does not seem an adequate explanation. Does he signal at night to his fellows by his odor? He has no voice, so far as I know. I have never heard him make a vocal sound. When caught in a trap, or besieged by dogs in a stone wall, he manifests his displeasure by stamping his feet. He is the one American who does not hurry through life. I have no proof that he ever moves faster than a walk, or that, by any sign, he ever experiences the feeling of fear, so common to nearly all our smaller animals. His track upon the snow is that of a creature at peace with all the world.

ALL-SEEING NATURE

Sitting by a flat rock one summer morning, on my home acres in the Catskills, I noticed that the wild-strawberry vines sent out their runners over the rock, the surface of which is on a level with the turf, the same as over the ground. Of course they could not take root, but they went through all the motions of taking root; the little clusters of leaves developed at intervals, the rootlets showed their points or stood at "attention," and the runners pushed out two or three feet over the barren surface and then seemed to hesitate like a traveler in the desert whose strength begins to fail. The first knot, or, one might say, the first encampment, was about one foot from the last one upon the turf, the next one about eight inches farther in; then the distance dropped to six inches, then to four. I think the runner finally gave it up and stopped reaching out. Each group of leaves apparently draws its main sustenance from the one next behind it, and when this one fails to reach the soil it loses heart and can give little succor to the next in front, and so on. The result is that the stools become smaller and smaller, and the distances between them less and less, down the whole line.

Nature's methods are seen in the little as well as in the big, and these little purple runners of the vine pushing out in all directions show the all-round-the-circle efforts of Nature as clearly as do the revolving orbs in sidereal space. Her living impulses go out in all directions. She scatters her seeds upon the barren as well as upon fertile spots. She sends rains and dews upon the sea as well as upon the land. She knows not our parsimony nor our prudence. We say she is blind, but without eyes she is all-seeing; only her creatures who live to particular ends, and are limited to particular spheres, have need of eyes. Nature has all time and all space and all ends. Delays and failure she knows not. If the runners of her strawberries do not reach their goal, the trouble corrects itself; they finally stop searching for it in that direction, and the impulse of the plant goes out stronger and fuller on other sides.

If the rains were especially designed to replenish our springs and supply our growing crops, the clouds might reasonably be expected to limit their benefactions, as do our sprinkling carts; but the rains are older than are we and our crops, and it is we who must adjust ourselves to them, not they to us.

The All-seeing, then, has no need of our specialized vision. Does the blood need eyes to find its way to the heart and lungs? Does the wind need eyes to find the fertile spots upon which to drop its winged seeds? It drops them upon all spots, and each kind in due time finds its proper habitat—the highly specialized, such as those of the marsh plants, hitting their mark as surely as do others.

Our two eyes serve us well because our footsteps are numbered and must go in a particular direction, but the goal of all-seeing Nature is everywhere, and she arrives before she starts. She has no plan and no method, and she is not governed.

These conceptions express too little, not too much. Nature's movements

are circular; her definite ends are inclosed in universal ends. The rains fall because the vapors rise. The rain is no more an end than is the rising vapor. Each is a part of the great circuit of beneficent and malevolent forces upon which our life (and all life) depends; upon which the making of the soil of the earth and the shaping of the landscape depend—all vegetable and animal life, all the bloom and perfume of the world, all the glory of cloud and sky, all the hazards of flood and storm, all the terror of torrents and inundations, are in this circuit of the waters from the sea to the sky, and back again through the rivers to the sea. In our geologic time there is, in this circuit of the waters, more that favors life than hinders it, else, as I so often say, we should not be here. The enormous destruction of human life, of all life, which has taken place and will continue to take place, in this beneficent circuit, is only an incident in the history of the globe; the physical forces are neither for nor against it; they are neutral; life to be here at all has to run these risks; has to run the gauntlet of these forces, and to get many a lash and gash in the running. Against the suffering and death incident thereto there is no insurance save in the wit of man himself. All this wit has been developed and sharpened by much waste and suffering. We learn to deal with

difficulties through the discipline of the difficulties themselves. If man were finally to learn to control the rains and the floods it would be through the experience which they themselves bring him. The demons that destroy him are on his side when he strikes with the strength which they give him. Gravity, which so often crushes and overthrows him, is yet the source of all his might. The fire that consumes his towns and cities is yet the same fire that warms him and drives his engines across the continent.

There is no god that pities us or weeps over our sufferings, save the god in our own breasts. We have life on heroic terms. Nature does not baby us nor withhold from us the bitter cup. We take our chances with all the other forms of life. Our special good fortune is that we are capable of a higher development, capable of profiting to a greater extent by experience, than are the lower forms of life. And here is the mystery that has no solution: we came out of the burning nebulae the same as our horse and dog, but why we are men and they are still horse and dog we owe to some Power, or, shall I say, to the chance working of a multitude of powers, that are beyond our ken. That some Being willed it, designed it, no; yet it was in some way provided for in the constitution of the world.

THE SIGHTSEERS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

MAXWELL followed her along the narrow terrace of the hotel, the Subasio, overlooking the valley. Near the balustrade he noticed the two Englishwomen he had seen in Siena and Florence. He had kept coming across them, always with their guidebooks under their perpetually nearsighted eyes. They had made him more shy than ever about his own guidebook, which he kept whimsically hid in his pocket. He remembered their vocal habit of surprise, perpetual surprise, and the rising inflection. They were typical sightseers, people who made up their minds beforehand what they wanted to see, and then proceeded assiduously to see it, missing all the essential beauty.

Juliet Claflin drifted past them now to where the stone steps led to the lower terrace, and seated herself on one of these. Maxwell took his place on the step below at her feet.

"I believe I like Assisi better than any place I've seen," he said at last.

She put her hands together in her lap, with a little quick movement.

"Ah, *my* Assisi!"

"Mine, too," he said, a little eagerly.

She shook her head. "Not as it is mine."

"Why?" He turned his face toward her.

"I think," she said, "it is because you seek. You have sought out Assisi because of a kind of preconceived idea of it. You have come prepared to find it thus or so, as sightseers do."

He made an odd little grimace of distaste in the starlight. In view of the tiresome little English ladies and what he had been thinking of them, she had hit upon an amusingly unpleasant accu-

sation. But he was in no mood to argue. In the half light of the stars the lovely outline of her grace gave him a sensible pleasure. She was as different from other women as Assisi was different from other places, and as much more appealing. He had realized this the first time he saw her, when he had met her and Fra Felice a week before in the cloisters of the *Convento* and they had stopped to speak with him. That was the beginning of their acquaintance which had progressed easily and naturally enough. He had been in Italy only a month, and in Assisi for the first time, whereas Italy was rather her adopted country, and Assisi was like home to her. She returned to it, sometimes in the summer as now, but always in the spring and in the fall—"at the two perfect moments," she had told him, "when the grape is in bloom, and later when it is gathered."

"What a night!" she said, looking up at the vast, starlit dome. "What a night! I left my poor old uncle asleep. Isn't it strange that to the old sleep is better than to watch the stars pass over the Umbrian Valley?" She ran her fingers softly among the leaves of the vine that clung to the wall beside her. "Feel how cool! Ah, my Italy!"

The voice of one of the little English ladies could be heard now, tentative, a little deprecating:

"I'm not sure, really. The authorities seem to differ, but my book says the crypt is considered more interesting."

His companion turned to him.

"Hear them!" she said. "Hear them talking of Assisi! As if, with all their seeking, they could ever catch so much as a glimpse of it!"

"And you?" Maxwell said. "What does Assisi mean to you?"

"It means Saint Francis," she said, quickly, "and his Italy. 'If you wish truly to name this place,'" she quoted, "'call it not Assisi, but call it rather the East, because of the sun that rose here.'"

"I'll call it the East, if you like," he said, leaning toward her with a little quick devotion, "but rather as Shakespeare did. Do you remember?"

"What light is that through yonder casement breaks?"

It is the East, and Juliet is the sun."

But she appropriated to herself none of his manner of saying it. She had a way of taking compliment for granted, the way the foot takes for granted the road or grass it rests upon. It was indeed her delicately sovereign accustomed air, as though men had always paid her homage, that was half her charm.

He drew his eyes away from her and looked instead across the valley, that was filled with dim starlight.

"You will go, to-morrow," he said, moodily.

"Yes, and very early, before the sun is up, and before my uncle and his manservant are awake. But there is Italy, all of Italy left you, and the heart of her to learn to know—but not through any guidebook."

"Show me Italy," he said, quickly. "Be my guide!"

She fell in with his mood. "Close your eyes. Have you closed them?"

"Yes."

"Now think of those who inhabit Italy to make its glory; think, for instance, of the Madonnas, all of them in gold and purple and blue and red, with the halos about their brows and holding the Christ Child on their breasts—for centuries. Do you see them?"

"Yes."

"That is Italy. And the angels of the Annunciation, so many, so many. Some of them bearing palms, some of them lilies in their hands. And all the women

of Italy, too, of the olden time, they who loved and died and yet remain. And the bells of the cities; and the mountains and the valleys, and the ruins without name, and the oleanders—that is Italy. Do you suppose any of these things can be put in a guidebook? What the travelers see is only the outward semblance. They see merely what they want to see or expect to see, or have been told to see. They have no insight into the real Italy, into the real soul of her. They are sight-seers merely; that is all."

He remembered whimsically how his delightfully reserved and conventional mother had made out a list for him of things he really *must* see in Italy.

The terrace was empty now. The painstaking little Englishwomen had gone indoors to bed, probably, so as to rise the earlier for to-morrow's sight-seeing.

Maxwell found himself possessed by a strange unrest. This woman seated on the step above him was like an allegorical Italy herself, but near and human and elusive. The edges of her dress touched his arm as they flowed past him, white and mystical. There were oleanders at her belt.

They had stood on the hillside together that afternoon, above the town; and she had called his attention to the tiled roofs clustered around the chaste square tower of Santa Chiara; and below and beyond to the valley, with its fields garlanded with vines festooned from acacia to acacia; and the one simple road, running so white across it, as direct as Saint Francis. And the domes of Santa Maria, and the little houses kneeling about it like pilgrims; and on beyond and beyond, the beautiful distance; and to the right, all yellow and red and gold in the sunset, the *Convento* of the Minori.

It seemed she was following his thought.

"All those beautiful things we saw at sunset are gone now, melted in the night, like pearls in wine, and that wine, Italy."

"It is you who are Italy!" he broke in, impulsively.

But she had already risen.

"Do you know I think it must be getting quite late. The others have gone indoors long ago."

When they came to the casement window, which was the only entrance on to the terrace, they found the shuttered blind of it closed. He shook it slightly, testing it.

"Good heavens! It's locked!"

He laughed, as a child does who finds something that frightens it slightly, yet pleases it.

She tried it also. "But there is a bell."

He found it and rang it. They could hear the shadowy tinkle of it like faint laughter in some dark distance.

He rang again and they waited; then still again.

"There is no way in but by this door, as you know. What do you wish me to do? I suppose we can rouse the servants if we ring long enough or knock on the blind, but not without rousing the guests also."

She weighed the matter. "I should have remembered that they go to bed early in this little place. But it is nothing. The night is very short now. I was shut out once before like this, and I stayed quite happily there on the steps. I must have slept two or three hours with my arm and head on the ivy. I should like to do so again. I remember how surprised the old fat waiter was when he let me in in the morning. You might have supposed I was a spirit."

It flashed through Maxwell's mind what the Englishwomen and the other guests might think if this happening ever came to their ears; what his mother, too, would say, or not say, in that delicate, severe way of hers, should she ever hear of it.

"He is a sympathetic old soul, that waiter," his companion said. "Once he was over his surprise, he didn't think it strange at all. I think *he* knows the soul of Italy."

Maxwell stood aside to let her pass by

him, with a slight shame at having questioned her wisdom or her wish.

They returned to the steps and she made room for him in the old place. As she bent aside the odor of the oleanders she wore was left close to him, and he drew it in. The very breath of Italy it seemed. He remembered that he had seen occasional oleanders, but never any like these that grew in this land. Women he had seen, too, all his life, but not before a woman like this.

He turned longingly to her. It seemed good to be at her feet. Some enchantment, some spell of her loveliness was all about him and ran in his veins.

"I have you to thank for showing me Italy and all this loveliness." He glanced over the dim valley below them. "It's infinitely better than sightseeing."

He took his red guide from his pocket. It was a fat, comfortable looking book, bound about with a broad elastic. He turned it over whimsically.

She put out her hand and took it from him.

"Ah, your red guidebooks! your fearful red guidebooks! Some day—shall I prophesy?—you will have no need of them ever, ever again. In view of that, shall I drop this one over the wall, there below in the little lettuce and radish patch that used to be the garden of the Minori? Shall I?"

Her hand lingered over the edge of the wall, hesitating, like a person.

"As you choose," he said, watching her with keen, half-amused interest.

Suddenly her fingers opened. In an instant there was a thud and a slight crashing of leaves below. He laughed softly, and she brought back her empty hand, and held it out to show him.

"Are you sorry?"

"Not a bit in the world," he laughed, lightly. "Only, now, I shall not know where to find the house where Michael Angelo lived, nor where Dante was born, or the seat where he sat, or the corner where Gemma—"

She interrupted him. "Ah, well, then I'm glad I threw it away."

She closed her eyes, suddenly solemn. Her hands lay loose in her lap, her head was thrown back, like one who with shut eyes sees some vision. It was such a pose, fine and spiritual, Maxwell remembered, as Rossetti had given his Beatrice.

She put her hands together quickly in her lap. "Oh, Italy! my Italy! Do not think me foolish. Some day, perhaps, she will be your Italy, too."

"Be my Italy," he said, impulsively. Immediately he would have withdrawn it, as something absurd, nearly frivolous, such a thing as men say easily and with light gallantry to women of another type. But it seemed she had not heard him, so far and gently withdrawn from him did she seem.

"What makes Italy so much yours," he urged, "not mine?"

"Sightseeing!" she said, with whimsical promptness. "As I said before, you come choosing what you will see, seeing not what is really here, but what others have told you is here. And my beautiful Italy shows you only what you want to see, and no more. The soul of a land is like the soul of a person; it is shy, terribly shy, easily mistaken. You have never thought of that?"

He did not answer. Perhaps he had; he did not know. There was a spell about her that robbed him of the wish to argue or defend himself. He had a mad thought that he would like to go down on his knees to her, or put his head on her lap and give himself up completely to the comfort and protection of her loveliness. Instead, he remained as he was, with his easy dignity and reserve and his easy, impeccable manner, that manner which his mother had with so many tendings cultivated, in his boyhood years, training him toward homage to herself and all women, as a young grapevine is lifted from running at will in the rank field to a prepared arbor placed thus or so, beneath which, in times to come, women shall walk graciously protected, or shall pause to pluck offered pleasure or to break re-

freshment on the lips delicately, in passing.

There was a faint sound far off of a few frogs, otherwise nothing. The valley was cool now, and the sweet breath of it came drifting toward them. The whole night had shifted a little to the west. The odor of some unknown flower came up from the terrace below, like a song that moves in the memory, too subtle to be voiced; and, warm at the girl's belt, the oleander blooms betrayed themselves, they also perfumedly in the silence.

"It is late now," she said. "I shall stay here. I like it better. There is a bench right below by the lime tree. I'm sure you can sleep well there."

"I shall see you early before you leave," he said, rising, with his slight, habitual formality. "Must I go?"

"Yes, I think so. And in case I should slip away in the early, early morning, before you waken, good-by." She put out her two hands, with a gentle impulse. "No; *Addio!* 'I give you to God!' That is better! That is my Italy speaking. And perhaps some day—if the gods are good—it will be your Italy, too."

He stooped and kissed first one hand and then the other, as they rested in his own.

"If you need me for anything," he said, with gentle gravity, "a word would bring me; not only now, but always."

"*Grazie.*" She drew her hands away slowly and a moment later watched him go down the steps from her. Once he turned, and she put her hand out with a little gesture of greeting and dismissal, and a smile.

In the terrace below, stretched full length on the bench, he could see a little of her dress and the curve of her shoulder above the wall. He kept his eyes on them for a long while, as one watches a star. Once he saw her raise her head and look up at the heavens, then a little later she moved so that he could see nothing of her. He waited for a long while for the glint of her dress to re-

appear, but it did not. At last he turned his attention to the stars, with the thought of her.

Looking up at them, the earth seemed to fall away on all sides. The night bent over him like a woman whose quiet look searches the face of a loved sleeper. Above him was the girl who was, to him, Italy—above him, only a few feet away, a few stone steps to be climbed—that was all. The nearness of her was a real thing that laid hold on his senses, and made nothing of time. If he could have remained there always near her in the starlight; never to touch her—he would be content never to touch her—but to hold her dear as one holds one's soul dear, above the flesh. The thought of it was like moonlight through a forest, lending a beauty to his nature, a mystery, a worthiness to life, that his day-time purposes did not see. He remembered his home, his mother, the well-trained servants, and it all seemed to him infinitely far away. Once, well into the night, he got to his feet and crept softly up the steps to see if there was anything he could do to serve her. He paused three steps below her to await a sign. But there was none. Her head was pillowed on her arm. One hand lay still, white, in the leaves of the vine on the wall. He recognized in a dark blotch against her waist the oleander flowers. He was not conscious of how long he remained there; once he reached out and just touched with reverent fingers the hem of her dress that lay white on the stone of the steps below her. She did not stir. She was asleep as Italy all about her was asleep. He had a sense, suddenly, of vastness. He and she and Italy—under the stars together!

Then at last he felt his way softly down the steps, blinded a little by his feeling, as a man finds his way, after a great moment, out of a church.

When he wakened it was late dawn. He remembered and started up, ashamed to have slept so long. The valley was still cool, but the last veil was being withdrawn. The peasants had been in

the field since the first light. The vine swinging from the low pergola above him caught on his shoulder and followed him slightly like a detaining hand, then returned to its place trembling. Had she gone? When he got to the foot of the stone steps he saw she was not there.

On the upper terrace the casement window stood open. No one was about. He went through the lower hall. As he reached the door the fat, duck-faced waiter opened it and came in from the street.

"Tell me"—Maxwell drew one hand down over the back of his head, hesitating, like one asking a question he perhaps should not ask—"has the signora gone? She was to leave early this morning."

"Si, signor, an hour ago. Tonio and the old woman, her maid, went with her."

Maxwell turned away full of indecision. He went to the steps at the end of the terrace to test the scene once again. He looked about him; he went down a step or two, stooped and picked up a single oleander blossom. Its watery pinkness was crushed here and there at the edges to brown, but as he put it on his palm and smelled of it it gave out still an exquisite odor.

He left, himself, that afternoon for Perugia. Despite the fact that she had managed so perfectly to keep an invisible wall between him and her, to whose presence he had in his own manner consented; despite the fact that she had rebuked him for a sightseer, he carried the thought of her persistently, intimately, in his heart everywhere after that, with that excessive kindness that is unadmitted love.

The summer had gone, and the fall, and now it was early winter. No word had come to Maxwell from the girl who had stood before all the Madonnas in his vision, and led in her beauty all the angels of the Annunciation. Often he remembered the word—hers of all others—"Grazie"—and sometimes he relived

the moment when she had stood before him, with her two hands fully and warmly in his, and had said, "*Addio.*" Occasionally he took down an Italian book and read in it.

As soon as the spring opened he was going back to Italy. She would be in Assisi in the spring. He would be there also. He would present himself punctual as the season. There would be—he smiled at the thought—a preordination in their meeting. They would come together in those perfect days with a kind of inevitability, as grape bloom and almond flower, without will of their own, keep inevitable tryst, and meet from far causes, deep as life, without prearrangement. They would come toward each other like stars which from far courses hurry fatefully to their appointed trysting places in the spring.

And he would open to her then his heart as he had not been able to open it that one perfect summer night. Why? Because, as she had apprehended, the most of us are only sightseers, after all, seeing in one another's lives only what we desire to see, or have been taught by the guidebooks of our miserable conventions to expect. Here was a woman incomparable, and he and she had spent marvelous hours together, but had spent them stupidly, unfruitfully, as tourists spend time in seeing strange cities; knowing no more of each other's inner aspirations and dreads and delights than those little chanting Englishwomen knew of Assisi. He had acted toward her in every way as a well-bred man of her own well-bred class would act—no more. And what had they talked of that even so much as touched on the realities and the depths of life? Yet they had spent that night, that incomparable night alone under the same sky, in the presence of sacred beauty, like chosen souls favored beyond all hope by the gods.

Now he knew. No such mistake would be possible again. He would laugh away the barriers of convention. He would speak as it is given a man to

speak who has endured the eyes of rebuking memory, and bowed under the scourge of folly, and has come thereby somehow into his heritage. He would say: "Reveal yourself to me. Be mine wholly. I am a poor pilgrim enough, God knows! but I have glimpsed you, poor as I am. I have guessed the hidden incomparable beauty of you. And you, whether you admit it or not, have seen deep into me; and we are bound by irrefragable bonds to reveal our hearts each to the other. Come! Say you love me. It cannot be otherwise. I stood for a little while, that night you slept, within a sanctuary. We are two souls meant and destined for each other—we who wasted in silences and unimportant comment the most perfect hours, and slept, like the guards of Peter, when the Angel of Deliverance came and opened the prison gates all about us. Well, they are open again now, thank God! It is spring in Italy, and you and I are here. And Italy is mine and you are mine—and it cannot be—it cannot be otherwise."

All this surged in his thought as the sea surges in shells, whenever, remembrance of their separation becoming unendurable, he lent his ear again to memory of her.

He found a strange shadowy comfort in the distinct discomfort of poking about on four successive rainy, bleak days among musty, second-hand bookshops, trying to find a book Fra Felice had one day wished he might own. Maxwell had said lightly at the time, "Maybe I can pick up a copy of it for you some day in America," and she, rather than Fra Felice, had turned to him with delight, "Oh, *could* you?"

He found it at last, wrapped it up, first putting his card with his address between the flyleaves. On it he wrote a casual message: "This is the book you wanted, is it not? Good wishes."

When she went back to Assisi in the spring, if by any chance she should arrive before he did, Fra Felice would tell her—and she would think of him sud-

denly with tenderness—and presently he himself would be there.

So, planning with a splendid audacity for the days he would spend ere long in the city of her heart, he went over again the night spent on the terrace of the Subasio, and smiled, remembering how she had shown him her empty hand to indicate he had irrevocably lost his red guidebook.

One evening, several weeks later, when he came back to his study, an envelope addressed in a foreign hand lay on his table awaiting his leisure. In it were two letters; one from Fra Felice, written on the paper of the *Sacro Convento e Basilica d'Assisi*:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received the book with great my pleasure. You have been very kind against me and I thank you.

I hope that you are very well; the same is about me.

Maxwell stopped to smile at the quaint wording. The letter brought back everything—Italy, Assisi, all that these meant to him.

He read on

Here at Assisi in the winter one is too badly; it is windy and it rains much often. The hotels are almost empty because the passengers are very few, and therefore, in Assisi is now much misery and all wish the spring.

I have seen the signora. She was much ill and came to Assisi during a fortnight. Her uncle, the old signor, was dead. I was with her on the terrace; we read much often. She took great her joy to see the people gathering of the grapes. Then I must be sent to Padua and Pisa and Venice for the church of St. Francis. My brother, Giovanni Batista, was in my place beside her. When my return the signora was gone. The brother Giovanni Batista and the old woman say both she died without pain.

Maxwell got up sharply, dazed as by a sudden blow. It was some moments before he could read on:

She slept one night and waked up with God. Two days before that, she wrote an

epistle to you which I send. I should have send it before.

Thanking you again very much, and with best my regards, I remain,

P. FELICE CENZI,
Assisi—Sacro Convento.

He drew his hand across his eyes, as though to brush away some nightmare or incredible horror. He could hear his mother stirring in her room across the hall from his. By and by, hardly knowing what he did, he went to his door and locked it, as against some further and terrible power, then went back to his chair and sat down and put his head in his hands, not daring yet to touch or read the unopened letter. It was nearly midnight, indeed, at last, when with icy hands he raked the coals into a blaze, and read:

AMICO CARO,—I have thought so often of you, but never more than to-day. Yesterday the old fat waiter, triumphant, yet very humble (you will remember just how), brought me, what do you think!—your red guidebook! He had rescued it long before from the radishes and lettuce. You see, it has your name in it. He knew I should return here, and he remembered that you and I were friends, so he kept it for me; and now it is mine.

Oh! your red guidebook that my fingers dropped over the wall that night! I looked it through and you know what I found. On the flyleaves, and here and there throughout, in your handwriting, all those lines from the great poets who have loved my Italy. I hung over them like a shamed, adoring child.

And then you know what I found besides when I turned to Siena, and Val d'Arno, and Assisi, and the rest. The verses here and there, so brief, but all so exquisite, so completely understanding, with your own initials set down under them. Oh, my dear! How could I have missed knowing that under the outward, conventional ways of you, you were a poet, and that you had a vision beyond my own for the beauty of Italy?

Yet I think I did know in some dim way—because with you I was so content, so perfectly at peace, as I have been with no one else in the world, ever. You remember my telling you you were only a sightseer of Italy, my Italy! I could laugh now at the

crudeness of that! And all the while that we talked it was I who was a sightseer, and there was your heart, unrevealed, like a locked city.

(He started, as he read, as though she had laid a hand on him. She was indeed the very lady of his soul who so understood him, whose very figures of speech were his own! What nightmare was this that separated him from her at the very instant that it gave her now completely to his keeping?)

I think you even liked my haughty ways; yes, and my conventional well-bred ones, and even my arrogance. These are manners that men are taught to respect. They stand for certain things in women. You expect them of us, if we belong to a certain class; are prepared to find them, and admire them more than frankness, quite the way those little English ladies were prepared to like the crypt better than the nave, because their guidebooks say they should.

Will you like as well the real soul of me that stands so humble in this letter and bows down, adoring, before the intimate beauty of yours?

I shall never have the answer from you. But it does not matter. It is enough to be writing you this, in which I place in your hands, bending down to put my lips against them, the key to the city of my heart.

(Then it was as though she would not leave with him any sadness.)

Fra Felice has gone to Padua. His brother Fra Giovanni, a patient old man, reads to me each day. The old fat waiter is as attentive as ever (you remember the day we were late to dinner because we must look again and again at the valley in the sunset!), and in these days he turns so kind a face toward me.

Addio—a rivedere!

Some bitter wind of the spirit seemed suddenly to shake and strip the leaves of his life from him. He felt now that he was grown old, and his youth was gone like an irrecoverable season of memoried plenty. What bare boughs, what storms and freezings lay ahead of him. Then he returned passionately to her simile and his own: What sightseers they had been, he and she! What sightseers, both of them!

Across the hall, his mother, with a glance at his door, at last closed her own. It was his custom to come to her room for a few words with her, and to kiss her good night. But these were things she never forced nor insisted upon. She was a woman with very definite and fixed standards of what the relationship between men and women and sons and mothers should be. If he forgot tonight, he would but remember the better the next night, she thought. He had done so before.

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

OH, I was wayward, and I laughed;
 You followed—you were laughing, too—
 And here's an end to all our craft
 And vows to do and not to do;
 And now I find, to my distress,
 That here's an end to waywardness!

I must be grave and grown and wise. . . .
 And I would please you, sir, who pleased
 Before with inattentive eyes
 And lips that mocked and words that teased. . . .
 When you have shaped me to your will
 I wonder if you'll like me still?

THE FOURTH PILLAR

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

I BEGIN to fear that I shall never make much stir as a writer of what is known in magazine offices as "travel stuff." "Travel stuff" wants a spiritual and mental sang-froid of which I discover myself dismally destitute. "Travel stuff" wants a boldness amounting almost to disdain in face of the unfamiliar, the exotic, and the bizarre. How, for instance, can I be trusted by the gentle reader to weigh the educational importance of a view or an event in this land of Barbary, when the simple sight of a black nomad tent crouching by a thorn bush in the naked immensity of a desert plain will fetch me up, gawking, my weak mind abrawl with a hundred memories of old tales of pampered mares and long, long guns and embattled wells?

Your bold professional voyager carries himself with a better dignity. To begin with, he doesn't notice the Bedouin camp—not chick, goat, lamb, ass, dog, camel, brat, woman, or flea. He has seen far too many of them. Or, if he does glimpse the thing, it is only to remind him of a really rather curious crowd he once ran across in the upper Caucasus, or perhaps it was in the late '80's among the Ooaa sect of the Kilo-luoii in the southern atolls of the Paumotu—the same place, by the by, where he happened upon the man with the lisp and the whalebone amulet—which is another story. . . .

The fatal word in "travel-stuff" circles is "provincial." And, dark as the suspicion may be, it must be faced, as well soon as later. I am provincial. Things we don't do in New England still strike me as strange. When I see a very holy man eating a handful of sixpenny

nails, my internals protest. Having been brought up in a land of grade-school physiologies and home cooking, I know that nails aren't good for him. . . . Or when a camel heavily laden with cactus comes lurching and bubbling between the tables of the café where I sit at peace with the world—when I mount the table to escape—I can't help it; my provincial pulse mounts, too. The episode doesn't remind *me* of anything. Not anything at all! In a café—a camel—*with a load of cactus!* . . . At home I have known men asked to leave for seeing just the camel alone. . . . No, it is strange!

This café in Kairwan is one of the best in such matters that I have yet found. The tale of a vagabondage in Tunisia might almost be set down in a directory of its Arab cafés. At each new city or town or village the first care is to locate the most promising café. It serves as a point of departure, as a rendezvous, by night a dim-lit shelter for endless games of *scupa*, by day a rudimentary sort of club window from which to view the world passing by. Except that in the case of this nameless café in the holy city of Kairwan the world passes not by, but through.

The thing is no more nor less than a gate, the street turning sharply within it, so that the two arches face at right angles, the one to the east, the other to the south. Chairs, tables, benches, and mats are deposited on the hoof-beaten earth under this vaulted masonry; the coffee comes at demand out of one of the five dark cuddy-closets sunk in the wall, the other four being occupied as follows: by a harness-and-donkey-saddle manufacturer, by a shoemaking

establishment, by a jeweler (a spend-thrift and idler), and by a mender of hopelessly unmendable, smashed wooden bowls.

And here, through this narrow, twisting, gossiping arch of business and pleasure, comes trooping, with grunt, squeal, cackle, bray, and name of Allah, the world.

The world of Kairwan and the blank, middle land of Tunisia! Here a Jew with three worn *jebbas* stacked on his head, lifting the strident cry of the ambulant auctioneer. There a half-grown Arab boy with a stolen gunny bag for sale, darting shrilly with the latest bid from shop to shop in the court beyond the gate, the quarter of the saddle makers' guild. And now comes stalking a solid citizen of the town aslap in yellow slippers, pure Arab, white skinned and white bernoused, slightly tilted on his head the close, long-tailed Tunisian *chechia*—for here in the interior the bright colors and high fezzes of Constantinople have not yet come to corrupt the pure, ancient dress. And now a creeping, whining mendicant, stretching one hand out of the soiled bundle of himself. It would have been better had we not caught a glimpse of his hooded face, for there is no face there. And black Senegalese soldiers from the Kasba, each with one sheet of paper, one envelope, and one stamp in hand, crowding patiently about the public letter writer laboring over a continuous succession of coffee cups at the last table toward the court.

And there is a woman, too, a Bedouin, a creature extraordinary in this land of a single sex. She draws and compels our interest. She is dictating a letter to the writer. She is beyond youth. She looks fifty, so she may be thirty-five. Her face, neck, and arms are gray with dirt, as the skins and blue jupes of all the nomad women we have seen bearing across the plains the burdens and driving the beasts of their lords. They are as useful and almost as cheap to feed as donkeys. And if one can't eat them in the end—

on the other hand they bring forth sons, easily and often.

But this woman in the café under the old Tunis gate! Somehow, somewhere, something has happened. She is not as her sisters. Ragged, soiled, aged, and, above all, female, yet it is she that sits in the chair, and her husband that stands. It is she that tells the writer what the writing shall be, bringing home her points with deliberate gestures of a brown, caked, henna-soaked forefinger. From moment to moment her face is lighted by an expression of authoritative and animated intelligence. For all the world she reminds me of certain women I know at home; wives, say, of independent means, modern women of affairs. It is not only to us, strangers and infidels, that she is amazing. Si Ibrahim ben Fredj, our neighbor at table, looks at her more than once, and he says:

"That woman there is telling a letter."

She is perhaps even stranger in his sight than in ours. For Ibrahim is an Arab gentleman, if ever was one, of the old school. Soft garbed, gray of hair and mustache, carrying himself with an easy, gracious, unfailing dignity that makes life very simple to live, he has come, like all Tunisian gentlemen of the old school who can afford it, to live his last days in this "The Fourth Pillar of Islam," to die and to be buried beyond the walls where rest the bones of the barber of the Prophet—him who carried under his tongue through all his years of survival one precious hair saved from the head of his illustrious client.

And now he glances at that amazing country woman, as the harness maker over his red donkey saddle glances at her, and as the ancient mender of bowls, cornerwise, with something not altogether easy, like a kind of embarrassment, in his eyes.

"But that woman, m'sieu', is telling a letter."

And still she carries on with her clear, unabashed voice and her dirty, henna-stained finger, while a husband such as never was in the deserts of Barbary

waits behind her with the waiting Senegalese. Enigmatical Bedouine!

Of the common run of Bedouins (that is, simply, to say, "country folks," "rubes" "men with straws in their hair") this café gate knows plenty. Into the city they pass continually, bumping the tables, whacking their mules and camels, mounded with vast hamper-loads of turnips and rugs and onions, or with matted straw stacks that carry all before them. The air is full of their warning cries of, "*Barra!*" ("Look-out!") and the short, thick hiss that says "*Giddap*" to Arab beasts. They come slapping and padding and jostling, wrapped to the eyes in their rough *kashabias*, like a rout of laden refugees pouring into a beleaguered city.

I can't rid myself of that feeling about Kairwan. It came to me yesterday at first sight of the town across the plain. It sits all alone in vacancy, lifting its walls like the low cliffs of an island lost in a brown sea. To the encircling horizon there is nothing else to arrest the eye, not a tree or stone, hardly even a bunch of thorn. It stands separate, contained, austere—as a single broad house left solitary in some vast, deserted neighborhood of the world. Something defending itself against nothingness. . . . If there are ant shapes of men and camels creeping far off on the flat dome of the earth, they are there on sufferance, under the shadow of the enemy. And the blue threads winding above the spider-web tents of nomads tell of the watch fires of pickets thrown out against this investment of lonely and pitiless space. . . .

So I saw Kairwan first—a single, low,



THE CAFÉ IS NO MORE NOR LESS THAN A GATE

far-off rampart on the plain, pent and motionless beneath the rolling gray clouds of the new rain. The rain had not yet begun to fall. After hard upon seven months of waiting, the parched world must yet content itself for hours with the taste of the coast wind and the shadow of promise in the sky. Dust pursued us into the city. Out on the plain it whirled and mounted, like the waterspouts of a tropic sea.

It came with the evening; first rare, big drops exploding in the white streets; then, abruptly, the deluge. All night long it roared and gurgled around the tall, cold stone room we had taken near the Gate of Sousse. In the morning when I threw open the blinds it was still pelting down. Beyond a little mesa of whitewashed roofs, broken by streaming arroyas of courts and alleys, a small, naked, yellow hill, like an ash heap, lifted its hump. It presented the strangest sight. For a time we could not make it out.

It was like an absurd, ill-rehearsed "alarm and excursion" on a leaky stage. A huge excitement. A tremendous mounting and staring! Gesticulations! Arab men with their bernouses tucked up above their long bare legs, their slippers in their hoods, their battered umbrellas over their heads; elderly camels, quite overcome by the twin catastrophes of mud and crowds, lifting their ridiculous, bubbling, bad-baby voices; baby camels, pale and silly, their multitudinous legs, necks, humps, and tails all at odds, shying and slithering; boys with feed bags over their heads; boys and men and donkeys and camels and still more boys swarming up the sides of this bare mound from some hidden gate in the wall—all to do nothing in the world but stand there in the downpour and wave their limbs and stare at the horizon.

It was too much. As soon as we could shudder into our clothes we, too, were out and up.

"What's it all about?"

"The rivers! The rivers!"

The Holy City is an island. The arid plain has become a marsh overnight. There to the southeast, toward Sousse, is open water. To the south a broad, deep river rushes nowhere, islanding a single ragged date palm and a square stone box of a *fondouk*. The roads are cut. A cavalier with a high-backed red saddle and a long gun, like the pictures, comes up to the gate. His horse is yellow-plastered to the shoulders.

And so Heaven has vouchsafed us another wonder. We have come to see the heat-blistered, sun-drowned town of the middle-lands, and somewhere in our bags we have brought the deepest rain the plain has known in living memory. From the refuge we have taken under the gate of the café, looking up Rue Saussier, Kairwan's Broadway, we behold an enchanting spectacle of adventure and ruin. It is a brown flood from bank to bank of its French-built gutters. On shiny days Rue Saussier is a torrent of beast and human; even now the pro-

cession of affairs must move somehow, and the trouble, the grunting, splashing, slipper-hopping, the appalling elevation of shoulders, the tucking up of robes and pantalettes—it's really much too good a show to be free.

All the false-pepper trees are weeping. Beneath them, under the dilapidated, pent roofs that shade their sitting platforms, the sellers of dates, of perfumes, of fish, foulards, white-metal stewpans, appear to have given up the fight. Their bodies droop over their crossed legs; dribbles run down their necks. Even their fly whisks are still, and all the flies of central Tunisia, come for lodging, remain to board.

Nearer at hand, just at the corner, a plow maker leans perilously out of his shop, fishing for a bottomless chair in an apparently bottomless sea.

But it is to the young of the kind that the great adventure has come. Not one of them has ever seen an ocean in Rue Saussier before; not one is like to see it so again. Water, water everywhere, in a dusty land!

Strange children! How bizarre is the youth of Islam! A divine carelessness seems to have destroyed the proper coordination of their limbs; inarticulate sounds issue from their lips; to the last and raggedest of them they are driven of a devil into the puddle's darkest depths. They hop. They splash. Arab syllables hang over the strait sea. They are getting their shirt things wet. They are in the way to "catch their death." Inane objects attract their febrile interest—bits of floating wood which do not in the least resemble ships, a pomegranate rind, a drowning beetle. . . . And from the banks long, naked-legged, harsh-voiced fathers call.

A weird, exotic scene!

And still it rains. Gusts drive through the archway, wetting the tables and us. It is we who have brought it. That this is known to be the case we begin to divine before an hour is gone. Along with Allah, his Prophet, and a thousand dome-tombed marabouts, we accumu-



THE STREET IS A BROWN FLOOD FROM BANK TO BANK

late esteem. For all the world—shivering, dripping, grumbling, groaning—continues to praise the One God.

“What crops it will have this year!”

“What oats! What wheat! Now the Bedouins will go out and plow the land!”

“The flowers will be like a carpet! A carpet of Kairwan!”

“Even the camels will have oats!”

It’s rather too bad the camels can’t

be made to understand. From all the open *fondouks* ranged outside the walls, sunk to their fetlocks in the strange, slippery mush of clay and dung and water, neglecting their painful repasts of cactus branches, the beasts wail to the weeping sky. The doleful sound does not cease. It underruns and sustains all other sounds—the beating of the rain, the dolorous summons of a muezzin from



BALCONIES AND LATTICES SUGGEST VEILED ROMANCE

a near-by minaret, the orgy of youth, the sneezing of age, the clatter of coffee cups. . . . We have brought the storm and the promise of crops, and our capacity for black coffee is considered limitless.

The day is gone. And still it rains.

Another day. There is no post. It is said that the railway line on the coast between Sousse and Tunis is broken for a space of forty kilometers. Glory to Allah! who sends head colds and pains in the knees, and to his Prophet, and to the barber of the Prophet!—still it rains.

"*Le pays du soleil!*" ("Land of the sun!")

We huddle through the daylight hours. Of an evening we creep forth damply in search of brightness and noise. The "business district" is deserted. The tunnel mouths of the *souks* stand black as the blackest pit. It is the season of the Mohammedan Noël; in other years we should have the *souks* inundated with candlelight, all carpeted with soft Kairwan rugs, asurge with festal throngs gathered from all the lands of Tunisia. But now the war has

made the cities poor. In the reach of the market the stilted hutches are veiled with gunny bags and the phantom benches overturned. We pass the quarter of forges and bear down upon the Great White Way.

The Great White Way of the Holy City corruscates about the Tunis gate. It consists of the nameless coffee house under the arch, a nameless Arab *café chantant* cat-a-corner across the way, and the mouth of a narrow street running along under the inner shadow of the city wall—a street much frequent-

ed by soldiers—which shall remain nameless as well.

As for the coffee place, it is still illuminated, but cold. A slow, wet wind drifts under the arch. The last *habitués* are finishing their last game of *scupa* with threats and a huge slapping down of curly cards. About them, on street and benches, Bedouins rolled in ragged *kashabias* have pre-empted their city lodgings for the night.

There remains the *café chantant*. We invade it. An antique Bedouin woman ensconced behind the battered plank door accepts our notes upon the Regency of Tunis, and a dim, stale world of smoke takes possession of our souls.

Object for object, odor for odor, sound for sound, it might be any Arab *chantant* chosen at random from a dozen southern towns. The same rows of low benches sparsely covered with town dandies and open-mouthed, wind-blackened boys from the plain; the corner rostrum; the country-church organ; the somnolent half-wit with the vaselike drum; the player upon the goatskin bagpipe; the three betinseled, huge-

trouser'd ladies of the troop lined on a bench (two of them dour-mouthed Arabs and the third a petite Algerian Jewess with enormous hands, and all diligent with almonds, coffee, and little cakes); and the shrill falsetto sough and wail of the three-noted song that started ten minutes ago and will surely not fail before the hour; and the dreary, mechanical imitation of the imitation of an Oriental dance as seen in the side show at the Fairview County fair. . . .

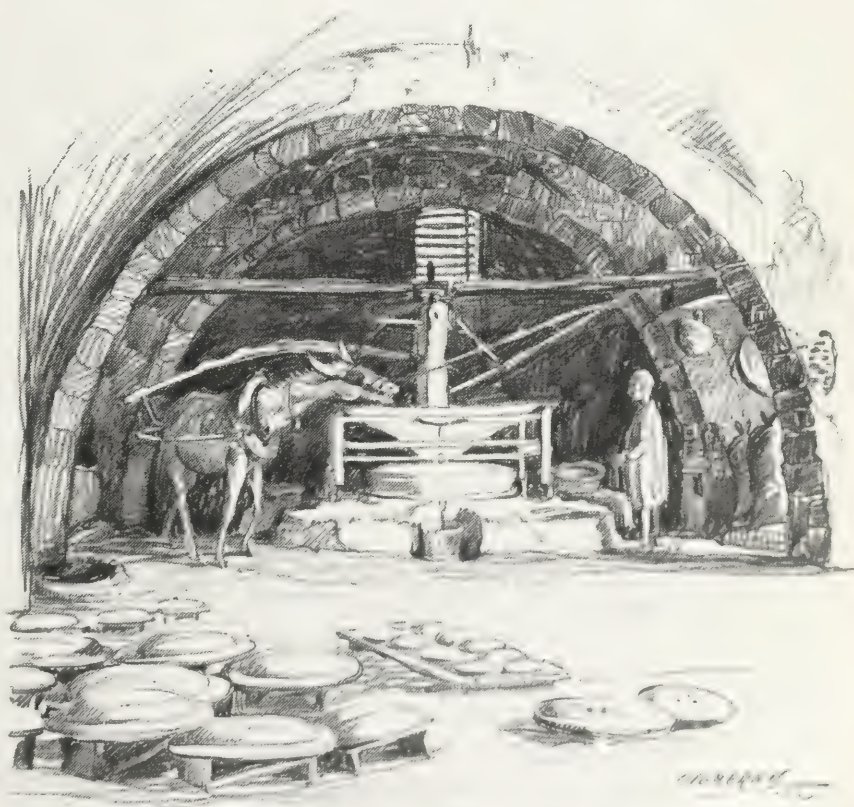
But no; after all, there is something here—something to catch even the jaded eye of a “travel-stuff” man. That is the mural decoration. As in the churches of the Middle Ages and the restaurants of New York, soft-toned frescoes cover the walls—paintings passing belief, in this our century. An Arab Giotto has been at work. Tone for tone, stroke for stroke, the old Italian might have plied this brush. Things absurd, naïve, stiff-angled, beautiful. A lion and a lioness, disposed on either side of a little tree. An ostrich, a palm, and a fourteenth-century Sahara. A camel cavalier assaulted of a serpent, and the streets of Constantinople hanging at a vertiginous angle of perspective over the waters of the narrow sea. . . . If only one could take them down, plaster and all, and carry them away—and sell them for vast sums. . . .

At a little after ten, yawning, we are put out into the street. And still it rains.

Another night. Another day. . . .

And now, though we have seen no Ararat, and only the frowsiest of doves, it seems that the flood is done. A dawn shows the sky all blue. The mounting sun pours down a white

radiance. The whole earth seems to stir, as though spring had fallen in mid-November. The world is made anew. The town roars. Even the arched stone roofs of the streets in the *souk* cannot altogether keep out the glory of the sun; it penetrates in luminous greens and yellows, disturbed and shadow-embroiled by the tunneled currents of humanity—buyers, venders, walking auctioneers, veiled women haggling in murmurs over the price of purple scarfs, men sitting down unexpectedly in the midst of all, like rocks in rapids, to call for coffee from the nearest cupboard dispensary. It penetrates even into the tiny cubical caves of merchants and manufacturers, picking high lights on the strong white teeth of shoemakers biting new yellow slippers right side out; filtering over Jewish *jebba* makers and their four-year-old apprentices holding the ends of the long double threads; over smiths at their forges; wood turners bent over their primeval lathes, like so many virtuosos playing so many marches on so many bass violins; and plow makers and perfumers and the solid merchants of the rugs of Kairwan.



ANCIENT METHODS STILL PREVAIL IN GRINDING THE CITY'S BREAD

We ought to go and see the mosque—the Great Mosque, the holiest place in the holiest of Tunisian cities—which is at the same time, ironically enough, the one city where an infidel may enter a mosque. The helplessness, the somehow outraged bewilderment in the eyes of our Arab acquaintances when we shake shamed heads to their daily, “But surely, messieurs, you have now seen the mosque?” is growing hard to bear.

This would be a fine morning for it. And yet, somehow, it is pleasanter to drift. Borne on the mazed currents of the town, one beholds so many things, beautiful, unbeautiful, tragic, amusing, and (as Henry Adams would say) of no educational value. A sudden balcony, all carven in green wood, like lace, hanging high over a slough of sewage. An unexpected rabbi slaying a hen. Or one passes a black, cavernous doorway full of a submerged roaring, where, within, a white mule, trudging an endless orbit, grinds wheaten flour for the city bread. In the other half of the cave is the odorous heaven where he eats and sleeps. Between these precincts, on the earthen floor, parades a pallid regiment of loaves, pricked each with its Hand of Fatma, awaiting the oven. The oven itself opens a murky eye from still farther depths, silhouetting for an instant the nude torso and long shovel of the Arab baker man. The whole dim region moans with the cry of the millstones and the contentment of flies.

Or drifting around a blank corner of nowhere, one is caught into a sudden whirlpool of confusion—the bedlam of a lost wool market, two rods square. A flapping of robes and slippers! A wind of arms and bright hanks of yarn! A battle of voices! Even the voices of women here! It is like being Columbus to discover women screeching in a public place. Fat, paste-faced Jewesses, mysterious Arab matrons having difficulty with their veils, Bedouin ladies a thousand years old, bent double, grasping with tattooed claws at passing wool hanks, their wild, bright, henna-dyed

locks escaping their head robes at every hop and dodge of the game.

The current carries us back toward main stream. We are in an alleyway of restaurants; high green-and-yellow-tiled wall niches, each with its restaurateur cross-legged over his caldron of bubbling oil. . . . We debouch into the tideway of Rue Saussier. We escape the dog teeth of a square-rigged camel, only to come under the guns of a three-decked mule. Blue-black Sudanese, brown Berbers, pale Arabs, bump us about. We are poured through a gate and left stranded in the shallows of a vast square without the wall, reefed with *fondouks* and the black burrows of tent makers and *halfa* buyers and a little mosque veiling its face with false-pepper trees.

Camels kneel everywhere, discharging country freight and yawling and biting at legs. Everywhere squat, optimistic venders of produce—a handful of cow-peas, a dozen peppers, a kerchief full of eggs. Herds of sheep and goats drift like clouds on an April sky. And presently we are set about by a holy man of the sect of the Aissaoua, desiring coppers to the glory of God.

He is soiled beyond belief. He carries the symbol of his faith and office—a long, sharp steel skewer with a ball on the end, like an overgrown hatpin, or, rather, more like the instrument of pride the drum major of the Denver Police Band used to whirl miraculously all the way down Sixteenth Street at the Festival of Mountain and Plain. This he throws in the air. He sticks the sharp end in his right eye and rotates the ball. We are not won. From somewhere among his rags he produces a serpent. He proceeds to swallow the serpent, head first, down to the place where its shoulders ought to be. His holiness is astounding. We move away.

More unenchanted creatures than these devout comedians it would be hard to find on earth. We desire never to see anything more of them, nor of the sect from which they spring. Never! We are



CAMELS ARE OMNIPRESENT

prepared to flee the Aissaoua till the end of days.

And already destiny, in the shape of our dark guide, philosopher, and guardian of baggage, Abd-el-Kader, has our undoing in train. Even for the morrow.

The day falls on a Friday, the Sabbath of the Mussulman.

"Come!" says Abd-el-Kader.

We come. At his heels we enter a door in a side street, a very ordinary-looking arched door full of sunlight from an inner court and a confused dull bass beat of sound, as if a Koranic school had grown old over its lesson. It is a mosque. It is the holy place of the Aissaoua. The surf of voices grows as we cross the paved court. The black door of the sanctuary yawns and takes us in. We find ourselves huddled on a bench in a far corner, all eyes, ears, and perturbed circumspection. We are quite certain we ought not to be here.

It is a bare, barnlike place, raw with whitewash, a whitewashed dome in the center supporting itself on eight spindling pillars, striped like barber poles. Wires run between the capitals, and from the wires hang the most absurd knicknacks in tinsel and pottery and glass. One in the farther dimness I could swear to be the terra-cotta presentment of Mutt and Jeff. In the center of the rear

wall stands a rug-covered bench on a sort of rostrum, and above the bench we behold the armory of devotion—a cross of swords and a sheaf of those diabolical, overgrown-hatpin skewer things.

And while we take stock of it in the semigloom, the afternoon service goes on. The whole of the central floor under the dome is covered with straw mats, and the mats with cross-legged worshippers, two double lines of them, opposed. So, face to face, rocking in rhythm, they intone for many minutes at a time a single phrase from the Book of the One God. Slowly at first, in a vibrating bass. Now the measure begins by almost imperceptible degrees to quicken. The bodies rock faster and faster. The voices lift in key. A queer fever pulse throbs through the air of the sanctuary. Swiftly and swiftly and still more swiftly the round ball of words flies back and forth between the lashing adversaries. Louder and louder, till the domed chamber booms like the hollow of a drum. . . . Without warning it is a whisper. For moments the hundred-lipped murmur beats between the swaying lines.

Extraneous sounds intrude. A black youth heating a tambour over a charcoal brazier tries it with a booming thumb. Half-naked children play hide-and-seek among the agitated torsos. A

lean, green-juped sexton person with a clattering ladder hangs tumblers with candle butts in them on the high wires. But to the rapt and swaying worshippers nothing penetrates. The choppy underwash of tone runs through, filling the high chamber with its restless whispering pulse.

The burden has lifted an odd half note, and abruptly it is done. A tall, dark, emaciated man with streaming hair has leaped to his feet from the low throng. A kind of mad-house shrieking rushes from his mouth. An outcry astounding! Hair-lifting! A wild "Amen!"

And while the echo of it still rackets around the high dome, from the wall at our left there comes out a weird soprano ululation. . . . It is no wall there, after all, but a fine wooden grill-work. It is the peeping place of women. Vaguely we perceive their white figures

huddled down tight against the screen, veiled fingers clinging in the apertures, robe hems escaping over the sill. For a full minute the shallow yodeling of applause streams forth from the hidden place. And still we stare, as no male in the land of the Prophet should stare. For deeper in the occult chamber falls a ray of light, and in the ray, seen through the crevices in vibrant mosaic, shines the figure of a girl baby swaying and pirouetting to the music of the church—dancing all alone to herself there the old, old "tummy dance" of her mothers dead and gone. . . .

The sanctuary is filling again with a snoring thunder of intonation; the round pool of heads and shoulders lashes to a new beat, an odd measure of five, culminating in a groan. The black youth, whose drum has come to the proper warmth, booms in.

Between the lines sits a boy of ten or eleven years, a plump-faced, brown little lad with round and serious eyes. Watching closely, we become aware that it is he who gives the cue for each quick change in tone or text. He knows. He leads, and the others follow. I doubt me he is studying for the ministry in the sect of the Aissaoua. There is a strange, important solemnity in his gaze as he squats there between the mad-faced elders, directing the thunder and guiding the storm. . . .

An undefinable change is at work. The sun has gone out of the court. Dusk penetrates. Here and there men rise to their feet and wade out of the crouching throng. Their faces are as the faces of



THE RESTAURATEUR SITS CROSS-LEGGED OVER HIS CALDRON OF BUBBLING OIL

men dull with liquor, their eyes heavy-lidded and glassy, their mouths sagging down. The monotonous beat of the music jerks their muscles and flops their heads about, as though will and sense had fled, leaving only a galvanic mockery of life in their tissues.

These isolated out-waders are gathering. They are forming a line across the open doors. Arms locked, shoulder rigid to shoulder, their fezzes cast away and the long, black, grease-curved hair that marks them Aissaoua streaming in the air, they rock from heel to toe, bending deeply, flinging back, snapping their neck joints, rolling out in unison the staccato, idiot measure of the chant, like a cough and a groan.

Things begin to happen. The tall, gaunt, unshaven "Amen" man has taken possession. He waxes. He becomes enormous in the gloom. His cry goes out. . . . A young, whitish-skinned fellow is dragging off his shirt, tearing and fumbling with ecstatic fingers. Nude to the waist, he begins to sweep deep circles with his shoulders and head. His crown passes across his knees. Faster! Faster! Till he seems to be looking two ways at once. He is not far from us, three yards at the most. He grows quiet. He stands rigid. The dark master of ceremonies, the gaunt angel of devotion, is over him. In his outstretched hand, grasped firmly by the tail, a gray - yellow scorpion dangles, twisting a little. The devoted one opens his mouth. The creature is thrust in, deliberately, without haste. For a moment we watch the hard contraction of the throat muscles, the horrid, dry swallowing. And then he has flung himself on the breast of the dark minister, who strokes his head, kisses his cheek, and lifts a cry of glory above the hundred-throated groan of the dancing men.

But it is all a trick! A cheap, abominable trick! That we must believe, to save the comfort of our immortal souls. The scorpion was dead; at least the lethal sting had been taken away. We must believe. Science—

And into our minds slips the memory of the words of our friend, Doctor Valetta of Tunis:

"Science is still trying to discover why they do not die."

In the brown dusk of the holy place, on the pavement a rod in front of us, an old fellow with a face of bedeviled rapture is down on a knee. Before our eyes, bellowing in ecstasy, he drops into his open mouth a fair handful of new six-penny nails. And again, because we cannot take our eyes away, we have to watch that slow agony of swallowing, the choking, the labored twisting of head and neck, the gathering into the arms of the comforter.

And again it is a trick! Thus and so we *must* believe. And again:

"Last week I operated on one of those fanatics. Out of his stomach and intestines I took one hundred and sixty-four nails, weighing in all upward of two kilograms. And when I had sewed him up again, the fellow lived."

The orgy deepens. Substance tangles with shadow. A few of the candle butts along the wires have been lighted; their feeble rays seem only to add mystery to the mystery of the groaning place. A real horror stalks. Half a dozen men and youths are dragging off their shirts; others, naked-bodied, swing their heads swiftly in the dizzying dance of preparation. The skewers appear. A fellow comes toward us with two of them stuck through the skin of his shoulders, hanging down in front with the weight of the metal globes. Before us he kneels, throwing himself far back, holding up the rods on the flat of his palms. And the minister of grace, swooping near, beats upon the metal balls with a wooden wand, like a master of the xylophone, keeping measure with the chant. And another man is lying out flat on his back on the cold stone, a cadaver thing, high-ribbed, pale as a slug, with one of those shining stabbers stuck in his gorge. And another through still another's cheek. And upon them all the angel beats his measure for the Faith.

A fat, greenish man, somewhere in the middle distance, leaps high, bows low, doubling his stomach over the naked blade of a sword. Other creatures come and go. We see them leaning, head in arms, against the pillars, shivering and coughing.

Not for a second through it all has the measure or gesture of the line rocking along the doors changed or slackened. The tide of sound beats continuous, monstrous, monotonous through the dim and lofty place. Above it, rising, falling, sinking away and rising again, flutters the voice of the hidden women. And again the wooden *tap-tap-tap* of wand on iron.

But there is no blood!

It is a trick, then, after all, a conspiracy of light and emotion! I whisper to Abd-el-Kader. He is sitting very still, his face tight, his lips tighter. He detests these "fanatics of the south," distrusts and despises them. He has let us know as much. He will tell us the truth.

"There's no *blood!*" I hiss.

"It is their saint, m'sieu', that impeaches them from bleeding."

I am about through.

Under a feeble spotlight from a hanging candle a little man is tugging at his shirt. He looks a child beside the dark presbyter who towers over him, expectant, a pair of skewers held high in his right hand, like a sword at the salute. The shirt will not come. The hands are fevered, awkward with eagerness. Yes, it seems a child.

It is a child. It is the brown, plump-faced, ten-year-old who lately sat preceptor between the lines. We see him flinging low his little head. We see him drawing up his tiny height, stone still, his eyes like saucers. We see the heavy steel points of the poniards pressing slowly through the tops of his shoulders.

Tap-tap-tap—!

But this time the wooden sound is behind us.

The air in the court outside is better. And still better the air in the open street.

And to think that to-morrow we are to leave, with this one bad taste of the Holy City in our mouths!

We flee through the sweet gray dusk that turns to night on our heels. In the gloom toward the Sousse Gate we come upon the notary, Mohammed Addoum, walking alone. We have to pause, because he has been good to us. We have to return his complicated salutations. We have to speak of the weather, of our mutual friend in Tunis, of our departure.

"You leave, then, to-morrow, monsieur?"

In his small, watery, kindly eyes I perceive the light we have come to dread.

"But you have visited the mosque, monsieur? You have seen it?"

G., whose blood is really up, shies in the shadows like a horse attacked by roadside trees. Mosques! Mosques! As if we had not seen enough of mosques to last us for many days! . . . But into my head there comes a wild idea, born of the traditions of a family of homœopaths. Certainly, if "like cures like"—

"But it is night now, Si Mohammed," I still protest.

"That, monsieur, arranges itself."

The notary is a man of weight in the Fourth Pillar.

A lopsided moon clears the horizon as we wind our way across the city to the north and east. When we have slipped through a gate in a high, blank wall that suddenly bars our way, we see the blue-white flood inundating a vast and empty square. In the ghostly light the pillared arcades seem remote around its shores.

For some reason or other we go on tiptoe. Like thieves we let ourselves into the shadow under the porch. We creep into the sanctuary itself. Booted, awkward, full of mistrust, we stand at the edge of an everglade of mats flooding a dim, high forest of marble trunks ravished out of ancient cities; pillars running away in ranks and files beyond reach of sight; a thousand great boles of rock wrapped about with tentacles of shadow, as though from the night the

wraiths of those dead African cities reached out to claim their own. . . . And dim things afloat in the occult, penumbral gloom, dim shapes in cedar and glass and mother-of-pearl, mysterious *Mithrab*, *Mimbar*, *Maksura*—half seen. . . . And one spot alive. One solitary, white-robed figure bowed in prayer.

In a moment he is going to rise. I know that now. He is going to turn slowly toward us, out of that cold, dim, holy place, and show us his face—his serious, plump, boy's face, saucer-eyed, and his brown shoulders stabbed through and through with the cold iron of the Faith—

Who knows? Anything might be! . . . In silence we flee.

"But there is yet the minaret, messieurs."

Beyond the white-paved reach of the court it stands up pale and high against the dim stars. We follow Mohammed Addoum. Behind the soft, invisible rustling of his bernous we wind upward through the blind internals of the tower.

We debouch upon the muezzin platform drowned in a thin, cold light. Below us swims the pallid isle of the city. All around us the flat, moon-washed housetops run away to the crenelated cliffs of its shore. And beyond the cliffs the tideless ocean of the plain. Sleep and peace dwell here.

No, there is something better than peace or sleep. The silence is not silence, after all. There floats up to us a rumor of singing. The volume mounts, expands. A joy of youth and life beats through it, a pulse of triumph.

"What is that, Si Mohammed?"

"It is a society of singers, messieurs, going before."

A rhythm of shouting voices rolls out, drowning for a moment the song.

"And what is that?"

"The benediction of friends."

A faint yellow glow creeps slowly along the farther lip of a street cannon, crossing our vision at right angles below.

"And that?"

"The candles of comrades, monsieur."

And now the thing has wheeled into a street plain to our view. The moonlit thoroughfare is suddenly choked with marching men. We see the singing society massed about its drums. We see the shouting friends. We see the hundred candles of comrades, ranged on three boards, three sides of a tiny square. And coming toward us on the fourth side, shining in the upthrown glow, his white bernous draped over his head like a snowy bridal veil, we see another boy—another brown-faced lad, solemn and saucer-eyed—passing across the Holy City to claim his unknown bride. . . .

To-morrow we leave for the "deep south."

FAITH

BY MORRIE RYSKIND

YOU will come, oh, beloved, with fire in your eyes,
And joy in your voice;
With a faith that is kindly and wise,
And a laugh that the weary shall hear—and rejoice.

You will come, oh, beloved, I know it! I know it!
And give me again
The fervor and flame of a poet:
You will wake me to dreams when you come, love—but when?

WORKING WITH THE WORKING WOMAN

III.—DAYS IN A LAUNDRY

BY CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

HOW long, I wonder, does one study or work at anything before one feels justified in generalizing about it?

I have lately been rereading some of the writings of women who, at one time or another, have essayed to experience at first hand the life of the working girl. They have upset me a little. Is it exactly fair, what they do? They thought, because they changed their names and wore cheap clothes, that—presto!—they had become workers and could pass on to an uninformed reading public the trials of the workers. (Incidentally, they were all trials.) I had read in the past those heart-rending books and articles and I found it difficult to hold back the tears. Sometimes they were written by an immigrant, a bona-fide worker. The tragedy of their life in this business-ridden land of ours tore one's soul.

One who is educated, accustomed to the ease and graces of life, would find the life of the factory worker well-nigh unbearable. An emotional girl longing for the higher things would find factory life galling beyond words. It is to be regretted that there are not more educated and cultured people—that more folk do not long for the higher things of life—that factory work is not galling to everybody? But the fact seems to be, if we dare generalize, that there are a very great many persons in this world who are neither “cultured” nor educated nor filled with spiritual longings. The observation might be made that all such are not confined to the working classes; that the country at large, from Fifth Avenue, New York, to Main Street, Gopher Prairie, to Market Street, San Francisco, is made up mostly of folk who

are not “cultured” or filled with insatiable longings of the soul.

It is partly due to the fact that only recently—as geologic time is reckoned—we were swinging in trees, yearning, probably, for little else than a nut to crack, a mate, a shelter of some sort, something of ape company, and now and then a chance for a bit of a scrap. It is partly due to the fact that, for the great majority of people, the life they live from the cradle up is not the sort which matures them with a growing ambition or opportunity to experience the “finer” things of life. From one point of view it would be contended that we have so few educated, cultured, and aspiring persons because of a combination of unfortunate circumstances relating to heredity and environment. They would be cultured and spiritual if only . . .

From the other viewpoint it would be asserted that the only reason we have as many cultured and spiritual persons as we do is because of a fortunate—“lucky”—combination of circumstances relating to heredity and environment. These more advanced folk would be far fewer in number if it had not happened that . . .

It is mostly the “educated and cultured” persons who write the more serious books we read and who tell us what they and the rest of the world think and feel and do—or ought to do. The rest of the world never reads what they ought to think and feel and do, and go blithely—or otherwise—on their way, thinking and feeling and doing what they please, or as circumstances force them.

After all, the world is a very subjective thing, and what makes life worth

living to one person is not necessarily what makes it worth living to another. Certain fundamental things everybody is apt to want: enough to eat (but what a gamut that "enough" can run!); a mate (the range and variety of mates who do seem amply to satisfy each other!); a shelter to retire to at night (what a bore if we all had to live complacently on the Avenue!); children to love and fuss over (one child suffices some parents while ten children suffice others); some possessions of one's own—but not all of us need stocks and bonds and a box of jewels in the bank, or a library, or an automobile, or even a house and lot, before peace can reign.

Everyone likes to mingle with his kind now and then; to some it is subjectively necessary to hire a caterer; to others peanuts suffice. Everyone likes to wonder and ponder and express opinions—a prize fight is sufficient material for some; others prefer metaphysics. Everyone likes to play—some choose seats at the Midnight Frolic; others, a set of second-hand tools, and yet others a game of craps in the kitchen.

No one likes to be hungry, to be weary, to be ill, to be worried over the future, to be lonely, to have his feelings hurt, to lose those near and dear to him, to be defeated in a struggle of any kind, to have no one at all who loves him, to have nothing at all to do. The so-called working class is more apt to be hungry, weary, and sick, than the "educated and cultured" and well to do. Otherwise, there is no one to say—because there is no way it can be found out—that their lives, by and large, are not as rich, subjectively speaking, as those blessed with large incomes or with Ph.D. degrees.

Most folk in the world are not riotously happy, not because they are poor, but because the combination making for riotous happiness—shall we say love, health, enough to do of what one longs to do—is not often found in one individual. The condition of the bedding, of the clothing, the pictures on the wall, the smells in the kitchen, the food on the

table, have so much and no more to do with it. Whether one sorts soiled clothes in a laundry, or reclines on a *chaise longue*, amid hand-embroidered and belaced pillows, or sits in a library and fusses over Adam Smith—no one of the three is able to pass judgment on the satisfaction or lack of satisfaction of the other two.

All this is somewhat of an impatient retort to those who look at the world through their own eyes, and by no means a justification of the *status quo*; but it may serve to introduce the statement, which a month ago would have seemed to me incredible, that I have seen and heard as much contentment in a laundry as I have in the drawing-room of a Fifth Avenue mansion or in a college sorority house—as much and no more. This, however, is not saying that no improvements need ever be made in laundries.

There was one place in which I was not going to work and that was a laundry! I had been through laundries, I had read about laundries, and it was too much to ask anyone—if it was not absolutely necessary—to work in a laundry. And yet, when the time came, I hated to leave the laundry. I entered the laundry as a martyr. I left with the nickname, honestly come by without Christian effort, of "Sunbeam."

On a Monday morning I waited from 7.40 to 9.15 in a six by nine entry room with some twenty-five men and women to answer this advertisement:

GIRLS, OVER 18

With public-school education, to learn machine ironing, marking and assorting linens; no experience necessary; splendid opportunity for right parties; steady positions; hours 8 to 5.30; half day Saturday.

I was the third in line. The manager himself interviewed us inside, since the "welfare worker" was ill. What experience had I? I was experienced in the use of both foot and power presses. He phoned to the "family" floor—two vacancies. I was signed up as press-

ironer—"family." I shouldn't find it as hard as the brassworks—in fact, it really wasn't hard at all. He would start me in at \$14 a week, since I was experienced, instead of the usual \$12. At the end of two weeks, if I wasn't earning more than \$14—it was a piece-work system with \$14 as my minimum—I'd have to go, and make room for some one who could do better.

That manager was a fraud. On our floor, at least, no one had ever been known to earn more than her weekly minimum. He was a smart fraud; but, fortunately, I asked too many questions upstairs; otherwise he would have had me working like a slave to hold my job.

"Family" occupied two-thirds of the sixth and top floor—the other third was the "lunch room." Six floors to walk up every morning. But at least there was the lunch room without a step up at noon. And it was worth climbing six floors to have Miss Cross for a forelady. Sooner or later I hope to run into a disagreeable forelady, for the experience. To hear people talk, plenty of that kind exist. Miss Cross was glad I was to be on her floor. She told the manager, and me as well, that she'd noticed me that morning in line and just thought I'd make a good press ironer. Was I Eyetalian?

She gave me the second press from the door, right in front of a window, and a window which was open at the top. That was a joy to me, but let no one think that the average factory girl consciously pines for fresh air. Miss Cross ironed the trousers of a pair of pajamas to show me how it was done, then the coat. While she was instructing me in such intricacies, she was deftly finding out all she could about my past, present, and future, married or single, age, religion, and so on. And I watched, fascinated, crumpled pajama legs made to appear, by one mighty press of the foot, as perfect and flawless as on the Christmas morning they were first removed from the holly-decorated box.

"Now you do it."

I took the coat of a pair of pink pajamas, smoothed one arm a bit by hand as I laid it out on the stationary side of the ironing press, shaped somewhat like a large metal sleeve board. With both hands I gripped the wooden bar on the upper part, all metal but the bar. With one foot I put most of my weight on the large pedal. That locked the hot metal part on the padded, heated, lower half with a bang. Then a pressure on the release pedal, and the top flew up—too jarringly, if you didn't keep hold of the bar with one hand. That ironed one side of one sleeve. Turn the other side, press, release. Do the other sleeve on two sides. Do the shoulders all around—about four presses and releases to that. Another to one side of the front—two if he was a large, fat man. One under the arm, two or three to the back, one under the other arm, one or two to the other half of the front; one, two, or three to the collar, depending on the style. About sixteen clanks pressing down, sixteen releases flying up, to one gentleman's pajama coat. I had the hang of it, and was left alone. Then I combined ironing and seeing what was what. If a garment was very damp, and most of them were, the press had to be locked several seconds before being released, to dry it out. During those seconds one's eyes were free to wander.

On my left, next the door, worked a colored girl with shell-rimmed spectacles, very friendly, whose name was Irma. Of Irma later. On my right was the most woebegone-looking soul, an Italian widow, Lucia, in deep mourning—husband dead five weeks, and two daughters to support. She couldn't speak a word of English, although she had been in this country sixteen years. All this I had from the forelady in between her finding out everything there was to know about me. Bless my soul, if Lucia didn't perk up the second the forelady left, edge over, and direct a volume of Italian at me. What won't green earrings do! Old Mrs. Reilly called out, "Ach! the poor soul's found a body

to talk to at last!" But, alas! Lucia's hope was shortlived. "What!" called Mrs. Reilly, "you ain't Eytalian? Well, you ought to be, now, because you look it, and because there ought to be somebody here for Lucy to talk to!" Lucia was diseased-looking and unkempt, and she ironed very badly. Everyone tried to help her out. They instructed her, in a rapid flow of English. When Lucia only shook her head they repeated with more rapidity, only much louder, several at once. Then Lucia would mumble to herself for several minutes over her ironing. At times, late in the afternoon, Miss Cross grew discouraged.

"Don't you understand that when you iron a shirt you put the sleeves over the puffer *first*?"

Lucia shook her head and shrugged her shoulders helplessly. Miss Cross repeated with vehemence. Then one girl would poke Lucia and point to the puffer—"Puffer! puffer!" Another would hold up a shirt and holler, "Shirt! shirt!" and Lucia would nod vaguely. The next shirt she did as all the others—puffer last, which mussed the ironed part—until some one stopped her work and did a whole shirt for Lucia, correctly from beginning to end.

Next to Lucia stood Fanny, colored. She was a good-hearted, helpful, young married thing, not over cleanly and not over strong. That first morning she kept her eye on me, and now and then came to my rescue on a new article of apparel. Next to Fanny stood the three puffers for anyone to use—oval-shaped, hot metal forms, for all gathers, whether in sleeves, waists, skirts, or what not. Each girl had a large, egg-shaped puffer on her own table as well. Next to the puffers stood the two sewing machines, where Spanish Sarah and colored Hattie darned and mended.

At the side, behind the machines, stood Ida at her press. Ida was a joy to my eyes. At first glance she appeared just a colored girl, but Ida was from Trinidad; her skin was like velvet, her accent

Spanish. As the room grew hot from the presses and the steam about four o'clock, and our feet began to burn and grow weary, I would look at Ida. It was so easy to picture her, not more than a generation or two ago, squatting under a palm tree, with a necklace of teeth, a ring through her nose, tropic breezes playing on that velvet skin. And here stood Ida, thumping, thumping on the ironing press, nine hours, lacking ten minutes, a day, on the sixth floor of a laundry in Harlem, that we in Manhattan might be more civilized.

Behind the row of presses by the windows stood the hand ironers who did the fancy work. First came Ella, neat, old, gray-haired, fearfully thin, wrinkled, with a dab of red rouge on each cheek. After all, one can't really be old if one dabs on rouge before coming to work all day in a laundry. Ella had hand-ironed all her life. She'd been ten years in her last job, when the place changed hands. She liked ironing, she said. Ella never talked to anybody, even at lunch time.

Behind Ella, ironed Anna, black, who wore striped-silk stockings. She always had a bad cold. Many of the girls had colds most of the time—from the steam, they said. Anna had spent \$2 on medicine that week. Anna was the one person to use an electric iron. It had been newly installed. The others heated their irons over gas flames. Now and then Miss Cross would call out, "I smell gas!" So did everybody else. After Anna, Lucile, blackest of all and a widow. And then—Mrs. Reilly.

Mrs. Reilly and Hattie were the characters of the sixth floor. Mrs. Reilly was old and fat and Irish. She had stood hand-ironing so long that her body from the waist up seemed to have settled down into her hips. Eleven years had Mrs. Reilly ironed in our laundry. She seemed to be the one piece worker in the building. In summer she could make from \$20 to \$25 a week, but she lost a great part of it in winter. She said she was anxious to get on time work.

One afternoon I saw Mrs. Reilly iron just two things—the rest of the while she sat on an old stool with her eyes closed.

The first afternoon Mrs. Reilly edged over to me on pretext of ironing out a bit of something on my press.

"An' how are you makin' out?"

"All right, only my feet are awful tired. Don't your feet never get tired?"

"Shure, child, an' what good would it do for my feet to get tired when they're all I got to stand on? An' did you ever try settin' nine hours a day? Shure an' that would be the death of anybody."

Mrs. Reilly's indoor sport was marrying the sixth floor off. Poor Lucia's widow weeds of five weeks were no obstacle to Mrs. Reilly. She frequently made the whole floor giggle, carrying on an animated Irish conversation with Lucia over the prospects of a second marriage—or, rather, it was a monologue, since Lucia never knew she was being talked to. If ever there was a body with a "sex complex" it was old Mrs. Reilly! When I asked her once why she didn't get busy marrying off herself, she called back: "The Lord be praised! And didn't I get more than enough of the one man I had?"

The other workers on our floor were Mabel and Mary, two colored girls, who finished off slight rough edges in the press ironing, and folded everything; Edna, a Cuban girl, who did handkerchiefs on the mangle; Annie, the English girl, lately married to an American. She had an inclosure of shelves to work in, and there she did the final sorting and wrapping of family wash. Annie was the most superior person on our floor.

And Miss Cross. In face, form, and manners she could have held her own socially anywhere. But, according to orthodox standards, Miss Cross's grammar was faulty. She had worked always in our laundry, beginning as a hand ironer. She had known the days when hours were longer than nine and pay lower than \$14 a week. She remembered when the family floor had to iron Satur-

days until ten and eleven at night, instead of getting off at 12.45 as we did now. They stood it in those days—but how? As it was now, not a girl on our floor but whose feet ached by 4 or 4.30. Ordinarily we stopped at 5.30. Everyone knew how everyone else felt during that last half hour. In any week which contained a holiday the girls had to work till 6.15 every night and Saturday afternoon. They all said—we discussed it early one morning—that in such weeks they could iron scarcely anything the last hour—their feet burned so.

The candy factory was hard—one stood nine hours, but the work was very light. The brass works was hard—one sat, but the foot exercise was wearying and the seat fearfully uncomfortable. Ironing was hardest—one stood all day and used the feet for hard pressure besides. Yet I was sorry to leave the laundry!

Perhaps it was just as well for me that Lucia could not talk English. Already my left ear was talked off by Irma. Miss Cross permitted just so much conversation, according to her mood. Even if she were feeling very spry, our sixth-floor talk could become only so lively before Miss Cross would call: "Girls! Girls! Not so much noise!" If it were late in the afternoon, that would quiet us for the day—no one had energy to start up again.

The first half hour colored Irma confided in me that she had cravings.

"Cravings? Cravings for what?" I asked her.

"Cravings for papers."

"Papers?"

"Yes—papers. I want to read papers on the lecture platform."

Whereat I heard all Irma's spiritual longings—cravings. She began in school to do papers. That was two years ago. Since then she had often been asked to read before church audiences the paper she had written. Only last Sunday she had read one at her church in New York and four people had asked her afterward for copies.

What was it about?

It was about the True Woman. When she wrote it, she began, "Dear Teacher, Pupils, and Friends." But when she read it in churches she skipped the Teacher and Pupils and began, "Dear Friends. . . . Now we are met together on this memorable occasion to consider the subject of the True Woman. First we must ask" (here Irma bangs down on a helpless nightshirt and dries it out well beyond its time into a mass of wrinkles): "What is woman? Woman was created by God because, dear friends, God saw how lonely man was and how lonesome, and so out of man's rib God created woman to be man's company and help-mate . . ."

"Irma!" Miss Cross's voice had an oft-repeated tone to it. She called out from the table where she checked over each girl's work without so much as turning her head. "You ironed only one leg of these pajamas!"

Irma shuffled over on her crooked high heels and returned with the half-done pajamas. "That fo'lady!" sighed Irma. "She sure gets on ma nerves. She's always hollerin' at me 'bout somethin'. She never hollers at the other girls that way—she just picks on me."

And Irma continued with the True Woman. . . . "There's another thing the True Woman should have, and that's a good character—"

"Irma!"—slight impatience in Miss Cross's tone. "You ironed this nightgown on the wrong side!"

Irma looked appealingly at me. "There she goes again. She make me downright nervous, that fo'lady does."

Poor, persecuted Irma!

During that first morning Irma had to iron over at least six things. Then they looked like distraction. I thought of the manager's introductory speech to me—how after two weeks I might have to make way for a more efficient person.

"How long you been here?" I asked Irma.

"Four months."

"What you makin'?"

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"Thirteen a week."

"Ever get extra?"

"Na—"

My suspicions concerning the manager were aroused.

Irma had three other papers. One was on Testing Time. What was Testing Time? It might concern chemical tubes. It might be a bit of romance, and she really meant Trysting Time. No, to everybody a time comes when he or she must make a great decision. It was about that.

"Irma! you've got your foot in the middle of that white apron!"

Another paper was on Etee-quette (q pronounced).

"Irma, you creased one of these pajama legs down the middle! Do it over!"

I pondered much during my laundry days as to why they kept Irma. She told me she first worked on the shirt-and-collar floor and used to do "one hundred and ten shirts an hour," but the boss got down on her. It took her sometimes three-quarters of an hour to do one boy's shirt on our floor, and then half the time she had it to do over. Her ironing was beyond all words fearful to behold—(there must be an Irma in every laundry). She was slow. She forgot to tag her work. She hung it over her horse so that cuffs and apron strings were always on the floor. Often she was late. Sometimes Miss Cross would grow desperate—but there Irma remained. Below, in that little entryway, girls were ever waiting for jobs. Did they figure that, on the whole, Irma wrecked fewer garments than the average new girl, or what? And the manager had tried to scare me!

The noon bell rings—we dash for the lunch-room line. You can purchase, cafeteria style, pies and soup and fruit, hash and stew, coffee and tea. There are only two women to serve—the girls from the lower floors have to stand long in line. I do not know where to sit, and by mistake get at a wrong table. No one talks to me. I feel that I am not

where I belong. The next day I get at another wrong table. It is so very evident I'm not wanted there. Rather disconcerting. I sit and ponder. I had thought factory girls so much more friendly to one another on short acquaintance than "cultured" people. But it is merely that they are more natural. When they feel friendly they show it with no reserves. When they don't feel friendly they show that without reserve. This is where the unnaturalness of "cultured" folk sometimes helps.

It seems that etee-quette at the laundry requires each girl to sit at the table where her floor sits. That second day I was at the shirt-and-collar table, and they, I was afterward told, are particularly exclusive.

At 12.45 the second bell rings. Miss Cross calls out, "All right, girls!" Clank, the presses begin again, and all afternoon I iron gentlemen's underwear. Nobody loves a fat man. But their underclothes do fit more easily over the press.

I iron and I iron and I iron, and about 4.30 the first afternoon it occurs to my cynical soul to wonder what the women are doing with themselves with the spare time which is theirs because I am thumping that press down eight hours and fifty minutes a day. Not that it is any of my business.

At about five o'clock it irritates me to have to bother with what seems to me futile work. I'm perfectly willing to take great pains with a white waistcoat—in one day I learn to make a work of art of that. But why need one fuss over the back of a nightshirt? Will a man sleep any better for one wrinkle more or less? Besides, it's all wrinkles so soon.

The second day I iron soft work all morning—forever men's underclothes, pajamas, and nightshirts. Later, when I am promoted to starched work, I tend to grow anti-feminist. Why can men live and move and have their beings satisfactorily incased in soft garments, easy to iron, comfortable to wear, and why must women have everything starched and trying to the soul to do up?

One minute you iron a soft nightshirt, the next a nightgown starched like a board, and the most difficult thing to finish before it dries too much that can be found in a laundry.

After lunch I am promoted to hospital work. All afternoon I iron doctors' and internes' white coats and trousers. It is more interesting doing that, but a bit hard on the soul, for it makes you think of sickness and suffering. Yet sickness and suffering white-coated men relieve. Irma did an officer's summer uniform once. I do wish I could have heard him when he undid the package. While Irma was pounding down on it she was discoursing to me how, in addition to papers, she had cravings for poetry.

"You remember that last snow storm? I sat at my window and I wrote:

"Oh, beautiful snow,
When will you go?
Not until spring,
When the birds sing."

There were several other stanzas. And about then Miss Cross dumped a bundle of damp clothes in Irma's box and said, "Iron these next and do them decent!" I peered suspiciously in the box. It was my own family laundry!

"Hey, Irma," I said, cannily, "leave me do this batch, eh?"

The third day my feet are not so weary, and while I iron I mull over ideas on women in industry. After all, haven't some of us with the good of labor at heart been a bit too theoretical? Take the welfare idea, so scoffed at by many. After all, there is more to be said for than against. It is all very well to say labor should be allowed to look after itself, and none of this paternalism. Of course the paternalism can be overdone and unwisely done. But, at least where women workers are concerned, if we are going to wait till they are able to do things for themselves, we are going to wait, perhaps, too long for the social good while we are airing our theories. It is something like saying that children would be better off and have more

strength of character if they learned to look after themselves. But you can start that theory too young and have the child die on your hands, or turn into a gutter waif. The child needs looking after until a time when he can begin, little by little, to look after himself; and after he has learned to dress himself it doesn't necessarily mean he can select his own food, his hour of retiring, his habits of cleanliness and hygiene.

I look about at the laundry workers and think: Suppose we decide nothing shall be done for these girls until they demand it themselves and then have charge of it themselves. In other words, suppose we let welfare work and social legislation wait on organization. The people who talk that way are often college professors or the upper crust of labor. They either have had no touch or have lost touch with the rank and file of women workers. It is going to be years and years, if ever, before women in this country organize to such an extent that they can become permanently effective. There are two essential factors requisite for effective labor organization: first, a sense of oppression; second, surplus energy. Women have been used to getting the tag end of things for some thousands of years. Why expect them suddenly, in a second of time, as it were, to start up collectively and say, "We'll not stand for this and that"? If we are going to wait for working women to feel oppressed enough to weld themselves together into a militant class organization, capable of demanding certain conditions and getting them, we shall wait many a long day. In the meantime we are putting off the very situation we hope for—when women, as well as men, shall have reached the point where they can play a dignified, efficient, part in the industrial scheme of things—by sending them from work at night too weary and run down to exert themselves for any social purpose. I say that anything and everything which can be done to make women more capable of responsibility should be done. But the quickest and sanest way

to bring that about is not to sit back and wait for factory women to work out their own salvation. Too few of them have the gumption or the least idea how to go about it, assuming that it had occurred to them that things could be decidedly improved. And the pity of it is that so often striking betterments could be made in conditions with so little effort.

Nor is it anything but feminist sentimentality, so far as I can see, to argue against special legislation for women. What women can do intellectually as compared with men I am in no position to state. To argue that women can take a place on a physical equality with man is simply not being honest. Without sentimentalizing over motherhood, it may be pointed out that women are potential mothers, and this fact, with all of its complexities, is a distinct handicap to women's playing a part in the industrial field on a par with men. And society pays more dearly for a weary woman than for a tired man.

Therefore, why should we not have lunch rooms, attractive lunch rooms, and good food, well cooked? It is good business, and, besides, it puts a woman on a much more efficient level to herself and society. At our table the girls were talking about different lunch-room conditions they had come across in their work. One girl told of a glass company she had worked for that recently was forced to shut down. She dwelt feelingly on the white lunch room and the good food and, especially, the paper napkins—the only place she had worked where they gave napkins. She claimed there was not a girl who did not want to cry when she had to quit that factory. "Everybody loved it," she said. I tried to find out if she felt the management had been paying for the polished brass rails, the good food, and the napkins out of the workers' wages. "Not on your life!" she answered. She had been a file clerk.

If I had my way, I should like to see a rest room in every factory where women are employed, and some time,

however short, allowed in the middle of the afternoon to make use of it.

Eight hours is long enough for any woman to do sustained physical work, with no possibility for overtime.

"But then you have taken away all the arguments for organization!"

Should organization be considered as an end in and of itself, or as one possible means to an end?

Word was passed this morning that "company" was coming. The bustling and the hustling and the dusting! Every girl had to clean her press from top to bottom, and we swept the floor with lightning speed. Miss Cross dashed to her little mirror and put powder on her nose. Hattie tied a curtain around her head to look like a Red Cross nurse. Every time the door opened we all got expectant palpitations. We weren't allowed to speak, but now and then Hattie or Mrs. Reilly would let out some timely remark, whereat we all got the giggles. Miss Cross would almost hiss, "Girls!"—then we'd subside. It was nerve-racking. And the company never came! They got as far as the third floor and gave out. But it wasn't until afternoon that we knew definitely that our agony was for naught.

To-day, in the midst of hilarity, and all unannounced, "company" did appear. We subsided like a schoolroom when the teacher suddenly re-enters. A batch of women, escorted by one of the management. He gesticulated and explained. I couldn't catch his words for the noise of the presses, though, goodness knows, I craned my ears. They investigated everything. Undoubtedly their guide dwelt eloquently on the victrola in the lunch room; it plays every noon. On their way out two of the young women stopped by my press—"Didn't this girl iron that nightgown nicely?" one said to the other.

The second the door was closed I dashed for Miss Cross. "Who were them females?" I asked her.

Miss Cross grunted. "Them were Teachers' College girls. They send 'em over here often. And let me tell *you*, I never seen *one* of 'em with any class yet. . . . They talk about college girls—pooh!—I never seen a college girl yet looked any classier than us laundry girls. Most of 'em don't look *as* classy. Only difference is, if you mixed us all up, they're gettin' educated."

One of my erstwhile jobs at the University of California had been piloting college girls around through factories in just that fashion. I had to laugh in my sleeve as I reflected that similar judgments may have been passed upon us after our departure!

We have much fun at our lunch table. A switchboard operator and file clerk from the office eats with us. She and I "guy" each other a good deal during the meal. Miss Cross wipes her eyes and sighs, "Gee! Ain't it fun to laugh!" and Eleanor and I look pleased with ourselves.

In the paper this morning appeared a picture of one of New York's leading society women "experiencing the life of the working girl first hand." She was shown in a French bonnet, a bunch of orchids at her waist, standing behind a perfumery counter. What our table did to Mrs. X.!

"These women," fusses Miss Cross, "who think they'll learn what it's like to be a working girl, and stand behind a perfumery counter! Somebody's always trying to find out what it's like to be a worker—and then they get a lot of notoriety writin' articles about it. All rot, I say. Pity, if they really want to know what workin's like they wouldn't try a laundry."

"She couldn't eat her breakfast in bed if she did that!" was my cutting remark.

"Or quit at three," from Annie.

We discuss rich folk and society ladies, and no one envies or is bitter. Miss Cross surmises that some of them think they get as weary flying around to their

parties and trying on clothes as we do in the laundry. I agree that she is partly right.

Then we discuss what a bore it would be not to work. At our table sit Miss Cross, Edna, the Cuban girl who refuses to eat with the colored girls; Annie, the English girl who had worked in a retail shoe shop in London; Mrs. Reilly, who is always morose at lunch and never speaks. One day, however, she and Miss Cross nearly came to blows over religion. Each got purple in the face. Then I learned that for two years a feud had existed between them, and that neither ever speaks to the other. And Mrs. Reilly gave one dollar, twice as much as the rest of us, toward Miss Cross's Christmas present. Then there are three girls from the office downstairs. Every one at the table had had some experience in being out of work, or not working. To each of them life at such a time had been a wearisome thing. Each declared she would rather work at anything than stay home and do nothing.

Between the first and second bells after lunch the sixth-floor girls foregather and sit on the ironing tables, swing heels, and pass the time of day. To-day I start casually singing, "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam." Everyone on our floor knows the song, and there all of us sit, swinging our heels, singing at the top of our lungs. "A sunbeam, a sunbeam, Jesus wants me for a sunbeam," which is how I got the name of "Sunbeam" on our floor. But Miss Cross, for some reason of her own, usually called me "Constance."

I teach them "My Heart's a Little Bird Cage," and we add that to our repertoire. Then we go on to "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light."

It appears we are a rather religious group on our floor. All the colored girls are Baptists. Miss Cross is an ardent Presbyterian. Annie is an Episcopalian. Edna and Mrs. Reilly are Catholics, but Edna knows all the hymns we sing.

And before many days I am startled

by hearing Lucia sing — woebegone Lucia. She sings to no tune whatever and smiles at me, "Sunbeam, Sunbeam, Sunbeam, Sunbeam." So she has learned one English word in sixteen years. But as a matter of fact Lucia does know two other words. Once I was ironing a stiffly starched nightgown. It was a very large and gathered nightgown. I held it up and made Lucia look at it.

Lucia snickered. "Da big-a, da fat-a!" said Lucia.

Mrs. Reilly let out a squeal. "She's learned English!" she called down the line.

"And," I announced, "I'll teach her 'da small-a, da thin-a.'"

Thereafter I held up garments to which those adjectives might apply and tried to "learn" Lucia additional English. Lucia giggled and giggled and waited every evening to walk down the six flights of stairs with me and three blocks until our ways parted. Each time I patted her on the back when we started off and chortled, "Hey, Lucia, da big-a, da fat-a!" Lucia would giggle again and that is all we would have to say, except that one night Lucia pointed to the moon and said, "Luna." So I made the most of knowing that much Italian.

Oh, yes! Lucia and I had one other thing in common. One day at the laundry I found myself humming a Neapolitan love song, from a victrola record we have. Lucia's face brightened. The rest of the afternoon I hummed the tune and Lucia sang the words of that song, much to Mrs. Reilly's delight, who informed the floor that now, for sure, Lucia was in love again.

One day Miss Cross and Jacobs, a Jew in charge of another department, had a great set-to on the subject of religion. Jacobs was an iconoclast. Edna left her handkerchiefs to join in. I eavesdropped brazenly. Jacobs asserted that there was no hell, whereat Miss Cross and Edna demanded what was the sense of being good. Jacobs main-

tained that there was no such thing as a soul. Miss Cross and Edna fairly clutched each other.

"Then what is there that makes you happy or unhappy, if it ain't your soul?" asked Miss Cross, clinchingly.

"Oh, hell!" grunted Jacobs, impatiently, after having just declared that there was no such place. He uttered much heresy. Miss Cross and Edna perspired in anguish. Then I openly joined the group.

Miss Cross turned to me. "I tell you how I feel about Christianity. If a lot of these educated college professors and lawyers and people like that, when they read all the books they do and are smart as they are—if Christianity is good enough for them, it's good enough for me!"

Jacobs was so disgusted that he left.

Then Edna freed her soul of all the things she wanted to say about hell and punishment for sins. She went too far for Miss Cross. Edna spoke of thieves and murderers and evil doers in general, and what they ought to get in both this world and the next. Quite a group had collected by this time.

Then Miss Cross turned to us all and said: "We're in no position to pass judgment on people that do wrong. Look at us. Here we are, girls what have everything. We got nice homes, enough to eat and wear; we have 'most everything in the world we want. We don't know what it's like to be tempted, 'cause we're so fortunate. An' I say we shouldn't talk about people who go wrong."

That—in a laundry. And only Edna seemed not to agree.

To-day at lunch the subject got around to matrimony. Eleanor said, "Any girl can get married, if she wants to so bad she'll take any old thing; but who wants to take any old thing?"

"Sure," I added, cockily; "who wants to pick up with anyone they can vamp in the Subway?"

Whereupon I was promptly squelched, and the line of argument was interesting. Thus it ran:

Why wasn't a man a girl vamped in the Subway the safest kind? Where did working girls get a chance to meet men, anyhow? About the only place was the dance hall, and goodness knows what kind of men you met there. They were apt to be the kind to make questionable husbands—like as not they were "sports." But the Subway! Now there you were more likely to pick up with the dependable kind. Every girl at the table knew one or several married couples whose romances had begun in the Subway, and "everyone of 'em turned out happy." One girl told of a man she could have vamped the Sunday before in the Subway, but he was too sportily dressed and she lost courage and desisted. The other girls all approved of her conduct. Each expressed deep suspicion of the "sporty" man. Each defended the Subway romance.

I withdrew my slur.

A guilty feeling came over me as the day for leaving the laundry approached. Miss Cross and I had become very friendly. We planned to do all sorts of things together. Our floor was such a companionable, sociable place. It didn't seem square to walk off and leave those girls, black and white, who were my friends. In the other factories I just disappeared as suddenly as I came. After a few days I could not stand it longer and penned a jiggly note to Miss Cross. Unexpectedly, I was going to have to move to Pennsylvania (that was true, for a much needed vacation). I hated to leave her and the girls, etc., etc. I was her loving friend, "Constance, alias 'Sunbeam.'"



THE LION'S MOUTH

MORE MURMURINGS OF A COMMON SCOLD

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

WHEN the millennium arrives it is to be supposed that each individual citizen will be responsible for the condition of his own wings and the tuning of his own harp. But perhaps there will be some community clouds which several individuals will have to care for jointly, and some orchestral organizations where harmonious harping is an essential. Such groups will have to arrange for the happiest method of working together, probably taking turn and turn about in making up their cloud in the morning and airing it properly, and appointing some individual who will be empowered to pitch people's harps for them. Such agreements might give groups a limited right to control the acts of individuals. But it is impossible to conceive of a censorious person in that ideal state. A censor is one who must interest himself in motives. He must supervise intentions, in order to prevent acts as yet uncommitted. It would not be possible for one citizen, after the millennium, to set himself over another as a motive maker, dictating the state of mind of others than himself.

The millennium has not arrived, and community living has made it evident that some people behave so badly that they interfere with the happiness of their fellows. I am the keeper of my own conscience, and not the keeper of any other, being responsible only to God for the following of its instructions; but some one settles near me and proceeds to live in such an overbearing and offensive fashion that he makes it impossible for me to carry out my reasonable desires.

Some form of community government must restrain him, as a matter of expediency, that decent individuals throughout the community can live their own lives.

The community must act by means of some appointed policeman. This constable is an unfortunate fellow, because he must watch others as well as himself. This is an abnormal task. It leads him to watch the behavior of others, and guess whether or not they are planning to harm the community. It may lead him to assume over-zealously that what they have done is harmful to the community, when really it is not. He must study his task and make a profession of it. In the meantime, the community is forced to protect itself against the policeman. It says to him: "You must not guess at men's motives, but consider only their acts, and if you are going to decide all by yourself which acts are harmful to us we will soon be more afraid of you than we are of our disturbers, so we will give you a list of the deeds that we are sure would interfere with our pursuit of happiness, and you will please concern yourself only with them. We shall give you a revised list now and then, to include the latest inventions of unsocial persons."

There will be no place for the policeman when the millennium arrives. In the meantime his necessary existence has this bad effect upon society—numbers of amateur policemen spring into being. They do not study policing as a profession, because it is only an avocation with them. They do not learn the limitations imposed. They guess at intents and they assume harms. They cease to watch themselves and take to watching others by preference. They develop censorious minds.

It is bad enough when a policeman takes to the business of supervising acts before they are committed; in other words, supervising motives. But when ordinary members of society get to speculating censoriously upon what fellow members of the community are likely to do, organized society is hard to live in.

A censor, in the exact meaning of the word, is a man who is empowered to examine books or plays or pictures before they are published, and say whether or not they shall be published. In any other realm of human action such a degree of police power is not granted to any individual. It is true that police sometimes lock up dangerous-looking characters on suspicion, but when they do this they are either exceeding their powers, and they can be themselves punished, or else they are sure that some crimes committed in the past are still charged against so dangerous a character. A published book which actually works harm, either by inciting to violence or because it offends the sense of decency of an entire community, is a deed. It is an act. The community may inflict punishment upon the perpetrator in order to discourage recurrence and as a warning to other unsocial individuals. But a book which has not yet been published has not become such an act or deed. It is still an intent.

The greatest danger that lies in the recognition of rights of censorship is that thoughtless people will grow to believe that any such real right exists. If we can make all citizens understand that a censor is an impossible person in an ideal existence, then less harm will be done when we appoint them as temporary expedients.

A censor is so easily reducible to absurdity. Instead of checking a book or a play just before its perpetration, would it not be better, for instance, if censors existed who might explore into the minds of those about to write books, and slay the uncommitted evil before it is even planned? There is your perfect

censor, in a social world that still breeds sinners. Every harmful play that is suppressed has worked some harm before its suppression, and the mind which conceived it is still free to commit innumerable other offenses of a similar sort. We ought to have discerning censors, who can see what is about to happen because of their superknowledge of mental processes, their superanalytical discernment. "A certain type of mind in a certain environment," they should be able to say, "operated upon by certain suddenly injected forces, will produce an improper play. Let us stop the operation of those forces and of that mind before the deed is committed." Censors possessing such peculiar abilities are hard to find. It is especially hard for a Governor to find them, and then appoint them to office, by and with the consent of the senate.

Given such feeble abilities as we possess for community self-government, what shall we do to protect ourselves against the probable emanations of diseased minds? There seem to be only two possible methods that promise efficacy. One is, to forbid the individuals of the community to read or see or hear things that are harmful to them. That is a pretty heavy task in the way of forbidding. Then there is another way out. Train a community not to want to read, or look at, or listen to these things, and, behold, we come back to education. Shall we teach people to govern their own minds, or shall we teach every person to study how best to govern the mind of his neighbor? There are some lines from Scripture that have, I am sure, been frequently misinterpreted. "Am I my brother's keeper?" has been read to numberless groups of children, always with only one answer understood. It is assumed that the Heavens thundered back at Cain: "Yes, you are your brother's keeper. Where is he?" It seems to me that there is another answer, and it is this: "No, you are not your brother's keeper, and yet you made yourself so by taking his life, which be-

longed to him and not to you. You are horribly conscious of the fact that you invaded his realm of private control to the very limit to which you could go, and now you pretend you did not."

The purpose of education is to teach individuals to govern their own lives. That would be a very curious education which taught each individual to govern the life of somebody else. In any school-room there are always those little children who find their greatest satisfaction in observing and reporting the sins of their fellows. This tendency, unchecked, leads to a moral disease far more insidious and harmful to the community than the outgrowths of the peccadillos which these small, self-appointed policemen reported.

There are times when I yearn for a censorship. I go to the moving-picture house, hoping to be entertained and instructed, and my evening is spoiled by the sight of silliness and filth from which I cannot escape. Then I say to myself, "Oh, for a censor!" Whole communities nowadays are ejaculating the same thing, not realizing that the outcry is an evidence of laziness and moral inertia. They want new laws to do for them that which they will not do for themselves. There are two things I failed to realize when I uttered that ejaculation. One is that I was affronted by all that silliness and filth because of my own act. Mine was not a passive procedure, but an active one. I paid the price of admission to the movie theater, knowing well the type of man generally engaged in making moving pictures to-day, and the type of picture that he is making. And the other weakness behind my appeal for a censor is this: Who knows whether or not an official censor would consider those pictures either silly or filthy? We get into a curious sort of *impasse* when we build our social regulations upon the theory that one individual ought to determine what is going to be good or bad for somebody else.

"That book, or that play, or that pic-

ture impairs public morals," cries an outraged public.

Then where are the police?

"Our police do not act. They are inefficient, or overworked."

Then get more, or better, police.

"We cannot do that. It is too much trouble. And, besides, we have given ourselves over into the hands of political leaders who benefit by an inefficient police. No; we want more laws."

What laws?

"Since our police fail to punish an act that impairs the morals of the community, we want laws providing for an official to precede the policeman, who will decide whether or not an act about to be committed is going to be harmful. If we can only have such censors we shall not need the police, and we shall not be bothered by the necessity of deciding for ourselves what we should read and what we should see."

A censor must lay down regulations to govern uncommitted acts. I think that ideally no man can be granted such power, even if it seems expedient now that he should. What recipes can he follow? He begins with these community police regulations—that no man may willfully impair the morals of a community, or incite it to violence, or so act that he makes the peaceful pursuit of happiness impossible for his neighbors. And the censor says to himself, "I must prevent the commission of books or plays or pictures that might do these things." But many worthy men have incited to violence, and history applauded them. As for perverting men's morals, the censor has to define morals. The majority of our community once held it actually immoral to oppose the king's ministers, and many of the clergy once declared it immoral to attack the institution of slavery. Many good people to-day consider it a question of morals whether or not a woman should smoke. Many do not so consider it. The state censors of Pennsylvania think it impairs morals to refer to approaching maternity. I do not want a politically

appointed censor, however conscientious he may be, to supervise the writing of this article. The very thought of him led me to tread softly when I wrote of inciting to violence. I might have quoted Samuel Adams, as his words still stand in the organic law of Massachusetts, and the National Security League would have me arrested. I might quote the Bible, and be suppressed by the Anti-Vice Society.

Mind you, the National Security League might benefit society by suppressing me, and the Anti-Vice Society might properly restrain indiscriminate quoting of the wrong parts of the Bible. The trouble is, they have got to know my motives if they are to undertake censorship, rather than policing.

The question is not an easy one, and I am really attempting to clarify my own highly distracted mind. What a philosopher, or a politician, or a priest may do to my conclusion I do not know, but I have this comforting hope—that if they pay attention at all they may forget my humble self and begin fighting one another. And the conclusion which I find looming more and more inevitably in my mind is that the millennium will not be possible until each individual becomes the responsible guardian of his own self—motives, acts, and all—and that, although it may be a good thing for society, in its present state of sin, for organizations to spring into being that are pledged to mind the manners of other people, it would be an even better thing for society for a large organization to become incorporated wherein every individual earnestly pledged himself to mind his own manners. One man governing himself well is a better thing for the community than one man governing somebody else.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF GLOOM

BY EDWIN H. BLANCHARD

THERE are anthologies for every mood save one. There are humorous anthologies, psychic anthologies,

sentimental anthologies; but not yet has there been published an anthology of gloom, a book of selections to be read after filling out the income tax or while waiting in the dentist's outer office. The uplift people have ignored the maxim "*similia similibus curantur*," and it remains for some enterprising publisher to collect and issue in a single volume the scattered classics of depression and despair. I am not interested in such an anthology as a literary work; my single interest in it is as a sunshine bringer. I can hope here to give only the vague suggestions which may stimulate some of our better anthologists to action.

On the first page of such an anthology one would certainly look for this excerpt from the writings of Arthur James Balfour:

"The very existence of man is an accident, his story a brief and transitory episode in the life of one of the meanest of planets. Of the combination of causes which first converted a dead inorganic compound into the living progenitors of humanity, science, indeed, as yet knows nothing. It is enough that from such beings famine, disease, and mutual slaughter, fit nurses of the future lords of creation, have gradually evolved after infinite travail, a race with conscience enough to feel that it is vile, and intelligence enough to know that it is insignificant. We survey the past, and see that its history is of blood and tears, of helpless blunderings, of wild revolt, of stupid acquiescence, of empty aspirations. We sound the future, and learn that after a period, long, compared with the individual life, but short, indeed, compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down to the pit and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness, which in this obscure corner

has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the universe, will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. Imperishable monuments and immortal deeds, death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that is be better or be worse for all that the labor, genius, devotion, and suffering of man have striven through countless generations to effect."

This, I maintain, would set your anthologist a stiff pace. Even then he would find much worthy of going on the pages that followed. There would be the closing words, bitter as death, in Mark Twain's *The Mysterious Stranger*. There would be whole chapters from the Book of Job. There would be a great many stray sentences from Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. Elena Insarov's tragic questioning of life in *On The Eve* would have to be included. There would have to be room for those words of Macbeth, spoken after the news of his wife's death has reached him, with the finality of the figure: ". . . it is a tale, told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Michael Henchard's last will and testament would be given, with its awful admonition, "Let no man remember my name." There would be place for Swinburne and Baudelaire and Verlaine. At the end there might stand this little-known paragraph from Claude Tillier:

"I really do not know why human beings cling so tenaciously to life. What great pleasure do they find in this vapid succession of days and nights, of winter and spring? Always the same sky, the same sun; always the same green pastures and the same green fields; always the same political discussions, the same rogues, and the same dupes. If this is the best that God can do, He is a sorry workman. The scene shifter at the grand opera can do better than He."

These are but hints, of course. When the chosen anthologist sets to work he will discover much more material. Then

there will be a magnificent book for our moments of revolt and rebellion, a book to be cherished as a buckler against the attacks of the Pollyannas of this world. Will some publisher do this little for a race oppressed and depressed by uplift?

WANTED: WEEDS

BY FRANCES E. KELLEY

SOMETIMES I am tempted to marry. I can perfectly understand the heroine of the farce who moves to a distant spot in order to be permitted to invent for herself a fictitious spouse indefinitely and mysteriously absent. The desire for a husband figures as little in my plans as in hers; what we both desire is a chance to escape the kindly condescension of the self-elected successful. My heart has long treasured the story of the little girl who announced her ambition to be a widow, and who justified herself by the statement that, "If you're married, your husband bosses you; if you don't get married, your folks boss you; but if you're a widow you can do as you please." Particularly trying is the pity of your social group even if it be directed toward a more than doubtful misfortune. Among my friends are any number who share the views of the poor bruised, broken creature whom Jane Addams rescued from the drunken attack of her husband. Washed, bandaged, and put to bed, the woman opened her one good eye, recognized her surroundings and deliverers, and sighed pityingly as she said, "It must be hell to be an old maid."

There is, in all justice, "a good deal to be said on her side"; there are plenty of moments when I sigh over my orphan nephew Willie's fate in the very simple order of life with his maiden aunt, but both Willie and I shrink from the married havens which might be persuaded to open to receive him. By the wedded, Willie and I are pitied and admonished; by the unmarried, we are regarded with puzzled bewilderment. Childless wives clutching a Pomeranian say: "I don't

see how you can bear to keep up an apartment for just that child. Isn't it terribly expensive?" And carpet-bagging individuals of both sexes ask, "Do you save much that way?" as if Willie and I, sitting before our own grate and eating real butter, were all the time sighing for a hall bedroom and the weekly cycle of boarding-house meals.

"Nobody knows but a mother, poor lamb," all of these people feel qualified to say, shaking their heads over Willie, broken out with the hives, as if his poor mother's death had automatically brought them on. Only the other day the adoring mother of a fiendish lad of twelve folded her hands across her ample foreground to say, "My dear, no woman ought ever to be made dean of women anywhere unless she has been a mother." Indeed, within the last few years I have listened to endless arguments to prove that good sense, scholarship, and social graces should be disregarded as qualifications for police women, matrons, welfare workers, and heads of physical training departments to make room for a woman who "has been a mother." All of this, of course, with regard to what are considered desirable appointments, but I cannot help observing that when the baby has diphtheria they telephone for a trained nurse without asking whether she has ever "held a child of her own in her arms."

Having no aspirations myself toward any of the moot positions, I could get on very comfortably if I were not so resolutely labeled as a dreamer and theorist. Gwendolyn, to whom I taught her multiplication tables not so many years ago, came in the other evening to show me her engagement ring and to wait until her fiancé had finished with his night class. Gwendolyn draped herself effectively before the fire and talked to me about the "worn-out institution" of marriage. She said that she would "submit" to a ceremony to "please her mother," but that to a true soul "reaching out for life" . . .

I listened as long as I could, and then attempted to say something about Mary Wollstonecraft and the eighteenth century. Gwendolyn did not hear me, however, for it was time for Henry's sociology class to be dismissed. She kissed me affectionately, in her usual manner, and said: "Good night, old thing. I shouldn't have spoken as I did to you. I know you do not understand, dear, for of course you have never faced the great realities of life."

This evening Gwendolyn's mother, my cousin Edith, once removed, dropped in to dinner. To-night she had an aggrieved air, and at length broke out: "Sara, I wish you'd leave Gwendolyn alone. Of course I know that all you single people nowadays have ideas they'd have been put in jail for when we were young, but I do think you needn't preach them to that innocent creature. Only to-day she said to me, 'Do you really think it can make any fundamental difference in human conduct to have somebody read something over you out of a book?' I don't know where else she could have got such an idea. I wish unmarried people wouldn't meddle. No one but a mother can really understand these matters."

I felt a good deal subdued after that until Edith came into the kitchen while I finished a few glasses of late currant jelly. "It'll harden more after you set it in the sun," she admonished in the tone of an oracle, and then, "It can't ever seem right for you to go to so much trouble for just you and Willie. You ought to get married and have somebody to make a home for you."

Perhaps Edith is right, but so long as the "real things of life" appear to be so inextricably mingled with currant jelly and Willie's hives, I almost lean toward Gwendolyn's skepticism anent things "read out of a book." In real life the risk is too great. But if ever I go on my voyage to the South Sea Islands I shall be wedded and widowed on the journey and return to put "Mrs." on my mail box.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MORE or less timidly people have been trying this summer to resume some old habits laid by because of worldwide circumstances not necessary to recall. The vital habits involving food and drink and bodily health had been maintained, as far as possible, but there was a fringe of other habits that had gone pretty ragged. There used to be people who went to Europe about as regularly as they went to bed. In these last seven years some of these habitual Europe-goers have kept up their practice, and of course in these same years more Americans by far—five or ten times over—have gone to Europe than ever went before in the same space of time; but besides the habituels there was another lot of people who had a habit of going to Europe once in a while when they needed more of a change than ordinary, and some new thoughts, and an actual sight of some things they had read about since they went before. Among these occasional goers the propensity to resume that habit has been this year almost epidemic. People of an age or physical condition that forbade them to risk hard and jostling travel, precarious food, and strange beds had stayed at home since 1914, but this year it has seemed to some of them, indeed to most of them, that they might go, and a good many of those who had the money have actually gone and are in Europe now, though many more have been detained by misgivings connected with the coal strike in England, the unappeasable disparities of view in Ireland, the shipping strike and the other strikes, and the possibility of running into drifting mines and such perils. However, enough have gone.

"Paris is at its best," said a letter writer in May, "but is so full of Americans that one must move cautiously to keep from stepping on them." Paris is not a town to which Americans are apt to go for penitential reasons, and the fact that there were so many there who might have been somewhere else implies that Paris was cheerful and that the life of sojourners there was fairly free from care, and duly provided with the consolations of existence.

So it was in May in England—even in England, of whose troubles with strikes and public disturbances and with Ireland we have read so much and still are constantly reading. Sir Philip Gibbs, writing from London, spoke of a countryside ravishing to one's senses because of its tapestry of flowers, and of a gayety of youth in the last boat-racing week at Oxford, and of there being nothing wrong with life for young men and women who could sit under cool trees in Kensington Garden and who did not have to bother about unemployment or loss of trade or international politics. "It is right," said Gibbs, "for youth not to worry when the sun is shining and the boys can laugh with the girls." But he recalled trudging along a road in France in the spring time with a friend who said to him that the war took the color out of the flowers, and in England and in France and in other countries he found that something was taking the color out of the flowers for those "who had to worry and watch and feel the pulse of a sick world, listening to its heart beats, hoping for its return to sanity and health." For them, he said, there are no pleasant symptoms to record. He went on to discuss the

fears of France and the policies resulting from them, and the reaction of English opinion on those policies, and he found much to trouble him. After four years of intimate association with the French in the war Sir Philip could not abide the thought of a detachment of England from France. So he expounded the reasons of French policies, and, though he did not endorse them, he showed how natural it was for the French to have them, pleading all the time for patience in England with the French and just as much in France with the English.

Very uneasy was Sir Philip's mind in May, and it was the uneasiness of an optimist who knows there is a cure for the ills of men and nations and has confidence that it will come, though he does not know how soon. Not less uneasy than he were the seventeen signers of a letter printed apparently in the *Manchester Guardian*. The signers were well-known people—Canon Barnes of Westminster, Lady Frances Balfour, Sir Hugh Bell, Lord Buckmaster, Edward Carpenter, Dean Ede, Sir George Paish, L. P. Jacks of Oxford, and others as familiar. Their letter was written to express their anxiety about the present trend of affairs in this world. Civilization itself, they said, seems to be on the wane. "Everything that makes life really worth living is in process of extinction. The nations are filled with mistrust and antipathy for each other, the classes have rarely been so antagonistic, while the relation of individual to individual has seldom been so frankly selfish." That was what brought them together as signers of a letter to the papers. They thought their world was extremely bad off and that something ought to be done about it, and they appealed to all right-thinking people of all nations and classes to get together and apply true remedies to this sick world.

How much of all this anxiety and foreboding that takes the color out of the flowers of Europe are our summer travelers likely to see? Not many of

them are going as missionaries. Their errand for the most part is an old and familiar one—to have a good time. That is all right. Generally speaking, having a good time benefits the people who have it and also those who are instrumental to their getting it. Americans who have a good time in Europe even this year will leave some money there which will be acceptable; will help trade a little, which is useful. The things they see—the material things—will be the part of Europe made and preserved by forces now past, and based on ideas that seem to have lost their authority. Will they realize, our travelers, how very unsubstantial the substantial things really are?—how tower, bridge, church, and castle rest on thought, on belief, on confidence in something invisible, on respect for something intangible, and that when the confidence and belief and respect are gone those other things gradually fall down? What troubles Sir Philip, what troubles the seventeen signers of the letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, is the fear that the bottom may fall out of Europe altogether and that presently the Americans with the summer-travel habit will have to stay at home because there will be no Europe left worth going to see.

But is that fear really well founded? It seems incredible. Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, the banker, just back, at this writing, from Europe, does not speak so. The newspapers quote him as saying that conditions abroad are mending; that England is carrying the burden of the coal strike with patience and with expectation of a prompt settlement, and that on the Continent there is steady progress in industry and agriculture and gradual and great strides in France, Italy, and Belgium. And as to French politics which gives Sir Philip Gibbs so much concern, Mr. Lamont was impressed with the moderation and reasonableness of the members of the French government. So he seems not to be apprehensive. The difference between

him and those others—Sir Philip and the Manchester signers—may be that he sees that the means of world recovery are available if they are used, while those more anxious observers, though they would agree to that, do not yet see prevailing the spirit that can use those means.

There lies the whole point of the matter—the world can recover and civilization can go on if men can agree to use the means of recovery. The Manchester signers declared that:

So long as each nation, through its statesmen, considers exclusively its own interests and refuses to consider the common welfare of all nations, the dangers cannot be overcome.

True enough, but so obviously true that even the statesmen show signs of seeing it. When they haggle and bluff they seem to think only of their own policies, but it is in the back of their heads that the common welfare must be considered and that helps to agreements.

Nor can [the dangers] be overcome [say the signers] while everyone is seeking to benefit himself at the expense of the community instead of rendering the best service he is capable of performing. A renewed sense of right is needed, as well as a renewed determination both to do what is right and to maintain what is right internationally as well as nationally and individually.

The Villager, a sagacious paper much appreciated by those who know it, makes a novel comment on these remarks.

We have here [it says] this letter signed by the Canon of Westminster, signed, too, by the editor [Doctor Jacks] of the most important theological and ethical magazine of the Christian world [the *Hibbert Journal*]. In the whole course of that letter God finds no place. In every line of that letter man's duty to man is stressed, but there is no line which suggests that man has a duty to God. We do not speak as a pious person would, missing merely the name of God from a sober document intending reform. It is the sense

of God we think of; you may call it by any name you please, but we mean that part of man's relation on which he must concentrate his best endeavor before he can expect his relation to his fellow men to be anything but ugly.

It will be recalled that there was quite a lively breeze of criticism because the name of God did not appear in the covenant of the League of Nations. In that case it seemed to lack justification, but *The Villager's* criticism has real point. Here is a group of people calling in their fellows to get together and try to save the world and omitting in their appeal all reference to the most powerful medicament of human conduct—the sense of God. The sense of God is religion, and at the bottom it is religion that must save our civilization and keep it going. The Manchester signers doubtless know that, for they are mostly pious folk. A renewed sense of right is needed, as they say, but that very need implies the need of a renewed sense of God to base it on. Economics and politics must do what they can and are heartily disposed to do it, but the most one dares expect of them is to tide things over. They may induce a sort of convalescence, but by themselves they will not cure the world disease of which the Great War was the issue.

Fear is a restraint, and an incentive to effort, but it is not enough for the world to live on. Yet it is the basis just now of most of the politics of Europe. French policies that concern Silesia and the Ruhr are based on fear of a Germany restored to all its power and more, that will come back again at France in overwhelming force when the chance offers. France does not want the control of Europe out of militant ambition. It wants a sufficient control to make France safe. It does not want war; it wants peace. It does not want to fight; it wants to live. Give it a plan which it can trust for the avoidance of war for generations to come and the mass of the French people will support that plan when they understand it.

And so Sir Philip Gibbs says about the British. He speaks of the growing belief in the minds of the British people that, "not by a regrouping of powers or by putting a strangle hold on German industry, but by a new spirit of conciliation among people, gradual disarmament all around, and a complete new structure of international relations may the peace of Europe be assured." That, he says, is the hope of the new democracy in many nations, and that the teaching of idealists and realists, intellectuals and labor leaders, society sentimentalists and tub-thumping orators in the back streets. "It is talked," he says, "in the third-class carriages of every railway train, and preached by parsons and liberal politicians, and it is the only foreign policy known to any hard-working woman who had a son in the war and a mangle in the back kitchen." Certainly that is what the world needs—a new conciliation of all people, gradual disarmament all around, and a new structure of international relations. Can it get it? That is the question. In the intervals of our daily business we watch its efforts, taking notice as we can of the obstacles and enemies to such a program, as well as of the forces that work for us.

Gandhi, the ascetic revolutionist in India, is said to be preaching on the theory that Western civilization is a failure. He preaches non-coöperation with the British government in India, and preaches to considerable purpose. Western civilization is not the idol that it was forty or fifty years ago. Its drawbacks have been so faithfully expounded and so liberally illustrated—particularly in the war—that we are apt to forget its merits, such as they are. But it really has merits. The Buddhist idea, imputed to Gandhi, of the abolition of machinery, the let-down of all physical energies, and a village life of leisure and composure, has something to be said for it, but not enough. Spiritual life is the most important, but ma-

terial life has a place and a great part in the progress of humanity. Western civilization, doubtful as it is in some of its claims, and ugly in so many of its details, is still progressive, and progress is the great aim of human life. Man does progress in the Western civilization. He does gain knowledge. He does discover truth and he does apply it practically and beneficially to the concerns of human life. Gandhi apparently would wipe it out. Bolshevism would wipe it out. Possibly they are both destructive forces clearing the way to something far better than they know. But Bolshevism at best is a necessary disease to be met and cured, and not a remedy for anything.

In the affairs of the world now there are political and spiritual motives for action and more or less of conflict between them. The methods visible behind the policies of France are chiefly political and they are largely political behind the policies of England. But the cry for a new spirit of conciliation among people that comes from the Manchester signers, and the hope of a new democracy in many nations as Sir Philip Gibbs describes it, is primarily a spiritual cry, a spiritual hope that sees the needs of all humanity as the great necessary, and the political aims of different nations as secondary to it. Between Bolshevism and the civilization we hope for is an absolute spiritual conflict just as much as there was a spiritual conflict between the ideas of Germany and those of the Allies. Bolshevism does not want "a new spirit of conciliation among people," it wants more war and more destruction. The people who would save the world must beat Bolshevism and must also beat that narrow spirit of politics which looks to the advancement of this nation or that at the cost of other nations. The new structure of international relations must provide for the world as a whole. The watchword of it must be, "Live and let live," but its basis can only be religion.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

MURPHY AND MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

BY FRANK B. COPLEY

I HAVE always loved animals, but for my mother-in-law I cherish only a mild esteem. She, on the other hand, disapproves of me and of animals as well. It was five years ago that she came to live with us, and for five years my ears have been assaulted with this interrogation:

"Did you bring that animal in here? Take him right out!"

At length came the day when I was followed home by a poor little mewling kitten. I thought I had a right to expect something different now. But no; there it came again: "Did you bring that animal in here? Take him right out!" It was the last straw. Then and there I determined to go to the jungle where animals abound.

Clarice, my wife, at first demurred about accompanying me.

"The jungle's so hot," said she.

"Hot!" I cried. "*Hot!* After the temperature I have been living in here for the past few years!"

Long had I dreamed of the jungle folk, and brooded on their ways. When at last we went to the tropics and I realized that I was in the land of my dreams, I felt that I knew all the animals and understood them. But Clarice loved them imperfectly, or only in spots. So it was left to me to make far excursions into the jungle, while she played safe at the bungalow.

I was warned particularly against a certain tiger that had been making raids upon the settlement. But I carried no gun or other weapon as one morning I floated downstream at mist-diluted sunrise.

Presently I drifted upon a sand bar, and



HE NERVOUSLY WET A PAW AND WASHED BACK OF HIS EAR

sat in my canoe gazing into the dark masses of the near-by foliage. Two luminous spots in the foliage held me, and gradually I became aware they were eyes. A moment more, and I was able to discern stripes radiating from the eyes. It was, indeed, the countenance of a tiger. As I sat there I felt that I was in touch with the depths of that tiger's psychology.

"Hello, Murphy!" I called. "Come on out."

You never saw a tiger look so astonished.

"Murphy?" he repeated, as he eased himself out of the thicket. "Men have called me many things, but hitherto have I never been called that."

"Tis a name," I explained, "that is identified with a distant member of your family, one Tammany."

He was obviously perturbed. "I can't understand," he said, "why I am here holding familiar speech with you, instead of dining on you. And me so hungry, at that!"

"The situation," I assured him, "is not without precedent. Saints of old often conversed with you people of the jungle and forest, and you bit them not."

"Saints?" said Murphy. "What are they?"

"Men, you poor heathen, who have been perfected through suffering."

"And are you a saint?"

"Well," I said "I have experienced enough suffering to make me one."

"Now, old pussycat," I went on, "sit down and compose yourself. It is you, I have no doubt, who have been terrorizing the people of the settlement. I want you to cut out your cruel and wicked raids on those people and their cattle."

He nervously wet a paw and washed back of his ear. "Cruel and wicked, is it? How about you men who thrash these jungles dealing out, for what you call the sport of it, widespread suffering and death? And tell me, my friend, what last night did *you* have for dinner?"

"Never touched me," I responded. "For I personally, my dear Murphy, am a vegetarian. Yet I will admit that your remark has point. A man, I cannot entirely be free from the blood that is on the hands of men in general. But the great trouble with you is, Murphy, that you are so—well, crude and unrefined about it."

It was evident that I had reached *him*.

"God knows," he sighed, "that I want to be refined."

"Then, for one thing, I would stop eating human flesh."

"That's very unrefined, is it?"

"Downright vulgar, I should call it."

"Well," said Murphy, "you must not think too harshly of us tigers who have acquired the habit. In my own case," he added, kittenishly, "it was only because of a scarcity of other meat that I took to eating men, women, and children."

I told him that I could readily understand his being driven to evil deeds by hunger. "But I will say to you frankly, Murphy," I continued, "that you ought to cut out raw meat in general. Too much blood in your diet makes you overstrained and jumpy. If the day has not yet come for you to lie down with the lamb *outside* of you, it should work a most decided improvement in your disposition and manners to have all the lamb that goes inside of you go in *cooked*."

"That's all very well," he replied, with hauteur, "but I must point out that in *our* family no one ever has been raised to be a cook."

"Murph, old scout," I said, after a pause, "I'll tell you what. If you will come home and live with me I will supply you with cooked meat for the rest of your life, so that you may steadily develop along lines of culture and refinement."

He was visibly moved, saying, "Why should you do this for me?"

"Simply for the love of your beautiful eyes," I told him. "Or let us say for the love of your general beauty—your handsome coat, your 'fearful symmetry,' your graceful motions and poses."

He fluttered his eyelids blissfully, and his purring was as the sound of a hundred boiling kettles. There's no use talking, we all do like appreciation.

Tickling him under the chin, I said, "Well, come on along, you comely cuss, and we'll see what's in the ice box."

He sat in the stern as I paddled back upstream, and on the way I remarked, "Now about Clarice. I am sure you are going to take to her and she to you."

"And what might Clarice be?" he inquired.

"Clarice," I replied, enthusiastically, "is a perfect dear."

A tremor shook his frame, and his eyes gleamed. "A perfect one, eh? Oh, I am sure we'll take to each other."



AFTER WRAPPING HIM IN A COUPLE OF STEAMER RUGS, WE BUNDLED HIM INTO A TAXI

"Don't misunderstand me," I said, sharply. "Clarice is a d-e-a-r. She's my wife."

"Oh!" said he, and swallowed hard.

I explained to him how he should conduct himself in and about the house, especially with Clarice; and when we reached the bungalow I bade him conceal himself outside while I prepared Clarice to receive him.

"My darling," I said, "you know how I always have longed for a cat. Well, you know your mother isn't here, and—and I've got one. I'll admit that he is, as you might say, a trifle large, but I know you'll agree that a few pounds more or less really do not matter. His name is Murphy. Now don't act as if you thought there was anything unusual about him or his being here. He's sensitive." Stepping out on the veranda, I called:

"Here, Murphy! Come, puss; come, puss! Kitty, kitty, kitty!"

At once Murphy emerged from the jungle, and, as per instructions, came bounding up miauing, tail on high. If it was a bit overdone, it did pretty well for a starter.

"Um!" remarked Clarice; "he is rather

large, isn't he? If you hadn't told me he was a cat, I would swear he was a tiger."

"Not at all, not at all," I assured her.

"That is to say, he may have been something of a tiger once, but now he's only just a pussycat. Aren't you, Murphy?"

"Miau!" replied Murphy, and in arching his back and attempting to rub against Clarice's knees, he all but knocked her off the porch.

Things like this were awkward, and of course it was embarrassing for the China boy to have me appear in the kitchen with Murphy at my heels. I explained thus:

"Cookie, this is not so tiger. Only yitty cat overgrown. Murphy is name. He eatie only cooked meatie. Never must give Murphy meatie raw. If ever not do, pussy take cookie for mousie."

For a time the household remained dubious about Murphy, and he worried me also. Now and then he would forget himself and let out a roar that shook the bungalow. One day I returned to find Clarice in tears.

"See, now," she pouted, "what that cat of yours has been and gone and done!"

Removing her handkerchief from her cheek, she revealed that it was bleeding. In kissing her, Murphy had licked the skin off.

Outside I found him licking his chops, the while he paced up and down.

"Murphy," I confronted him, "it has become plain that your grip on yourself is tenuous. You have been called royal, and you look the part; but, believe me, the true king is he who can rule himself. And you can take it from me also that this business of self-control lies at the root of all good manners. I feel that you have come to the parting of the ways."

He came crawling to my feet. "Master, have pity on the difficulties of a poor old tiger in acquiring domesticity and refinement. May I tell you of one of my mad hunches? As I lie awake at night I sometimes think that if we could hit upon some word for you to use whenever I am about to relapse—some word that teems with hidden meaning—it might recall me to my saner self, and all would be well."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "You talk exactly like Mad Meg in *Ruddigore*!" In a sudden burst of inspiration, I clapped my hand to my forehead. "I have the word for you, Murphy," I cried—"Yonkers!"

From his lowly attitude he looked up. "Yonkers? What are yonkers?"

"Listen!" I commanded, "and use your imagination. Picture to yourself everything that is out of the ordinary; that is unique, choice, precious. Picture to yourself everything that is lively, gay, effervescent; that is stimulating, exciting, exhilarating, ebullient! . . . Are you following me?"

"Yes, yes," said Murphy, eagerly sitting up. "Go on!"

"Picture to yourself all this. Get all this firmly stamped upon your mind. Now, then, all you have to do is to call up all this, *but only in the sense of its exact opposite*, and you will have the hidden meaning in the word Yonkers."

He blinked hard and collapsed, with a muttered, "I understand, master; I understand."

In the cool of the evening we walked down to the river. "Mind particularly how you behave to-night," I cautioned him. "We are going to have a couple of Englishmen for dinner."

His lower lip trembled, and his whiskers were convulsed. "Very good eating they are, too!" he burst out. "Nice, firm, rosy flesh. My word! I—"

"Yonkers!" I cried.

He recovered himself with a start. "Yonkers it is."

"Then make it so."

One of the Englishmen was that mighty hunter, Lord Vernon. He sat beside Clarice at the opposite end of the table from me. Having heard much about his exquisite manners, I was astonished at the way he began to act. After staring in my direction several times, he pushed aside his wine glass and called for whisky and soda-pop. Though the sweat was pouring from him, he drank of this repeatedly. His fellow Britisher regarded him uneasily, and I was about to interfere when Clarice exclaimed:

"Why, Lord Vernon, are you ill?"

"Damn it!" he shouted, leaping up. "I see two of 'em now!"

We all looked in the direction of his outstretched finger, and there was Murphy. The door having been left open, puss had stolen into the room, to seat himself back of my chair.

I could not blame Murphy for what followed. I myself became confused. Lord Vernon rushed at our pet, shouting:

"I'll get you, or both of you, even if I have no weapon!"

Murphy looked at me appealingly. As I say, I became confused.

"Mount Vernon!" I whispered.

It was not until Murphy *had* mounted Lord Vernon that I realized my mistake.

"Yonkers!" I called. "My mistake! Yonkers, I beg of you, Murphy. Yonkers at once!"

He paused just as he was about to tear Lord Vernon's heart out, and, looking up at me with all his features pathetically working, plaintively moaned, "Yonkers it are—I mean am—that is, is."

The time had come for me to say good-by to all the jungle folk. About one thing I was firm, and that was that Murphy should return with us. Clarice conceded that it would indeed be a pity to abandon him, now that he was improving so wonderfully; but there was mother—

"You need not remind me of it," I broke in. "Yes, there she is. But this, I fancy, will be the time when she won't say it."

I explained to Murphy that it would start too many arguments to try to convince all the railway and steamship people that cats is cats, be they small or large, and he readily consented to travel in a cage as if consigned to a zoo.

As I have been subjected to criticism for what happened when we reached home, I wish to make clear that I gave careful instructions that Murphy during the voyage should be fed only on cooked meat. If, with the changes made in his attendants, these instructions became lost sight of, the blame surely was not mine.

At the pier, when Clarice and I sneaked him out of his cage, and, after wrapping him in a couple of steamer rugs, bundled him into a taxi, his manner impressed me as being distraught. However, a ready explanation seemed to be offered by his long confinement, combined with his suffering from the cold, for we had returned in winter. It was not until we were well on the way out to our suburban town that I began to suspect how it really was with him.

"That," he remarked, "appears to be a peculiar animal what is driving this machine."

"You said it, old dear," I returned, "although you might have said it more grammatically. It's an animal that is tougher than leather."

"Oh!" he growled, with such evident disappointment that I glanced at him sharply.

At the house, Clarice and I again wrapped him in the rugs, and deposited him beside the path with other of our possessions. The driver said twenty dollars. I said ten. He was arguing it after the manner of his kind when the rugs flew apart.

"Master," roared Murphy, "shall I rend him asunder?"

"Yonkers!" I exclaimed.

Sullenly he answered, "Yonkers it is."

"Then make it so."

Once more I turned to the driver and said, "Ten dollars."

With eyes still upon Murphy, he replied, "Ten dollars it is."

And we made it so.

Standing there uncovered, Murphy got a chill; and when, admitting ourselves to the house with my pass key, we entered the living room, he stretched himself out at full length before the fire.

"By Jove!" I said to Clarice, "isn't that, now, ornamental? It's just what you always have wanted."

Footsteps on the stairs! Mother-in-law's!

After greeting Clarice, she turned to me, "So you are home again."

"Mamma," I replied, "I long ago learned never to contradict you."

Her eyes traveled to Murphy stretched before the fire. "Humph!" she sniffed. "Don't tell me that *you* shot it. A pretty poor specimen I call it."

At that Murphy raised his head. Glare met glare, Greek met Greek.

I must insist that she brought it on herself. Again I heard those old, old words:

"Did you bring that animal in here? Take him right out." Not only this, but she sprang for the poker, crying, "Scat!"

It was a great deal like the famous chase of Kipling's Old Man Kangaroo by Yellow-Dog Dingo. Up jumped Murphy—Yellow-Cat Murphy—always hungry, dusky in the sunshine, grinning like a horse collar, and made for mother-in-law. Off went the proud old lady on her two legs. She ran through the gardens; she ran through the hedges; she ran through the light snow; she ran through the deep snow; and she took—thank God!—to the timber.

When all along I have been so conservative in my statements, it would be a pity, here at the end, to subject credulity to strain. Yet it is to be recorded that that lady of sixty actually did outfoot that tiger. The explanation, after all, is simple—*she had to!*

A Proud Diplomat

A SMALL boy was asked to dine at the home of a distinguished professor, and his mother, fearing he might commit some breach of etiquette, gave him repeated directions as to what he should and should not do.

Upon his return from the great occasion she questioned, "Richard, did you get along at the table all right?"

"Oh yes, mother, well enough."

"You are sure you didn't do anything

that was not perfectly polite and gentlemanly?"

"Why, no—nothing to speak of."

"Then something did happen. Tell me at once," she demanded.

"Why, while I was trying to cut the meat it slipped off on to the floor. But I made it all right."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I just said, sort of carelessly, 'That's always the way with tough meat!'"

Waste Not

NEAR Tom Linkins's house was a swamp which was a breeding place for mosquitoes. Some enterprising neighbors, who had learned of the crude-oil treatment, went to Tom and tried to persuade him to exterminate the pests.

"Exterminate 'em?" cried Tom. "Not much. Not much. Why, the missus an' I just paid forty-two dollars for screening the side piazzer that she's be'n pesterin' me about for years. How are we goin' to get any good of it, if we kill off the skeeters?"

A Hard Task

A CERTAIN resident of Chicago had been unsuccessful in one venture after another. At last, however, he made a large sum of money by means of an invention in car wheels; and very soon thereafter his family, consisting of his wife and two young daughters, were to be seen taking their daily outing in a motor.

One day the three were being driven rapidly through the park, while a look of painful self-consciousness overspread the features of

the inventor's wife as she sat bolt upright, looking straight before her.

"Now, ma," one of the daughters, whose keen face was alive with enjoyment, protested—"now, ma, can't you loll back and not look as if the water was boiling over?"

Prepared for the Worst

ROBINSON'S enemies declare that there is nothing he enjoys so much as finding fault and putting other persons in the wrong. When thus engaged he loses all hold on a sense of humor which is none too keen at the best of times.

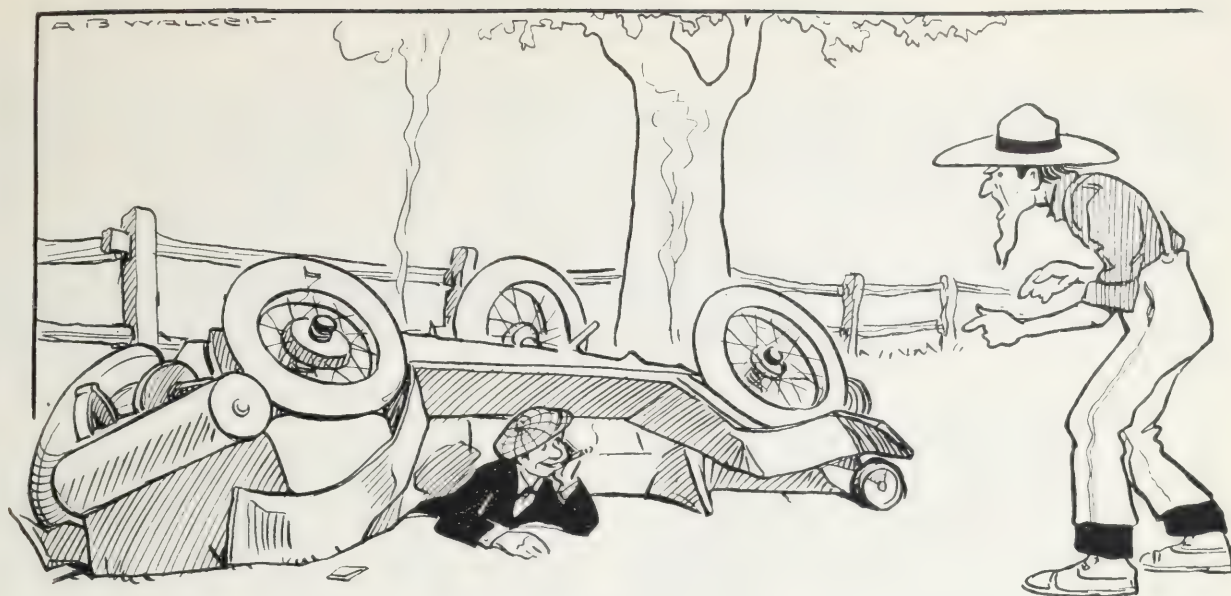
On one occasion when he and his wife were making a trip through the Vermont mountains they were to be called at half past five in the morning to take an early train. Robinson wakened first, and, after a glance at his watch, fell back on his pillow with a groan that frightened his wife out of her slumbers.

"Here it is on the tick of half past five," he grumbled, in response to her troubled questions, "and if they don't call us within five minutes we shan't have time enough to get dressed and eat breakfast!"



Helpless

"I'm afraid I'll have to get you to blow my nose, darling"



A Lucky Escape

"Good Heavens, man, pretty badly smashed up, ain't you? Anybody with you?"
 "Yes. the chap who was trying to sell me this used car."

ZOOLOGICAL DOINGS

BY EDWARD ANTHONY

LOCALE—any zoo.

Chorus of elephants rocking their children to sleep:

Sleep, little elephants, sleep,
 Roll over and close your eyes,
 For the pachyderms who keep
 Late hours aweary rise.
 Dream, little elephants, dream,
 As healthy elephants should,
 Of the days to be when you'll fly with me
 To our home in the Indian wood!

Chorus of baby elephants:

First tell us a Bedtime Story,
 As is the fashion these days,
 With a moral or two, as humans do,
 Showing that honesty pays.
 Say, the story of Peter Rabbit
 Who stole a carrot and learned
 That his ill-gotten gain brought nothing but
 pain
 For everybody concerned.

Mrs. Ella Phant starts to tell them a story:

All right, I'll spin you a yarn, but a better
 one than that—
 The story of Ivory Ike, who was slain by a
 Maltese cat.
 Ivory Ike was a bad one, an elephant sour
 and cross;
 There wasn't an animal living he didn't try
 to boss.

One day he met Maltese Mary, the nerviest
 cat I've known;

She was perched on top of a mango, chewing
 a turkey bone.

"Throw me that bone!" Ike hollers. "You
 make me laugh," says she,
 Which gets that elephant's goat, and he
 scrambles up that tree—

Enter Keeper. *The Keeper:*

Enough of this prattle!
 Climb into your beds,
 Or I promise to rattle
 This stick on your heads!
 (He turns out the lights.)

And they went to sleep that instant and
 dreamt of wonderful things,
 Of a glorious elephant heaven where the
 pachyderms have wings,
 Where there are no signboards reading,
 "Don't Feed the El-e-phants,"
 And an animal can gobble whatever fortune
 grants;
 Where there are no chains upon the feet
 and a beast can go for a walk,
 And there are no keepers to growl when a
 fellow wants to talk,
 Where there's heaps and heaps of peanuts,
 and "Eat your fill" is the code,
 And an elephant, like our poets, can take
 to the Open Road!

Clever Finance

A DRY-GOODS merchant in a small town in the South was standing one day at the door of his shop when a little girl came up to him.

"I am Mabel Smith," she said, "and mother says will you give her change for half a dollar. She will send the half dollar on Monday."

The City Mouse in the Cuntry

A CITY urchin was on his first visit to the country. When the train stopped, the farmer lifted him into the wagon and they jogged off through beautiful green rolling pastures, which extended as far as the eye could see.

The little fellow was much excited. "Say," he said, "they must need a lot o' cops here."

"Why?" inquired the farmer.

"Because there's so much grass to keep off of."

His Only Course

A CERTAIN Virginian was well known as a delightful *raconteur*. This gift made him not only a welcome guest, but a valuable member of his own home circle, for it is related that at a dinner party which he was giving to some friends his old darky butler whispered to him in a perfectly audible undertone:

"Suh, yo' must tell another story. The second course won't be ready for five minutes yet."

A Well-Trained Horse

A MAN who wanted a horse for general use explained to a dealer that he wished to buy a nice, quiet, good-looking animal that could be driven by his wife and that would not object to being hitched up to a lawn mower.

After listening attentively for some moments, the dealer, with the utmost gravity, finally inquired:

"And would you like him to wait at the table, sir?"

Important If True

AN American who has spent much time in London tells a story to illustrate what he calls the condescending attitude of the British public toward art and artists and its equally marked reverence for birth.

A relative of Swinburne's was showing to some ladies miniatures of the poet's titled relatives. One of the ladies, after studying a miniature of Lord Ashburnham, turned to her daughter and said:

"My dear, I had no idea Swinburne was so well connected. Remind me, when next we are at Mudie's, to buy his works."



"Sure, an' th' Cap'n said if I found anyone spoonin' in the park t' bring 'em in"

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Maxwell Struthers Burt, winner of the O. Henry Memorial prize awarded annually for the best short story published in American periodicals, divides his year between Princeton, New Jersey, and his ranch near Teton, Wyoming. **Edward Hungerford** has combined writing with various important activities in the transportation business. He has recently gone abroad to make a study of the railroad problems of Europe. **E. V. Lucas** was introduced to Harper readers in these pages last month. He is now engaged in writing a series of essays for the Magazine, the second of which appears in this issue. **Harry Lee** is a new contributor to the Magazine. **Alexander Porterfield** is a young English writer, whose stories have not hitherto appeared in American periodicals. He is now resident in New York and devoting himself exclusively to literary work.

We leave our readers to speculate as to the authorship of "The Confession of an Idealist," which is the work of a former contributor to the Magazine. **Mary Heaton Vorse** has traveled much and written of many lands, but Provincetown, Massachusetts, with its quaint fisher-folk, still claims the most sympathetic interest of her pen. The recent death of **John Burroughs** has been mentioned in these pages. The circumstances surrounding his last attempts at writing are set forth by his literary executor, Dr. Clara Barrus, in an editorial note at the head of the article. **Laura Spencer Portor** has been frequently mentioned in these pages in her triple functions as a contributor of stories, essays, and verse of distinguished quality.

Wilbur Daniel Steele has completed recording his impressions of Tunisia and Algeria, and is now at work upon short stories for the Magazine, for which his recent adventures offer a splendid romantic background. **Margaret Widdemer**, whose achievement in verse ranks her among the

foremost American poets, is in private life Mrs. Robert Haven Schauffler, and resides at Larchmont Manor, N. Y.

The readers who are following **Cornelia Stratton Parker's** series of articles will find in the following pages some interesting letters which her first article on "Working With the Working Woman," has brought forth. **Burge Johnson** combines the teaching of English at Vassar College with magazine writing and other literary activities. **Edwin H. Blanchard** and **Frances E. Kelley** are new contributors to the Lion's Mouth. **Frank B. Copley**, who resides at Yonkers, New York, is also a new contributor whom the Editors hope to welcome again to the pages of the Magazine. **Edward Anthony** has frequently contributed humorous verse to the Editor's Drawer, which with other of his poetical efforts are soon to appear in book form. His last letter to the Editors, written from Jamesburg, New Jersey, contains the following illuminating comment upon the rural retreat into which he has retired:

My brother and I, in a moment of irresponsibility, bought a little place out here and are running a sort of Sabine Farm. . . . By the way, in an effort to impress the farmer folk, I showed one of 'em (who dropped in while I was pounding away on my typewriter) a copy of HARPER'S containing my "Romance in a Hardware Store." The next day he was heard to remark: "There ain't no sense to his writin', but he kin run that typewriter o' his'n nearly as fast as the girl in the county court-house. 'Tain't no mean 'complishment, neither."



With characteristic fortitude, the anonymous author of "—— But Why Preach?" in the June issue, has gone out to the far West to begin his ministerial work in a region where his resolve to preach rather than to remain in business will be subjected to the severest test. A letter from an obscure corner of Wyoming hints graphically at the problem which now confronts him. As a

foretaste of the longer and more detailed account of his experiences, which the Magazine hopes to give its readers later, we print the following excerpts from his letter:

You should see the minister in — digging a sewer with a gang of oil field misfits. I got here a week ago Friday to find this place a raw assortment of tar-paper shacks, tents, and two-room frame houses, thermometer down to 40, and a general attitude of "What the hell does a minister expect to do in a place like this?" I got a job the next day as the best available way to show them I'm not a "dude" preacher: six days and a half a week, starting at 7 A. M.—and the pick and shovel weigh more every hour. Got up at four thirty to finish my sermon for Sunday evening (nothing doing in the morning, as we all work). It has worked, however, for I had the schoolhouse filled Sunday evening—sixty people, among them my foreman, the surveyor on the ditch, and four of the eight men in our gang! You ought to see me boning on my sermon while I pull the bell rope for fifteen minutes before kirk!

It's going to be a long, long summer—no swim within thirty miles, and all our drinking water condensed steam!

As a postscript to the above, a further letter has come to hand in which the writer encouragingly notes:

One gentleman here says I "ought to be run out of town,"—so I judge that my work is biting in.



Truth is stranger than fiction. In fact, it frequently outrages fiction, and is, therefore, useless to the story-teller. A subtle practice among present-day writers, however, is to use some curious and little-known fact to heighten the humorous effect of a wholly preposterous narrative. Readers of Philip Curtiss's recent stories in the HARPER'S will recall "The Postmaster-General of Mindanao," the scene of which was laid in the Philippines. In that tale of delightful absurdities the crowning touch was given by the "house snake" which swallowed the lottery ticket. Readers who may have assumed that the "house snake" was a deliberate invention of the author's to serve the purpose of the story will be interested in the following letter which Mr. Curtiss has received from Panama:

BALBOA HEIGHTS,
CANAL ZONE.

DEAR MR. CURTISS,—I have just finished reading and enjoying your story of "The Postmaster of Mindanao." However, I am wondering whether you wrote with a first-hand knowledge of "las Filipinas" or whether your story was

penned with the same abandon evinced by your friend of whom you wrote and who had never been west of San Francisco.

While in the service as a member of the Regular Army, and later as a commissioned officer of the Philippine Scouts, I had the opportunity to see a great part of the archipelago, and at a later date, a not inconsiderable portion of China. Hence, when you make the old Major state in your tale that he knew the narrator was imposing upon his audience when he heard him speak of house snakes, I felt that that elderly officer could not have been very observing during his two tours of duty in the islands.

Of course we can dismiss the statement in regard to the building of these useful reptiles into the walls with the laugh which you intended, but it remains a fact that snakes are really kept in numerous parts of the islands and are called house snakes, the statements of tourists who have spent short periods on Luzon without having seen one, notwithstanding.

Some natives on Luzon, and a great number on the islands of Samar and Mindanao, keep a snake about three or four feet in length, which is very similar to our "bull" snake of the United States, both in size and general appearance. These snakes may be seen during the day engaged in sunning themselves on the roofs of any number of nipa shacks. At night they generally come through some hole in the thatch and twine themselves about the rafters above. It is true that in some cases, very rare, however, these rafters are covered with cloth and in such cases one can see the bulge of the snake and hear it rustling around just as our friend in your story stated.

The snakes are kept for the purpose of exterminating rats and insects, and no native on Mindanao where there are any number of rats would think his storeroom safe unless he had a house snake. Certain stories are told of some type of superstition also attached to these snakes, but I have never personally been able to find any proof of this in the islands. There are also stories that snakes ten and twelve feet long, which from the description given must be of the family of rock pythons, are kept by natives in Samar, but I have never seen such a snake except as it was kept by some particular individual as a pet or curiosity, and, while it might have been of some utility, as far as I could see it required a great deal more food than it paid for. Besides which, no rock python can be trusted in the neighborhood of chickens. House snakes often grow large enough to gorge a small chicken and I have my suspicions that they are not entirely blameless when one occasionally disappears. However, there is a legend current among the natives that a good house snake will stay on the roof all day and will not bother his master's chickens though those belonging to neighbors cannot come within his ken with impunity. Whether any member of the group *ophidia* ever attains this moral and

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intellectual standard I very much doubt, but I give you the story for what it is worth and as I heard it.

House snakes are also common in some parts of China, and I understand also in India, though they are seldom found north of Chekiang in the former country.

Perhaps more common on Luzon and in the sections of the islands most visited by tourists, is the house lizard. Perhaps you are already familiar with this household adjunct. It is supposed to be "bad medicine" for mosquitoes, and does, without a doubt, dispose of a great many. However, it has a vocal strain peculiar to itself, and personally I should almost as soon put up with the *anopheles* as listen to its unvarying soprano. Numerous superstitions are connected with this reptile by the Tagalogs. They call it by a name which sounds like "isuan" though I have never seen any professed correct spelling of the name. Its cry at particular times, especially during childbirth and during the zero hours of sickness, is supposed to have some especial portent. Lizards of apparently the same type are to be found here on the Isthmus, but I have never heard one make a sound similar to those in the Philippines, so conclude that they must be of a different species.

Very sincerely yours,

RICHARD J. MONNETT,
Staff Sergt. of Infantry.



The writer of the following letter will be remembered as the author of "The Harbor Master," which was recently published as a two-part story in the Magazine. Mr. Hallet is an author of distinguished fiction, and here evinces the writer's close and thoughtful interest in the details of technique of his art:

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, MAINE.

DEAR HARPER'S,—Mr. LeGallienne's charming essay on "Words We Would Willingly Let Die," in the June number, contains one pronouncement which I cannot let pass without a word of protest. He says, "The employment of nouns as verbs is a mark of lazy or impatient, as it is always of undistinguished, writing." This will never do. The high authority of Bacon, Bunyan, and Lowell, whom he cites for the pernicious practice, should have warned him that his proposition was dubious.

But indeed the usage is so deep sunk in the habits of the tongue that no authority need be quoted for it. The most casual reflection will show that our language is all the time turning its nouns into verbs without scruple, and with very good effect. How are we to shoe a horse, crown a king, feather our nest, iron clothes, water a garden, air a room, smoke a pipe, if we are not to turn nouns into verbs? Mr. LeGallienne says we must not "voice" an opinion; yet there is hardly

a namable part of the human body which has not been used as a verb, and will fall by this dictum. Do we not head an army, eye a foe, breast a wave, shoulder arms, elbow our way, thumb a page, finger a bit of lace, toe the mark, foot a stocking, bone a fish, and refuse to stomach insult? Is it mere chance that so many parts of the body are so naturally made into verbs?

Or, taking at random another series—that of tools—and starting with "saw," we find Professor Lounsbury saying, in his *History of English Language*, "It (saw) was doubtless derived from the noun spelled in the same way." And so to chisel, to screw, to hammer, to nail, to file, to plane, and so on through the list. Are we to question the literary taste of using such nouns as verbs?

The truth is, from the very moment that the language began to lose its inflective capacity, it gained, and necessarily so, in its power to turn one part of speech directly into another. It owes no small share of its flexibility to this power—and to the analogous power of turning a noun into an adjective, as in "a gold watch," "iron courage," and the like; or a verb into a noun, as in "the chase, the kill." So we might go on indefinitely. Would such phrases be barred as slovenly or in poor literary taste?

This faculty of modern English is the result of those processes which have resulted in turning a syntactical into a logical and nearly grammarless tongue, where the order in which the words occur in the sentence takes the place of the old formal inflections. This is not a source of confusion. I am told that in the Chinese language, which has either lost, or more likely never had, formal equipment, it is impossible to say of a root word whether it is noun, verb, or adjective, yet that tongue is the vehicle for highly intellectual expression. In our own case, as Professor Whitney says, in his *Life and Growth of Language*, "Our apprehension of the different office of verb, noun, and adjective is kept clear enough by the numerous words which have only one and not another of these characters."

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD M. HALLET.



Cornelia Stratton Parker's experiences, "Working With the Working Woman," now in course of publication in the Magazine, are the straightforward record of a trained observer, and the intent of these articles has been expressly set forth by the Editors. As an instance of how the first of these articles has been read to no purpose, or with a mind trained only to certain mechanical reactions, we quote the following paragraph of a letter from Mrs. Parker:

I'm off next week to try my luck at a job in the cotton mills of New Bedford. Have had quite a number of very nice letters about the first article.

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I was amused that the two archconservatives to write—one a banker, one a railroad high-up—wished I had “driven the lesson home harder.” What lesson, I wonder? Surely I don’t know.

The Editors would like to know, too. As the Magazine stated last month Mrs. Parker’s purpose is to picture the life of the woman worker as the average worker herself sees it. She disclaims any intention of making a deep sociological study of factory conditions or the problem of woman in industry.

A truly appreciative letter of the author’s purpose comes from a Magazine reader in La Jolla, California:

DEAR HARPER’S,—I want to congratulate you upon the article, “Working With the Working Woman,” by Cornelia Stratton Parker, in the June Magazine. One reads it with a smile on the lips, but finishes with an ache in the heart. It is not propaganda, it is not a superficial investigation; it is just the plain truth about plain girls, written by a woman who has learned how to understand.

I am not a subscriber to HARPER’S, but I would be if I knew my address from one month to the next. I shall be traveling through Mexico this summer, but I shall manage somehow to get each number of the Magazine that lists Cornelia Stratton Parker’s articles among its contents.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

DEAR HARPER’S,—Rarely am I constrained to leave the dim obscurity of the general “reading public” to express my opinion as to the merits of the publications which come to my attention. However, after following the course of HARPER’S for some time, I discover in the June number one of the sparkling, stimulating articles by Cornelia Stratton Parker, and I find my appreciation of your good periodical ripened into thorough and whole-hearted approval.

HARPER’S and HARPER’S readers are to be congratulated indeed to have the work of Mrs. Parker, for she is undoubtedly one of the foremost minds among the thousands of intellectual women in America. Though I know her only through her writings, my own experience in the world of modern women workers on both sides of our American continent warrants me in passing this, my hearty indorsement, of her work. Hers is a publicity campaign which no one knows how far will carry. Not only is she a writer of rare ability and charm, but the facts she possesses are trustworthy and

touch the pioneer lines of social and industrial conditions in every phase of life. She has spent time “to know,” really to inform herself, and she has discovered that which is worth passing on and is doing just that in a way that is original and strong. But more significant to me, a woman, is the fact that she is putting it before *women*, the very individuals who need it most, in just the way that strikes through to their real attention, and then leaves its uplift and information imprinted—to stay.

No need, after this statement, for me to say that I shall look forward to coming numbers of HARPER’S with pleasant and eager anticipation.

However, in passing, let me give my hearty word of praise to the whole staff of your publication. You are putting before Americans and others the very finest and most worth while matter, covering a variety of theme and style and subject that is unusual and refreshing. It goes a long way toward telling us “how the other half lives.”

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE F. CRAMPTON.



Why do people love the naughty ladies of history rather than the estimable and good ones? This question, not too seriously propounded in a recent article in the *Lion’s Mouth*, “Wild Oats—for Ladies,” by Florence Guy Woolston, elicits the following reply from a well-known professor at Columbia University:

MY DEAR MADAM,—After recovering from the apoplexy which your recent skit in HARPER’S MONTHLY caused, I waxed analytical and finally reached a conclusion that differs somewhat from yours.

I do not think you are wholly right in your observation that what we admire in the naughty-naughty dames of Past and Present is “their will to be different.” I think it is their will to be *themselves*, not to be shackled by conventionalities. There is something deeply awry in the morals of perfect ladies; they make the perfect ladies very uncomfortable somewhere in their genteel insides. And if the perfect ladies have real pep in their systems, sooner or later they froth up and rebel.

As to other remarks made by you, however, I must agree with amusement, after having taught young college damosels and youths for some fifteen years.



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The Role of Madame Ravelles"

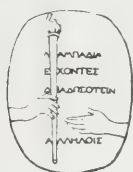
AS THEY PASSED, A SUPERB DIGNITY SEEMED TO MOUNT IN HER WHO WATCHED

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A VOICE IN THE HALL

BY JULIAN STREET

LYING back upon the pillowed window seat in the security of her locked bedroom, Mary Compton opened the book which held for her an interest so peculiar and intense.

Reading was rendered difficult by her tears, which started almost at once; for the description of Presh Ballantine, as seen by his mother, began on the second page, and there were passages in that description which, to one who understood the entire situation, as Mary felt she did, and who, moreover, had cared for Presh as she had, were filled with a grim, unconscious comedy which made them terrible. If thoughts of Presh had brought the tears, it was this grotesqueness in his mother's book which caused them to sting.

Mrs. Ballantine had not, of course, used the nickname in the book. She had, Mary felt, always resented it as an impertinence, for "Presh" was a schoolboy contraction of "Precious," which had been the mother's early appellation for her only child.

Where he was first definitely mentioned in the book his name was printed out in full—Francis Knox Ballantine—and thereafter he was referred to by his first name only. That was another tragi-comic point—his full name—differing by but a single letter from his

mother's. It told so clearly what she had intended him to be, what she had tried to make of him. Not a Ballantine, but a Knox—a Frances Knox.

Mary dimly recollected gentle Mr. Ballantine. He was associated in her mind with the dear old brownstone house on Madison Avenue where she had lived until her parents died. She had a memory of herself as a child peeping over the banisters when guests were arriving for dinner parties, and of seeing Mr. Ballantine enter the front door behind his consort with an air, it seemed to her, a little timid; and, though she could not in those days have explained this matter to herself, she felt sympathy for Mr. Ballantine because she, too, was timid in the presence of this lady.

Yet Mary remembered what her aunt, Miss Banks, with whom she now lived, had long ago said to her of the Ballantines and Knoxes; and she knew that her aunt's opinions were sound, although her friends relished them most, perhaps, for the picturesque vigor with which they were expressed.

"Mr. Ballantine was an able lawyer and a lovable man," Miss Banks had said of Presh's father. "I was always a little sorry for him. Frances ran him just as she runs the boy. The boy's like his father. Not weak—just easy-going.

Still, when Mr. Ballantine died, I couldn't help feeling somehow that he had crept off to the tomb with his tail between his legs."

"Auntie! What an idea!"

"I suppose it was my knowledge of the Knoxes that made me feel that way about him," Miss Banks continued. "It's a family strain. They have to run everything. Frances's sister—the one whose husband was ambassador—tried to run Italy. To get *her* home they had to recall *him*. Both the girls are like old Ira Knox, their father. He had a head like a mountain profile. When some wag who had borrowed money of his bank made a little joke—'Strong as a Knox,' he said—the old gentleman didn't like it, and to show he didn't like it, called the loan. There's not a glint of humor in the whole Knox tribe."

"You'd hardly say Presh lacked humor?"

"No, indeed. But he's not like the Knoxes. He gets his humor from his father, and all his nice ways. Old Mr. Knox was called a bully in Wall Street, but I've always thought the Knoxes didn't mean to be bullies. It's just that they're always certain their way is the right way. Being so big-boned and powerful, they ride everybody down. But they don't realize it."

Reading Mrs. Ballantine's tribute to her son, Mary recalled out of the long ago this conversation with her aunt. Miss Banks had been right. The Knoxes didn't realize it. The book made that point ludicrously, pitifully clear.

Francis [wrote Presh's mother in her introductory chapter] may indeed justly be referred to as an ideal son. Though he possessed by nature a strong, determined character—such a character as my father, the late Ira Knox, was known for—and, though from boyhood he exhibited in sports a highly commendable aggressiveness which promised well for later life, the side he showed me, his mother, was uniformly gentle, chivalrous, and tender. I may indeed say that not a single harsh word or thought ever passed between us.

My rule was never to interfere with him in anything if I could possibly avoid doing so, and even then not to compel him to my views, but rather to point the way of wisdom, making it so clear to him that his own native good sense—a quality with which, I am thankful to say, the Knoxes were well endowed—would bring him to the right decision. Thus, though often with a certain guidance from me, he always in the end made up his own mind, and I never found it necessary actually to cross him. In reasoning with him I did not treat him as a child, but talked with him as I used to with his father before him. Nor can I refrain from adding that if more American mothers and fathers would follow my method in rearing and training their offspring, they would not only find their relations with them more satisfying and harmonious, but would in the long run make better men and women of them.

So that was Mrs. Ballantine's conception of her relations with her son! From somewhere behind Mary's tears there came the flicker of a little laugh. And then, as though to extinguish the faint gleam of mirth, the tears flowed faster than before.

Again she thought of what her aunt had said so long ago, "The Knoxes ride everybody down."

That, to her, had been the point of paramount importance. That was why, loving Presh, she had brought herself finally to refuse him. The Knoxes did ride everybody down. Mr. Ballantine had been ridden down. Presh had been ridden down, and his wife would certainly be ridden down. It was inevitable. And the torturing thing about it was that the sweetness of nature which so endeared him to Mary was precisely what made it inevitable. To marry him would be to become not so much a wife as a daughter-in-law.

The mere thought of a perpetual endeavor to live up to the standards Mrs. Ballantine would set for a daughter-in-law put Mary's nerves on edge. It would be futile. She had no wish to try, and, moreover, she had standards of her own. That she could have made Presh happy if left to do it in her own way, she



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

"THERE'S NO ONE ELSE I CARE FOR HALF SO MUCH"

did not for a moment doubt. But that condition, all-important, was the one condition which could not in the circumstances be fulfilled. Her own way in any matter was the last thing she could hope to have; and Presh's way, she had become convinced, would always be his mother's—because of his lifelong habit of letting his mother do the managing, and his belief, inculcated and shared by her, that her wisdom in all things was oracular.

The one alternative to yielding would have been to fight. But that presupposed in him an understanding of the actual situation. To have become his wife while harboring a secret thought of breaking later with his mother was something not to be considered. Mary would have had to be certain he foresaw the likelihood of such a break; that he would approve it and give her full support if it should come; and in point of fact she was almost certain of the opposite of this. She could picture him in such a crisis, shocked, grieved, entirely confused, endeavoring to mediate between them; and, though she trusted him enough to believe that if mediation failed he would stick to his wife, she could fancy his keen suffering, and could even imagine his holding in his innermost heart the thought that his mother had been in the right. That she could not have endured.

Vividly she remembered the momentous afternoon on which she had admitted to herself the complete hopelessness of the circumstances. In making a final plea to her to marry him, Presh had spoken as though actually thinking to entice her with the vision of a near relationship to his mother. Heartbroken though she had felt at that moment, she could not but be aware of ghastly humor in the contrast between his conception of the case and hers. It had come to her like a sharp, painful ray of light, that humor, revealing matters as they were. Until Presh should be disillusioned on this subject she could never marry him. Nor would she be the means

of his disillusionment. If he was to find it he must find it for himself and bring it to her—a bridal gift. And that would mean a miracle.

Gently she had refused him. A bitter cup for both—and harder even than it had been for her to drink of that cup, and make him drink of it, was her task of doing so without explaining why.

To him, of course, rejection meant that she did not care enough for him to be his wife; and though from the depths of her torn heart she had longed to tell him it was not true, she could not, lest after the disclosure she be tempted to reveal the actual reason. She would never speak a word to him against his mother.

The ordeal of renunciation, cruel as it had been, was to Mary less terrible than the agony of silence. Nor had her suffering diminished with time. She was haunted by the memory of his eyes, filled with pain, and of his brave effort to conceal his suffering behind a philosophic front.

"Of course, I more or less expected it," he had said, looking at her with an expression like that of a devoted dog gazing for the last time at the master who has shot him.

"There's no one else I care for half so much," she had answered. "I think of you as the best friend I have in the world."

At that he had managed to muster a little smile. Almost she wished she could forget that smile.

"I'd rather hear you say that," he said, trying to speak gayly, "than to be adored by Cleopatra, Lady Hamilton, and Helen of Troy. That's a fact, my dear. I just can't see anybody else."

As he was leaving her apartment he said, casually:

"I've been planning a little trip. I may not see you for a while."

"Where?"

"Canada."

"For winter sports? Splendid! Quebec?"

"Montreal first. I have some business

there. Perhaps Quebec, too. I can't be certain yet."

"How long will you be gone?"

"That's uncertain, too."

"Write me."

"Yes, of course."

She walked with him to the door. "Good luck!" she said, giving him her hand.

Then she did what she had not intended. She reached up and kissed him on the cheek. And he kissed her. She liked to remember that. It was the only thing she had to be glad of now. Yet even that gladness was not unalloyed. Of course, he had counted her kiss as one only of compassion; and now he would never know the truth about that, nor any of the rest of it.

The reason why he could never know was set forth in the second chapter of Mrs. Ballantine's book.

One night early in January, 1917, Francis came home looking weary and depressed. He mentioned a disappointment he had met with, telling me what it was and saying that he was going on a trip to Canada. I tried to show him that the disappointment was not so important as it seemed to him at the moment, but to no purpose. As he did not then reveal to me his true reason for going to Canada, I assumed that it was for the winter sports, of which he was always very fond. A few days later, however, he wrote me from Montreal that he had enlisted in a Canadian regiment for service overseas.

This action and that immediately preceding his departure—the one which brought about the disappointment of which he had spoken to me—were, as far as I know, the only two important acts of his entire life undertaken without first consulting me.

I was, of course, aware that he felt strongly about the war, and that he believed the United States should have already gone into it, but I did not know that he had contemplated enlistment. Contrary to his usual custom, he had withheld from me this knowledge, both because his mind was not fully made up and because he felt the news would disturb me.

When I learned the truth I could not but

conclude that the disappointment was a determining factor in bringing him to his decision, and, as the reader of these pages will presently see, my conclusion was later confirmed in an extraordinary manner. And as this disappointment was, in my judgment, entirely unnecessary and undeserved, having been brought about by the raising of false hopes in him and the subsequent deliberate dashing of those hopes, I cannot but resent the fact that it was visited upon him, nor avoid feeling that the person responsible for that disappointment was directly to blame for subsequent events.

With something between a gasp and a sob Mary flung the book down upon the window seat and started to her feet. Crossing swiftly to her dresser, she drew from the back of a top drawer a small packet of letters tied with narrow ribbon, and, slipping out the first one, opened it and read.

The letter was just as she remembered it. It was written from Montreal on the day of his enlistment. He told her about that. Then came the passage which had meant so much to her:

It occurs to me that if anything should go wrong with me later, you might manage somehow to figure out a connection between our talk of a few days ago and my decision to get into the war. But don't let any such idea enter your head, my dear. There's nothing melodramatic about my having enlisted—none of the spirit of, "*Now* she'll be sorry she didn't marry me!" I want you to be clear on that. If the Boche should get me, and I have time for any "final words," they'll be, "God bless her!—she's always been the sweetest thing in the world." But from what I hear, the ancient custom of saying a few well-chosen words at the last, while the whole regiment stands around and weeps, is going out of style. Deaths are being worn shorter in France this season. That's the kind of war it is, and, personally, I think it's a good thing. However, don't imagine I am going over with the least intention of getting myself permanently planted there. On the contrary, I fully expect to come back whole and sound, and have a lot of good times with you.

Get this straight, Mary. If you had ac-

cepted me I should have done exactly what I have done, and I know you wouldn't have wished to stop me. I've been planning it for a long time. The U. S. will be getting into the scrap pretty soon, anyhow. But I can't wait any longer. I wanted to tell you when we had our talk the other day, but I didn't because I thought romantic stuff about "the brave soldier boy marching off to war" might tend to sway your decision. A lot of tender-hearted women have been falling for that, you know, and it isn't quite fair. I wanted you to decide on the merits of the case. And you did. But remember this: If you had said "yes" instead of "no," and I hadn't dropped dead on the spot from joy, then I should have told you right away that I intended to come up here and enlist.

Mary pressed the letter to her breast. Thank God for the thoughtfulness in Presh which had made him foresee that she might some day need the comfort of these definite assurances! How like him! Yet how little had even he imagined to what vast and terrible dimensions that need would grow!

His mother must see this letter. She must be made to understand that it was *not* because of the refusal that Presh had gone to France.

Mary's first impulse was to go instantly to Mrs. Ballantine and face her down with this exoneration in Presh's writing, but the impulse was retarded by a second reading of that brutal passage in the book. One clause there was which made her hesitate . . . "my conclusion was later confirmed in an extraordinary manner." . . . Before going she must find out about that. She must read further.

Her tears having been dried by the fires of her indignation, she was now able to progress more rapidly. It was recounted that, a month before the United States joined in the war, Mrs. Ballantine's son was with his battalion in France, and that in June, 1917, when the American First Division landed, he was already in the trenches. He was promoted, becoming sergeant, lieutenant ("We Canucks pronounce it 'lefftenant,' and we don't have firsts and

seconds—just one grade," he wrote), and in the early fall, captain. In September he was wounded slightly but was back with his men within three weeks. Half a dozen of his letters were quoted—gay, whimsical letters, rich in anecdotes of life in the trenches and in billets behind the lines.

The letters filled out the year 1917—almost. The last of them was dated early in December, and a footnote gave the information that it had been received by Mrs. Ballantine in January, 1918, more than two weeks after the official telegram had come.

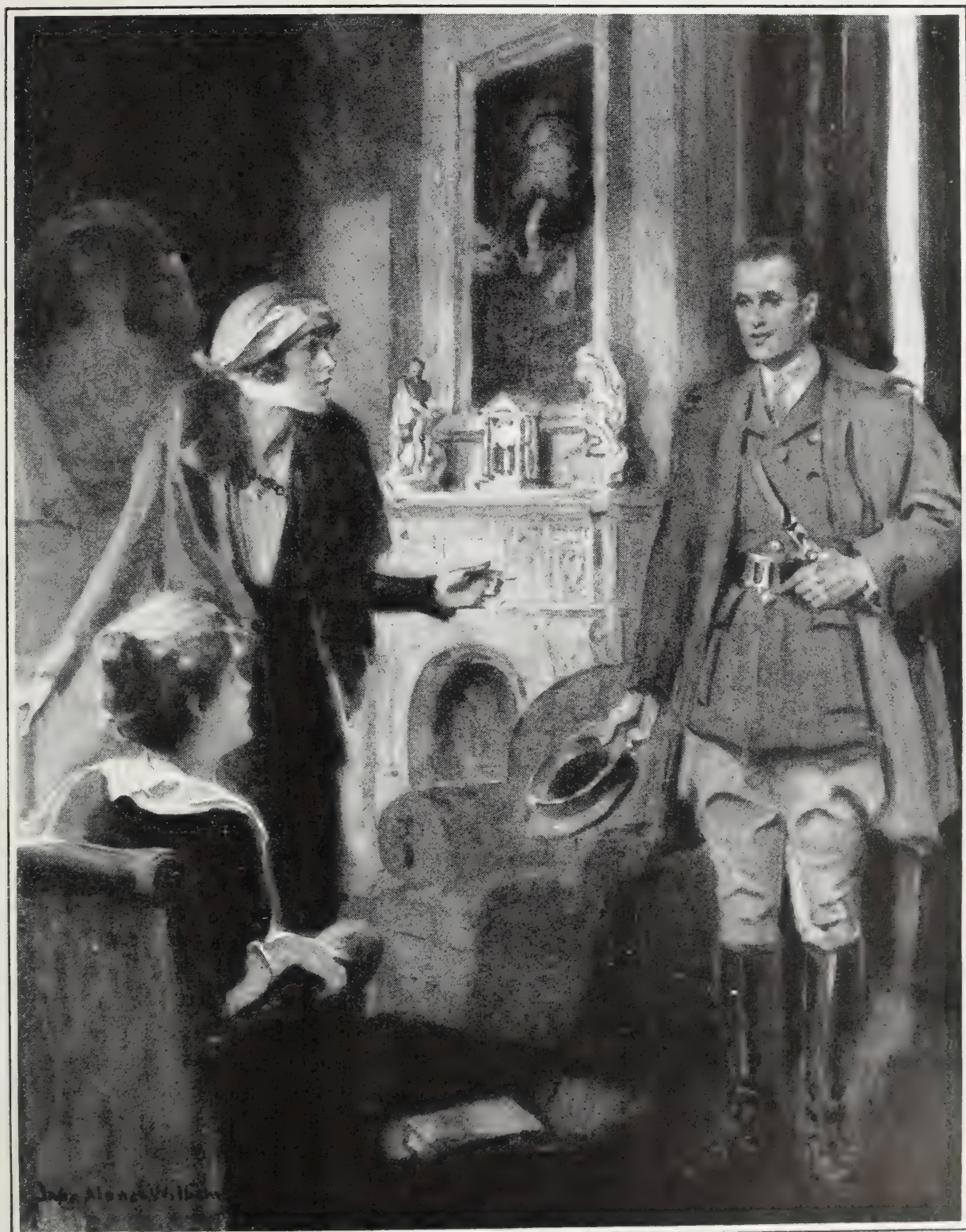
This telegram, announcing briefly to the mother that her son had been killed in action, was also given, and was followed by several letters from brother officers, condoling, and attesting to the young man's worth. Then a letter from the chaplain, giving details. In an advance near Cambrai, on December 3d, Captain Ballantine had been shot through the right breast. The chaplain had found him with a pulse barely fluttering. The young officer had not regained consciousness. "I closed his eyes, wrapped him in a blanket, and went on," he wrote. "Later the Germans retook this terrain, so I regret to say I cannot state the exact location of his grave."

All the foregoing was by way of introduction. It was the material that followed which had gained for the strange volume so many thousand readers, such ponderous endorsements from scientific men noted for their belief in spiritism, and so much space in a press congested with news of the Rhine occupation and the budding Peace Conference at Paris.

The nature of the book was indicated in its title, *Letters from Beyond the Front*. Mrs. Ballantine told how, two months after Francis's "going over," she had come upon a poem she liked, the first line of which was:

"Mother Earth, are the heroes dead?"

and had sat down at her desk to copy it. But when she put pencil to paper she



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

"HERE I AM, MOTHER"

did not write the lines she had intended. Instead, some force outside her own volition caused her to form the word, "No."

For a moment she was at a loss to understand this. Then it occurred to her that the word "No" was like an answer to the interrogation of the poem, and while she was thinking thus her hand, without conscious effort on her part, had written, "Yes," as though in reply to her unspoken thought.

"Is this a message from the Beyond?" she had asked.

Again, "Yes."

"Who is writing?"

In answer came the initials, "F K B."

"Is it you, Francis?"

"Yes, mother."

With a little practice, Mrs. Ballantine went on to say, she developed great facility in communicating, by means of this automatic writing, with her son, whom she now mentioned as being "nominally dead"; and it was with messages received from him that the larger portion of the book was taken up

At first, Francis declared, he had been a little bit confused. The arrival in the Beyond was a strange experience. But he had been helped by friends already there, chief among them his grandfather Knox, who, he said, occupied a most important position. He himself was doing work which interested him, but which it was difficult to describe. It was difficult, too, to describe most phases of the Life Beyond, because the worldly vocabulary was so limited. It was like trying to describe wireless to a South Sea Islander in his own tongue.

For a little while he had slept. On awakening he felt bewildered. And yet there had been nothing uncanny about him or his surroundings. The surroundings seemed familiar yet unfamiliar. There were houses, trees, rivers, flowers, and it surprised him to find that these things had substance, just as on earth. They possessed the usual three dimensions; but there was a Fourth Dimension; he couldn't explain that now; it

was too new to him. He was only beginning to grasp it. They were teaching him. Perhaps sometime he could make it clear.

His present existence was on what, as nearly as he could find words to describe it, might be called the Etheric Plane. But he did not quite like that definition. There were many planes and each had many spheres. But that was too difficult to describe. He himself had already paid a visit to the Soterial Plane. There, too, everything was solid, but of wonderful materials, unknown to him. The buildings were very beautiful, and were constructed of something that made him think of alabaster. But it wasn't alabaster.

Every article in the world, it was stated, gave off what might, for want of a better name, be termed Etheric Magnetism, which, floating up to the Etheric Plane, acquired substance. Thus, animal, vegetable, and mineral substances, as known on the World Plane, existed in transposition. Etheric Magnetism was something like a perfume, and each race of people, as well as each individual and object, had a distinct perfume which declared the exact quality of that race, person, or object.

There was constant growth. People changed, but in a way that could not easily be explained. They grew finer, bigger, stronger, but you recognized them just as you would on earth. Of course those who had been strongest and finest on earth were here correspondingly advanced. He had searched for those he knew. He had not as yet seen his father, though he knew that he was there. But he had seen his grandfather Knox many times.

His grandfather Knox, as nearly as he understood it, was in charge of what appeared to be a vast Reconstruction Camp for Souls. Partly as a result of the war, there were many sick souls which needed strengthening before they could go on with their work. There were nurses there, assisting, just as in a hospital on earth. Among them was Flor-

ence Nightingale. And there were great physicians and psychologists, like Lister and Behrens.

If there could be said to exist in the Beyond such a thing as sadness, it came from the fact that while, under certain immutable laws and conditions, the inhabitants of that place could revisit the Earth Plane, it was almost impossible to make those on earth aware of their presence. Just as a wireless receiver must be tuned to catch messages coming from the void, so the human consciousness, or subconsciousness, must be tuned to catch communications from the Beyond.

There were very few receivers—very few persons on the Earth Plane capable of attuning themselves to the proper pitch. Such persons were psychically very advanced. Mrs. Ballantine was one of them. The close bond of sympathy which had always existed between herself and him not only made communication easier, but was susceptible of great development. He elaborated upon the beautiful qualities of their relationship, telling what a considerate and helpful mother she had always been; and Mrs. Ballantine added in a footnote that, whereas she would have preferred to omit a reference so personal, she had refrained from making alterations or elisions in order that the record should be complete. Automatic writing was but the beginning, Francis assured her. Later he would try to speak to her and appear visibly before her.

Not until Mary had read nearly to the end of the book did she discover the passage she had been seeking.

On this side of the Veil, mother [declared a letter in one of the closing chapters], we see things which were hidden from our earthly eyes. We can look back and laugh—for there is laughter here—at things which, on the Earth Plane, seemed to us of the most vital consequence. Our earthly vision, so obscure, made mountains out of the veriest molehills. Disappointments which once loomed large and appalling are now insignificant. Characters which were as closed books to us, be-

come as apparent as the printed page. All values are corrected.

Your earthly wisdom was far greater than mine. You are in what we term the Ninth Sphere on the World Plane. There are but few who have attained to that sphere. As you know, I permitted what I then regarded as a serious disappointment to govern my impetuous action in leaving home. You knew best. You tried to guide me. It was useless. But now, mother, it is ridiculously apparent that you were right about M.

But here, as you so well understand, regrets and grudges do not exist. Therefore, if you should see M., it would be the part of kindness to make it understood that on this side there is only happiness, and that no troubled soul on earth need be concerned about the question of forgiveness from those who have passed on, since that forgiveness is granted automatically, and is retroactive.

A footnote by Mrs. Ballantine here referred to the disappointment mentioned in the second chapter, and added that "M." was the person who had occasioned it.

So this was the vaunted "confirmation" of that false and cruel charge!

With her clenched fist Mary smote the page. "He never wrote it!" she cried aloud. "He never wrote it!"

There was a glitter in her eyes as she closed the book. Rising, she almost ran to the closet, snatched a coat, hat, and furs, and put them on. The book and Presh's letter lay on the window seat. Seizing them, she started to insert the letter between the pages, but suddenly desisted.

"No!" she exclaimed, slipping the missive into her bag. "This one shan't go in there, Presh! It's *real*!"

The brightness was beginning to fade from the short winter afternoon as Mary ascended the brownstone steps of Mrs. Ballantine's wide, well-kept, but austere-looking, house. She rang and stepped to the spotless marble floor of the vestibule. Presently a shadow showed faintly against the ornamental ground-glass panel of one of the inner doors; then the

door swung slowly open, revealing in the aperture a middle-aged butler with a silver card tray hanging ready in one hand.

"How do you do, Reeves? Is Mrs. Ballantine at home?"

Reeves had opened the heavy walnut door in his best manner, but at the sight of her he unbent so far as to smile.

"Yes, Miss Mary." And he added, "It's been a long while since we've seen you."

Entering, she nodded an amiable acknowledgment of this. It had indeed been a long time since she had come to this house—nearly a year. Her last call had been made a few days after the news of Presh's death had come, and it was because of the frigid manner in which her condolences had on that occasion been received by Mrs. Ballantine that she had not returned.

"Mrs. Ballantine is in her sitting room," said Reeves.

She knew that because of her old familiarity with the house and its family he meant to suggest her going directly to the sitting room.

"I think you had better announce me," she said.

"Yes, Miss Mary." He held back the heavy portières, letting them fall again when she had passed into the drawing-room.

Mary well remembered that room. It was long and spacious; at the rear, folding doors, now closed, led to the dining room; at the front, two vast, plate-glass windows, heavily curtained with stiff lace and velvet, admitted a dim light. Even when the house was overheated there was here always the suggestion of a chill. It was a room formal with the ugly and somehow stupid formality of the 'sixties. The furniture, dark and solid, showed in its every line the bedeviling touch of the carvers and upholsterers of two or three generations ago. There were two curio cabinets with glass doors and silk-covered shelves littered with small, useless souvenirs of

foreign travel—china, ivory, tortoise-shell, and silver—and on the walls a number of Victorian paintings, drab in tone, most conspicuous among them a portrait of Mrs. Ballantine's father, which hung above a marble mantelpiece bedecked with meaningless beveling and carving. The portrait showed Mr. Knox in middle life, at a period when his extremely financial-looking side whiskers were beginning to turn gray. He was dressed in a frock coat, and was seated in a tufted armchair beside a table on which lay a large book. One finger was inserted in the book, as though to mark a place. The head was massive and the eyes glared. Mary noticed that the cover of red plush, with which the painter had adorned the table, remained the brightest spot of color in the room, time-bedimmed though the pigment was.

Eighteen years or so ago, when as a little girl she had begun to notice and remember houses, there had been in New York many rooms of this type; but though, as she reflected unregretfully, such rooms had of late years been disappearing, giving place to modern, cheerful furnishing and decoration, she somehow felt that this solid mansion built by old Ira Knox and inhabited by his daughter, would never, never change.

As she was reflecting thus, Reeves returned to announce that Mrs. Ballantine was coming down.

Mary well knew that this descending was intended by the lady as a preliminary snub, since it was her custom to receive those whom she treated as intimates in her sitting room upon the floor above—a chamber smaller and much less funereal than this.

A moment later Reeves again parted the heavy portieres, letting them drop into place of their own weight after Mrs. Ballantine had entered.

"How do you do, Mary," said the lady, without a note of interrogation and without offering her hand, as she rustled majestically to a fringed an-

tufted chair. Seating herself, she indicated with a gesture to Mary, who had risen, a chair fully two yards from her own. "How is your aunt, Miss Banks?"

"Quite well, I thank you," answered Mary, taking the proffered chair and placing Mrs. Ballantine's book conspicuously in her lap.

"I understood that you were working at Red Cross headquarters. Have you dropped that?" Her tone implied a criticism.

"I have not, Mrs. Ballantine."

"Ah! It was my understanding that the headquarters staff worked full time daily."

"We did until about a month ago—just after the armistice. But work is lighter now. This is my day off." Then, without waiting for an answer, she plunged in. "I have just read your book, so I came to see you."

"My book?" Mrs. Ballantine glanced at the volume in the girl's lap. "You are in error in calling it mine. Of course I was the medium through which the letters came, but it is really my son's."

In answer Mary held the book up and pointed to Mrs. Ballantine's full name in capital letters on the cover.

The other jerked her head impatiently. "The publishers' choice—not mine. If you will take the trouble to glance at the title-page you will see that my name is preceded by the words, 'Transmitted through.'"

But Mary did not turn to the title-page.

"In any case, you are responsible for the book, are you not?"

"For the book—yes. For the contents—no. If you've read it—and you say you have—you must be aware that it consists almost entirely of communications to me from my son, published at his expressed wish."

"I am aware that such a statement is made," Mary replied, keeping her voice under control, and envying Mrs. Ballantine her vitality and poise, "but does not the source of these—these messages, seem to you at least debatable?"

"Had I thought so," returned the other crisply, "I should have said so in the introduction."

"But is there any proof?"

"Of what?"

"That the letters are actually from—from your son."

"Do you mean to question my good faith?"

"No, Mrs. Ballantine. But sometimes one's subconscious mind can—"

"The letters," declared the elder woman with finality, "are from Francis."

Mary had a momentary feeling of being overcome by the sheer weight and force of blind asseveration. "She's trying to ride me down!" she thought, and in her reaction from this thought she spoke with greater intensity.

"Mrs. Ballantine, please believe that I did not come here to be impertinent. But what you have written in this book gives me a right to question you."

"It does not."

"If I am the person referred to as 'M,' I think it does. Am I?"

"Judge for yourself."

"I did judge for myself. I could not but conclude that you were charging me with having sent Presh—"

"Francis, if you please."

"Sent him to his death."

"Well?"

"I protest against such a statement—and against your having published it. It isn't true!"

"He confirms it in a letter in the book."

"But it isn't true! He couldn't have written such things."

"As to that," returned Mrs. Ballantine, with a contemptuous little smile, "I fear the preponderance of evidence is against you. The book was read before publication by such authorities as Sir Orion Hudson and Dr. Eric St. Clair of the British Association for Psychical Research, Professor Metzler of Boston, and Dr. Michael Follansbee of Chicago. Sir Orion wrote me that he considered the work the most important contribution to knowledge that had been made in

years, and that he had recommended me for the association's special gold medal. Doctor Follansbee came from Chicago expressly to see me, because the letters fitted in peculiarly with cognate work of his. Only yesterday I heard from him that I had been elected an honorary vice president of the Chicago Psychical Society. I could cite you any number of further instances of appreciation. I have received hundreds of letters. The book has gone into eleven large editions in three weeks. The press has been astonishing—stupendous. I am now arranging a lecture tour. Not that the attention focused upon me personally is anything but distasteful, but that it is so apparently my sacred duty to utilize every means at my disposal for spreading the light and the truth." She paused, eying Mary grimly; then added, "I fear, Mary, that I cannot be much impressed by your doubts."

Mary had laid the book upon the seat of the chair at her side. Her hands were working nervously in her lap.

"Those people didn't know him!" she cried.

"You will hardly say that I, his mother, didn't know him."

"I can't talk about that. But I know he never wrote those things. They never came from him. Never!" She rose, and with trembling fingers opened her bag. "You can't prove that his hand directed yours," she went on, as she drew forth the treasured letter, "and I *can* prove that he *never* wrote that of me!" She crossed and pressed the letter into Mrs. Ballantine's hand. "I can prove it—*prove* it! Read that!"

Mrs. Ballantine reached out and turned on the lamp standing upon the table at her side. She looked at the envelope; then, with complete composure, drew out the letter, opened it, and read. Mary meanwhile stood with clenched hands and burning eyes, gazing at her.

Having read, the elder woman refolded the sheets and held them out with the envelope to Mary.

"This proves absolutely nothing," she said, as the girl took them.

"But it's in his own writing!"

"His writing—yes."

"And he says he would have gone in any case."

"It was like him to say that."

"You mean you don't think he would have gone? Why would he say so then?"

"Evidently he foresaw that you might some day reproach yourself."

Mary raised a hand to her throat. "Oh, I do—I do!" she gasped. "But this must be true—or he wouldn't have written it! He never told you anything different, did he?"

"A year before he went he confided in me that he thought himself in love with you. You were not the wife for him. Evidently you felt that yourself, for later you refused him."

"But I loved him!" the girl burst in. "I loved him so!"

"Let me finish. You made him wait a year and then refused him. Why you thought it necessary to make him wait a year I cannot— However, you *did*; that's the only point we need consider here. And he went immediately to Canada and enlisted. Could anything be clearer? It's a perfectly plain case of cause and effect."

"But this letter!" cried the girl, insistently, clutching the envelope, as though only by clinging to it she could save herself from the bottomless pit.

"I should think," returned the other, "that you might get more comfort from his letter in the book. That was a very beautiful thing he said about forgiveness, Mary. Sir Orion particularly—"

"But I tell you," the other rushed on, desperately, "I don't believe the book. I don't believe a single line of it! He was gentle, modest, sensitive—there's not a word of it that sounds like him. It doesn't ring true. He can't be so changed that he would write like that—not even by death. He just can't!"

A sob tore its way out of her. She dropped into the chair, brushing the

book to the floor. "Oh, I hope," she exclaimed, brokenly—"I hope he doesn't—doesn't know about the book! Wherever he is—I hope he doesn't know!"

Mrs. Ballantine sat apparently unmoved. "This is absolutely futile," she said. "It is a strain on me—and I have my work to do. Mary, I am sorry, but I shall have to ask you to go, as soon as you are able to collect yourself. It was a mistake for me to see you."

Mary's head was bowed; her shoulders shook.

"It was a mistake for me to come," she answered, in a choking voice.

The long silence that fell upon the room was broken by the entrance of Reeves.

"Shall I put on the lights, madam?" he asked. Then, catching sight of Mary, bent over in her chair and manifestly weeping, he looked quickly away and, with the manner of one talking to cover a *faux pas*, went on, "Will you be wishing tea served this afternoon, madam?"

"No, Reeves. Nothing."

"Very good, madam."

Sedately, as always, he turned to go. As he did so there came from the hall the muffled sound of the front door, closing, followed by that of something soft and heavy falling to the floor.

Reeves accelerated his pace, lifted one portière, and passed quickly from the room. Almost instantly the two women heard him utter a startled exclamation. Then another voice spoke, saying something indistinguishable.

As Mary heard that voice she sat suddenly erect. Her eyes left the doorway only for one instant—to look at Mrs. Ballantine, who was staring at the portières with a rapt expression. As the girl's gaze returned to the doorway, she saw one heavy curtain thrust aside. In silhouette against the aura of light from the hall, was revealed a figure—the figure of a man in a military overcoat.

"Here I am, mother."

The figure took a step or two toward

Mrs. Ballantine, then, catching sight of Mary's uplifted, tear-stained face, stopped short.

"What's the matter?"

Mary heard Mrs. Ballantine gulp.

"You were expecting me?"

This time the elder woman nodded. "But not—not so soon," she murmured.

"Presh!" cried Mary, leaping to her feet. She flew toward him, but in the midst of her flight stopped short, and, running instead to Mrs. Ballantine, seized her by the arm. "It's Presh! It's Presh! He's alive! He's *alive*!"

"Alive? Of course." He came quickly to them and laid a hand upon the shoulder of each. "What did you mean, mother, when you said you were not expecting me so soon? You knew my ship—you must have got my cable." He bent and kissed her. "I was afraid about that—the Armistice and Peace Conference have clogged the lines so—but if you *did* get it—" Then, breaking off, "Why, mother, what's the matter?" Mary's eyes followed his to Mrs. Ballantine's face. The look she saw there was not that of a mother whose son, the flesh of her body, is miraculously returned to her from the dead, but of one who sees her handiwork destroyed, her beliefs shattered, her world reeling to ruins about her.

Shocked and sickened, Mary turned away.

Then, as the mother did not answer, she heard Presh say, half jestingly, "You look as though you weren't glad to see me."

That wouldn't do! When, later, he should learn about his mother's book he might remember her expression and make his own deductions. It would be horrible!

Taking him by a lapel, Mary led him a few steps away. "Don't say anything more to her now," she warned him. "It's the shock. For a year we've thought you dead. 'Killed in action,' the telegram said. And the chaplain wrote you'd been shot through the breast, and that he closed your eyes."

"Very attentive of him," said Presh. "I don't remember that part, but the shot through the breast is correct. When I regained consciousness, the Huns had me in a hospital. I was top-hole again in a month, though—fit enough to escape. Worked my way back to the Dutch frontier, but the beggars nabbed me again. Took me to a punishment camp and held me there, incommunicado. In October I fell ill. Mighty good luck, that—for the Huns sent me out with the very first batch after the armistice. In Blighty they discharged me. I cabled and sailed. . . . Oh, yes; a little scraggy, but quite all right again."

He slipped off his overcoat and tossed it to the chair on which Mary had previously sat. As he did so his foot touched something on the floor. He bent over and picked up Mrs. Ballantine's book.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, looking at the cover. "What's all this? Mother blooming out as an author? *Letters From Beyond the Front*? What on earth—?"

"Sh-h! Keep quiet!" said Mary, clutching at his arm, while with the other hand she snatched the book from him. "Never mind that now."

"But"—he turned to his mother with

a puzzled look—" *Letters from Beyond the Front*. What does it mean, mother, anyhow?"

Mrs. Ballantine looked at Mary, in her eyes a poignant appeal.

"Mary—" she whispered; but, though her lips continued to move, there came no further sound.

Now, in a sudden access of compassion, Mary felt herself for the first time in her life drawn to Mrs. Ballantine.

"Don't worry," she said. "It's going to be all right. I'll explain."

The other reached out, found Mary's hand, and pressed it.

"My sitting room," she said in a weak, husky voice.

"Do you want to go there?"

"No—you."

Comfortingly Mary patted the other's shoulder. Then she turned and laid her hand upon the olive-drab cuff, with its three stars and its stripes for service and for wounds.

"Come along, Presh dear," she said, leading him toward the doorway.

Then, glancing up into his eager eyes, and as though in recognition of something new she saw there, she half smiled and amended:

"Come, Captain Ballantine!"

CODICIL TO A WILL

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

WHEN thou hearest I am dead,
Wear no sable gown;
Don a dress of joyous red,
Show it to the town.

Weep not any tears for me
Who am gone to rest.
Smile thy silver smile; and be
On thy lips a jest.

Laughter for me, O my love.
And if I may choose,
Garb thee in the gayest of
A hundred merry hues.

LLOYD GEORGE: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT

BY PHILIP GIBBS

IT is hard for English people to speak or to write about Lloyd George without passion—passion of dislike or passion of hero worship. There have been times when most have hated him, but it is significant that the people who hated him once because of the things for which I and others liked him (his democratic audacity, his amusing vulgarity of challenge to the snob tradition of England) are now those who like him most. I hated him for his speech about the "Knock-out blow" at a time when there seemed no ending to war except by the extermination of the world's youth. I hated him afterward for helping to arrange a peace which seemed to me to guarantee the certainty of new and more dreadful war. I hated him for handing over the fate of Ireland to men like Sir Edward Carson, Hamar Greenwood, Sir John French, General Tudor, and the gang of bureaucrats and "brass hats" in Dublin Castle who tried to break the spirit of a passionate people by methods of Prussian militarism, and tried to stamp out the Sinn Fein terror by a counter-terror which stoked up its fires, put murderous hatred in the heart of every Irish youth, made martyrs of those who died, and dishonored the old fame of England by an abandonment of justice, chivalry, and the spirit of liberty for which so much of English youth had died. For that I hated Lloyd George, and sometimes I think I hate him still.

Yet, analyzing my own feelings, I find, as so many of his political opponents find, that not hatred, but admiration strangely mingled with regret, affection twisted by anger and annoyance, amusement causing laughter with a groan in it, are my dominant impressions of this

amazing little man. The straight principles of honorable men are warped under his influence. They weaken, as I have seen them, visibly, under the spell of his babe-blue eyes. Men go into his room cursing him in their hearts, determined to resist his blandishments, resolutely fixed to arguments and facts and convictions from which they will not budge. In less than an hour with him they have resisted nothing, have budged from all their fixed points, and come out looking sheepish, smiling weakly, saying, "Marvelous!" Time and time again that has happened to trade-union leaders, political critics, newspaper editors, ministers of state, generals.

I remember when he came out to France in the war. It was the time when our G. H. Q. was deeply annoyed by his way with them. Some of our generals expressed their loathing for him openly in their messes. They thought his visit was to spy out things, to make trouble. The least prejudiced were convinced that he would stop them from winning the war—though it was years afterward that the war was won, and at that time any process of "winning" was not visible to impartial observers. The inevitable happened. I saw it happen, and in private laughed. After a little while high officers were treading on one another's spurs to get a word with him, to listen to the words that fell from him. His air of simplicity, his apparent candor, his sense of honor, the keenness and alertness of his mind, were not to be resisted by them. They were like school children in the presence of an inspired schoolmaster.

Many people have had the honor of taking breakfast with Mr. Lloyd George

at No. 10 Downing Street—(Come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly!) It is a most dangerous hour to those who wish to preserve a detached judgment. When I had the honor, once, of being invited to this meal, I was very watchful of the little great man and his ménage, trying to get some insight into the secret quality of his genius. There was no ceremony to impress the stranger, but a homeliness and candor far more impressive. Mr. Lloyd George helped his guests to toast. Mrs. Lloyd George—a nice, homey woman—poured out the morning coffee. Miss Megan came down in a hurry, said, “Good morning, dad!” and attacked her bacon and eggs with the joyous appetite of youth.

“How are things going in France?” asked Mrs. Lloyd George, with a motherly sigh for all poor boys.

“Yes.” said the Prime Minister. “Dreadful mess, that last battle, wasn’t it? Haven’t heard a word about it from G. H. Q. First I heard was when I read your articles.” (Subtle flattery and pleasing to a war correspondent.)

He asked straight questions, listened (unlike most great men) to the answers, uttered indiscreet criticism of high persons, chaffed Miss Megan, passed his cup for some more coffee, groaned over the horror of war with honest emotion, laughed heartily over a comic tale of the trenches, discovered a point of fact he wanted to know—(the reason for the invitation to breakfast)—and indulged in a bright, uncomplimentary monologue about generals, war offices, and newspaper editors, until checked by Mrs. Lloyd George, who said, “Get on with your breakfast, dear.”

Going away from that meal I had a glow of personal vanity. This man, holding the fate of an empire, almost the fate of the world, in his hands, had been glad to have my views. He had listened with bright, understanding eyes to my explanation of facts. He had picked up a phrase of mine and repeated it to his wife. Is it easy to resist flattery like that? . . . It is impossible.

That candor of his blue eyes—that frankness of speech, that readiness to alter his own opinion in view of a new fact—were they just a camouflage of deep cunning, artfulness developed into a natural habit? I do not think so. There is in the soul of Lloyd George still a certain simplicity, a boyishness, natural and unfeigned. At Walton Heath, where he played golf to keep him fit during the strain of war, he used to walk round a friend’s garden with a friend’s daughter—a chit of a schoolgirl, and talk to her in a comradely way, telling her funny things that happened in cabinet meetings, ridiculing the whimsical characteristics of ministers of state, chatting about state secrets as though they were the gossip of the village green. With a felt hat thrust sideways on his shaggy locks, an old suit amazingly baggy at the knees, and a gnarled stick like a country squire, he used to stroll into this house, as I have seen him, and discuss the situation breezily with a much closer realization of the stark realities than those whom optimism blinded to truth—yet never with any sign of weariness or despair.

Once with Lord Reading and Albert Thomas, the French Minister of Labor, he came to the war correspondents’ mess in France. That was a breakfast meal, too, and he was exceedingly vivacious. I noticed that he was a keen listener to one comrade of mine who has the gift of epigrammatic speech, and made a mental note of a descriptive phrase about the battles of the Somme, which afterward he adopted as his own. So did Shakespeare use the best he heard, if Bernard Shaw is right.

One other time in the war I met Lloyd George, on a night of great honor in my life, when Robert Donald gave a dinner to me and invited many high people to the board. It was generous of the Prime Minister to come, and he was gracious and kind. Henry Nevins was there, I remember, an old friend once, and for a time a public enemy of Lloyd George. For Nevins was a

champion of the Militant Suffragettes, of whom Lloyd George was the arch-antagonist, and he had rebuked and ridiculed Nevinston with personal warmth. For other reasons this old comrade of mine, fastidious in honor, always a rebel against authority if he thought liberty were threatened, disapproved of a Prime Minister once a rebel of that kind, too, who enforced authority against free speech, conscientious objection, peace propagandists, harshly in time of war. The Prime Minister held out his hand to Nevinston with a fine air of friendliness and pleasure, and only for a second, with a little extra warmth of color creeping into the ruddiness of his face, did Nevinston hesitate before he took it. The Prime Minister's laugh was heartiest when the veteran war correspondent, alluding to my greenness in my first adventure of war (out in the Balkans), said that I did not know the difference then between a staff officer and a fool.

I had to make a speech that night—an ordeal before a Prime Minister of England, and such an orator as this one. Yet I kept my courage to the sticking point for the sake of youth that was being slain so wastefully, in such tragic masses. I wanted to tell Lloyd George the things that happen on a battlefield, the things happening in Flanders, every day, every night, in all the weeks and months of days and nights, so that he should think of the war not in the abstract, not as a conflict between great powers, but in its actual drama, as a shambles of boys, and a world of human torture. I told him how a battlefield looked on the morning of battle with its dead, its stretcher bearers searching for hunks of living flesh, the "walking wounded" crawling on the way back, falling, staggering up again, dropping again, the queues of wounded outside the casualty clearing stations, the blind boys, the men without faces, the "shell shocks." It was not I that was making the speech. It was the voice of the boys on the Western Front that spoke through my lips to this man who was to some

extent, at least, the arbiter of their fate. So it seemed to me, speaking in a trance-like way. General Smuts was by my side, and though I had been talking with him, impressed by his clear judgment and human sympathy, I forgot him then, and all others at the table, and spoke only to Lloyd George. When I finished I was aghast at my own temerity, ashamed of the emotion with which I had spoken, but he shook my hand and spoke some words which told me that he knew and understood. . . . He understands and has great sympathy with all the suffering that the cruelty of life inflicts. It is because he understands so much, feels so rightly, that one is angered when often he supports those who stand for cruelty, oppose peace and reconciliation, and defend evil forces. I believe still that in his instincts Lloyd George is always on the side of humanity and good will, though in many of his acts he compromises with the spirit of harsh reaction, makes friends too readily with the Mammon of Unrighteousness, sells some quality of his soul for political power, the safety of his office, and the advantage of immediate triumph.

A great comrade of mine in war, with whom I went on many strange adventures, used the name of Lloyd George very much as Louis XIV is said to have done that of his "brother of England"—as an irritant to the liver. This friend, an officer in the regular cavalry, typical of the English gentleman and officer of the old South African war time—a good type (perhaps the best in the world of its class and caste) but old fashioned and limited in imagination and knowledge—put all the evils of England, and even the war itself, upon the head of this little politician Lloyd George's revolutionary utterances. His Limehouse speech in which he outraged the aristocracy of England by coarse abuse and reckless libels, seemed to this cavalry officer the direct cause of all the strikes and spirit of revolt in Great Britain. His pro-Boer sympathies labeled him forever in

my friend's mind a traitor. His friendship with Jews and financial crooks involving him in the Marconi scandal "from which," said the worthy captain, "he only escaped by the skin of his teeth and the help of Sir Edward Carson," proved the moral obliquity of the little Welshman. His lip service to God and nonconformity sickened my friend as the foulest hypocrisy. He suspected strongly that he was ready to betray Sir Douglas Haig at any moment, just as he had betrayed Asquith for the sake of the Premiership, "just as he would sell the soul of his grandmother," said the cavalry officer, "for any dirty little trick in the political game."

I used to laugh heartily at these tirades. Indeed, to brighten a journey up the Albert-Bapaume road or the road to Peronne, I used to mention the name of Lloyd George apropos of the day's news, rewarded instantly by a warning of England's moral downfall under the governance of a man who bribed the working classes to work, bribed them again when they struck work, and established the most inquisitorial system of bureaucracy under which any people have been stifled. . . . Lloyd George has gone a long way from the time when he could be accused of revolutionary and subversive action, as an enemy of capital. By slow degrees, yet very surely, he was drawn over to the side of the Tory interest. More and more he surrendered to the reactionary policy, the hard materialistic outlook and rigid traditions of Conservatives like Bonar Law and A. J. Balfour, Lord Curzon, and Sir Edward Carson, and to financial Imperialists like Lord Beaverbrook, by whose underground work he had been raised to his high place. The Coalition government, founded in time of war to unite all parties in a national policy, became an assembly of tame politicians whose job was to vote solidly for any measure favored by the Prime Minister and his Conservative backers—and solidly to lean their weight against any criticism or rebellion from inde-

pendent members. There was no more difference between a Coalition Liberal and a Tory than between two tins of canned pork differently labeled. They were men disciplined to obey the government, to flock into the lobbies like sheep at the crack of the government "whips," to defend every government measure as good and holy, to attack all critics as traitors to the country. Whenever there was a by-election the Coalition Liberals were supported by the government machine, and blessed by Tory ministers of state, while Independent Liberals, the last of the Old Guard of English liberalism which had once been the glory of the nation, of Gladstonian tradition, were crushed by this unholy alliance.

The Prime Minister was the architect of this new political system which has done much to deaden the spirit of Parliament and to destroy its influence as the tribunal before which the national interests were argued and resolved. It could no longer be regarded as the safeguard of British liberty when the Cabinet possessed an autocratic power and moderate opposition was stifled by automatic majorities. It gave the extremists in the labor world their best argument. "What is the use of appealing to constitutional government," they asked, "when the House is packed by reactionary forces, cleverly organized, unrepresentative of popular will, and antagonistic to all Liberal ideas? Direct action by strikes and threats of strikes is the only method by which the right of the working classes may be enforced."

Lloyd George, as many other great men have done in the past, identifies himself with the interests of the nation, and the interests of the nation with himself. "*L'état, c'est moi!*" he says, with Louis XIV. He is perfectly aware that owing to his peculiar qualities of genius there is as yet no other leader in England who can challenge him or take his place. He is unrivaled in oratory, in debate, in quickness of wit, above all

in the knowledge which is the greatest gift of generalship and governance—when to attack and when to retreat. Always he has his ear to the ground, listening to the distant tramp of feet. Whenever it comes too near he gives ground, “according to plan,” and then with superb audacity and a sure touch attacks his enemy in an unexpected place. He retreats with the greatest grace in the world, yielding to the inevitable with a *beau geste*, as a generous gift. In debate his success is largely due to that. He grants so much of his opponents’ argument that they are stupefied by his candor and disarmed by his chivalry. As a rule, he states their side of the case with more persuasive oratory than they could dream of doing. He goes farther than they would dare. It is what he calls “taking the wind out of the enemy’s sails.” Then he breaks through their line of battle with “the Nelson touch” and destroys their last resistance with his broadsides.

This is what he most enjoys. It makes him feel young and fresh. His babe-blue eyes glow with the light of battle. It appeals to that keen sense of humor which is a large part of his power and a cause of his weakness—a double-edged weapon. For it is his sense of humor which enables him to preserve his mental poise after years of intense strain bearing down upon him from all the quarters. Anxiety, dangers, attacks from front and rear, leave him strangely unscathed because he has the gift of laughter, sees great fun in it all, a merry adventure. The pomposities of great gentleman like Lord Curzon, the preciosities of Mr. Balfour, the conceits of Winston Churchill, afford him real amusement, and when he is weary of Cabinet discussions, tired with high people, overstrained by the necessity of posing as the new Napoleon, he retires gladly to a little circle of low-class friends, and feels refreshed by their vulgarities, their lack of high morality, their cynical knowledge of life and of him. He can take his ease among

them with nothing to conceal, nothing to pretend. He knows their human frailties. They know his. They have been well rewarded by him, and hope for more. He likes their loyalty, their rich jests, their memories of old times when together they heard the chimes at midnight. . . . Mr. Lloyd George will take his place in history as the most remarkable Prime Minister of England since the time of the elder Pitt. It is possible, also, that he will take his place in history as the man who, by surrendering his ideals at the time when the world was crying out for spiritual leadership, helped Europe fall into moral degradation and material ruin.

Yet time and time again during those three years of history his old instincts of idealism have revealed themselves momentarily. He made a bid for peace with the Russian people by which Bolshevism might have been defeated, but surrendered to Winston Churchill’s military adventures on behalf of Kolchak, Denikin, Wrangel, and others, which consolidated the power of Trotzky, intensified the Red Terror, and broadened its areas of agony. In dealing with the problem of German reparations, he argued with the French government for a reasonable policy which would give Europe a chance of recovery and enable the German people to pay according to possibility. But he surrendered to the French militarists in their threat to occupy the Ruhr, acknowledging as he did so that if this “sanction” were fulfilled German industry would “wither” and with this withering all hopes of European regeneration would be quite blighted.

He made fair offers of conciliation with Ireland, but frustrated all efforts of moderate men for peace by approving the policy of reprisals, strengthening the powers of the counter-terror, refusing to listen to all pleas for mercy, yielding all methods of statesmanship to the stupidity of “brass-hat” brains, dealing with the Irish people, of whom a hundred thousand men had fought by our side

in the war, and whose soul has been heroic through a thousand years of history, as though they were rebel "niggers" of a slave-driving power. Whatever peace may come to Ireland by the time this article is published, it will not be due to Lloyd George, once the young David who fought against the tyrant to liberty, but to men who so loved England that they could not bear the thought of her dishonor, as we were dishonored by the madness and badness

of our acts in Ireland. The atrocious evil of Sinn Fein, the ferocity and cruelty of its guerrilla warfare, were caused by no peculiar devil in the Irish people, though the devil took possession of the worst of them, but our long injustice the falsity of our political leaders, the irreconcilable fanaticism of men like Sir Edward Carson, and the light-hearted cynicism of men like F. E. Smith, now Lord Birkenhead, Lord Chancellor of England.

VESTIGIA

BY BLISS CARMAN

I TOOK a day to search for God,
And found Him not. But as I trod
By rocky ledge, through woods untamed,
Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
I saw His footprint in the sod.

Then suddenly, all unaware,
Far off in the deep shadows, where
A solitary hermit thrush
Sang through the holy twilight hush—
I heard His voice upon the air.

And even as I marveled how
God gives us Heaven here and now,
In a stir of wind that hardly shook
The poplar leaves beside the brook—
His hand was light upon my brow.

At last with evening as I turned
Homeward, and thought what I had learned
And all that there was still to probe—
I caught the glory of His robe
Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Back to the world with quickening start
I looked and longed for any part
In making saving Beauty be. . . .
And from that kindling ecstasy
I knew God dwelt within my heart.

THE MAISON CADWALLADER

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

WHEN old Mr. Moultrie Cadwallader married Nonie Beale nobody was especially enchanted. The friends of the bride were surprised to the verge of disapproval. Bobby Shanklin, the nephew of the bridegroom—the one who planted his St. Martin's parish place on shares—testified that he distinctly heard his uncle Moultrie's Malacca cane rap out as it stumped up the aisle, "No fool like an old fool, no fool like an old fool!"

It was well and abundantly known that the grown-up Cadwallader children were furious. Chatham came posting down (as they still say in Southern parts) from Boston, where he had married and gone into a solid law firm, and was understood to have done very well, both ways. Veronica converged on the family with equal rapidity from the Florida health resort where she spent much of her nomadic year. Rumors of extraordinarily frank scenes—really psychical nudes—leaked out. After much plain speaking and similarly plain, though complicated, writing on legal documents Mr. Cadwallader's offspring consented to tender the bride a forefinger of limp, but undoubted, welcome.

"I shall send Nonie a bottle of my emergency cordial I keep in case of rattlesnakes," observed the bride's cousin, Mary Pleasance. "If Veronica kissed her in that spirit, she might need it. What on earth is she marrying again for, anyhow?"

She's doing it for her daughter, for Norah, of course," said Sam Pleasance, her kinsman, soberly.

As far as that involved nexus, a human motive, may be reduced to a simple statement, Sam Pleasance had touched

the truth. There was a good deal of psychology to be learned in his trade, which was insurance.

When, rather more than a year after his second marriage, old Mr. Moultrie Cadwallader departed this life, again nobody was particularly gratified. He himself found the wrench surprisingly severe. The experiment, upon which he had entered with a drastically tempered optimism which had survived much disillusionment, had turned out so unbelievably well. He had rather expected to find in the fresh and comely woman of thirty-seven, who was still full of that spring of youth which he had been accustomed to associate with gushing egotism, a good bargainer. It would have been natural. Had not his children always protected their own interests? He had anticipated a partner who would treat him honestly, but without much chivalry. He had found instead—well, he had found a woman.

He had caught himself doing surreptitious, almost shy things, to surprise the response in her candid gray glance; things, he told himself with a half-cynical chuckle, a courting young man might do. One incident had shot through his cynicism. When he discovered that she had sent her young daughter to boarding school, not because she could now afford to do so, but because she suspected that the girl's presence, just at first, might be unwelcome to him, he realized that Nonie had every intention of playing fair. He watched the two together when Norah came home for the holidays. Their relation, he told himself, was very nice, very nice indeed. After the first moment in her mother's arms Norah had turned to him and

boldly pressed her pink-petal lips to his astonished cheek.

"Thank you for the horse," she said, the prim words colored by an altogether ingratiating smile. "I enjoyed him very much."

"The horse?" echoed Nonie.

"We have a riding class, and"—she hesitated for the right title—"he sent me a horse all to myself. He is a lovely horse with a *wonderful* tail. His name is Dolph."

Under the soft recognition in the eyes of mother and daughter Mr. Cadwallader found himself pervaded by an embarrassed but entirely acceptable warmth. This was what the head of a house ought to be—the fount of benefits, the disburser of favors, gently acknowledged. He left his domestic pedestal reluctantly, but too suddenly, to do the substantial something for Norah which he had been contemplating. What had definitely crystallized the decision was the discovery that this idealistic damsel considered the limp and the cane which he had worn since the last battle of "The War," in which battle he had been probably the youngest combatant, in the light of a decoration rather than a blemish.

"You mustn't forget him. He was most kind to you," Norah's mother told her. She herself was full of a regret which, a year ago, she would hardly have believed possible. As she grew older she was coming to regard kindness, just plain kindness, as others regard beauty or art or the ideal.

"He was the nicest man I ever knew," the girl flared out. "You never half appreciated him."

Hers was the most outspoken grief in the family, although Veronica squeezed out a few dramatic tears. Her brother decided that she was becoming more febrile than ever. Had she not been born in a circle where to refrain from giving oneself away is a sacred tradition, she would have been a born ranter.

He watched also, but more guardedly,

his stepmother. If she knew the contents of the will, she was carrying the affair off very well, and with perfect regard to appearances.

As a matter of fact, she had always known. Mr. Cadwallader had bought rather dearly his avoidance of a feud. He had been influenced also by a perhaps exaggerated sense of justice toward his children. The bulk of his property went to them. To his second wife he left a few thousands outright, a moderate income for her life, and the use of the house and furniture.

She had worked out her plans. She would live very quietly in a corner of the "mansion," as Veronica called it. She would insure her life for Norah's benefit, and the larger part of her income would go to pay the premiums.

Without being embittered, Nonie had little confidence in the kind mercies of the world. By the time she had found it necessary to eke out her resources by giving music lessons, she had lost so many illusions that she had hardened herself to the effort. But it was different for Norah. She was not the fighting kind. Nonie could endure the thought of the inevitable pangs of womankind for her, because these brought their reward. But when she woke early of a cold morning, what she could not endure was the vision of her little daughter marching out into the indurate business world, with a hungry future imminent around the corner. That was the morrow which must not be.

She had positively liked Mr. Cadwallader. He was an interesting person, and distinctly handsome. She had married him without repugnance, even with a satisfaction in being once again made much of. But the fact remains that she accepted him rather hurriedly one chilly and disheartening day.

It was Sam Pleasance, her good friend and cousin, who dealt her the blow for which, although she fancied that she had pondered everything, she was totally unprepared.

"So you can't insure me?" she asked.

"The doctor finds out that there is something the matter with my heart?"

"It doesn't mean . . . You'll live forever, you know. People with heart trouble always do."

"So they say." She gave him a pale smile. "I understand perfectly. It isn't anything immediately dangerous, but it's enough to justify your company in refusing me. I'm not what they call a good risk. Don't look so guilty, Sam; it isn't your fault. Only—what am I to do? This was to provide for the child."

"Put into the bank, each year, the amount you meant to pay out."

"That will do very well if I do live forever. But suppose I die in the next few years?"

"Oh, you won't," he scoffed, encouragingly. He got up and strolled through her double drawing-room, across the transverse dining room beyond, and into the piazza, along one side of which an interminable row of French windows extended. He found it too painful to sit still, looking at her.

"What a house for an intrigue!" he grinned. "Big as all outdoors." The glow of an idea brought him back. "Here's your solution. Turn it into one of those betwixt and between tourist places—quiet and deuced expensive. Everybody is swearing at the Arundel. Old Mrs. Arundel won't spend a cent to make a dollar."

"I might as well try to run an engine. I haven't had any experience."

"Nobody believes in expert management more than I do. Mary has—"

"But she has managed the Arundel for years. I couldn't—"

"She's leaving. Besides, she isn't a peon. And being your cousin will make all the difference. Think it over."

By a singular coincidence, Mary, wearing an expression of quelled excitement on her stately features, dropped in during the afternoon. She actually used her home accent instead of that slightly Northern intonation which she was accused of cultivating as part of her professional assets.

It was a crowded and peripatetic call. At last Mary emerged from the highly technical trance into which she had gone in the middle of the second-story piazza, and delivered her mind.

"That immense garden will be a drawing card. The house will do. This wing is arranged in two suites already."

"Those are the rooms Chatham and Veronica use. They are kept for them."

"Best rooms in the house," commented Mary. The names reminded her that she was, in a manner of speaking, in a house of mourning. She turned down the corners of her mouth and gazed abstractedly over the slope dotted with magnolia trees. The wind stirred them, and the river flashed between their firm leaves like a school of silver fish.

"Do you know," she said, suddenly, "you'll be a drawing card, too. I'll attend to the housekeeping end, but you must receive the guests. It takes a lady for that."

"But, Mary, you—"

"I was once. But you make people feel what very nice people they must be. And you can get anything you want in this life by flattery, judiciously applied. Are you going to call the place The Cadwallader?"

"Oh no! I'm sure Chatham and Veronica wouldn't like that. Why not after the river?"

"Ribault Hall, Ribault Lodge—that would do," mused Mary. "But if you are going to mind everything that Chatham and Veronica won't like, you'll have your hands full."

While Mr. Lawrence Reed of Boston made a slow recovery from a bad bronchial cold and was considering some quiet Southern place, his friend, Mr. Edmund Saunders, ran across him at the club and mentioned Ribault Lodge. By the club is understood, naturally, that one of the half dozen to which Mr. Reed belonged, membership in which corresponds to a place in the court set in less democratic countries. In Boston one is

born, not made, and especially not self-made, but to belong to the Cenotaph is to be twice born.

"A place called Winton, dead as the desert," explained Mr. Saunders. "I believe that climber, Chatham Cadwallader, comes from there—I understand he's maneuvering to get somebody to put him up here—fancy—but that ought not to be held against it. Sort of demisemitropical. Priceless asparagus, grown across the river. Nothing to do, of course, but fish. Rather beautiful. Suit you down to the ground."

One morning, therefore, Mr. Reed faced at Ribault Lodge an agreeable impression. Much of it came directly from a lady of just the right age, who had doves' eyes within her locks, and who made him feel that he must be looking quite his best. Ordinarily he would have protested that, in his depleted state of health, he could not and would not climb stairs, but under the persuasiveness of this lady he found himself, before realizing it, in a petticoated wing chair, looking out of a second-story window. A white sail floated by and threatened to come in over the sill. As he got up a surge of green rose, too. A haunting whiff, faintly sumptuous, ascended with it.

"Is it possible," asked Mr. Reed, stirred, "that that whole *hedge* is—are gardenias? But this is—is too heinously beautiful!"

"Cape jessamine, we call them. So pretty for buttonholes," murmured the soft voice behind him. Mr. Reed capitulated.

A few days later he wrote, according to his neat habit, in his diary:

To be made at home without domesticity, without the threat of the impending knock. Already I hope that this good lady, who has so humane a sense of living and letting live, may not be inspiring me with an undue curiosity. That wastes time. Query: Had St. Anthony's visions withheld themselves except as influences that ministered to his comfort, would he have been (1) grateful? (2) piqued?

He had met in rather an involuntary manner most of the people in the Maison Cadwallader, as he named it. The others he knew intimately through a young man who was Bobby to everybody, down to the dogs; a young man who did not live at the Lodge, but kept one foot on the opposite bank of the river.

"So you are responsible for the priceless asparagus?" Mr. Reed inquired.

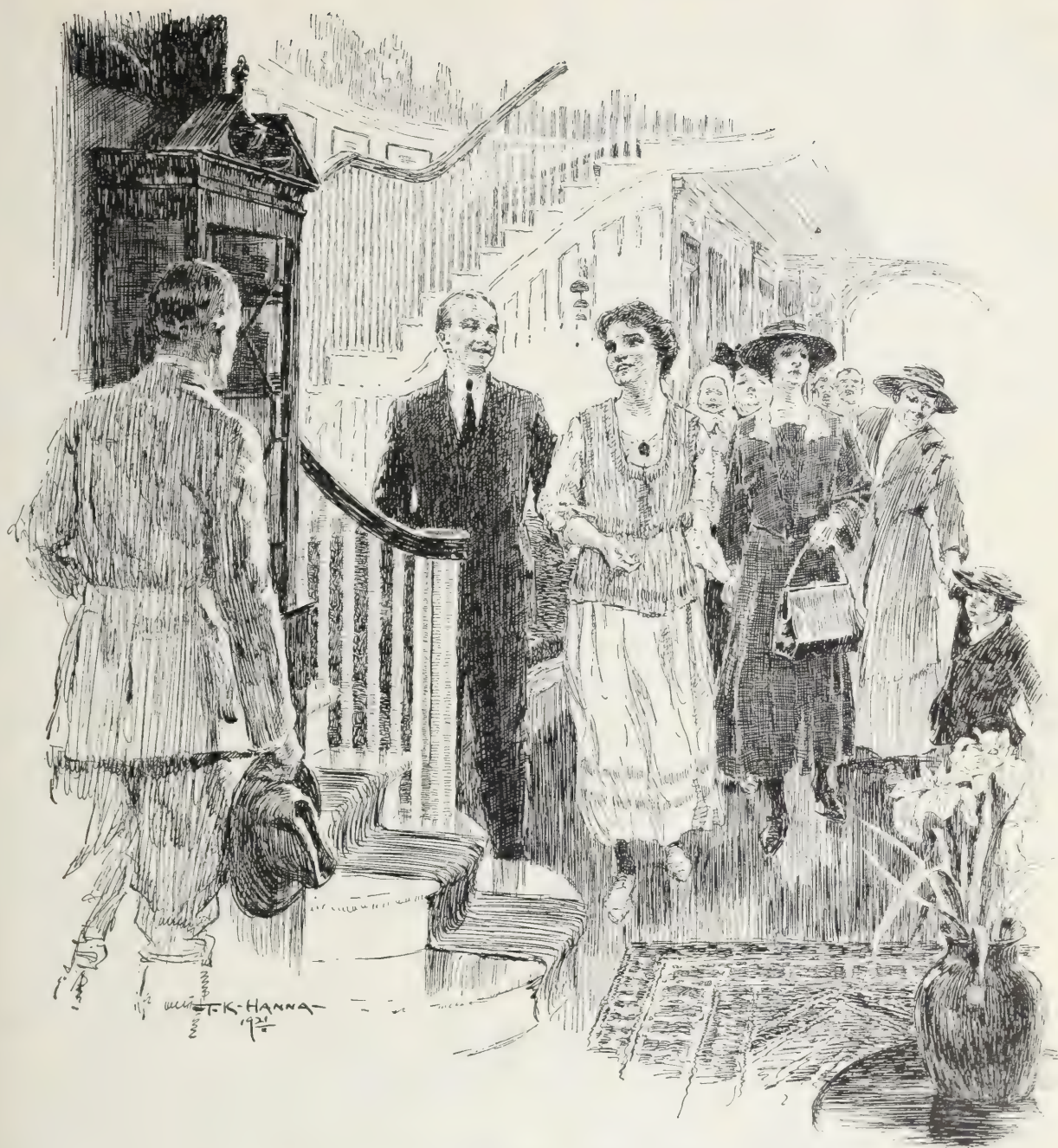
"No," answered the young man, almost tenderly. "In this climate God is responsible. But you might say that I am his prophet."

Bobby Shanklin was not a gossip, but personalities exuded from him. Mr. Reed absorbed, by a process of thought transference—much of Bobby's thinking being done aloud—a thorough comprehension, for example, of the weird sisters, the Knoxes. These were devotees of the occult, their control being a feckless creature whom they called, simply, Greataunt Emma, and who expressed herself by means of automatic writing, any friend of the Knoxes serving as automaton.

Besides several married couples who played bridge with one another, there seemed to be the usual number of unattached, well-dressed women. There was also a mouse-mannered English maiden named Landor, who had accompanied her bridge-playing parents half over the globe, and was said to be mousey in several languages. Mr. Sam Pleasance found her reticent trick of blushing when spoken to almost indecently complimentary to a man of his age.

It may sum up the nature of Mr. Reed to admit that, though he was, yet he was not altogether, of the Lady of Shalott temperament. Without caring to be active in it, he vibrated to the whole human comedy. He was a recluse, but not a hermit—a hermit being a person who lacks inquisitiveness; Mr. Reed, in a perfectly nice way, was full of it.

Like most philosophers, he lived in a



PEOPLE WERE SURGING IN FROM THE PIAZZA

condition of recurrent wonder at the mordantly humorous contrast between the basic impulses which motivate the race and carry it on, and the conspiracy of formal amenity which covers them. As a matter of fact, what interested him most was the covering, the decent top branches of the racial jungle.

While politely taking off his hat to a broadening age, he was perfectly well aware that the well-found past had got him. "Like the grandson of Ninon de l'Enclos." The patina of time and human experience were everything to him. He was a liaison officer between the far-

away and the contemporary. This, he assured himself, was all that he was fit for.

He was that not unusual type, a rather humble man of heart, who produces the impression of being very sure of, and distinctly pleased with, himself. There had been curious passages in his life where this chosen detachment of his had crossed the conflicting lines of the aforesaid heart. The ordinary observer would also have set him down as a fastidious person to whom the communal life would have been in any case distasteful. As it was, Mr. Reed found in it a mild excitement. If people no

longer met at wayside inns and unbosomed themselves of the stories of their lives, as cocoons send forth their silk moths, at least the deft-fingered manipulator could with singularly little trouble unwind their experiences.

If the impression has been given that Mr. Reed in any way resembled a long-nosed Paul Pry, a grave injustice has been done him. He merely liked people. After all, have the greatest reformers of the world succeeded in doing much more than that?

One person whom he began particularly to affect was the young Norah Beale. She, like himself, was recovering from a slight illness, and was filling an enforced holiday with the same gentle activities of fishing and wandering. They fell into the custom of spending long hours on the river, in the shabby boat that Norah called the *Trus'-in-Gawd*. She was not a chatterbox, and her occasional excursions into speech he enjoyed. He considered her an original thinker. Impressions came out of the machinery of her mind different from the way in which they went in. The first morning she had paused on their way through the garden to watch a family of five cardinals chasing one another through the spray of the fountain. It was a hideous fountain, with a mournful female figure of bronze holding up an umbrella in the middle of it, but the cardinals did what they could to redeem it, and a thick circle of white iris around the basin seconded their efforts.

"The little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west," observed Norah, thoughtfully. "I wonder why they never sang north nor south."

About a fortnight after his installation Mr. Reed came downstairs one forenoon, a half smile of anticipation giving a tilt to his sensitive features. It came to him as an interruption that Mrs. Cadwallader, instead of being in the little office at the back of the staircase, where he had formed the habit of dropping in daily, was the center of a commotion which was taking place at the wide entrance door-

way. Several people, certainly not strangers, were surging in from the piazza. After a second he recognized the large, fair, self-assertive person who held Mrs. Cadwallader's arm with an exaggeration of good will. With Chatham Cadwallader he had the slightest of acquaintances. Their circles in Boston sometimes cut across each other.

Behind the two came one of those groups which, when sorted out, surprise by their comparative smallness. There was first a very pretty, tired woman in severely correct traveling garb. Then a worried maid, more severe, holding by the hand a squirming child of three or thereabouts, who had an evident gift for self-expression. Last a portly, pudgy-faced woman ambled in like a large wave, bearing a muffled baby on its crest. To Mr. Reed came a flash of remembrance. The Luxembourg Gardens, children on the paths, twin sisters of this female seated on the benches performing their pseudo-maternal duties with a sublime disregard of the public eye. Vaguely missing something, he decided that it must be the exuberant ribbons of the Parisian *nou-nou*. They, of course, had been trimmed and curtailed as being too flamboyant for a true Boston household.

Mr. Reed would not have been the product of his environment had not a gleam of amused appreciation crossed his mind that, excellent as the imitation was, it was not true Boston at all. At least it was not his Boston. Mrs. Chatham Cadwallader's family belonged to one of those amorphous groups which to the outsider exhibit all the marks of authenticity, but which to the initiated lack the essentials. They are in society, but not of it. Mrs. Chatham's father, for instance, would never have dreamed of the Cenotaph. Her mother was not imaginably related to any of the Reed connection. Mrs. Reed might have received her at one of her larger functions, but she would not have invited her—ever—into the nursery to admire little Lawrence. Naturally Chatham, being a

stranger, did not know this. In marrying he had believed that he was getting the real thing in circles. Ever since, as Mr. Saunders had implied, he had worked shrewdly and without ceasing to bring his circumference nearer to the center. This was current history.

Chatham greeted Mr. Reed with a blending of pleasure and deference which was undoubtedly winning. He was always an ingratiating companion.

Outside, a scowling Norah waited. She trudged silently beside Mr. Reed. Not until she was in the boat and had selected a limp semicircle of fringed gray shrimp from the basket of bait did she open her lips.

"Sometimes I wish I had a vacant stair like the one Lady Clara Vere de Vere fixed, so I could slay the people I really disliked, and hide them on it."

"Eh?" ejaculated her friend.

"She must have stabbed him there and then shut the place up," mused Norah. "'There was that across his throat that you had hardly cared to see,' you know. That may have been the

rats. Sometimes I wish all our staircases weren't so much frequented."

"I hope you don't want to stab anybody."

"I might," said Norah, darkly.

From these arrivals Mr. Reed afterward dated the change in the atmosphere. Up to this time it had been drowsy, but balmy and—safe. There were no ambushes. It had been pervaded with a sense of good manners and good feeling, and a perfect suppression of the domestic machinery. This appealed to him. He had no curiosity regarding such matters, and hated to keep house along with his hostess.

Personally, he liked Chatham, as a cat likes being stroked. Chatham's stroke was a gift. Hang the fellow! He had read his books, and could even talk about the one now under way—a little travel study, with the modest title, *By-Street and Backwater*—without becoming offensive. They had some similar interests, one of them being the integrity of the Common. After all, climbing was no crime. Had not the most sacred of American stylists admitted that a social



"I WISH I COULD SLAY THE PEOPLE I DISLIKE"

position might be a legitimate object of pursuit?

It happened that a padded wicker chair, set in just the right relation to the sun and commanding a view of the beloved water, stood in such a position between Mrs. Cadwallader's office on one side, and a pantry on the other side, where Miss Pleasance performed delicate culinary rites, that occasional whiffs of information reached him. It was not a listening post. Had it been, Mr. Reed's strict sense of self-respect would have forced him to break the insinuating ties of use and wont which already bound him to it. It was merely an infrequent receiver of stolen goods. Almost any seat on a piazza is liable, through no fault of its own, to find itself in such an invidious position.

Not many days after he had heard Norah's bloodthirsty interpretation of Tennyson, Mr. Reed, seated in this accustomed chair, was awakened from a day dream in which trout and the rhythm of a haunting prose phrase agreeably mingled, by hearing the following words from around the corner. At first he failed to place the voice.

"They seem to feel it very much. They seem always to have been so—well, so *choice* in their home life. The sister has been made quite *ill* by it. It must be hard to see your mother's things used by strangers."

"My dear Miss Muriel," Sam Pleasance's robust tones broke in, "I happen to know that most of the things here came from old Mrs. Coles, Chatham's father's first cousin, who collected everything, from gate tables to glass stoppers. They pretty well looted the house of 'mother's things' after she passed on. You needn't break your heart about them." He paused; then, with an absolutely different intonation, "How would you— How would it strike you, living in this part of the world?"

Mr. Reed reluctantly rose and drifted away. He evaded a bridge group. His game, being sociable without being chatty, was in demand. He rounded the

garden and returned to his seat just in time to hear Miss Pleasance's moderately high-pitched notes floating from the open window of her pantry.

"Well, this is a blow."

"I feel like a dog," came the heated response of the young man Bobby. "But the place isn't mine. I have to take orders. I laid it before Chatham in plain figures that by selling to Ribault Lodge we cut out the freight charges—the boat has to come over to town in any case—the commissions, and so on. Nothing doing. He insists that I'm to charge the market price, or near it. Puts it on ethical grounds—unfair to undersell local farmers. Rot! Much he cares."

In the subsequent silence a tray was set down smartly. "I never said that it was your fault, but, considering that we take practically everything we use—chickens, and all—"

"I know it's enough to make you hate me," came the broken accents of the bearer of evil tidings. "Oh, Mary—"

Conscience again drove Mr. Reed forth. He would have been shocked had he realized that his ears were beginning to resemble Donatello's.

After this, however, he woke each morning with the mild exhilaration of knowing that he was living over two centers of emotional disturbance, and that each of them contained enough middle-aged elements to furnish him with a sort of Rosetta Stone to their due appreciation. His preoccupation with these made him perhaps a little dense to other wafts. For the next month he would have said that nothing in particular happened. He was aware only of a growing discomfortable change that sent him oftener to the river or to his own rooms. His book profited. Finishing touches, as he knew, were as much dependent on uninterrupted leisure and the sense of security as is the success of an old man's love affair. At least he had that.

Certainly Miss Knox's revelation came as a surprise.

He rather affected Miss Jeanie. She was a living proof of his theory that



"I CONSIDER THIS A DESPERATE SITUATION"

each of us is given a certain amount of consciousness, and is at liberty to build any sort of a personal world by filling it with good sense. Miss Jeanie, born with a taste, but no appearance, for romance, had built hers out of the Unknown. Miss Adeline, the younger sister, hovered between the two worlds. She was decorative, and Norah had once observed that her mouth was exactly like a painted ship upon a painted ocean, only not so idle.

One twilight, Mr. Reed was intercepted, like Macbeth, on the way home. Miss Jeanie suddenly materialized from behind a clump of pampas grass, raising a mysterious hand.

"Something evil is going on," she announced, in a tragic whisper. "*Don't* you feel that there is something different in the feeling of the whole house, Mr.

Reed? It used to be almost too pleasant. Adeline has often said—she's almost a wit, don't you think?—that an atmosphere like a benediction is all very well, but a little scrap of real gossip once in a while is refreshing. But everything was as kind and—loving as possible, wasn't it, Mr. Reed?"

"Approximately, yes," assented her companion.

"And it's growing so different. Only yesterday Mrs. Landor hinted that she had heard some horrid rumor about that nice Mr. Pleasance, in a business way. You know those nice English people think business is a sort of pity under the best of circumstances. Anyhow, they are going soon, and it is just to take the girl away from him. And the Baxters are implying that the faint, pluff-mud odor from the river, which is the healthi-

est thing in the world, may really be drains. Drains are his fad. He goes about snuffing in the most *indelicate way*, I think. And there was never such dissension as in the last week, over the new auction rules. And she says—"

"She?"

"Great-aunt Emma."

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Reed. Miss Knox's bestowal of the feminine gender on her control was rather sweet. One could not have expected her to remain on such intimate terms with anything masculine, not even with a possible Great-uncle Nathaniel who knew no guile.

"Oh, Mr. Reed, this is the worst. Have you ever suspected that pretty little Mrs. Burrell had a *story*?"

"Who told Miss Adeline that?"

"Great-aunt Emma. It seems that her husband treated her badly—flirted," uttered Miss Knox, chastely. "They were divorced before his death, and he seems to be going on in just the same way now. He and Mr. Train's late wife have been sending over the most *embarrassing* messages about how well and happy they are. Quite too much so, as Mr. Cadwallader said later. He is so psychic. Don't you think so? I shouldn't be surprised if she went, too. She was quite overcome."

"I don't wonder," said Mr. Reed, disgustedly.

"You are psychic, too. I know you are. Now won't you just try to be receptive, and tell me if you don't feel some curse, some evil influence at work? Or do I just imagine things?"

If she did, so did he, Mr. Reed decided, after a period of receptivity. Undoubtedly the pleasant family party was undergoing one of those waves of irritation to which families are notoriously subject. Even the gradual emptying of the house failed to clear the air. Mr. Reed's search for the center of infection led him first, unjustifiably, to the gossip-loving Miss Adeline. Then Mrs. Chatham came under suspicion. Her apathy acquitted her. She was in deli-

cate health, and too much uninterested in her housemates to wish to set them by the ears. She monopolized her husband so far as he allowed it, and spent the rest of her time over rather "advanced" novels. She was admired, but hardly popular, the impression going abroad that she might have exerted herself more to be agreeable had the company been better worth her while. Her children she frankly abandoned to their attendants.

Some of the aerial disturbance may have come from this quartette. Mr. Reed learned to enjoy the little boy's shrill piping out in the garden, and to watch him darting about the flower beds, but the maid and her perpetual scowl he heartily disliked. As for the baby—well, as Sam Pleasance mentioned, one expects a baby to take up more room than an elephant, and, besides, it wasn't so much the baby as the nurse, of whom the baby was the merest incident. That imperturbable woman had brought with her the Luxembourg recognition of the facts of nature. It became a matter of ingenuity to avoid the view of her blocking the vista like a substantial statue of Charity. The Misses Knox were scandalized several times a day. They became distant in their manner to Mrs. Chatham, and even hinted that Mrs. Cadwallader ought really to keep her own house in better order.

Something was undoubtedly wrong. As one by one the guests dropped away, Mr. Reed began to share the general gloom. He even began to contemplate following their example. His book was done. His work on it was degenerating into titivation. His cough had departed long ago, and he was putting on a delicate film of flesh. There was really no reason why he should linger. In spite of his physical well-being, there were times when he felt curiously unhappy.

In his extremity he turned to the unfailing cheerfulness of Chatham. This young man's spirits seemed to go up as those of others fell. Mr. Reed found himself positively looking forward to

Chatham's society, to his audacious stories, the whimsical things he did.

One afternoon they were pacing the Lady's Walk, on the broken flagstones that divided it from the river bank. A cluster of pink azaleas at the waterside leaned over their more beautiful reflections. A light mist came trailing down the path, and behind it shambled the old gardener, dragging his rake.

"Unc' Peter!" called Chatham, sharply. "Don't you step off the walk to let the lady go by?" He removed his hat ceremoniously, stood aside, and watched an imaginary lady pursue her stately progress past him, bowing profoundly as she came opposite.

Uncle Peter stood petrified. Then, suddenly regaining the use of his limbs, he made a wild gesture with the rake and fled in the contrary direction.

Chatham chuckled. "A long-lost relative of mine is supposed to take the air along this path. Several of the family have sworn to her. By to-morrow Peter will."

"I could now," said Mr. Reed.

After this his fanciful spirit added a thread of spookiness to the household discomfort. He noticed now that the smile with which his hostess received his daily call was a trifle less spontaneous—less young, was the word. But she still maintained that air of confidently facing life which from the beginning had so greatly attracted him. She must, he decided, have suffered a great deal to have emerged with that inner, lighted source of gentle equanimity.

One day after breakfast he dropped into the office for the greeting that set him right for the day, quite as though he had verified his lagging watch by her steady sun time. He always looked forward to the pretty outline of her smooth fair hair, and the smooth lines of her arms against the long window light. Instead he found his view intercepted

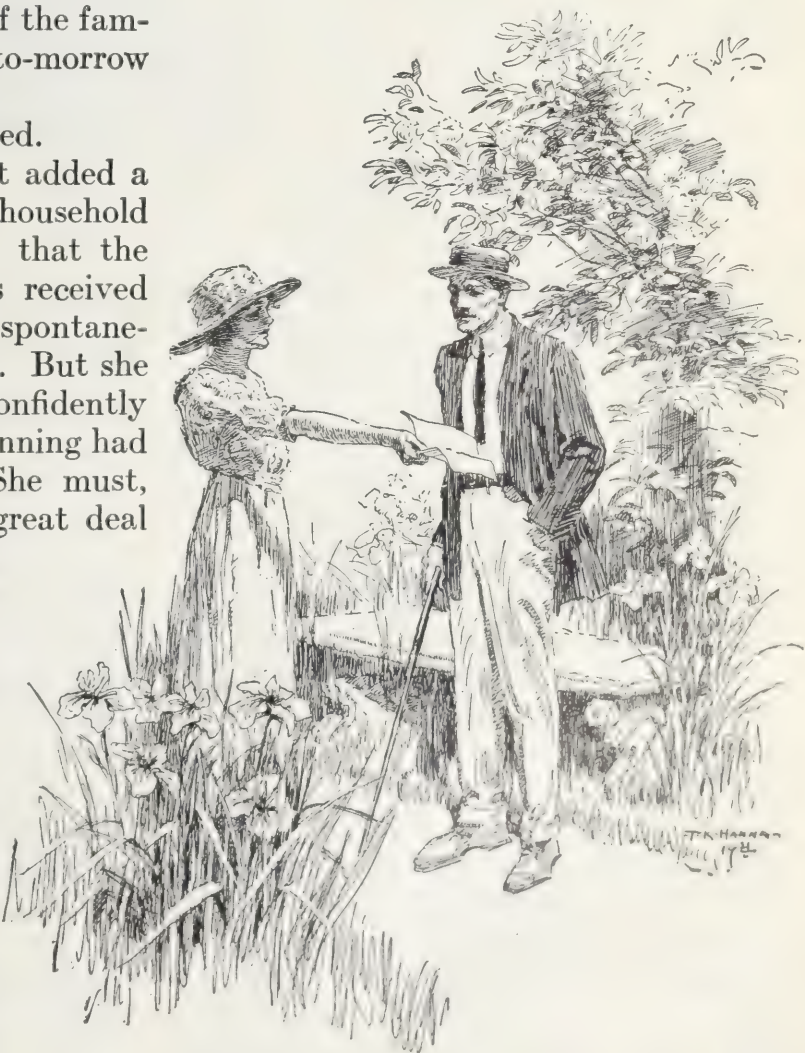
by the stately sweep of Miss Pleasance leaning over the figure at the desk.

"You haven't made the bill out? You mean that you don't intend to send Mr. Cadwallader any account at all? What *do* you mean?"

Mrs. Cadwallader did not look up. She moved a paper nervously. "I—don't think he expects one."

Mr. Reed prepared to vanish. Miss Pleasance straightened, and, with her mouth still open for the peremptory words which she had been on the point of making, motioned him to close the door.

"Come in, please," she said, firmly. "I consider this a desperate situation—nothing can be more desperate than an obstinately sentimental woman—and I hope you won't mind acting as a desperate remedy. What Nonie needs, Mr. Reed, is a dose of hard common sense



"IT'S WHAT THEY CALL A HUMAN DOCUMENT"



"NONIE, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD BRING YOURSELF TO MARRY ME?"

from an intelligent *man*. Nothing a woman can say will have any effect whatever."

"Mary!" cried Mrs. Cadwallader, raising her outraged face, and a voice that blushed to match.

"Things have gone too far," continued the accuser, in her bitterly controlled tone. "This is the turning point of our business. If Nonie insists upon behaving in this way we might as well give it up. Sit down. I'm going to tell you all about it. You are the most understanding person I know."

It was borne in upon Mr. Reed that while he had been watching cross-currents his own little eddy had not been unobserved. He recognized in Miss Pleasance one of those rare spirits who can afford to jump preliminaries, or at least take them in her stride. Besides this he was conscious of knowing her

unjustifiably well. Moreover, a deep admiration for her flair as a reader of character awoke in him. His quality of understanding bubbled up to meet her certainty of it, like water toward the clairvoyant hazel wand.

In a reasonably few words she told him all about it. Only once did he glance at the offending partner. This was when Mary was explaining that the reason why Nonie was killing herself over accounts and such worries, instead of living like a lady on her income, was because of that child, Norah's, future. Then the look he surprised gave him an unaccountable pang of loneliness, of being left outside.

"We were doing splendidly," Miss Pleasance resumed. "Our arrangement was that I was to receive a salary, and, besides, a percentage of the profits—"

"Oh, Mary, I never intended to let

you suffer. Of course I mean to make that up to you."

"How?" demanded Miss Pleasance, witheringly. "You needn't imagine that I'd take a *present* from you—though it's nice of you to offer." A gleam of affection softened her dissatisfied face. "I accept my percentage if there is one, or not at all. Well, first it was Veronica. And a maid. And a 'few friends' whenever she wanted to entertain. And a trained nurse part of the time. When she isn't wallowing in a new religion she's sampling a new disease—"

"Let me explain," Mrs. Cadwallader broke in. "Veronica has always been in the habit of coming here for a long visit to her father, during the season." (So they had a toy season in this quaint place.) "And Chatham and his family came in the spring. Their rooms were always kept just for them."

"The best rooms," interpolated Mary. "And these customs of theirs are evidently to be kept up for the balance of their lives. And they are both ever so much richer than she is. I must say, delicacy can be carried entirely too far."

"Do you mean," asked Mr. Reed, slowly, "that they have not offered to make any—pecuniary return for—"

"Of course not!" exploded Miss Pleasance. "That's the point. And Nonie is afraid of hurting their feelings by intimating—"

"But have they any legal claim—"

"None whatever. The place is Nonie's for her lifetime. Delicacy!" scoffed Miss Pleasance, with a lifted nose which relegated that elegant virtue to the position of an unsavory folly. "And Chatham has actually raised the price of his produce from across the river."

"That place—is Cadwallader's?"

"Mary!"

"I intend to present the facts just as they are. And—"

"But this is—is—shocking," began Mr. Reed. The opening door silenced him. In the frame stood little Norah, regarding them with her wise, lazy eyes.

As he made his escape into the garden

he found her beside him. She had the manner of a well-bred child, without a scrap of the self-consciousness or the archness which he associated with the female adolescent and which tainted even so shy a specimen as Miss Landor. They could be speechless together very comfortably. This time, however, she did not intend to be.

"I'm glad that you are so furious about it," she said, companionably.

Mr. Reed shook his head helplessly. He had fondly believed that he was dissembling the seething indignation that was giving his pace the smartness of a boy's. She handed him two of the three letters which she was carrying—she often brought him his mail—and he absently thrust them into his coat pocket. As she went on talking she looked down at the open sheet which she had retained, twisting it thoughtfully in her fingers.

"Miss Knox is perfectly right," she said, suddenly. "There is a curse on the house. Only—she doesn't know what it is, and I do."

So did he. A multitude of flickers were converging into a point of illumination. The girl checked them off, noting the agreement in his expression, thrown off its guard.

"You know about Veronica? Now Chatham, in a whole wing. Then the poultry and truck that Bobby sends over, put up ever so much. But that wasn't enough."

"No?" said Mr. Reed, fascinated.

"We might have pulled through on the other people. Therefore the other people must be driven away. Who hinted that the house was unhealthy? I know. Who told those stories about Mrs. Burrell and the Trains, and all that? Every time Great-aunt Emma started a scandal, do you know who was holding the pencil for Great-aunt Emma? It was Miss Adeline. It's awfully easy to influence Miss Adeline. And do you know who was sitting by her?"

"I can guess."

"You guess right. He was 'so psy-

chic,' wasn't he? He simply sowed trouble. You can't imagine what a time we have keeping the servants on the place after dark since a story got about that the Lady's Walk was haunted. I suspect that he was responsible for that, too, though I can't prove it."

Mr. Reed refrained, with some difficulty, from doing so.

"And all so pleasantly. That's what makes me hate him so. Romping about the place like Bacchus and his pals—"

"What?"

"Oh, Bacchus and his *pards*. Pals and pards are all the same. Another thing that made me sure was that fat lump of a Marie. He encouraged her. He wanted the house to be too disagreeable for nice people to stop at," cried Norah, turning a delicate pink.

"Oh, my child!" expostulated Mr. Reed.

"And of course Great-aunt Emma was the beginning of the trouble about Cousin Sam's business. The Landors found out that there was nothing the matter with it, but it waked them up to the affair, and they say he is too old for her, and Muriel is crying bucketfuls. *I* like older men so much better than younger ones," sighed this girl of excellent taste. "Mamma's husband was the nicest old man. I wish you had known him."

"But why is he doing this?" Mr. Reed broke out. "If he dislikes your mother to that extent—"

"I don't think that he dislikes her personally," reflected the tattler. "Nobody could. He simply hates the idea of his father's home being turned into a boarding house. He's as proud as Lucifer in his way. They have always been the great people here, you know, and he can't bear the thought of the grand old ancestral mansion, and all that, being commercialized. *You* can understand that, I should think."

Mr. Reed could. His comprehension clinched the indictment against Chat-ham.

"He just wants the thing to fail so

that she will have to stop. After that I shouldn't be surprised if he were very nice to her. He simply thinks it's an awful thing for his father's widow to do."

"But your mother—"

The girl's hands opened in a gesture of giving up. "Oh, mamma. She won't believe it. And if she did, she has the feeling that she can't turn Mr. Cadwallader's children out of Mr. Cadwallader's house, no matter what they do. She's *grateful* to him. You can understand that, too."

Mr. Reed reluctantly understood that, too.

"Some people," reflected the deluded lady's daughter, "you love for being rather fools, more than if they weren't, if you know what I mean."

The meaning was entirely clear to her hearer. Suddenly, with the darting gesture of a bird that makes up its mind to fly, the girl held out to him the open letter which she had been turning in her fingers.

"I was going to show this to mamma. It came this morning—from Veronica. It's what they call a human, all too human, document. Read it."

It was an astonishing bit of literature. He absorbed it with Norah's finger on the page, and Norah's explanation running along like a parallel column of translation.

"You see, she couldn't stand it any longer. Veronica isn't so rotten when you know her. We were rather friends—in spots. She's too much ashamed of herself to write to mamma; she wants me to 'get her forgiveness'—that word is just like Veronica—'for falling in with the conspiracy to injure her.' I don't think much of a religion that makes you give away your confederates, but— Oh, well," sighed Norah. "Now—now, what would you do about it?"

She made no effort to retrieve her letter, but stood hovering toward him, an appealing little symbol of all the captive damsels of legend who had confidently shifted their burdens to the shoulders of the passing knight. Then,

with a queer little sigh, she left him with his problem.

For as Mr. Reed dropped upon the bench which stood in front of the pampas grass which was so other-worldly in the twilight, and so frivolous and Philistine in the forenoon, he realized that the problem was infallibly his. There was, of course, an alternative. He could withdraw with perfect justification from these family difficulties. They were not his business.

He had no idea of withdrawing. As has been noted, there was nothing in life so alien, so repellant, to him as responsibility, as initiative. The mood, therefore, in which he braced himself to do what he conceived to be his duty was scarcely less than heroic.

Besides, in the harrowing up of his sensibilities, there rose to the surface the conviction that in an exceptional way this was his own crisis. Anything which threatened that gentle lady in the house had become his intimate concern. Her enemies were quite his dearest foes.

As Norah had suggested, what would he do about it? The problem was not only how to circumvent this conspiracy, this outrageous attempt at mortmain, but how to do it in a manner which would cause the least pain to the lady in question. Anything could be arranged if one did not mind taking the risk of melodrama. For the histrionic, the "well-made" play or story, with its "strong situation" at every turn, he had a detestation. That was not the way things occurred in life, as he knew life. Now with dismay he faced the discovery that sometimes they did, which naturally made them even more detestable.

He let his fancy play about the candid treatment which a Balzac hero, or a Dumas hero, might have given his perturbed case. Instead of thinking out his own form of procedure, a man of their time might appear by attorney, as it were, by means of the conventions, the useful *clichés*, by which society had been stabilized. Had it been possible for him to bestow a cold slap upon Chatham's

open countenance openly arrived at, he would almost have welcomed the solution. Brutality, invested with the sanction of tradition, became nearly an elegance. And it must have satisfied.

One scene imposed itself with the validity of a prophecy. Would it have to be like that? He saw himself goaded out of his self-control by a smiling, sneering Chatham, who denied everything.

"My dear fellow, isn't your imagination a bit restive? Surely I need not remind you what the gossip of women amounts to. What exactly is it of which you accuse me? Vegetables?" He could see Chatham throw back his handsome head and laugh. "My stepmother ought to be satisfied that she has been getting them all winter way below the market from that young fool. My board bill? One generally pays when one leaves. And now will you tell me what business all this is of yours? And what do you intend doing about it?"

Then he saw himself playing his trump. That was a *clou*, if you like, but how abominable a *clou*. He heard the innuendoes of the Dumas hero or the Wells hero put across something like this: "What do I intend? Your one desire in life is to get into a certain set." ("Rub that in," from the heroes. "No, no," from the phantasmal Reed.) "You believe, rightly or wrongly, that membership in certain clubs—"; ("No, no," pleaded the eidolon of Mr. Reed. "This is too monstrous.") "I am in a position, as it happens, to further your plans or— On the whole, you had better behave yourself." ("That was you, not me," the reproachful Reed rebuked the heroes). Would it have to be direct action of this horrible kind?

He could gauge accurately the reluctance of the Thane of Cawdor when the daggers were forced upon him by an unimaginative female. It was not so much the crime that tore his soul; it was the awful breach of good manners.

He consoled himself. Chatham was anything but a fool. He could be made to understand without too much plain

speaking that fate had caught up with him. The campaign against him, like his own poisoning of the air, might be settled by an air attack.

Absorbed in his meditations, he had been unaware of the small drama which was taking place in his neighborhood, one for which Chatham again had pulled the strings. He woke up for the last scene. At his right, the marionettes had appeared in the embrasure of a tree-hung path. The sun glinting on the pink saucer in his hair, Sam Pleasance advanced, looking backward, a circumstance which gave a most crablike, gone-to-pieces effect to his walk. Behind him trailed a limp, failing-ankled Miss Lander. Suddenly they stopped, rooted. Mr. Reed, whom they had not noticed, took good care not to seek the cause of their confusion. He surmised that the imperturbable Marie was responsible.

"Muriel," exclaimed the suitor, planting himself before the overcome damsel, "that settles it. After this there is only one thing for a modest girl to do, and that is to marry me."

"I—I think so, too," bleated Muriel. And the two, their strings irrevocably entangled, departed down the romantic alley whence they had come.

Somewhat cheered by this interlude, Mr. Reed rose. With loathing and sacrifice, he was about to seek his strong situation, and, if necessary, do violence to his most reluctant instincts. He studied for a moment the heavy, black lettering of Veronica's envelope. No Balzac hero would have balked at using it, but to Mr. Reed it never even hinted at its feasible transformation into a thumbscrew. As he slipped it into his pocket his fingers came in contact with the two missives that Norah had brought him. One, of course, was a business circular. As he opened the other, a peculiar smile drew up the lines about his mouth. Perhaps his enemy had been delivered into his hand.

Almost buoyantly he crossed the piazza and entered the hall. Between the heavy, fluted pilasters of the east win-

dow the sunshine fell on the floor in a brilliant rhomboid. Chatham stood in the light, reading a letter. Mr. Reed, as he approached, could not avoid recognizing the black, sharp characters. So Veronica had made a thorough job of it by unburdening her soul to her brother. Chatham's face was a study over which the observer would fain have lingered, but on hearing a footfall he looked up quickly, and his usual smile wiped the grimace off like a sponge. Chatham knew, and, what was more, knowing the other's association with Norah, Chatham was most uncertain as to how much Mr. Reed knew.

Mr. Reed stumbled slightly over the curled-up corner of a small but assertive rug. As he righted himself his own letter slipped from his hand and lay, as though presenting itself to be read, at Chatham's feet. The younger man stooped for it. For less than an instant a stillness came into his bent shoulders. Granted another instant in which to think, he would not have expressed so much.

"They have been kind enough to make me president of the Cenotaph," said Mr. Reed, gently, as he received back the sheet of club paper. Their glances locked. As Mr. Reed turned toward the inner door he could feel on his back the congratulatory slaps of the heroes. All that they would have said he had indicated, and how much more exquisitely. If ever a man's look had whined: "Have a heart, can't you? If I make it all right, will you give me a chance?" Chatham's look had done so. Chatham the large, the overbearing—the blond beast, if you like—had come to heel.

So confident was Mr. Reed of the successful outcome of his—their—problem, that he went, with the laurels of victory dewy upon him, straight to the little office. At this hour the redoubtable Miss Pleasance would be busy elsewhere, perhaps planting cherries on dessert dishes for Bobby to pick off.

The lady he sought was seated near the window at a small, splay-footed

table. On it stood a work basket of an old-fashioned high shape, and under the basket was its replica in the table, like a blurred trelliswork. The smile with which she met his was a trifle blurred, too.

"You look," she said, with a lightness that had more of courage than of gayety in it, "like the cat that has just eaten the canary."

"I have," he responded. He took the chair at the opposite end of the table and selected a silk-reel from the basket. It was a pretty ivory toy and engaged his particular scrutiny. "I believe the affair we were discussing this morning to be—arranged," he continued, in a graver tone. "I beg you, do not be troubled about it any longer. It will be all right, I am sure."

She did not ask him how or why he was so sure. A soft hand reached over and fell on his, a soft voice with a throaty pause in it uttered: "You good, kind man! I'm afraid it must have been very—hard for you."

Mr. Reed swung around and imprisoned the fugitive touch in both his palms. He had in mind the intention of something faintly Grandisonian yet well balanced, in the eighteenth-century vein, something to look back upon with complacency. Instead, he leaned across the hard-hearted, devil-footed little piece of furniture as far as circumstances would permit. That damned literary subconsciousness may have sighed, "Sweetest eyes were ever seen," but the authentic Reed said, straight out, with entire directness and involuntariness:

"Nonie, do you think you could bring yourself to marry me? I am rather a—lonely person. . . . Oh, well, I hardly thought that you could. . . ."

She pressed his hands with a tenderness too candid to be reassuring. She seemed anxious most of all to make him comfortable again, to bury the little catastrophe.

"It isn't *you*," she insisted. "Any woman might be proud—" She turned at the door with, "But you've made me feel very happy." He tried gallantly

enough to rise to her whimsical smile. "And very—young!"

He sat for a long time, foolishly turning the reel in his fingers. His confusion of thought struck him as a measurelessly curious thing, but it lacked an element which would have confounded it worse. Upstairs, had he but known it, the lady to whom he had offered his destiny was disposing of it in the most high-handed manner.

In a corner of the room which she shared with her daughter stood an old pillared chest of drawers, and upon it rested one of those square, mahogany lap desks at which our grandmothers used to pour forth their lavish correspondence. From its velvet depths she took out a worn leather picture frame. She brushed the tears from her lashes to see it more clearly. It did not contain the counterfeit presentment of the late Mr. Moultrie Cadwallader.

It seemed very long ago. . . .

She always ended by raising her eyes to the photograph of little Norah which hung over the box, searching out the elusive likeness. The child was growing pretty. She might, after all, recapture the daredevil charm, the unforgettable charm. . . .

"Norah," she called, as she heard a rangy step in the passage. "Come in, blessing. Put on your new blouse and take Mr. Reed on the river. He looks as though he needed cheering up."

Patting the tie into place, she continued her meditations. "There wouldn't be *too* much disparity of age. He's one of those men who look older than they are. And I'd much rather trust her to him than to any of these wild boys."

As during all of the child's life her mother had slid to Norah's side the ripest peach, the warmest blanket, so she now passed over the best and most satisfying man in her world. It was a far greater compliment than if she had appropriated him for herself.

"I don't mind," agreed the blessing, contentedly.

MICHELANGELO IN NEWARK

BY GRACE IRWIN

"IT must be wonderful, simply fascinating to teach art to Italian children. I should think you would revel in it, for they are born artists. The Italians were great masters of art, weren't they?" She beamed approvingly, but her approval was mainly for her own penetration rather than for my new task.

"Yes," I faltered. From my experience of that first week I felt it likely that the Italian children would become masters of an art teacher, rather than of art. It was an ironical fulfillment of my earliest aspirations to study with Italian masters.

Another friend gave me quite a different godspeed on my new labors.

"Teach art—art in *that* district—to *those* children? How absurd! They need something infinitely more practical. A course in hygiene, morals, besides the three R's. But art! It is a sinful waste of your energies and training, to say nothing of the valuable materials, and the time which might be better expended. Oh, my dear, it's absurd!"

At first, and perhaps during a greater part of the time, I have agreed with the latter. Just because some four hundred years ago the Italians of central and northern Italy made a glorious and eternal name for themselves is no reason why the immigrant of to-day, from southern Italy and Sicily, should be born artists. It did seem "absurd" to give them art when they had such a crying need of so many other things—"hygiene" and "morals," for example. But now I am deeply convinced that my work and my position as a teacher of industrial art are justified far more than I ever dared hope.

The school in which I teach is modeled after what is known as a "Gary School." Each child has an hour and a half a day of a "special activity." The "special activities" include industrial art, manual training, sewing, cooking, and printing. Every three months the "activity" is changed. "Special activity" was an appropriate term, for in my room they were "specially active." Every year I have the same set of children for one period, so that I may be encouraged by progress or thrown into the depth of despair by the reverse.

The school is situated in the midst of a typical "Little Italy."

I shall never forget the sinking feeling in my heart that first day as I left American buildings and homes behind and found myself walking deeper and deeper into a strange and wholly foreign land.

The narrow, crooked streets fringed with refuse, the forlorn and ramshackle tenements, and the faces of the inhabitants—all were foreign. Swarms of children screamed shrilly at their play or quarreled furiously over their games. Every corner was decorated with a group of young loafers of about the age of seventeen. These stared at me with a bold insolence, due to their proud contempt for work and a feeling of superiority toward the weaker and subordinate sex. A question was thrown at me. I ignored it, and my great disdain was met with loud guffaws. Saloon doors were wide open and fat men in their undershirts sat around tables playing cards. I must admit I stared, for I had never seen a saloon so exposed to public view.

All of the shop signs were in Italian. I passed several bakeries against whose grimy windows huge rings of bread devoid of any wrapping were pressed. Small boys carried these big loaves home, clutching them firmly against their soiled clothing.

The florist and undertaking stores displayed elaborate "set pieces" of artificial flowers. These were hired, I learned later on, for the grand occasion of a funeral. A brass band and a gorgeous collection of flowers were a vital part of an important funeral cortège.

My eyes sought everything in bewilderment and curiosity. The cellar ways were dark and odoriferous. One, I noticed, had long poles stretched beneath its ceiling from which hung yards of "marcaronies." This, I discovered, was a "macaroni factory."

As I turned into the narrow street, almost an alley, where the school was situated, I saw the sign of death over a door bell. The large bunch of artificial flowers was not all, for the entire doorway of the tenement was draped with a black-silk curtain, heavily fringed with gold.

In that school of nearly three thousand pupils there were only eight who were not Italian, and I never met one of the eight.

My first day was, and remains, a nightmare. I came out of it exhausted and dazed. On my homeward journey an acquaintance said to me:

"All Italians? How very interesting! I hear they are very bright."

"Yes," I answered, somewhat dryly. "Very bright. There is nothing that they can't think of to do."

She smiled. "They have been so brave in the war. Such courage!"

"Yes, they have been," I agreed again, but now I realized that I was speaking of the whole Italian nation, our ally in a great cause. However, I added hotly to myself: "Brave? Afraid of neither God, man, nor devil!"

I had met and faced that day about

one hundred and sixty children, four classes of forty each. My elaborately planned introductions to my lessons had all met ignominious and pitiful defeat. I had floundered about trying to discover the whys and wherefores of it.

"Teacher, let him give it to me; it's mine's. He robbed it."

"It ain't my fault. He ebery time boddors me."

It wasn't his fault that he had struck Angelo over the head with a ruler. Angelo had "ebery time boddored him."

Or, again, I had to stop to discover the meaning of: "He ain't going to curse my dead. I'll git 'im! I'll git 'im!"

Cursing one's dead, I soon found, was the signal for a burst of outraged passion; it was a crime which demanded instant and severe justice.

My classroom that day was, to put it mildly, a scene of "artistic abandon." I was ready to resign right then and there with the temperamental promptness of the children around me. I wanted to be with "mine own people" and that sort of thing. I fell to sleep that night muttering "America for Americans."

It seemed like flying into the face of Providence, courting trouble, to distribute to that class such materials as scissors, paint boxes, paste, rulers, and brushes. I had my difficulties in restraining their natural possessions—tongues, fists, and feet; and then add to these—! I grew weak at the thought when, on that second day, I handed around scissors. My supervising officer was in the room with me.

My manner I felt was all that it should be, quiet and assured. I wanted any disorder which might develop to appear as though it "just happened out of a clear sky." I wanted to be "so surprised."

And my wish was gratified. I was "so surprised."

Patsy or Pasquale had not been given a piece of paper. He leaned and grabbed one which lay on Angelina's desk. When she realized the rape of her paper she also leaned forward and

grabbed. As her hand shot by Patsy in the act he struck at her knuckles with his scissors.

Angelina let out a piteous wail. As I walked toward her she gazed up into my face with two big eyes dumb with pain. She held out her bleeding finger and moved her white lips faintly.

"Come, dear"—and I gently lifted her from her seat—"we will go to the nurse. Class," I said, quietly, "go on with your work." And they went—on—with—their—work.

I gave Patsy a look which, if it had been effective, would have meant within three days a band preceding him up the middle of the road. Patsy shrank down in his seat, livid with horror and fear.

Little Angelina was very still as we administered to her. She kept her eyes on my face with that expression of mute confidence one sees in the eyes of some dumb animal that has been hurt and trusts his deliverer.

"He didn't do it on purpose," I explained, horrified at the idea; "he didn't mean to."

"No, teacher, he don'ts wants to be mean," she agreed with me in a patient tone.

It was an ugly cut, and for months, long after her time in my class, she would run up to me on the street and shyly show me the scar. She loved and reveled in the words of commiseration I always gave her.

My supervisor praised my calmness under the circumstances. Calm? I had felt bereft of my tongue and wits. In all my training as an art teacher I had been taught no method of proceeding after such an experience.

My subject is loosely termed "drawing." Drawing is a means, not an end, in industrial art. Industrial art includes poster work, applied design, costume design, and interior decoration. Color work runs through them all.

I thought that a poster would be a good lesson to begin with, as probably it would be the most familiar and appealing.

"Class," I began, "what can a man do to increase his business?"

"Sell eberyting he's got," a boy yelled.

"Don't yell; raise your hands," I admonished. "How do people know he has something to sell?"

"Put it on a paper an' throw it in a doorway."

"Yes," I faltered, "but have you seen the signs in the trolley cars?"

"Yes, teacher—don't spit on the floor."

"No," I gasped; "not *that*."

"Don'ts stick your head outer the winder."

"Children, I don't mean those signs. I mean pictures."

"Spearmint Gum" and a brewery sign were the only pictures they had seen.

"That, children, is called advertising. There are lots of ways of advertising. Making those pictures, or posters, is one way we all know about. Now, those posters were drawn by some man."

A general din of noisy excitement. Everyone wanted to tell me proudly of some acquaintance who drew or painted—an artist, for instance, who painted roses over the kitchen wall, and still another who could draw Charlie Chaplin in two minutes.

"Well," I persisted, "you have all seen the posters or advertisements for the Dart collars?" I felt that they might have all seen and remembered this popular one. They had! They had! I hurried on, with a spark of hope warming my soul.

"They are not just pictures of a collar, but of men. Men doing different things, men playing golf, tennis, or billiards. Why did the artist show these men doing different things?"

The first profound silence I had encountered fell upon the room. I had floored them.

A tall, lanky boy with a mop of hair arose from his seat. He tossed back his hair and said, solemnly:

"To show no matter what you does in a Dart collar you never gets sweaty."

"That's right, teacher; he's right!" Romeo, like the rest of the class, was completely satisfied. The matter was settled. They burst into their orgy of restlessness again.

One morning, some time later, I came into my "drawing room" (the children's name for it) to find it in wild disorder. The movable desks were pushed helter-skelter or overturned completely. Down at my feet two boys were fighting furiously.

"Boys!" I cried in horror. "Boys!"

They scrambled to their feet after a few parting blows. I was dismayed, for my two dependables were facing each other like a pair of fighting cocks.

"Gerardo!" I gasped. "What does this mean?"

"Who did you let be monitor, me or him?" Gerardo blazed.

"You, Gerardo."

Gerardo's eyes snapped with triumphant glee.

"That's what I said. He says because you made him a monitor, he's even a liar. I said we began the fight in the drawing room and we'd settle it in the drawing room."

Tony stared sulkily at the floor.

"Boys, don't you know you have no right in this room before the bell rings? Fighting like this in a classroom is a very serious offense. There can be no excuse for it. I shall stop and see your fathers at noon. Hereafter, don't begin a fight nor settle it in my room."

So at noon I made good my threat. The teachers had told me that the parents always "back you up," for, to them, a teacher is an altogether superior being. I sought out Mr. Tortorelli, father of Gerardo, and Mr. Lemongelli, sire of Tony. (The last name *is* pronounced like that anæmic dessert.)

My classroom, which was to be the cultural center of the neighborhood, was not to be turned into an arena for pugilistic contests, even though they were affairs of honor.

One look at Tortorelli's tenement and I decided that there must be a better

and wiser way than the one I had chosen. But I climbed the rickety stairs in that ill-smelling hall to the second floor, groped in the darkness for the nearest door, and knocked loudly.

A man's form loomed out of the blackness somewhere near me on the landing. A door opened and a faint light fell on us both.

"Mr. Tortorelli?" I was shaky and a bit nervous. There was so little room on the landing for this big man and myself.

He nodded, and I could see his expression was kindly.

"*Maestra*." I pointed to myself. That was my all in Italian, but at that it was more than he knew in English.

He ushered me with an elaborate gesture and bows down the stairs to the hallway below and to daylight.

"Guglielmo," he called to a boy loitering near, and with a large sweep of his arm pointed to me and then to himself. He said a few words in Italian and then motioned for me to unburden myself of my troubles to the small boy.

"Tell him," I began, "that Gerardo had a fight in my room this morning. He knocked all of the desks over the room. It was a very bad fight."

I watched for Mr. Tortorelli's expression as the interpreter reported his son's iniquity. His brow was deeply furrowed. He appeared to answer with such words as "horrible, outrageous."

The boy turned to me with, "He wants to know who got hurt?"

Mr. Tortorelli was informed that Gerardo was still intact. His brow cleared, he smiled radiantly upon me.

"Tell him," I persisted, decidedly exasperated, "that a classroom is not a place for a fight; they must keep that for the street."

Mr. Tortorelli nodded good naturedly when this was conveyed to him and made a gesture with his hand which suggested giving some small boy a few wallops over the legs.

The interview was over and I was bowed into the street.

Mrs. Lemongelli was the possessor of a small number of teeth, three, to be exact, and a large number of children, fourteen or so. Her coloring was suggestive of a mummy. Mr. Lemongelli looked as Captain Kidd might have done before he achieved financial success.

They suggested, or rather he did, tying Tony to a stove all night, or, better still, "putting him on the stove and allowing him to burn like a piece of wood."

I protested vigorously against the former. The latter I felt to be another colorful figure of speech.

These were my first and last visits of complaint to the homes of my pupils. I met the parents, as it was wisest and best in the office of the school principal. But a few weeks later I had another interview with a parent, although the setting was different. It was Mrs. Morano, mother of Rocco. I should have been grateful if Rocco's sin had been that of truancy. But he was never absent from my classroom. He usually enjoyed art, and he loved my room. There were more possibilities for fun in it than in any other in the school. He reveled in paint—it splashed so brightly on another boy's nearly finished paper. Putting daubs of paste on a seat was a worthy substitute for the old-fashioned tacks. Two rulers clamped together made a good pair of bones. Lest there be any misunderstanding, Rocco's mischief was not excusable innocence and youthful exuberance. He was a bully, a sneak—and how he could swear! His language was unrepeatable. Every teacher in the school was worn and weary trying to reform him.

This particular afternoon he had taken a sudden fancy to work. We were doing some lettering which was to be painted in later. I watched over him hopefully, ready to give him help, start him on his way. Suddenly he slammed his pencil down and it hopped off to the floor.

"What is it, Rocco?"

"My pencil don'ts wants to write."

I gave him another and sighed a bit. His expression warranted it—the sigh.

"This lousy 'A' don'ts wants to come good."

"Rocco, that isn't a nice word you used. Don't say it again. Here, I'll make an 'A' for you. Watch me."

He watched me rather sulkily. He lost all desire for work. I tried to tempt him, but it was hopeless. I left him, convinced that art could not be forced upon a human soul.

From my vantage point I could see that he was painting an automobile. A roar of rage broke the silence of the room.

"Rocco puts paint on my ear." Joe held his ear, but not his temper. He was poised for revenge.

"Yeah, you big ———, the next time you shove my arm, I'll put paint on your eye."

Rocco was savage. Joe had accidentally pushed Rocco's arm, with the result of a long smear across the automobile.

Our principal was at an important meeting outside the school. Once again I tried settling a case without him. The session was almost over; there were only twenty minutes more.

"Go to the cloakroom; I'll see you after school," I commanded.

Rocco lurched into my large cloakroom, used for a stockroom as well. He was muttering dire threats to some one as he went.

Rosie was to be excused earlier than the others; she had to take care of "her baby" while the mother went to the clinic. She burst out of the cloakroom and came up to me, quivering with passionate grievance.

"Rocco says like this, if you don'ts make him come out, he'll throw ebery thing on the floor. He's going to throw hats and coats and the paint, and he says to me he wants to knock hell out of me." She burst into a storm of tears.

"Rocco!" I stood at the cloakroom door.

Rocco slouched into the room. His mouth had an ugly curl to it. One look at the weeping Rosie and he snarled: "She ain't got no right to call me a Chinaman. I'll git her and knock the block off her."

"Rocco, where do you live—near?"

"A' right, a' right, git my mudder; I don't care. I ain't afraid. Git her." He twisted his mouth in utter contempt.

A dozen or more were only too anxious to bring Mrs. Morano to my assistance. I selected Salvatore; he looked so quietly shocked at Rocco's conduct.

Mrs. Morano appeared in my doorway. There was no doorway left, only Mrs. Morano, of amazon proportions. Her eyes were moist, her lips tremulous.

"She says like this," began the interpreter; "you should make Rocco get hit. He's a bad boy."

"Yes; that is what I want. He needs a beating."

Mrs. Morano looked beseechingly at me and placed her hand upon her heaving bosom.

"You do it," Salvatore suggested, cheerfully.

"I will not." I was indignant. "Tell her to look at him and then at me. He is bigger than I. She must do it."

This ultimatum took Mrs. Morano off her feet. She flopped into a chair.

"She's got a heart," Salvatore explained as Mrs. Morano continued to moan and hold her side.

"She's got more than I'd have if I had Rocco for a son," I said to myself. The woman acted so strangely that I was afraid she might have some kind of an attack. All through this conversation Rocco was leaning against a window sill and was eying us with amusement and contempt.

Mrs. Morano saw Rocco and—red. She screamed at him in Italian. He stormed back. Then she began to whimper, and turned her hands toward me in a pleading fashion. She blubbered something to our small interpreter.

"She says like this, Rocco's locked her out. She don'ts feel good. She

wants to go home. She wants you to let Rocco give her the key."

What had I brought upon myself? I get the key from Rocco?

"She might die," Salvatore suggested, pleasantly.

"Rocco," I gritted my teeth and said between them, savagely, "give your mother that key."

Rocco sulked, but did not move.

His mother tottered to her feet and made a lurch at her son, faltered and groaned.

Moral suasion was in order, I suppose. There were lots of beautiful things I could have said about mothers, but didn't. I picked up a fat ruler and held it in a rather suggestive way. The law couldn't forbid that.

"Rocco," I said, "give your mother that key."

He looked at me and then at the fat ruler. He hesitated and then slouched and jerked his head irritably—signs indicative of defeat. He gave me that key. It was then that I said some appropriate things about mothers, especially sick mothers. Mrs. Morano bowed and smiled and bowed again. The interview had evidently been a source of gratification to her. She was plainly showering me with many blessings and thanks. I had helped her in her hour of need. For a few minutes I forgot that I had expected a different ending to her visit.

These incidents may serve to make you understand something of the strange and perplexing situations which American-trained teachers meet in an alien community. I can only hint at what lies behind these casual episodes—the curses, blows, profanity, and obscenity—all deeply rooted in the mire of ignorance.

It is not "fascinating" and "charming" — afternoon-tea expressions — to teach these children art or anything else. It is hard work, full of disillusionment, disappointment, and discouragement. The teacher who takes it otherwise is the

rare exception which proves the rule. She is the subject of much admiring and widespread comment. Of course there are successful teachers working among these foreign Americans, and their success should be crowned with laurels. It is a success which has called into action every ounce of energy, tested every natural resource.

Would that I could meet again a young woman I once heard conversing delightfully about "her class" at the settlement. It all sounded so pretty and appealing—I was charmed by her picture—the problem of dealing with the foreign element. She merely used "love" and "kindness," and the whole overrated problem melted away into a seraphic state of bliss. I could weep now when I think of it. I hear myself saying firmly on the occasion of a second meeting:

"Of course those children loved your kindness—they always do love kindness, but—" And here I should be tempted to wail: "Can't you understand—you only had those little girls two days a week, and they didn't have to come to your class, and they only came because they liked sewing—and a change of scenery and occupation. They could stop coming just when they liked. They could have left you promptly if you had been strict and stern. But when they have to come day after day and learn things which the state has determined it is best they should know, it is different."

My definite problem is to make industrial art of some very practical use to these children. Costume designing, interior decoration, applied design are not absurd "modern frills." They are definitely related to everyday life.

For instance, costume designing—a people's mode of dress is more an integral part of national life and development than it would seem at first thought. Dress is not merely a vain show. A man or woman in Oriental dress cannot think or feel American. An Italian immigrant woman with her head uncov-

ered, her shawl, her earrings, and her jewelry of all kinds on top of her soiled dress cannot be expected to feel like an American. When the native costume is discarded something deeper than externals has been touched. There has been a mental process involved as well as a material one.

My children have come to shiver visibly—and dramatically—at the mere idea of jewelry on dirty fingers or over unkempt clothes. Laces and "diamonds" may be reserved for the ball, wedding, or block dance, but they cannot be tolerated at work. Good color, simplicity, and suitability—these are my watchwords.

Where are they to receive new standards and ideals in house furnishings but in a course at school? They could easily go through their lives content with a filthy, cluttered kitchen, fancy grimy lace curtains, grotesque pieces of bric-a-brac, and bathtubs filled with the left overs and the broken scraps. Their bathtubs and their cupboards get the rubbish until they are jammed, then they begin filling up the back yard. Certainly lessons on the House Beautiful cannot but be an inspiration.

Recently we designed a kitchen, a blue-and-white kitchen. The wealth of things we discussed in that lesson! There were more things about a kitchen than they ever dreamed of in their philosophy. Together with this "art lesson" came one in hygiene, even as my friend had demanded. The children felt the clean, sunny fragrance of the mother's workroom which they had designed.

One bright-eyed girl named "Mary" rose during the lesson and said, indignantly:

"Carmine told a big lie. He says, poor people eat in the kitchen and rich people eat in a dining room. Poor people eat in a dining room as well as rich people," she choked. Her eyes snapped, but she was plainly hurt. I respected her wounded pride. The others did not understand nor share her feelings. Mary longed for the new, some-

thing different from what they had known.

Lucy recalled last year's problem in "interior decoration." Poor Lucy! I had to tell her that the "stove" which had adorned a "parlor" had been a "fireplace" in a sitting room. Lucy was one of those who found the old ways easier. She was content. Probably on a Sunday Lucy sat up on the front seat of her father's vegetable wagon and went on a grand outing to the country. The whole family would be with her, from the black-shawled old grandmother to Lucy's baby brother. American and Italian flags decorated both the horse and the wagon. Lucy, I am sure, would feel a joyous glow of pride, as those on the pavements stared. She probably read admiration and envy in their glances.

Mary, on a like occasion, would have been miserable and self-conscious. She would have wished that her mother had worn a hat or that America and Tony didn't laugh so noisily; she would have hated the flags gaily flying. She would have burned painfully as those who walked by stared. In their glances she would have read ridicule and mocking jests.

The people of this Little Italy are in the melting pot. But a melting pot, unattended, uncared for is of no use, the ingredients will remain the same as they were in the beginning. A melting pot on a dead fire, or too hot a fire, is in a sorry plight. King Alfred turned his back and dreamed—and we know what happened. Since we like to speak of the melting pot let us not turn our backs upon it and sit and dream and plan. Charred cakes are nothing to charred lives.

My children love to hear the story of Michelangelo and I love to read it to them. It is good for them and good for me.

A quiet falls upon the room as I begin to read. They stare at me solemnly and a little proudly as I give the title. They are very, very good.

Every Michel, every Angelo, every relation of a Michel or an Angelo basks in a wonderful feeling of kinship with the great master. They feel he belongs exclusively to them—that he is one of them. I can feel that I am quite an outsider. As I watch their expressions I know that I am gazing upon heroes. Although their light is only reflected, they are distinctly shining forth as heroes.

The name "Italy" dances out of every turn in the story; they love that. They smile as I slur over Italian names, as indulgently they softly correct me. I feel self-conscious as I try to give the liquid pronunciation to the Italian names.

Four hundred years lie between us and the great master and over three thousand miles between the scene of his exploits and my classroom of young "heroes." But what does it matter? And what does it matter that four hundred years ago the living Michelangelo was an austere and solitary aristocrat, who held himself severely above his compatriots, demanding of them nothing but veneration and infinite respect, caring nothing for their love? But my warm-hearted, emotional young peasants are not concerned with this distinction. He was an Italian—and his name was Michel—and Angelo. He was very, very great. Books are written about him. Even their American teacher gives him homage. They are proud, so proud!

As the story ends I ask to have it repeated to me. They tell it in a tongue which is neither Michelangelo's nor mine.

"Michelangelo was born in Italy. His father don'ts wants him to be a drawer—so he ebery time . . ."

"Mario," I interrupt, "I think it would sound better to say, 'Michelangelo's father didn't want him to become an artist. People would not know quite what you meant if you spoke of a man's trying to be a drawer.'" I smiled encouragingly to take the edge

off my criticism. "See, Mario, this is one kind of drawer. Michelangelo's father never feared that he would become part of a desk—or table."

The others were delighted at such a ridiculous thought; they laughed joyously. Yesterday, they might have been noisy with their laughter—but not to-day with the spirit of Michelangelo upon them.

Our particular version makes the point that the dome of the Capitol in Washington is a copy of Michelangelo's dome on St. Peter's. Mario quotes and finishes with a gusto and a flourish:

"Michelangelo made David and Moses. And the 'nome' of the White House is just the same like Michelangelo. Of every artist Michelangelo is the best between them all."

He scratches his head, shuffles his feet, twists about in perplexity, and sits down with one eye squinted up. Then he is at peace. His recital pleases him as he thinks it over.

After a few minutes of perplexity on my own part I at last decipher some of the forceful conclusion. I cannot permit Mario to speak of the White House having a "nome," even if he is like Michelangelo. I pride myself upon reading distinctly—but "dome" was an unknown word to them. I hastened to explain "domes." Of course Mario had left out many details—hands, waving frantically, protested the omissions.

"Yes, Attilio, Michelangelo did work very hard, very hard. Do you remember just how long he worked each day?"

"Yes, teacher"—his eyes lighted up with excitement—"eight hours."

I felt myself smiling. And those children, intently watching me, smiled in appreciation of what they had no comprehension of and no interest in. They were with me in every thought this day as I read of Michelangelo.

"Michelangelo did not belong to the union. They did not have any union in those days. . . ."

They laughed, and Attilio grinned good naturedly and a little sheepishly.

But they had not forgotten that it was distinctly stated that Michelangelo worked until darkness made it impossible.

I like to watch their eyes shine with happy pride and passionate devotion as they recall each detail of Michelangelo's life. Poor youngsters! Life isn't very gentle with them. I wonder at their being capable of so much ardor. I should think it would be chilled and crushed by their struggles. They make life hard for others—but their own is not made easy for them.

Who is to blame? Why is it all so hard? I think, after all, the question should be, "What is to blame?" Perhaps it is just one generation piling their hard knocks and ignorance upon the next. But it is going to be different from now on—the schools are mercifully, bit by bit, repairing the damage of the past.

But I rejoice in the emphasis placed upon the rigorous simplicity and the remarkable industry of Michelangelo's life. Since they crave to feel him their hero, I can use him to serve my ends. I can call upon him to stand in judgment upon them.

Only the other day as I read the description of Michelangelo painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel my eyes fell upon Michael Abate lying flat on the floor, painting with a ruler on an imaginary ceiling. He was doing it with great care. He would stop now and then to get the right perspective on his work. Finally he quietly took his seat. At the close of the reading Michael burst out:

"Gee, how hard, teacher! Michelangelo was a smart guy."

"Very, Michael. But do you suppose, children, he ever gave up anything he found hard?"

"Oh no, teacher! Oh no!"

They shook their heads in holy horror at Michelangelo's failing at anything.

Of all the old Italian masters, I love him best, for he has lent me a helping hand in bringing art to Little Italy.

FIREFLIES AND WOODLAND VOICES

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THERE are magic moments in the coming of evening to the garden. One twilight I recall when I was still working, so long as any light at all was left, to finish planting a consignment of seedlings perilously delayed in transit. As I worked a peewee came into the orchard close by me—for my orchard trees wander into the garden and about the lawn—and sang his plaintive little song; at least, it sounds plaintive, or better, perhaps, wistful, though no doubt he is quite as happy as any bobolink or ubiquitous robin. There was no gold or salmon left in the west when I finally straightened my back and stood up to smell the fresh earth, to saunter slowly over the sod toward the house, while night seemed already to have taken possession of the orchard alleys and there was a hush over all the world—save only for that wistful little *pee-a-wee* from the shadow-filled apple tree bidding good night to the garden—or was it hail to the dark?

But the strangest, most beautiful coming of evening that I ever experienced since a kind fate (and much exertion of my own) gave me a garden, is a memory of last summer and was due to the fireflies. Have you ever watched the fireflies? Of course you have, from earliest childhood, when you captured them in a glass tumbler and took them into a dark room to see if you could read by their light. I thought I had observed them, too, and knew the strange, beautiful effects they can create; but on this evening they furnished a surprise.

There is a moment—a happily prolonged moment—in the slow coming of the late June and early July twilight when the fireflies are a bit uncertain

whether to function or not, and give themselves the benefit of the doubt, flashing their little lights on and off to produce almost the same quality of illumination as the evening star when it first becomes visible above the glow of sunset. All objects in the garden were still plainly visible, and not alone their outlines, but their color. We were sitting on the terrace before the house, listening to the steady tinkle of the wall fountain just below us and looking out across a bit of lawn to a long, deep border of larkspur, now in full spike and a magnificent, irregular array of blues, merging under this light into one cerulean color. Suddenly we saw the fireflies in among the bloom heads, a score, a hundred of them, flashing on and off their green-gold lamps. The evening star hangs its green-gold lamp at twilight upon the blue of heaven. Here were a hundred tiny evening stars flashing and twinkling on the blue of the larkspur, evening stars awing. The loveliness of the color, the delicacy of the tiny pricks of light, the fairylike quality of it all, was entrancing. We watched in hushed silence till night stole out of the orchard shadows, and wiped the color from the larkspur spikes. But even then the effect was not quite gone; for yet a few minutes each flash of light brought out a tiny circle of blue. Then there were only fireflies flitting in the dark.

Yet fireflies flitting in the dark can evoke odd images. A quarter of a mile down the road from my house the cleared land falls from the highway rather abruptly to a wide expanse of low meadow, through which a brook winds below grass-hidden banks, in which the bitterns call in the migration season, and

over which sometimes the little screech owls hunt at night in flocks, their eerie laughter going close by you overhead with incredible speed as you wander through the dew-drenched grasses. And over this meadow, from the time of their earliest appearance till the autumn chill has driven them from the air, the fireflies flit by the thousands. Especially on a summer evening when a low night mist hangs over the meadow grasses, I walk down the road to stand by the wall and watch. Have you ever stood above a great city somewhere at night, where the lamps of the boulevards were but twinkling points of light pricking the haze, and the myriad window lights seemed to float mysteriously in air, and to move about? That is exactly the effect of my fireflies over the misty night meadow. I seem to be looking down from a distant height on a city, an active city full of lights and motion, but so far away that I do not hear its roar. Instead, I hear the piping of the frogs, the sleigh-bells of the crickets, a whip-poor-will up the hill on the other side of the highway.

The scientists tell us that the firefly's light is the purest in nature; almost all other sources of illumination give forth a mixed form of energy that is only in part illumination, to the human eye, at least. But the firefly gives forth light and nothing else. An ordinary gas flame, for instance, contains but 3 per cent of light rays. Sunlight itself is only 35 per cent pure. It is no wonder, then, that many a child has discovered that when a firefly crawls over a book in the dark you can read the type behind him, provided he is accommodating, and you read rapidly. The illumination is said to come from a photogenic plate of fatty substance supplied with a profusion of fine tracheal branches, which carry a rich supply of oxygen to the fat cells and cause, at the insect's will, a rapid combustion. Probably it is fortunate for the firefly that this combustion does produce pure light, and not 45 per cent of heat waves!

There are two theories to explain the

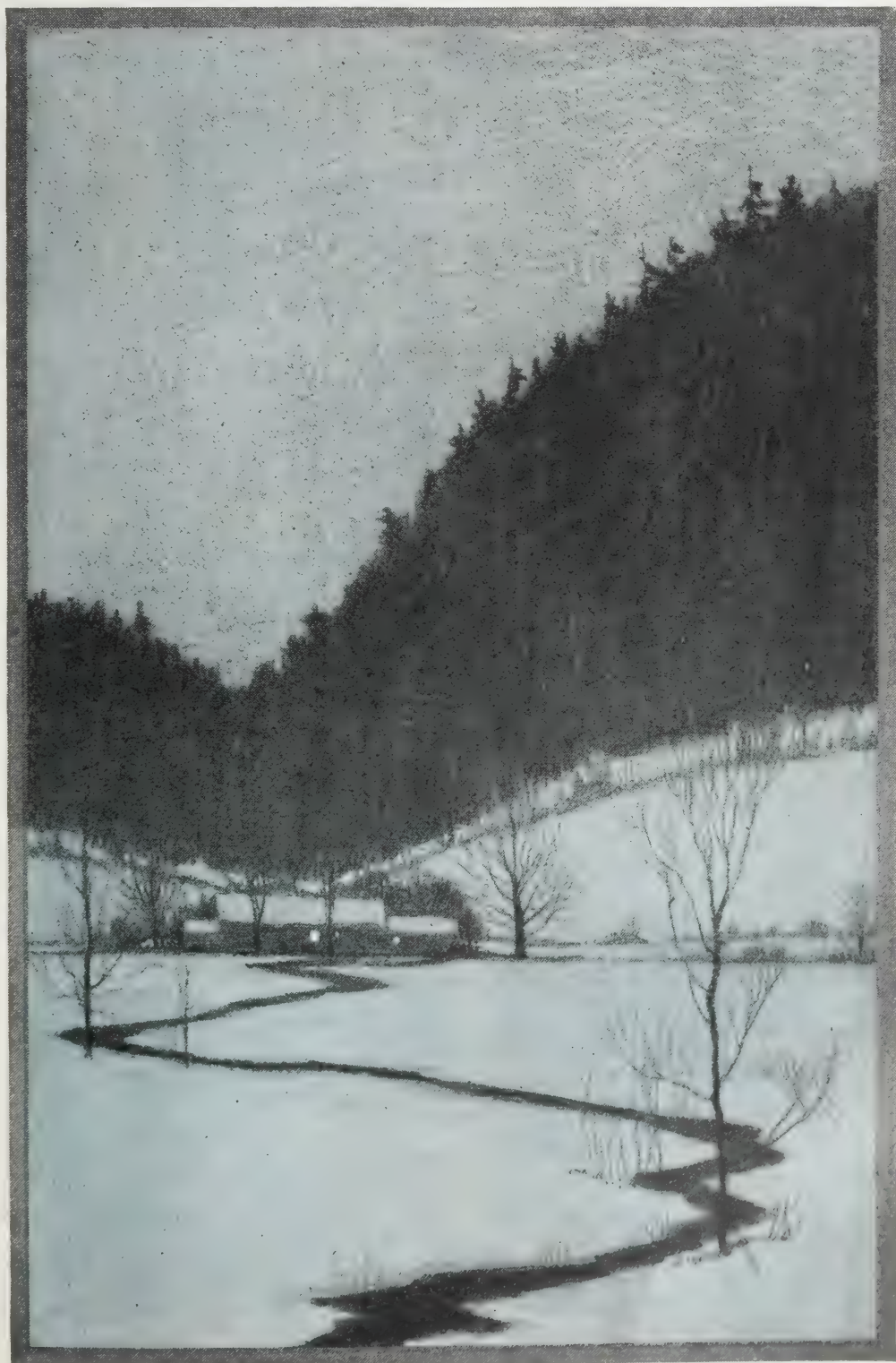
reason for this luminosity. One finds the explanation to be an aid to sexual attraction, the other a defense against birds and other insect-eating foes. It is certainly true that birds will not eat fireflies, and, after one attempt, will not thereafter even snap them up. The firefly, as he flits about over the meadows and through the trees, may well be protecting himself by his constant golden flashes. "Don't gobble me by mistake," he says. "I'm no good to eat." If he is attempting, rather, to attract the female of the species, he certainly would seem one of the most amorous of God's creatures.

A time arrives, as the summer begins to wane, when the coming of evening is heralded less by the firefly stars than the raucous "voices" of the katydids. There is something extraordinarily humorous about a katydid. His "voice" is humorous, as is witnessed by the human speech we have assigned to it; and his aspect, on the rather rare occasions when you get a sight of him, is more humorous still. To be sure, I have had visitors, especially when we were living in a cottage close by a grove of maples which was an established katydid colony, who failed to find any humor in his voice. He "sings" the whole night long, ushering in the dawn as well as the dark, and when there are two score of him not a hundred feet from your open windows, the city visitor, unaccustomed to the quiet of the country, sometimes finds sleep difficult. In this particular colony in the maples by our cottage was one old fellow (a figure of speech, that "old fellow," for all katydids are annuals, so to speak) with the most comical hibernian brogue, and a deep, guttural "voice." He was slow and deliberate of "speech," too, and inhabited a limb close to the sleeping-porch, informing us of Katy's actions from twilight to dawn, as if she had been a colleen from Roscommon. Sometimes I would lie awake and try to discover any law in his, or the others', sequence of sound production, but I was never able to do so

Sometimes he would say, "Katy did—she did—she did; Katy did—she did—she did," and sometimes he would just say "she did" over and over, and sometimes he would say, "Katy did," and stop. The rest were equally irregular.

It was with a view to finding out more at first hand about their methods of sound production that I set out one day

last summer to catch a katydid. The sun had set, and several insects had begun to rasp in my orchard trees, but there was still light enough to see. I picked out a "song" that was coming from a lower branch, and drew near. Before I got quite under the tree, however, the insect either saw or heard me, or both, and stopped his fiddling en-



THE CHILL AND CHISELED BEAUTY OF THE WINTER

tirely. I peered up from the ground, and could see nothing. I got a ladder and investigated the limb. Still I could not find him. But no sooner had I left than I heard him again, seemingly in the same place. It was some time before I succeeded in catching one—and he was crawling up the brick wall of the house, in broad day, his light-green body conspicuous on the red background. I caught him at the second-story window, brought him down, and put him on a board.

He was a fine big male, and considerably bewildered, it seemed, by such rough handling. He set out to investigating his surroundings. In this process he used all six of his long legs, apparently more or less independently of one another. When one of them went over the edge of the board it closed in again like a jackknife, reporting, "Precipice this way!" The two long, slender antennæ from his head kept waving and touching far in front of him. Meanwhile his jaws kept feeling the quality of the board below his face, and his eyes were wide open and evidently working. In addition, I could see the two "ears" in his



THE 'COON ON HIS SECRET BUSINESS



THE PICKERING FROG WORKS HIS BAGPIPE

forelegs, and a tap or other noise behind him caused apparent changes in his movements. I could not help thinking, as I watched, what a complicated thing even an insect is. This odd green thing before me was receiving sensory reports in his brain from at least eleven sources (supposing his eyes and ears to work, like ours, as one—though, to be sure, ours do not work quite as one, for the corner of the left eye often catches an impression the right may miss, and we can discriminate between what each ear catches, to determine the direction of a sound). At any rate, this insect was co-ordinating enough impressions to make his central nerve center a complicated organism, and to give you, as you watched, a new respect for insects.

Presently, I put him in a glass jar with some nice green leaves, and waited till dusk in the hope—nay, the expectation—that he would perform for me, so that I could see him. Only the males are equipped to "sing," and they do it by rasping a certain portion of their tegmina, or forewings, the stiff wing covers acting as a sounding board. Alas, all that evening my katydid remained pee-



HERE IN THE SWAMP DWELL MYRIADS OF LITTLE CREATURES

vishly silent. When I went to bed, I took the jar to my chamber, thinking if he sang in the night it would wake me. But he didn't "sing," then or at any other time. I finally released him. Dr. Frank E. Lutz tells me I should have caught a female, also, to inspire him, or even another male. Doctor Lutz says he sometimes fancies he can detect the difference in tone between the love chirp and the conflict chirp. I am awaiting the new crop of katydids to experiment further along this line. I want to see and hear two katydids challenging each other to combat.

The katydids around me, as elsewhere, are curiously local in their distribution, and often are not found at all over considerable areas. I have often walked two or three miles along the road, and heard them fiddling noisily, scores of them, in a group of maples, and then passed into silence again, lasting perhaps for half a mile, though the maples kept

on. The adult insect flies very little, and only for short distances. The female lays her eggs in the tree, and both she and the males die with the coming of hard frost. Apparently the young in the next spring stay around the trees where they were born, and thus colonies arise, which persist in the same groups of trees year after year.

Let others sing the last rose of summer, or the last leaf upon the tree; my farewell to summer is proclaimed by the last katydid. I always record in my diary when I hear the first one, for it means autumn is coming; and I record when I hear the last one, for it means the frost is here. In 1920, October was warm and delightful, and it was not until the thirtieth that I find this entry:

The katydids have finally ceased. One by one, these last cool nights, they have been growing silent in the apple trees, just as the candles disappear in the Farewell Symphony. Last night, when the stars sparkled frostily,

but one was left, I heard him bravely fiddling as I opened my chamber window. To-night even he is silent, and a north wind is whining in the maple by the house, and scuffling the leaves over the desolate garden. Winter is on the way.

Long after the last katydid has ceased, however, twilight is heralded by an unseen voice, in some seasons a lone voice, in others multiple—the voice of the great horned owl up the mountain. It is almost impossible to convey to one who has not lived close to a mountain an adequate sense of its omnipresence,

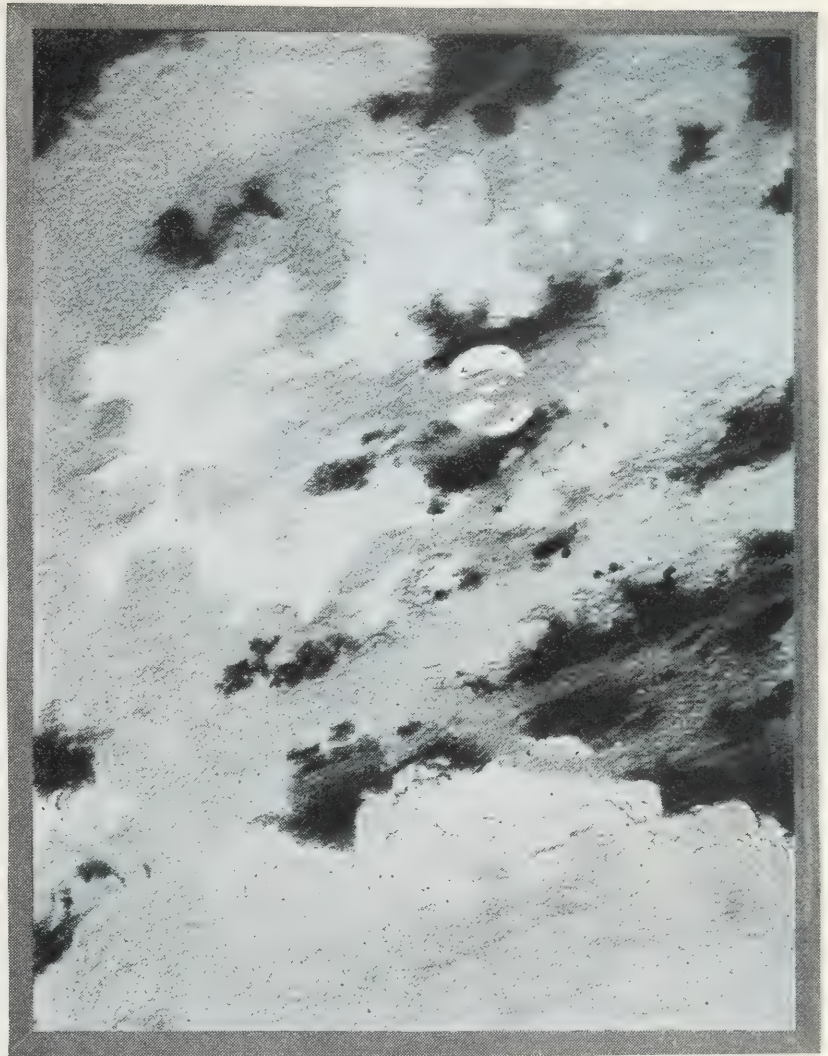
especially if its wall be abrupt, almost precipitous, and heavily timbered. You may seem to be unaware of it for hours at a time, but it is never really absent from your subconsciousness, and sooner or later it will speak to you with one of its many voices, voices of mystery dropping down from the heights. On many a still, starlit night, when the leaves of the orchard did not so much as rustle, I have heard the roar of the wind tearing through the hemlocks up there against the sky, and knew that in twenty-four hours at the most we should have rain.



IN A MOONLIT GLADE THE WHIP-POOR-WILL'S CALL IS PURE MAGIC

It is an unfailing sign when "the mountain talks." On many a still night, too, in March, when the snow was melting and the streams were over full, have I stood in that peculiar, damp, steamy atmosphere of thaw and heard the cliffs above me vocal with their waterfalls. But of all the mountain voices those I love best are the calls of certain birds from its almost inaccessible forest ravines and crags—the mournful hoot of the great horned owl in autumn and winter, the horns of the hermit thrushes in June, down-dropping melodies from an elfland orchestra.

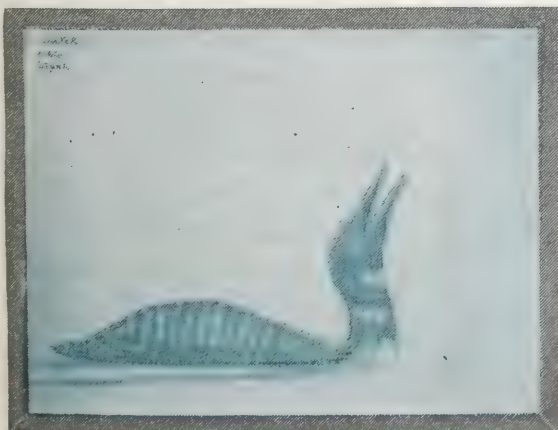
This winter there is but one owl, where last year there were perhaps a dozen. Presumably the unusual mildness has held them in the north. Indeed, the season is conspicuous for the absence of all kinds of birds, even chickadees. The one owl, however, is audible for a long distance. Sometimes he must be almost a mile away, in an air line, at the extreme summit of the shouldering cliffs, when he looks out



ABOVE YOU THE SPEECH OF UNSEEN VOYAGERS GOING NORTH

from his hemlock tree, sees the evening shadows swallowing up the valley, and utters his, "Whoo—whoo,—who-who!"—all on the same note, and mournful as a far-off steamboat whistle heard through fog and over a tossing green sea. The note is as chilling as the shadow of the great mountain itself, as cold as the snow-buried pastures—yet it is as solemn and lovely as they are, too, with the chill and chiseled beauty of the winter wilderness upon it.

Not mournful at all, but brave and cheering, are the voices of jays and crows in winter, coming of a bitter morning from their refuge in the mountain pines to feed in the orchard or beside the brook. Four crows stay with us every year, and I have seen them blown down the gale over dazzling, drifted pastures, their feathers awry, their loud caws the



THE LOON OF OUR NORTHERN LAKES

only sound in nature save the whistle of wind and hiss of blown snow powder. At such a time you find their voices sweet to the ear, even as you find the scream of the jays which are flashing blue in the naked orchard trees, that the song of nature may not be quite stilled drift the snow never so deep.

There are certain voices in that song of nature which everybody knows and loves, yet which come from throats few ever see. How many, I wonder, of all the thousands who listen for the first shrill piping of the hylas, or Pickering frogs, in the spring, have ever seen one of the little fellows on the bank of his swamp run of water (or even in a roadside ditch), and watched his little bagpipe work? For that matter, the number of people who have actually seen a whip-

poor-will is comparatively small. To some the whip-poor-will is excessively annoying. I had a neighbor once who got up at 2 A.M. and went out in his pajamas, with a shotgun, to kill one. He fired, and the bird ceased to sing. Then my neighbor went gleefully back to bed. He was just nodding off, when the whip-poor-will resumed operations on a tree even nearer his window! Their voices are strangely loud, and the rapidity with which they can utter and re-utter their call, without apparently even pausing for breath, is astonishing. Curious, too, is their sense of time. One came once to a tree limb close to my chamber window every night for weeks between 3 and 3.15 A.M. In all that time there was never more than a fifteen-minute variation in his arrival. He de-

parted when I threw a shoe. But the next night he was always back. I thought this perhaps an isolated phenomenon, until I found that Samuel Scoville, Jr., had recorded an exactly similar experience. Such experiences, to be sure, do not tend to endear the whip-poor-will to man. But in his more appropriate (and generally more accustomed) setting of wild shrubbery or pasture edge or some spot by a forest pond or in a glade soaked perhaps with moonlight, his ringing call is pure magic, a disembodied voice proclaiming the joy of summer starlight.

A disembodied voice! Have you ever—but of course you have—been wakened some May morning by the familiar song of birds which were not there the day before—the piping flute of the



OVER A MIST-HAUNTED LAKE THE LOON'S LAUGHTER IS
ALMOST UNEARTHLY

white-throated sparrow, perhaps? They came in the night, of course, or perhaps in the very early hours when the world was still sunk in twilight, but up aloft, on their aerial highways, the first sun shafts were streaming. But have you ever arisen before they awakened you, when the dawn sky was still flecked thick with clouds that drifted, it may be, across the face of a dying moon, and heard in the hush, far, far above you, the speech of unseen voyagers going north? It is a strange, a memorable sensation, to look into the blank of sky while your ears tell you that the aerial migration is winging past. Perhaps, with a glass, you can pick out the specks against a rosy cloud or the moon disk. Birds, it may be no larger than a humming bird, hundreds of them, thousands of them, all the spring, threading their way for endless miles by the gleam of a river far below, the dark patch of a mountain forest, the haze and glow of a town—straight sometimes to last year's nest! When their little voices drop from the mist or the darkness, bearing a message of their passing, it is a poor soul indeed which does not thrill in answer, and in answer to the sweet twitter of some flock of tiny warblers no less than the heroic clang of the Canada geese, flying in battle formation with a sound like the dragging of a chain over some vast corrugation of the air. How we children used to rush for an open space when we heard the call of the geese aloft! Living inland now, I see them far less



THE SECURE REFUGE OF THE FOREST

often (and probably, alas, there are far fewer to see). But late this autumn, at about four of a gray November afternoon, I heard once more the old, familiar clang. Some fifty geese, in a streaming V, were going over, following the north and south ridge of the mountain. They almost disappeared to the south, then suddenly wheeled, broke formation, got into double line again, and went back exactly as they had come, vanishing into the north. It seemed as if they had taken one look into Connecticut and suddenly decided the northland was preferable. Later I saw records of other flocks doing the same thing. Presumably the mildness of the season must have had something to do with their indecision.

There are no loons to laugh on my

mountain, though there is a little pond at the two-thousand-foot level. I am sorry for that, for the laughter of a loon over some mist-haunted, lonely lake is a never-to-be-forgotten sound, almost unearthly. But we have bitterns in the

without seeing him, so protectively colored is he. In fact, I seldom achieve anything by my early rising but wet feet. Another noise we hear on the mountain—less often now, I think, than of old, perhaps because our chestnuts have died

of the blight—is the peculiar quavering call of the 'coons. There be those whose passion is hunting 'coons, with a dog and lantern, on chill autumn nights; and to all such the bay of the dog as he trees his 'coon is sweet music. It isn't to me. The dog's nose has sniffed away the mystery. But on such a night, without even a lantern to aid my steps, I like to listen in the forest for the crackle of branches or crunch of dead leaves that mean some animal is snooping about, unseen, upon his secret business, or to hear far off, or in a near-by tree, the voice of a 'coon conveying to other woodland folk some message I cannot even guess. Indeed, one has only to take his car out on our country roads at night, to touch the mystery of the wild folk, for if he drives slowly and watches the



THE HERMIT THRUSH, THE AMERICAN NIGHTINGALE, SINGS
IN THE DEEP COOL WOODS

swamps at the base of the mountain in spring, pausing on their way north to tantalize me into rising when I hear them and going out through grass still hidden in the blanket of night fog, to try to catch a glimpse of them. But they have eyes, too, and I am far more conspicuous than they are, so that they see me coming from afar and stop their booming gurgitations. With no sound to aid me, I might easily walk upon one

borders of the road ahead of him, he will be rewarded again and again with tiny twin gleams and glints of light from the underbrush—the eyes of mice or other animals peering into his oncoming lamps. Once, indeed, I thought another car was coming toward me a long way off, and what was my surprise to see, a moment later, peering from a slight bend in the road, the eyes of an animal. A hint of the head, before it slunk back into the

bushes, suggested a fox. Probably it was.

Of all our mountain's voices, of course, the loveliest is the song of the hermit thrush, the nightingale of North America who sings in the deep, cool northern woods. On our particular mountainside, however, the forest is so upended that its very floor is a sounding board, and on a still June evening we go out to the edge of the slope, where we ourselves are still in the open, and can see the forest spread out above us, climbing to the sweet pink sky. Listen! Close to us, in a stand of dark hemlocks, the elfin horn! A pause; then, far off and faint, the ghost of melody, drops down from a crag above another burst of song. From a hidden ravine in the middle distance two hermits sing. Then, close by once more, his grace notes audible, the ringing sweetness of his voice thrilling us, the first musician answers. Now, all up and down the mountainside, the vesper symphony is sounding; the most delicate, the most musical, the most ecstatic and yet the subtlest and purest sound in all the world!

It is midwinter as I write. To-day was bitterly cold, after a warm, wet spell. We went out to the road long after dark, to see a young moon that was settling down the west into the black lacework of the summit pines. The chill world was

almost bare of snow, and silent as a deserted ruin—or so I thought till our voices were hushed and we listened for some speech from the mountain. Yes, there was a voice! Somewhere up in the pasture the recent thaw had opened a new spring. In the winter stillness we could hear the soft gurgle of the water gushing forth, and the tinkle of it as it ran away over frozen ground. Then, suddenly, there was a second voice, from the old pear orchard above the road. It quavered out on the night like the distillation into sound of chill moon and black mountain and winter loneliness. "Whoo - oo - oo - oo - oo - oo - oo!" said the screech owl. I answered him, and immediately he responded. It was too dark and wet in the old orchard, however, to seek him out. Probably he was sitting rather snug in some old stub hole, his big eyes at the opening, staring forth. When we went back to the warmth of our fires, his voice followed us, however, even it seemed a little protestingly that we were leaving him alone. Later, after I had raised my window for the night, I heard him once again before I dropped to sleep, like the disembodied voice of the frozen forest loneliness, and the sound was beautiful as winter loneliness is beautiful, and I thought my mountain spoke better than cities with their roar.

THE ROLE OF MADAME RAVELLES

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

KNOWING Brissac's routine, I guessed that I should find him with the *Figaro* open at the interview with Marguerite Leloir when I went round to his place at eleven o'clock.

Already at that hour half the world had interrupted its breakfast to exclaim over the pathos and the nobility of that interview. No less than three persons had spoken of it to me, saying they thought it the most touching and beautiful thing they had ever heard; they wondered if she would go back to the stage; they understood that I had the distinction of a personal acquaintance with Marguerite Leloir—a distinction really rare, since in these last years she had seemed to become, for the public at least, so like a bright, beautiful myth, believed in, but never seen.

The fact was that I knew her almost as little as they. The idea came from my long friendship with Brissac, who had lived neighbor to Marguerite Leloir every summer for years, and I had sometimes been his guest. . . .

I was right about Brissac's routine. At eleven o'clock I climbed his stairs in the Rue du Bac. There he sat, the *Figaro* spread out before him, and his breakfast coffee cooling in the cup.

"You have seen it?" he asked, turning the paper toward me when I came in.

I nodded. "What do you think?"

To my surprise he threw back his head and burst out laughing, as if the thing were a tremendous joke.

"*Magnifique!*" he cried. "*Superbe!*" Then, as abruptly as he had begun, he broke off laughing, and sat there a moment, reminiscent and grave. "She was always *superbe*," he said. "She cannot help it, you know."

"She's ironical, of course?" I asked.

"She is an artist," said Brissac, "and artists are born with a hunger for perfection—for completion—which they are forever trying to satisfy. So—she has become involved in this stupid, this ridiculous, affair—but with a gesture, with a single word, she has made of it" (he flicked the interview with the back of his hand) "a masterpiece!"

The words had a curiously familiar sound, as if I had somewhere heard him say them before; and at his added, "No, she could never have done any less," it came suddenly back to me. That was the very thing he had said on the memorable night years ago when we saw Marguerite Leloir playing "Ephene." The same tone, the enthusiasm, the identical words. Only then it had been the play which was "stupid and ridiculous" and which she had made "a masterpiece."

We were hardly the only ones for whom that interview revived the memory of that time—not so long ago, after all; fifteen years would cover it, I think. For everyone who had the fortune to see her at all must remember how Marguerite Leloir fairly burst upon the theatrical world—a truly great tragic actress at nineteen. If she had not married Ravelles, there is little doubt that she would have become the most famous tragedienne of her day. As it was, she became what the world considered even greater than that; she became Mme Ravelles, wife of the Master, companion of that great poet's solitude. And it is because her fame was so quickly absorbed in his, her star reduced to the magnitude of a satellite, that it was necessary to revive the memories of that

time before the Master came; of that time when critics and public spoke of her as "Leloir," and prophesied the greatness of her fame.

You remember the story of how Thiebault, the Paris manager, discovered her playing in some obscure provincial theater, and brought her with him to Paris, where, after a week's rehearsal, he determined not to waste her upon minor parts, but arranged instead to present her at once in a series of classic roles. A foolhardy venture, people said—a girl out of a convent—but Thiebault knew his business better than they. And, as if to show how sure he was, he chose for her first appearance "Ephene"—a classic meriting, if ever a classic did, all the neglect that has been accorded it—and certainly a choice to court disaster for any manager. But there, too, Thiebault proved himself right, although, in the light of her triumph, any play not entirely trivial might have served as well.

By some chance Brissac and I were present at that unforgettable *première*. The theater was filled with the usual brilliant first-night audience, prepared to be bored, but come out of loyalty to Thiebault, who had entertained them royally in the past—the fashionables of Paris filling the boxes with color, with movement, with the richness of jewels and rare exotic scents; celebrities; professionals; students; and here and there white-haired antiquaries, savants, interested in the revival of anything ancient and Greek; and the critics, present because it was in the day's work, but lounging unhappily in their seats and looking as if they had already written the reviews that would appear in the next day's press.

So they sat through the whole of that long and perplexing first scene, and when the curtain fell the audience stirred languidly, a few moved out of their seats, and talked commonplaces, small talk, as if they had met in a drawing-room, not mentioning what had been going on on the stage, since the drama does not really begin until the second scene and

the appearance of Ephene. Nowhere the sound of controversy, the sharp staccato note that is the voice of the Parisian audience caught and stirred. They were courteous, patient, just a little bored. At the signal bell they settled to their seats again.

The curtain rose in silence and disclosed the solitary figure of a woman standing immobile as a statue against the shallow steps that led across the back of the stage. At sight of that motionless figure a tension ran through the house from galleries to pit, and what had been a multitude of separate individuals became, in an instant, a single entity—an audience. Fixed in the very attitudes of boredom, they remained with every faculty strained and focused upon that strange new figure of Ephene. . . . The magic of that moment is with me still; the rigid hush of the theater, and the realization that came to me of how through *her* the long and bewildering scene that had gone before was suddenly clear and meaningful, because in it they had spoken of her. It had led to her—to this moment—and that was sufficient reason for any scene.

She did not move. Her robe fell straight to her feet in sculptured folds. She was still without effort, as a statue is still—yet with a strange effect of expectancy. She faced us without seeing, wrapped in expectation of some approach.

Presently, from the right a trumpet sounded, and a procession began to emerge, and silently, with bent heads and downcast eyes to pass before her, continued to pass, to pass and disappear at the left. And as they passed a superb and compassionate dignity seemed to mount in her who watched. One cannot explain the secret of how such things are done; one can only remember the emotions they produce.

When the very last of the procession had passed and disappeared from sight, she continued to stand so, holding that strange new dignity until the sense, the very vibration of their passing had died

away. It was the moment for the soliloquy which begins, "*Like slaves, heads bowed, and eyes upon the earth, they pass: Yet in them courage sleeps, unroused . . .*"

I think there was no one in that audience who did not fear to hear her speak, who did not fear that the magic would be dispelled. . . . But at the sound of her first word an electric thrill swept through the audience. Her voice issued from her lips as from the lips of an oracle—full of mysterious portent, of beauty, of authority. . . .

From that moment her triumph was assured.

It was amazing how she was able to invest with meaning the slightest movement, the most indifferent word. Pauses which had seemed hitherto mere breaks in the text seemed now to crystallize moments of beauty which would have been destroyed by speech.

She moved before us, neither young nor old—ageless as Art.

At the end of the act a clamor arose, a clamor so loud that, except for the applause which preceded it, one might have imagined it an audience cheated and angered and in revolt. They poured into aisles, foyer, promenades; everywhere the sharp staccato note, the excited controversy of praise, the gesture by which Parisians add to the superlative adjective. . . . And after each succeeding act it was the same.

Even the end of the drama itself, which had always seemed as if the poet had tired of his dramatic scheme, and so had left off writing before he had come to the impending tragedy or a culmination of any sort—even that was no longer a mere casual ending, a whim of the poet's flagging muse. It was an ending enigmatic if you will, but immensely significant, suggestive, as a broken column suggests completion in a way completion itself could never do. An illusion, of course, but one of those lasting illusions which only great artists are able to produce.

It was when the curtain had fallen on the last scene, and the applause had

at last died away, that Brissac, reaching for his coat, said, with an air of abrupt finality, "It is a stupid, ridiculous play . . . and she has made of it—a masterpiece!"

Until late that night we sat at a table in the Café du Panthéon, drinking a much more expensive wine than we could afford (we were students then) and talking out our enthusiasm. And the next morning we looked excitedly for the reviews.

"Who was she?" the first critic began. "A question no one dared even to ask. She was Ephene herself, come back to rebuke us for our long neglect. Perhaps her creator, wearied of hearing us praise his lesser but more obvious works, bade her come back to reveal to us what since last night we know to be the noblest and the subtlest of that great poet's tragedies."

Even the critics, you see, had fallen prey to that illusion of form, of completion, with which she had managed to invest the play. Hers was one of those rare successes in which, so far as I know, there was not a single dissenting voice.

We saw her often after that—every role, I think, of the series in which she appeared. She was, indeed, our great enthusiasm of that year. And no matter what she played, her magic was the same. That is, standing straight and motionless before her audience, she was invariably able to produce in them a profound and mysterious emotion beyond the mere action and the words.

Fair and nobly modeled, she had none of the uncertain outlines of youth; one might have said that the perfection of her body had somehow produced the perfection of her art, if the opposite were not so often true as to make the assertion absurd.

To be sure, at that early age, hers was purely an unconscious art. She knew instinctively how far a gesture should go, how long a silence should endure—the value of the static pose. She wore straight, flowing robes, clear in color, perfect in line, but without elaboration

or detailed decoration, such as the magnificent robes of great actresses are thought to be. She had not reached the time of riches and sophistication when her costumes would be marvelously finished, finely embellished and stitched, embroidered expensively in ways invisible to the audience. But they were magnificent in their effect, just as her acting was already true in its outline, sure in its structure and form—while she had not yet embellished it with the subtle embroideries and jeweled incrustations of experience. She had greatness first; the embellishment could come in its own time.

So the season passed, the star of Marguerite Leloir ascending steadily.

A curious thing, as I think of it now, was that, notwithstanding the popularity of her success, she was seen nowhere in public except at the theater. It was understood that under the direction of Thiebault she lived a life as cloistered as any convent girl. No stories were whispered about her in the cafés and on the boulevards, except the piquant one that she had never been in love.

And then the Master came. At the beginning of the second season Thiebault announced the production of a great poetic drama by Ravelles, with Leloir in the title role. It proved to be "*Frédégonde*," the first work which the Master had consented to have commercially produced. His name alone insured success—for even then his followers had begun to constitute a "school" in every land where books are read. And with Leloir—the result, of course, is history. A fortune for Thiebault, a triumph for Leloir, another fortune, and added fame, if that were possible, for Ravelles. It silenced those last few of his critics who maintained that he wrote for the library, but never for the stage. As to myself, that marvelously beautiful production of "*Frédégonde*" convinced me that Ravelles was dramatist first and poet afterward. But then I was one of the small and uninitiate

minority for whom the Master had never quite revealed himself. The world spoke of inner meanings, esoteric essences too subtle for the unattuned to grasp. And when even the minority proclaimed its enthusiasm for "*Frédégonde*," the world revenged itself by exclaiming at once: "Ah! The one obvious thing he has ever done! Beautiful, of course—better than anyone else can do—but obvious—obvious!"

Whether the Master also shared this view I do not know. He was silent on this as on all matters of public curiosity. "A man's work," said he in one of his rare interviews, "is its own commentary. An artist's only concern is to make of himself a clear crystal to reflect the truth." He would deliver no opinions; he would not talk of himself. He lived a life of seclusion, appearing seldom in the capital. Yet he denied any modesty in all this. "An austere devotion," he said, "is a necessity of the creative life."

Photographs which appeared as frontispiece to his books showed an unexpectedly robust physique, a handsome and unlined face. Yet I had had no sense of the actuality of those photographs. They had always seemed to me—I cannot tell why—like early likenesses of a man grown old and famous since, which had something to do, no doubt, with my surprise at discovering, when his photograph appeared in the journals with Leloir, how young a man he really was. Thirty-six was given as the Master's age; Marguerite Leloir was twenty-one.

It was just at the end of the long and brilliant season of "*Frédégonde*" that their marriage was announced. At once the beauty and inevitability of a romance between those two was apparent to the world. It was a matter for wonder that no one had seemed to think of it before. But even the romance seemed lost in that kind of radiant obscurity which surrounded the Master's personal life. The press, lacking those details dear to the public heart, was inspired to the most eulogistic eloquence. They

foresaw a future of increasingly brilliant productions for the two—he as poet author, she as star; he as creator, she as interpreter. Thiebault, it was rumored, was making ambitious plans.

Meanwhile, after the closing performance of “Frédégonde,” the Master and his bride left Paris for Miragarde, the Master’s retreat at Avicenne, where it was understood they would rest and spend their honeymoon.

During the summer “Frédégonde,” in book form, exquisitely printed and bound in the uniform edition of his other works, was displayed in booksellers’ windows everywhere. Already it had been translated into three different languages. It was plain that the Master could retire from the world without in the least diminishing his fame.

September came, and the beginning of the season’s activity in the theater. Not, however, until October and November had come and passed was the absence of Leloir particularly remarked. Thiebault gave out a list of his plans in which neither the name of Ravelles nor of Marguerite Leloir appeared. Perhaps, said the wise ones, the Master is at work upon a new play which she is waiting for. But as the season advanced that expectation, too, drifted slowly out of mind.

In the spring Ravelles published a new poetical work, a long philosophical dialogue in blank verse. It was displayed in booksellers’ windows beside “Frédégonde.” It appeared on the drawing-room tables of the fashionable world, and on the little bedside tables of the humbler devotees. And all of these professed their relief that the Master had not fallen to the lure of the easier and more obvious success of the theater, but had returned to the pure spring of the inner life.

It was five years later that I first visited Brissac at Avicenne. When he had written the summer before, saying that he had bought the house, the name had seemed to have some indistinct asso-

ciation in my mind. But not until I was in the train and on my way there did it occur to me that Avicenne was the home of M. and Mme. Ravelles.

Twice during the years that had elapsed there had been a brief two weeks’ revival of “Frédégonde” in the interest of some national charity, and each time Marguerite Leloir had evoked the old magic, worked the same unescapable spell. But, except for those two brief appearances, neither the Master nor Marguerite Leloir had emerged from their retreat at Avicenne. At least, not publicly, not in their capacity as celebrities. There may have been journeys, comings and goings, of which the initiates were aware. But I was never one of them. With the single exception of “Frédégonde,” the Master’s work remained unrevealed to me. But, then, I have never had a really catholic taste in literature.

Yet, now that I was on my way toward Avicenne, approaching, so to speak, the sacred abode, I was astonished to discover that I had, in spite of my indifference, always thought of it as a place of light, inhabited by two luminous presences, and from which (so the picture had actually dwelt in my subconscious imagination) a kind of refulgence shed outward to all parts of the earth. My surprise at this discovery brought presently to the surface of my memory an article I had once seen in an illustrated review, which may have accounted for the impression which had persisted ever since. The writer told of the idyllic life of M. and Mme. Ravelles in their retreat—a life of rigorous simplicity, secluded from the world, devoted only to beauty and to art. He told how Madame Ravelles, “who was the actress Marguerite Leloir” (so soon is the reminder needed; so short is fame!) occupied herself in the simple household duties at Miragarde. There were servants, of course, faithful servitors, but it was Madame Ravelles herself who daily carried the Master’s noon-day meal of fruit and milk and bread

into the garden where the Master worked in the sun. There was a picture, an illustration, of a bit of the garden at Miragarde. A white, graveled walk, bordered with wind flowers opened in full bloom, and at the farther end of the walk a vague, white-clad figure—presumably Madame Ravelles. A strong effect of sunlight pervaded the picture, which fitted perfectly into my symbolic image of the place of light.

"At any rate," I said to myself, "it will be interesting to see for myself. Avicenne is only a village; Brissac probably knows them well."

I was, however, hardly prepared next day for the immediacy of Miragarde.

My train had arrived at noon, and Brissac and I had driven out from the station in an open carriage drawn by a shaggy, but sure-footed, old horse. It was a jewel of a day—warm, brilliant sunlight, delicate air, the freshness of flowers, of the green earth, and the infinite benediction of blue sky. The road wound slowly upward on long, gracious slopes, past orchards and gardens fragrant and colorful. Brissac was in high spirits, and whenever I exclaimed at the beauty of the country through which we passed, he would say:

"But wait! You shall see, it is I who have the view!"

His house lay off to the left, and beyond, on what seemed an eminence of its own, a good twenty minutes' drive from the station behind the easy-gaited old horse. It came into sight, a dark pile on the brow of the last incline, as we rounded a curve which seemed suddenly to leave the world below. We approached from the rear, climbing sharply up the steep ascent, and came to the house, looking cool and hospitable with its deep verandas and open windows and doors. Brissac's old servant Aurélie came out to welcome me, and to say that *déjeuner* had been kept waiting twenty minutes at least.

"But first," said Brissac, "the feast *pour les yeux*."

He led the way into an open hall, and

through to the front of the house, where, before we had reached the open door, I had caught a glimpse of some brilliance beyond. We passed through the door, and there suddenly before us lay the vast sunlit expanse of the sea. A million glittering points of light rose out of it, almost for the moment blinding me. It must have been more than a mile away, yet all the earth between was drowned in light. There seemed to be nothing, nothing whatever but light between us and the dazzling azure sea.

Brissac stood beside me enjoying his effect.

"Well?" he said, after a little, triumphantly.

I could only shake my head. "And you have this all to yourself!" I said.

"Except for my neighbors there."

I followed the movement of Brissac's hand, and, as if the gesture had produced it, there seemed to appear between us and the sea, on the level, sunlit space beyond Brissac's garden and a little to the right, a white wall inclosing a square, and inside the square a long, low structure also of white—a suggestion of white-graveled walks—of white flowers which, as my eyes accustomed themselves to the closer view, showed colors like the reflections of prismatic lights—and pale trees, silver and sage, drowned in the bright mist of the air. It lay there, inclosed in its square, all white and vaguely defined, and unreal, like a mirage between us and the sea.

"What place is it?" I asked.

"Oh, that," said Brissac, "is the celebrated Miragarde."

It was not until days afterward, and I had seen the light fade and grow and fade again on the white walls of Miragarde, that I could convince my sense of its reality. I had passed with Brissac along the road that led beyond it to the sea; had laid my hand on the sun-warmed wall, and had caught more than one glimpse of Madame Ravelles moving along the white-graveled walks; I had even seen, through the gate at the foot of Brissac's garden, the Master himself

at work at his table in the morning sun.

And Brissac had told me all that he knew of his neighbors, although at first when I had demanded to know why he had told me nothing about them in his letters, he said, "There was nothing to tell."

"Are they really," I asked, "as dull as that?"

Brissac smiled. "I have often wondered that myself," he said. "They live in seclusion, you know."

I suppose we are always astonished to learn that the world's conception of the life of a celebrity is true, particularly when that conception had seemed so unreal—so, to me, nearly absurd—as this seclusion of the master and mistress of Miragarde.

They received no visitors, went nowhere themselves. After almost two years not a single word had passed between them and Brissac, a fact which, if you knew the charm and friendliness of Brissac, would seem as remarkable as it did to me. When they met by chance, as it was inevitable they sometimes should, they would bow, all three, gravely and politely, and pass on.

"And remember," said Brissac, "it has been like this for five years. A little appalling, is it not, to think of Marguerite Leloir, who could have the world at her feet."

"Perhaps she finds this compensation enough; there are women like that—"

"Marguerite Leloir is not a woman like that," said Brissac.

"Is it true," I asked, remembering the article in the illustrated review, "that she carries his midday lunch to him in the garden every day?"

"With the utmost humility," said Brissac, and repeated it as if to make it more credible, "the utmost humility."

"She—believes in him, then—"

Brissac looked at me sidewise under lowered lids; and after a moment, as if merely adding to an answer already made, he said: "It is amazing, the following of that man. Imagine—people

are always coming here—people of every sort—like pilgrims to Mecca, from everywhere—from Paris, London, America. . . . And for what? Perhaps—I do not know—perhaps they hope for a single word from the lips of the great man himself. . . .

"They receive no one, no strangers are admitted inside the gates of Miragarde. And yet—it is incredible—is their ardor cooled? Are they disappointed, angry? No . . . not at all. . . . The Master is inaccessible. . . . The Master is sacred. . . . He is too great to be seen by ordinary men. . . . I do believe they are as pleased as if he had asked them to dine. . . . I have talked with them. They sometimes stop here to ask questions of me."

"And what do you tell them?"

"I tell them nothing, for I have nothing to tell. I say, 'Yes, that is his house. . . . No, the Master is seldom seen.'"

"You help keep it up, then?"

"Yes," said Brissac—"yes, I suppose I do."

On the third evening of my stay we came unexpectedly face to face with the master and mistress of Miragarde. We had been for a long walk by the sea, and were coming home by the road that led past Miragarde at dusk. The light was soft and clear, and the quiet melancholy that pervades the world at that hour seemed to bring into gentle and friendly relief the white wall along which we passed.

As we neared the gate there was a dull click of an iron lock, and there emerged almost directly before us, looking startlingly substantial and real, M. and Mme. Ravelles, he in a velvet jacket, and she wrapped in a long gray-blue cape. We were so close that they paused and stood aside to let us go by—a moment or two at most, and yet in that time I had an impression of those two which no other impression can erase. I was startled again to see how robust, how young, how earthly the Master was. He wore no hat, and the velvet jacket gave him an intimate, neighborly air—

yet he only bowed politely and in silence, as the rest of us did, with hardly a look even of recognition for Brissac in his eyes. His face, large and smooth, had upon me the curious, instantaneous effect of an over-retouched photograph . . . and revealed as little of the man beneath.

I was prepared, somewhat at least, for the beauty of Madame Ravelles; and it was with the strange sensation of seeing Ephene or Frédégonde standing before me in the flesh that I saw her in the first moment of her appearance there. The same unconscious nobility of line, the same instinctive lift of the head. She was tall, of equal height with the Master himself, and with her pure blond coloring, the pale heavy hair, and the creamy pallor of her skin, her beauty might even have seemed as aloof and impersonal as one of those legendary heroines, if it had not been for her eyes. I had remembered them as blue, but now that I was within a few feet of her I saw that they were a deep, vivid violet, of so unusual a shade that they took away from the classical quality of her beauty, and gave it a strangeness and an intensity of its own. It may have been the color of the cloak she wore, or the fading evening light that gave that deep, soft color to her eyes; and I may only have imagined that there was restlessness in their depths.

Yet when we had passed, and they had gone on slowly in the direction from which we had come, I could not help remembering that not in the rest of her, but in her eyes, had lain the secret of some contrast that had made itself felt—the contrast between her face and his. Hers was, for all of her cool and quiet dignity, the face of a young and beautiful woman, with life to live. The Master was, after all, older than she; there was the difference between them of something unsaid and something said. I could not tell why his expression had so irritated me. Knowing his life and his fame, if one of his own disciples had been asked to picture him, he would doubtless

have drawn him exactly as he was. For he had the calm, unlined face of philosophers, sometimes of saints, and, as Brissac reminded me, “also sometimes of fools.”

Well, Brissac had never been a disciple of Ravelles, and now, for no other reason than the smooth placidity of that face, I understood perfectly what might otherwise have seemed the unwarranted implication of his attitude. I understood why he had said it was “a little appalling” to think of Marguerite Leloir “like this.”

“Of course,” I said, “there is only one reason why a woman gives up a career and exiles herself from the world. . . . She must be in love with him.”

“No,” said Brissac, as if he had long ago dismissed that idea. “No, I do not believe that Madame Ravelles has ever been in love.”

“Well, then, why does she stay?”

“Shall I tell you what I think?” he said, with an abrupt and serious emphasis. “I think, then, that she conceives of herself as cast for the role of Madame Ravelles.”

“Oh, destiny, you mean?”

“No, I do not mean destiny . . . it is too fatalistic a word. . . . But, how shall I say? . . . It has not occurred to her that she could give it up—the role, you understand.”

“You think she’s only acting, then?”

“No”—he shook his head—“I do not think she is acting. Not consciously, at any rate. I think she is Madame Ravelles, as she was Ephene, or Frédégonde. . . . It did not occur to her to object to her part then . . . it does not occur to her now. She is the player, not the author, of her role.”

“But some day,” said I, “surely some day . . .”

“Ah, some day,” said Brissac, taking up the prophecy, “some day when she is neither so young nor so humble, she will find the role of Madame Ravelles—monotonous.”

At the time, I think I considered

Brissac's theory a little fanciful. But afterward I came to accept it as the only reasonable one. Not even love could have continued to hold her all those years.

And the facts are there. She did stay on.

As year followed year, and I came and went on my occasional visits to Avicenne, the vague, white-clad figure of Madame Ravelles could still be seen moving along the white-graveled walks of Miragarde, drowned in its perpetual sea of light.

There were no rains at Avicenne in the summer months—no clouds in the sky; and more than once I wondered if so much radiance might not blind one a little, or at least obscure the richness of the world that lay beyond. I have heard it said that sunlight was a passion with Ravelles. Even in winter, if they left Miragarde, it was not to go to Paris with its cold and gloom, but south, to Algiers, sometimes to India. And summer saw them always at Miragarde.

The record of those years is a curious one, and only now begins to shape itself into a readable brief for Brissac's theory.

So far as the world was concerned, Marguerite Leloir seemed to have passed forever into the bright oblivion of the Master's personal life. It was no longer even remembered that she *was* Marguerite Leloir.

Brissac and I were, during those years—so far as we ever knew, at least—her only audience.

On my second visit to Avicenne, which took place two summers after the first, I found that my host and Madame Ravelles were on speaking terms. That is, when they met they would greet each other with an audible "*Bon jour, madame,*" or "*Bon jour, monsieur,*" as they passed. And if Ravelles were with her he, too, would murmur a greeting, but inaudibly, with hardly a movement of his lips. Madame Ravelles had been surprised into speaking on the day of Brissac's arrival that year, meeting him unexpectedly at the foot of the garden wall, and she had

kept it up ever since, but a little as if it embarrassed her. Though it may have been, poor lady, that she looked upon her neighbor, in contrast with the rest of the world, as an old and familiar friend. But that was as far as the intimacy ever progressed.

Remember that, aside from her husband and the old couple who served them, she had no companions at Miragarde. Not even a woman friend to gossip with. And, although now and then some great man would journey, by appointment, to see the Master at Avicenne, Brissac could remember only twice in all the years they lived neighbors there, to have seen women visitors at Miragarde. Once there had been an elderly celebrity, and his stout, middle-aged wife, who stayed a day and a night. And once there had come for three days a famous East Indian philosopher in robes and a turban, with *his* wife, a slim, lithe creature with a small head and a face as black as a negress, the daughter of some Indian potentate. She wore a sinuous, swathing garment of gold color with black sleeves, and her head was bound with a kerchief of green, figured silk. For three days she was everywhere, like a bright-plumaged bird caught in the white square, and her laugh floated, like the sound of a light, pretty bell, over the walls of Miragarde.

Bizarre, exclusive, distinguished enough, but hardly fulfilling a woman's need for people, friendships, change.

There were times when it seemed incredible that any woman should so immure herself, if it were not of her own free choice and willingly. I remember suggesting to Brissac that probably what made them seem so strange to us was that they were the only perfect example we had ever seen of true happiness. But I didn't believe it myself, and Brissac's reply, that if that was true happiness he hoped never to see an example of it again, was exactly what I should have answered him.

The fact was that I believed with Brissac that she had long ago found her

role most tragically "monotonous," and that she struggled vainly to free herself. You may ask why she could not simply have left it, gone away; and so, it would have seemed, she could. But there again Brissac's theory came in. Marguerite Leloir could never, much as she disliked a part, have abandoned it by simply walking off the stage in the middle of the play. She would have to go on with it to its proper end. If it ended badly, she would do her best with that. She could not, struggle as she might, find power to change its course by a single scene, a line, a word. There was evidence, at least once, that she did try desperately and failed.

A fantastic notion, if you will, but I believe it to be true.

It was in about the tenth year of their marriage that Ravelles wrote his second piece for the theater. It was produced in the spring, with Madame Fresan in the title role. Madame Ravelles was not even mentioned for the part.

I don't know how much this had to do with it, or whether it had in reality anything at all, but it has always seemed to me that it must at least have brought home to her rather forcibly the situation into which she had allowed her life to drift, and have opened before her a vista of all the arid years to come.

At any rate, it was the following autumn, when Brissac came back to town (I had missed going to Avicenne that year), that he told me about the poet Haviland, and his visit to Miragarde.

Haviland was the young American poet who just then was beginning to create so much stir. Brissac had known him years ago when he was a student in Rome on some kind of American scholarship for a year, and when, on the day of Haviland's arrival at Avicenne, Brissac happened to be in the village and recognized his old acquaintance alighting from the train and inquiring the way to Miragarde, Brissac thought to do him a favor by telling him that no one was admitted there. He was astonished to

hear from Haviland that he was an invited guest for a week.

It may have been that the Master wished to learn at first hand of that new movement whose leader Haviland was, or it may have been as his prospective peer that he asked the young man to come to Miragarde. As for Haviland, it was plain that his attitude was, in spite of his modernity and of his own new fame, the disciple come to visit the Master, and fully aware of the honor done.

He was that curious American mixture of intensity, reticence, idealism, and a quite absurd desire to please; altogether a dynamic, attractive fellow, but presenting, no doubt, to a European what must have seemed at times a most paradoxical front.

Twice Haviland called upon Brissac during the week of his stay. The first time quite casually, on Tuesday morning, the day after his arrival, and during the Master's working hours. He was filled with enthusiasm for Miragarde, for Madame Ravelles, whom he thought the most beautiful and gracious lady in the world, and for the idyllic life they lived. The Master had done him the honor of going on with his work as if no one were there. It was really delightful, Brissac said, to see how much sheer sensation he seemed to be getting out of just feeling himself under the same roof with the master and mistress of Miragarde.

The second visit was on Friday, near the end of the week. He appeared abruptly, unexpectedly, and after a few futile attempts at casual conversation, astonished Brissac with the question as to why he "kept away" from the Ravelles. Brissac replied, of course, that it was no more his keeping away than theirs; that they kept away from everyone. And then Haviland, looking as if he wondered whether to believe that explanation or not, further astonished Brissac by the announcement that he had been put into the most embarrassing predicament, and that he had come to beg Brissac's advice. First, however, he

wanted it understood that he should never have spoken of it to anyone if it hadn't been that he felt sure he must have been, in some mysterious way, to blame. But he couldn't, to save his life, think how. He had a notion that from the European point of view, he had committed some breach, had let himself in for it, had himself created the situation—and yet, he still couldn't reconcile what had happened with his idea of Madame Ravelles.

What had happened, it seemed, was this. Haviland and Madame Ravelles had spent a good deal of time together, in the mornings especially when Ravelles was occupied with his work. He had found her charming in an unusual way; not talkative, indeed a good deal given to long silences, yet altogether so beautiful and so good a listener that he had never felt any awkwardness with her, although he could hardly say that the relationship established between them had had either the swiftness or the warmth of spontaneous friendship. It had been, on his part, chiefly an immense admiration; on hers, it had seemed the graciousness of a hostess to her guest. Certainly no more, although, Haviland confessed, it might have been merely her "foreignness," of which he was always a little conscious from the first. And then, that morning, without preface or warning that he could discern, Madame Ravelles had, to his utter amazement, made to Haviland a direct and deliberate advance, an advance which he had pretended at first to misunderstand, but it was no use. It was "as if," Haviland said, "she had made up her mind to do it at any cost." He was, Brissac said, extremely modest about it, and reticent. After his first incredulity was past, he had done, he said, the only thing it was possible for him to do; he had reminded her, as gently as he could, that he was the Master's friend.

And at this, he said, Madame Ravelles had done the most unexpected thing. She had stood perfectly still a moment, looking at him, and then she began

slowly to nod her head, and a slow, curious smile grew on her lips.

"Yes," she said—"yes, so you are—and I—am the Master's wife." She continued to stand, while the slow smile turned bitter and faded from her lips. Then: "He will be expecting us now, perhaps. Will you go to him?" she said.

And Haviland, bewildered, had left her, because he could see that she meant him to; that, suddenly, she could no longer bear to prolong the interview.

She followed him in presently and went to her room; at noon she had appeared across the table from him exactly as if nothing had occurred.

He had come to Brissac because he was so sure that he must have done something wrong, and he wanted to put it right. He wanted Brissac's advice as to whether he ought to go away at once.

Brissac, of course, could say none of the things that were in his mind. He could hardly, for instance, tell Haviland that he thought it the most pathetic thing he had ever known a woman to do; nor could he further strengthen the American's belief in the peculiarity of the European code by saying that there are times in a woman's life when only an infidelity can save her self-respect. Instead he could only fall back upon his lack of acquaintance with Madame Ravelles, assure the young man that the situation was one for which he was obviously not responsible, since it must have had its origin in some other situation unknown to either of them, and advise him by all means to stay on until the end of the week, taking his cue from Madame Ravelles's attitude that noon.

Which advice the young man took, stopping in on the day of his departure to thank Brissac again, though he went away more completely mystified than before. Never, by so much as an expression or a word, had Madame Ravelles referred again to the episode.

It had failed, you see, her one absurd and pathetic attempt to take things into her own hands, to break the spell, to

change the course of the play for which she was cast—to step out of the part.

And when that failed, I think she gave it up. Bound by those invisible chains, she resigned herself to her curious fate. She would go on playing Madame Ravelles as it was written to the end.

For two years then life went on as it had always gone at Miragarde.

The Master was writing again for the theater. The last play had proved a great success. Nothing could stop or stay his destiny. They had gone up to Paris for the *première*, leaving immediately afterward for Miragarde; and now again, two years afterward, “M. and Mme. Ravelles occupied a box at the *première*” of the Master’s latest work.

But this time they did not return to Miragarde. Spring passed and summer came, and still they did not appear. For the first time Miragarde was closed all year. More than ever, inclosed in its white square, it was like a mirage between us and the dazzling sea.

Where they were, M. and Mme. Ravelles, no one seemed to know. In Paris? we wondered—they had certainly never betrayed much taste for Parisian life. Our guess was that they were somewhere in the Orient, since their winter had been broken by the trip to Paris for the *première*. But this was mere conjecture, and perhaps no one but Brissac and I had been aware that they were not, as usual, at Miragarde. They had simply disappeared again, dissolved once more in that radiant obscurity of the Master’s personal life.

The rest of the story you must know, if you were interested, as well as I, for it was out of that same obscurity, which had endured throughout the summer and on into the winter without a lift, that there came a month ago the amazing announcement which I am sure surprised no one more than me. M. and Mme. Ravelles had been granted a divorce!

And then, directly on the heels of that announcement, another more surprising still. . . . The Master would shortly

marry Mlle. Toinette Ribeau! . . . Toinette Ribeau! A pretentious little actress who had played a small part in the Master’s last great work. She had no talent and no beauty; only a prettiness of a ringleted, superficial sort. But ambition—ambition which saw the stage as a mere stepping-stone to more substantial heights . . . Toinette Ribeau!

Well, this last news gave the lie to my conjecture set going by the first. It had been, after all, the Master, and not Madame Ravelles, as I had expected, who had written this climax to the play; who had, like an author too sure of his audience, relegated her role at last to this ignominious second place.

Not a word of Madame Ravelles herself, except the stereotyped interpolation that it would be remembered she was the actress, Marguerite Leloir—not, that is, until two days later, when the interview I have already spoken of came out. That brief interview which caused the world to exclaim over the beauty and the pathos of her sacrifice, and which gave to the final scene that incomparable illusion of romance and nobility.

She had been found living in some obscure Paris hotel, and in response to their questioning she had simply bowed her beautiful head and said: “The Master’s genius belongs to the world. . . . But he must have happiness to create. . . . So, this is his happiness. . . . The world needs him more than I.”

That was all. But it was enough to dissolve the public in sentiment, and to fill it with renewed awe for the greatness of the man who could inspire such self-abnegating sacrifice.

No wonder Brissac laughed. No wonder he cried out: “*Magnifique! Superbe!*” She was, as he said, the artist, who “could not have done any less.” And more characteristic than anything else was the way in which, by that instinctive artistry which realizes that no part can be greater than the whole, she contrived to make not simply her own part, but the whole “stupid, affair” seem rounded and significant.

It was exactly the illusion she had created on that night years ago for Ephene. It was exactly the illusion, one felt, she would always be able to create. And with a lighter, subtler touch; for in the years that had elapsed she had at least embellished her art with irony.

There has been of late a persistent rumor that Marguerite Leloir will return to the stage. Thiebault, they say, will present her in the fall in a mediæval play; there are rumors of sumptuous

mountings, marvelous costumes, settings of great magnificence.

And, in spite of the fact that Thiebault seldom makes mistakes, in spite of my belief in Marguerite Leloir, I had misgivings when first I heard this news. It was Brissac who told me—he had heard it first—and my misgivings voiced themselves at once. I said that it so seldom *did* work out, an actress leaving the stage and coming back after so many years. . . .

“But Marguerite Leloir never really left it,” Brissac said.

THE ULTIMATE HARVEST

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

GREAT palaces they fill, the shapes that, myriad page on page,
Hold safe for us and tangible our spirits' heritage.

But vaster far the treasures elysian that contain
The bodiless throng of those that craved a bodily guise in vain.

The harvest of humanity's dumb eloquence is there,
Clear-voiced achievements that on earth but voiceless yearnings were:

The books conceived but never born, dream-writ but never paged,
Awakened beings in no flesh of lines and letters caged;

The words that great beginners left unspoken, dying young,
That laureled elders meant to sing better than they had sung,

And those, the numberless, for which no kindred testified,
Imagined children of a hope whose wings were never tried. . . .

O restless wights who cannot put a fruitful effort through,
O minds untrained and hands unskilled that long but cannot do,

And ye who saw your vision die because ye starved for bread,
Or starved for strength or time or chance, have faith, be comforted,

For daily grow the heavenly stores to meet the radiant look
Of reborn souls who suddenly find each his new-born book.

Each reads his own—and Heaven begins; then in the peace divine
Of endless years shall each, praise God, have time for yours and mine!

WHAT NOBODY OUGHT TO KNOW

BY F. M. COLBY

ALARM at the ignorance of young men just out of college, and middle-aged men around college, and other men at any distance from college has not only always been easy to me; it has always been very agreeable; and I believe this is true of all my acquaintances. I doubt if I have ever met a man of mature years who did not take a genuine pleasure in the ignorance of other people, whether in or out of college. I do not know what the sociologists have said about it, but I suppose they have shown that upon this instinct all human conversation is founded, modified, of course, as civilization advances. Bunz, I imagine, would call it the cause of all human laughter, arguing that prehuman laughter probably had some other cause. Gunz, I believe, regards it as the source of both talk and laughter, whether of man or beast. Wunz, on the other hand, while all for the prehuman origin, would incline, I think, to my own simpler theory of philallatopism—that is to say, of the ignorance of other people as the pleasure-source of talk. I have not looked up the passages, but from what I know of the spirit of their writings I believe these authorities would divide in about this way.

Before going farther, I will say that the point I am coming to has to do with the discussion following the appearance of Mr. Edison's list of questions for young men just out of college and with the samples offered by educational writers before and since of the sort of things all other people, young or old, under the sun should know. But in accordance with contemporary literary usage, I shall not advance abruptly to

that point, if I advance to it at all. I shall first go back to dawns and origins, not forgetting for one instant that both the reader and myself are members of human society. I shall go back only to primitive man, though I might go back much farther. Like other admirers of Mr. H. G. Wells, I might go back to the amoeba, and if I do not choose to do so any reader of this article may simply thank his stars.

Now, in primitive life, as I gather from Mr. Havelock Ellis, or Mr. Graham Wallas, or Doctor Dreimacher, or M. Bergson, or the late Joseph Deniker—or, at any rate, as I gather—in primitive life human conversation was exceedingly cruel, began, indeed, as cruelty in a modified form. When the torture and killing of captives gave way to the milder satisfactions of enslavement men missed the rude gayety of the earlier sport. Talk in a measure supplied it. The stronger talked and the weaker listened; the answer, in the modern sense, did not exist. Conversation was not, as the word implies, a turning about; there was no turn about, it was one-sided; if two tried to do the talking one was killed. Among the Zingputs conversation was always opened by a blow from the *bashdab* (literally, husher), a short, blunt instrument of burnt wood, and proceeded entirely *de haut en bas*, the recipient remaining on the ground. Men listen where they fall, says the Zingput proverb. Among the Magrubs, the chief always carried the *teeka-teeka* (literally, talk spear), made of the tusk of the swamp hog, which was driven through the fleshy portion of the left thigh of listeners into a painted post

provided for the purpose. In the Goli language the verb "to listen" meant literally "to have both legs broken" and the noun "listener" meant etymologically "the man unable to move." It is curious to observe that the word "poet" in many primitive tongues meant merely the "man who holds you down."

According to Spickert, it was the Chinese, foremost in so many of these early particulars, who first observed that talk might proceed without maiming and who bound their listeners to trees; and ropes were used by the Gauls before Cæsar's time, and leather thongs in the conversation of Germans, if scholars are right in their latest conjecture as to Tacitus's somewhat obscure remark about the manners of the Imbrocatti. It never dawned on anyone, until long after civilization had done so, that any man could desire to know what anyone else desired to tell him. Signs of this in our present speech will occur to everyone.

Lier conversation avec, holding a conversation, engaging one in conversation, fixing the attention, carrying the hearers away, and such terms as cogent, penetrating, enthralling, compelling speaker, gripping drama, rapt, ravishing, *ravi*, carried along, swept off the feet, and a hundred others, now associated with mild or pleasurable mental states, all point to those centuries of physical violence and pain in talk—to the seizure, throttling, stretching, binding, and perforating of the talked-to by the talker, the grapple of interlocutors, the clutch of the stronger speaker on the other's throat, the stunning, dragging off, and spiking down of listeners. The modern vocabulary of conversational conditions is the blood-stained record of the efforts of the human mind to defend its inattention.

And if the anthropologists are right (see *Transactions* of Bulgarian Royal Academy of Anthropology, vols. xl-ex, *passim*) the pleasure of conversation never arose from merely telling others

what they did not know, but required always that they should not wish to know it—old battle-joy, torture, and blood-feast impulsions; instincts of beating down, ramming, gouging; pokes and thrusts of protoplasm in primordial slime, according to Mr. Wells; throbs and churnings of the *élan vital*, according to M. Bergson; all working themselves upward and outward on the secondary, or what is more commonly known as the *human*, plane of expression. But for the resistance to conversation, it is doubtful whether any of it would have occurred, and save in the very highest forms of civilized life none of it would have been accompanied by pleasure. Analogies in the life of the sphex, in the ejaculatory habits of the holothurians, and in the courtship of spiders will of course occur to everyone, but I have decided, at the risk of seeming superficial, to confine this discussion to Man.

I may say in passing that the word *human* is employed in this article, as in the best contemporary, social-evolutionary literature, with a watchful eye to possible mistakes. A careful writer nowadays will so use the word *human* that no lower animal whatever, on seeing the text, will think it refers to him. Hence the frequent distinction in contemporary belles-lettres of the human mind from lower minds in passages where a rabbit might otherwise be led astray. Publishers' announcements that a biography deals with a man's "*human*" side insure against any feeling of disappointment among vegetables. Formerly the word *human* was used regularly in contradistinction to the divine, lest the book might fall into the hands of the Lord and puzzle him. I follow recent usage here, taking only the biological precautions regarded as necessary in my time.

Divorce of conversation-pleasure from early pounding and jabbing joy has proceeded slowly and with many back-settings, and, of course, has never been fully attained. But it has always been

one of the chief, though undefined, purposes of education. To mitigate the teller, to invest him even with agreeable qualities in order that others might hate less to be told by him has always been a hidden motive of the teacher's art. And here and there in the course of time the gesture of conversation did become less akin to that of murder and more akin to that of sport. In Greece, for example, where the answer was first invented, then endured, and finally welcomed, the original motive was for a few years and in a single city almost completely subdued, and men talked on an equal footing in the reciprocity of mere amusement, neither desiring that the other should carry away anything at all sticking in him. Talk was irrelevant to battle, food supply, transport, the defense of the state, the mastery of nature for physical ends—not that it refrained from mentioning these activities, but that it did not display the qualities peculiar to them. Men did not talk as if they were fighting, or driving an animal to market, or forcing in a wedge, even when the talk concerned these useful acts. Savage, that is to say instructive, conversation was not tolerated by those who knew the art, and the barbarity of the unmeaning, unrelated detail and anecdote strung along, as at a modern dinner party, was forbidden. The contents of pocket manuals of useful information were addressed, as the title indicated, merely to the pocket, and never communicated from mind to mind. Seeds for planting were not consumed in conversation, as fruit and facts were not valued for this purpose till after they had sprouted.

This element has reappeared occasionally, but in no constant relation to the other elements of civilization, the talker often remaining brutal or barbarous when everything around him was mollified or improved. Still, it is an element always desired by educators even in societies wholly intent on the increase of men and of physical facilities—even in societies like our own.

For the United States, according to the accounts of travelers and the confessions of its most enlightened natives, is not in this respect a civilized community. Talk is still in its earlier stages among the highest in the land, being always the bare thrust of undesired information into the mind of a neighbor considered as a hole—instinct of making and filling holes everywhere, instinct of woodpeckers, gophers, golfers, ground rodents, as Mr. Graham Wallas has probably put it.

There is, to be sure, a sort of equilibrium. One half of our best society is always telling the other half what it does not wish to know, but the two halves take turns, and this establishes the conversation, usually on a peaceful basis. Control of the impulse to strike the other down has been acquired. And so in the equipoise of this give and take of the hated information we have the early form of social intercourse which we see to-day among our upper classes, as when several of our better families meet for a little rough-and-tumble bout of it, for example, or as in our higher club life. All the best clubs in the city of New York are held together by this tacit understanding—that a man shall take his turn, that there shall be no blow struck, that for receiving information, however wide or miscellaneous, there shall be no other redress than returning it when the time comes. In club life if a man's facts are more than the others can bear and his repression of them is impossible, he will now communicate them to a magazine, rather than push the matter hand to hand to its logical issue as in cave life. To this level my fellow countrymen and myself have climbed and we remain on it with difficulty. Mr. Edison's list of questions, the sort of attention paid to them, and the articles of educators for twenty years as to what all other people ought to know add, I believe, to the danger of relapse.

For they seem to imply that the very things we hate to hear, but love to tell

one another should not only be learned by heart by young people, but should be learned by them at the earliest age; that the sooner a child's mind looks like the informative portions of a Sunday newspaper, the better it is for the progress of the world; and that a good mind will always retain all the miscellany that is thrown in it. Tell it the date of the battle of Ægospotami, who invented the scoop, the gallipot, the winch, where the Pescadores are, the Simplon tunnel, the Eustachian tubes, the doldrums, the Dolomites, the pituitary body, and the richest nitrate fields, when Dante died, how beans are canned, and what glue, zinc, guttapercha, macaroni, and Epsom salts are made of; and then if it spills out any of these things, no matter how much it may wish to do so, it is not a desirable mind. A good mind may shoot them out even when unprovoked, but it will never throw any one of them away or drop it. There is not a word in these articles and not a hint in the manners of the men who write them that any humanity in the performance of the act is desired. On the contrary, it is implied in the very nature of all articles on education that you should treat a subject just as disagreeably as you can. And all this simply because by a social accident many men of this quality are for the moment heard from in high places, although in a few short years, assuming some slight improvement in our lot as listeners, we may have them all behind the bars.

This view of the mind as an arsenal of undesired objects held solely in the hope of causing annoyance later on is of course common in the writings of educators, but it may well have come to Mr. Edison independently and almost without reflection. It probably came to him in a flash, and when he was thinking about something else, as ideas generally do come to writers on education. And an idea darting into an educator in this manner out of the air around him may have fixed itself in

solid form in institutions, perhaps in a dozen schools and dormitories, and even then neither he nor others may have yet perceived its pertinence to education.

A writer falls into a kind of doze, sees a bluebird nesting, writes an article for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and perhaps three years later all the school children at Arethusa, Indiana, are singing, "Drink to me only with thine eyes" and sewing the buttons on their mothers' shoes, joy in every heart, unconscious of the taskmaster, with the whole bright world thrown open to them, containing the following objects: "geographical magazines, news weeklies, lantern slides, picture post cards, railroad folders, manufactured products, excursions to museums, and institutions and factories," hardware catalogues, advertisements of gasoline, telephone directories, and the entire mail-order business of the country to roam in, not counting nature and the songs of the birds. And no reasonable man will object to it, or if he does object to it he will withdraw his objection the moment he sees the persons opposed. For, as has been often noted, all American culture battles end from the spectators' point of view in a draw, not that each side blocks the other, but that both sides fall of themselves; and from the first moment it is evident to the spectator that the result of the conflict does not matter to him. Education is never at stake in educational discussions, although there may be one advantage to an educator in reading them. How not to employ the language of educational debate is one of the most useful things an educator can know—probably inseparable from the art of teaching.

I suppose no one in a fully conscious state ever enters an educational contest or, at any rate, ever does so with success but if, as in dreams or in drunkenness the world seems simple and things look smooth and he sees "broad outlines," as the college presidents say, then he is ready to begin, and out of the air will come to him a battle cry. In the ap

proach of the mind to a vacuum the social certainties expand. On the eve of public discussion they become enormous, and he may find himself the center of great educational interest, saying with Mr. Bernard Shaw we had better stop teaching altogether, saying with Mr. Wells we had better leave it to international films, saying anything, for you can hardly tell one mind from another after its contents are removed.

And in this country it is certain to occur, if he has been wrapped up in one subject to the age of sixty-five, for in that case his advice is desired on all other subjects. Sixty-five years old, a monolith towering in a bank, or among automobile supplies, hams, cash registers, phonographs, ten-cent sales, or biscuit, he is certain to draw educators for the value of his views on other things. And as a practical man he naturally answers that there is no other thing, or if there is one that it is wholly subsidiary to a bank or a ham, and that children should be raised accordingly. Mr. Edison believed that all the college students in this country should be preparing for entrance in his shops. A powerful and specialized intelligence is rarely of interest to an educator except in its moments of repose.

If I were an industrial specialist, even a little one, I am sure I should dislike the fumbling social processes around me, probably could not bear to think of them, and after one tenth of Mr. Edison's astounding application to one set of things, everything else in the world would seem irrelevant to me. And as to mere young people miscellaneously growing up, I should not wish to see them growing up at all. I should much prefer that marriages be followed immediately by the birth of incandescent bulbs. Indeed, had I invented a single incandescent bulb every particle of my mind would have gone to it and I should retire from the world in a self-respecting, and I hope respected, imbecility.

A world perfectly illuminated, with

perfect air traffic, perfect power and voice transmission, full only of rather elderly people with no nonsense about them traveling very fast everywhere, talking all the time to the people at home just as much as if they had not left them, looking at everything in succession and at nothing long, interchanging by the best appliances of wireless items from the *Pocket Dictionary of Engineering*, *Ploetz's Epitome*, and the *Statesman's Year Book*—I do not say that this is the idea of every great industrial genius; I merely say that had room been made in my less spacious mind for any noticeable industrial ability, this is about the sort of idea that would have been left over; and I believe that something like this idea always appears when you draw out a great industrial mind in the absence of its industrial genius.

Blaming the industrial specialist as Matthew Arnold used to do is unimaginative and inhumane. As for me, I can blame no industrial wizard for forgetting certain objects when I, myself, after a concentration far inferior to that of wizardry, after seeing a good play, for example, usually forget all objects, including objects really important to me, not merely the public objects that nobody carries home, such as a church, a nation, the future, human welfare, education. But I see no reason why an industrial wizard should be admired, any more than I am, just at the time when he is forgetting these other objects. The attitude of other people toward myself seems much more sensible. Absorption in a good play is desirable, but the dropping of objects all the way home afterward is not, and while I have found much sympathy as an admirer of a good play, I have never received a word of praise as a dropper of valises afterward. Not once has a man come to me for advice on the bringing up of his children, simply because he saw me lose my hat. Yet that is the precise moment in the lives of all industrial wizards when the most intelligent of the reading public gather

around them, educators in front taking notes for pedagogy.

And since the industrial wizard cannot, as a rule, tell the blessings of his life from the curses of his preoccupation, he is as likely as not, when consulted upon some general aspect of affairs, to advise everyone else in the world to forget his own umbrella. This drawing out of the practical men who can do things seems simply the turning of them on their backs like turtles, and I believe if the qualities they then display were acquired they would really prevent anybody from doing anything.

These lists, together with their context, must all be banished from the thoughts of men, for we are unpleasant enough to one another as it is. They check the rise of all the arts of peace. As to the art of conversation, which, in its civilized form, appears to be an agreeable balance of the contradictions of life maintained in common inquiry and speculation, they would put a stop to it if it ever should begin. They are merely weapons in the cutthroat competition of talk, and the most brilliant of contemporary talkers is armed with them to the teeth. They are based on the idea that it is the duty of all con-

temporaries to be contemporaneous, which comes as near to not being an idea as is possible.

In proof of the perfect impartiality of this article, I submit this fact: as an editor of encyclopædias for twenty years I should not only profit financially from the prevalence of these views; I should be able to shine with peculiar luster. After a new edition of my encyclopædia with all the twenty-five volumes of it fresh in my mind, I have been so radiant with general information that people almost closed their eyes. I might, had I chosen, not only have held brilliantly my part in conversation; I might have owned it all. I believe it was the look in people's eyes that deterred me. At all events, instead of going on to this Napoleonic consummation, I turned aside and plucked out from my memory one by one, like slivers, thousands upon thousands of these little things, more useful than in the list of any educator, lest I might do some damage by them. But many still remain and I can still be, in the most useful and general way, disagreeable. Anger me, and I believe I could hold my own to-day with the leading porcupines of conversation.

YELLOW LEAVES

BY BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

SONGS, once heard, are heard again
 With first hearing laden;
 Be it joy they brushed, or pain,
 Be it man or maiden,
 Down the years they bear off, now
 Memories for freighting;
 Sunsets in their sails, at prow,
 Lanterns of long waiting.

Raindrops in the dark, to one,
 Hush two hearts together;
 This man loves an April sun,
 That, wild ocean weather.
 When you said it, yesterday,
 Yellow leaves wore sorrow:
 Yellow leaves will always say
 There is no to-morrow.

WHEN OLD CHESTER WONDERED

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART II

BY MARGARET DELAND

Synopsis of Part I—Young Doctor Holden fell in love with Rose Knight, who taught the Old Chester school. They were made for each other, so Old Chester said, if Lucy Hayes "didn't catch him first." But Lyman preferred Rose's looks and quieter qualities. Being a stranger in the town, he was unaware of Lucy's reputation as a flirt who, in addition to other conquests, had kept Harry Mack dangling for years. Lucy had become infatuated with Doctor Holden, and though she knew of his engagement to Rose, she was tempted by an opportune moment alone with him, and declared her love. Holden, out of pity for the girl weeping in his arms, kissed her. Then, dismayed at his involuntary disloyalty, he determined to confess to Rose.

LYMAN had not the slightest intention of keeping anything from Rose; indeed, as soon as he got back to Mercer he tried to put his part of the unpleasant journey in the coach on paper. As he sat in his office, waiting for patients, again and again he endeavored to write the thing out. But he couldn't seem to do it. In the first place, he hated to let Rose know what a fool he had been—and then, also, once in a while, alternating with mortification at himself and irritation at Lucy, would come a wave of tenderness for the little clinging thing—straining against him in the stage, or looking up at him with truthful, tear-blinded eyes as she lay on her bed. It was that little tenderness which made it so difficult to write to Rose! It was like betraying poor, pitiful Lucy—even though he would not mention her name. Still, he would take up his pen resolutely, and tell Rose how much he loved her. . . . Then: A "young lady" had suddenly shown a streak of sentimentality, "which, of course, meant nothing whatever"; but he had . . . "quite accidentally"—No, no, no! Then another sheet of paper: "he had, without in the least meaning to, just to comfort her"—"Oh, my Lord!" poor Lyman groaned. The thought of Rose's astonishment at such weakness was like a trickle of cold water down his back. "I swear, I won't tell

her! Why should I tell her? Confound it! I've got to tell her. If it was just that poor little thing's performance, I would never open my head about it." But, of course, his own "performance" made all the difference.

After having thrown a dozen sheets of paper in his scrap basket he gave it up. "It can't be written. I'll tell her."

The purpose of telling her made the prospect of his next Old Chester visit a nightmare. The mere verbal difficulty of confession was appalling, because what he had to say must be said without extenuating particulars as to solitude and a swaying coach and a jolt that almost threw Lucy into his arms; details of that kind might lead Rose to guess who "the young lady" was. But worse than that, infinitely more worrying, was the anxiety as to how Rose would take what he had to tell her. "Can she understand?" Would any girl understand? No; probably not. But that didn't make any difference. The next time he went to Old Chester he would tell Rose, and abide by the consequences.

But before this next visit of his, Lucy had done some telling on her own account. She came, one rainy April evening, and knocked at Mrs. Ezra Barkley's door. Mrs. Charles admitted her, very languid, and inclined to be weepy, "because," she said, motioning Lucy to a seat and curling herself up on

the sofa, "I am so sadly weak. I can't even take care of the little ones. So Aunt is looking after them; they are playing horse in her room upstairs. Hear them?"

"Hear them? My dear I am not deaf!" said Lucy, letting her blue cloak slip over the back of her chair. "How can you stand 'em, Edith?"

"Oh, Rose and Aunt Maria love to take care of them, while I am—in my condition. But I suppose I oughtn't to speak of that before you?"

"Good heavens! *Another?*" said Lucy; then glanced at the ceiling. "The plaster will come down."

Edith was not concerned about the plaster. "Oh, Lucy, it is dreadful for a mother's heart to see her children watched over by others."

"I should think it would be an immense relief," Lucy said. "I hate children; when they are little, they smell of sour milk; and when they get older, they yell so. Rose seems to be fond of them. . . ."

Her voice dropped into a sigh at Rose's name.

Mrs. Charles said yes, Rose adored the children. "Well, they *are* wonderful children."

"Oh," said Lucy, dropping the little Charleses, "I wish I was dead."

Edith was so startled that she put her feet down on the floor and sat up, raising vague hands to tighten her slipping, straggling locks of hair. "You 'wish you were *dead*'? The idea! You, with a rich father!"

"'Rich father'! Money doesn't buy happiness, Edith."

"Well, it buys shoes," said Mrs. Charles. "Dear Charles has had to give up his position in Mercer on account of his eyes. We shall visit Aunt Maria until he is better. Oh, I tell you what, Lucy, if you had six children who scuffle as they walk you would be glad of a rich father."

"I want your advice," said Lucy, abruptly.

"Mine?" said Edith, astonished.

"I am in love."

"Oh, *is* it Harry?" said Edith, clasping her hands.

"Heavens, no! If there wasn't another man in the world I wouldn't take Harry. This man is—quite different. And he's in love with me, but—he's engaged to somebody else. That's the horrid part of it."

"My goodness!" said Edith.

"Don't you think," said Lucy, tensely, "that he ought to ask the girl to release him?"

"But Lucy, the idea!—a *man* to break his engagement?"

"If he's in love with me, it breaks itself, doesn't it?" Lucy said; "and I know he's in love with me because—he kissed me."

Mrs. Charles made a gesture of delighted horror. "*Kissed you?* When he's engaged to another young lady? The idea!"

Lucy dropped her face in her hands. "What *am* I going to do? He kissed me, kissed me—kissed me! Doesn't that mean he loves me? If the girl he's engaged to knew that—she'd throw him over, wouldn't she?"

"I should think," said Edith, with a flash of uncommon sense, "she'd be glad to. But, oh, Lucy, you must both of you conquer your affections. Why, if this other girl guessed, she'd break with him at once."

"I wish she'd 'guess', then," Lucy said. "Oh dear, I'd like to write to her and tell her . . . and not sign my name. Of course I won't. But what worries me is that he may think he must be true to her—when he doesn't love her! All that is poppycock; a man can't do a girl a worse turn than to keep his engagement when he doesn't love her."

This, for Old Chester, was very advanced thought, but Edith could not controvert it, because at that minute Rose, with little Charlie tugging at her hand, came in, like a breath of fresh wind. All Edith could do was to see Lucy to the door, and kiss her, and tell her to "cheer up." But she was truly staggered. In those days, in love affairs,

the poor scarecrow of "honor" permitted (reluctantly) a girl to break her engagement, but it kept a man to his word, and thereby invited the crows to descend on many fair fields of matrimony. So, to Edith's way of thinking, the only thing for Lucy to do was to "conquer her affection." But she was so stirred by this talk in the dusk, while the little Charleses whooped and stamped overhead, that after supper,—Rose and Mrs. Ezra having put all the babies to bed—she nearly burst with mysterious hints. ("I will never betray a confidence," she told herself, solemnly), but—"I have been asked to advise a friend," she informed the family generally; "it is very painful to me."

Rose, sitting at the big, rosewood table, marking spelling lists by the light of an astral lamp which had prisms dangling from the red-glass bowl, looked up and laughed. "I shouldn't suppose Lucy would take kindly to advice," she said.

"I didn't say it was Lucy," Edith said, primly; "I name no names. But I feel a great responsibility in giving advice. I suppose I am too sensitive. I wonder how you would all feel about it? It was the case of an engaged gentleman who was in love with another—"

"Was the 'other' in love with him?" Rose asked, drolly.

"I fear, I greatly fear she is—"

"'Is'?" said Rose. "I thought this was a tale of the dim past."

"I don't know just how long ago it happened," said Edith—"I mean the gentleman's change of feeling. But I hope I did wisely to say I thought he must be faithful to his first love—"

"Good gracious!" said Rose; "if he's in love with the 'other,' the milk's spilled."

"But, Rose, darling," Mrs. Ezra said, mildly horrified, "a gentleman cannot break his engagement to a young lady!"

"I'm sorry for the young lady if he doesn't," Rose said.

At which Charles, who was pasting pressed flowers into a "keepsake" for his

aunt Maria, said, gravely, that Edith, as a married woman, was better fitted to have an opinion upon such a delicate matter than Rose. "A man stands by his word of honor," said Charles.

"And how do you suppose a girl would feel to have him 'stand by,' if she knew he didn't want to?" Rose said, good naturedly.

"If the young lady was aware of the change in his affections," said Mrs. Ezra, trying to keep the peace, "she would wish to release him, of course; but—"

"'Release' him?" said Rose; "Heavens! I should think the only thing that would trouble her would be that she couldn't get to the front door fast enough to open it for him—and say 'good-by'!"

Rose always stored up the Welwoods' solemnities to tell Lyman; but the next time he came down for a Sunday in Old Chester (a few days after Lucy's twilight call) she didn't have a chance to repeat Edith's fine sentiments as to faithfulness. Lyman was too preoccupied to listen to them. His whole honest, uncomfortable mind was fixed on the story he had to tell. . . . A man may know how he feels when he tells this sort of story to the girl he loves, but he can never know how the girl feels. He doesn't look at her when he stammers, and tries not to be a pup by intimating that a lady showed him a favor, and yet tries to show that he—he was sort of swept off his feet because she—don't you know?—sort of—fell into his arms, and before he knew it, he—

They were in the school room. Rose, hurrying to get through our compositions, had been marking papers at her desk, not expecting to see Lyman until he came, as usual, to have supper at Mrs. Ezra's. But even while she was reading our opinions about "Spring" she was listening for the wheels of the stage that would be carrying him to the tavern, where he would hurry to change a coat or a collar, and then rush up to Mrs. Ezra's. But the stage, instead of jolting

on down the street, stopped at the church, and as Rose raised her head, surprised and listening, she heard his step on the path, and the next moment he had opened the basement door and was in the school room.

"Why, Lyman!" she exclaimed, springing up. "I thought you would go to the tavern!"

"I wanted to see you first," he said—"I mean without people around." He drew a chair up beside hers on the little platform. "Compositions?" he said.

"Yes; oh Lyman, they are so funny! Let me read you—"

"I want to talk to you."

She pushed her papers away, and, leaning her elbow on the desk, looked at him—a smiling, fragrant thing, with the clear, hot color in her cheeks, and sweet, humorous eyes.

"Something bothering you?" she said.

"Yes; it's nothing; and yet—it does bother me, Rose."

"I've felt you were worried, in your letters."

"I tried to write to you about it, but I thought I'd rather tell you. It's nothing, really. I'm making a mountain out of a molehill. But I hate secrets."

"So do I. But, Lyman, dear, if you *want* to keep a secret from me, I don't mind in the least."

"But I *don't* want to. I want to tell you."

"Then go ahead."

"Perhaps you'll be disgusted with me. I'm disgusted with myself."

She laughed. "I don't think you need worry."

So Lyman, red and miserable and ashamed and frightened, began his confession. He did not look at Rose; he sat with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out under her desk. Almost immediately he upset the scrap basket. Rose said, "Never mind!" but he grasped at the moment's respite of stooping down to pick up the pieces of paper. Then he went on, still without looking at her. That was why he did not see in her face that mixture of pain and

amusement and tenderness, which comes into the faces of mothers when a child confesses some little naughtiness; nor did he see, as his mortifying story went on, a sudden shock of understanding that drove the tenderness out of her face. He was as guarded as any man could be—but her guess was inevitable. It was Lyman! *He* was the man of the story Lucy had told to Edith—and Lucy must have been the girl! Rose, listening, hardly knew whether to laugh or burst into impatient disgust. "She's only a horrid little flirt," Rose thought; but, really, *this* was too much! To throw herself into a man's arms. Rose's kind mouth was contemptuous. But Lyman was not looking at her; he was still trying to tell her just how it happened.

"We were alone, and she seemed to be unhappy. She's a girl I hardly know, Rose; almost a stranger. She was crying. 'Course I was sorry for her, and I said something—I can't remember just what—and before I knew what she was talking about, she said (I feel like a confounded cad, Rose) something about liking me, you know. And then she—she sort of—kissed me. Well—that's nothing. I don't mind *that*."

"Of course it was nothing," she agreed. "Good gracious! Lyman, you don't suppose I would blame *you* for the silly thing's behavior?"

"No; I knew you wouldn't. But that isn't what bothers me. She was just a little goose. An attack of nerves, you know. But I—well, before I knew it, I kissed her. I didn't mean to, but—"

She put her two hands over his, clasped between his knees. "My dear," she said, and kissed him. "It was her fault, not yours."

"Oh, but, Rose, it *was* my fault. I am awfully ashamed of myself, because I took advantage of a crazy minute."

"Don't think of it again," she said. "I sha'n't."

He knelt down beside her, putting his arms around her waist, and laying his face on her shoulder. "Rose! Oh, you *do* understand."

"Of course I understand, Lyman. Did you think I was such a—an old maid that I wouldn't understand?"

"I wouldn't have told you about it if it had been only her affair. I mean *her* part of it was of no consequence. But I—"

"Her part was the whole thing," Rose said, and suddenly she was angry.

"No," he insisted; "she was just silly. And also she is a very outspoken person. One of those very frank people, you know, who can't conceal—" Rose, laying her cheek against his hair, tried not to laugh; but he went on, taking all the blame upon himself. "I hardly know her. She is like a child, very simple and candid. So her ridiculous outbreak, which she has no doubt forgotten by this time, isn't anything. But that I—"

"I know, Lyman. I know."

"And you forgive me?"

"Lyman! There isn't any such word between us."

"Oh, Rose, you are a wonderful woman!"

"No, I'm not," she said. "I am mad enough at—at this creature, whoever she is! But of course I know it means nothing at all, so far as you and I are concerned." Rose was enfolding good humor and common sense, and love, but she was entirely human; she was saying to herself that she'd like to tell Lucy Hayes what she thought of her! But to Lyman she only said, "We'll never think of it again."

And he said, "No—never."

And from that moment they both thought of it constantly—she with a deliberate purpose of protecting him ("because men are such geese about women!"), and he with a faint perplexity at a forgiveness which he was grateful for, but couldn't quite understand.

They went together to Mrs. Ezra's, and all that evening Rose was just her usual gay, handsome self; but once in a while the color deepened in her cheek, and she bit her lip. Later Lyman walked home to the tavern, telling himself over and over that Rose was wonderful! "A little cold," he thought; "but that's

the way I like her—too proud to mind a silly accident like this." But he was rather pitiful of Lucy, because Rose had called her a "creature." "Lucy isn't a 'creature.' She is just frank—and very feminine. And, besides, she knew she could trust me to understand."

The flattery of this "trust" was in Lyman's mind quite frequently in the next few weeks. . . . But he tried to forget the hot velvet of Lucy's lips.

Back again in Mercer, and hard at work, Rose's "wonderfulness" continued to perplex Lyman Holden. "She didn't really *mind*," he told himself; and felt a little flat at having minded so much himself.

"Didn't mind"? . . . It was a pity he couldn't have seen Rose a week or two later, when she opened a small, square envelope, and read an anonymous letter:

The man you are engaged to kissed a girl whom he loves more than you. Better break your engagement to him.

"I'd a good deal rather have him die than fall into Lucy's hands," she said to herself, grimly. But there was not a trace of self-betraying imagination when she met Lucy here or there—found her talking to Edith in the twilight or passed her on the River Road with Harry Mack.

"Good evening, Lucy," she would say; and Lucy's "Dear Rose! You look just like your name," and Rose's easy retort: "Does that mean I have thorns?"—when this sort of thing happened, Rose's voice was so pleasantly matter-of-fact that Lucy thought to herself, "*Did she get it?*" And Lucy's voice was so cordial that Rose would think: "How *can* Lyman be so fooled by her? 'Candid'?—oh, men are queer," Rose would think, ruefully. "Look at Harry. He's crazy about her, and yet in other ways he has lots of sense. Any woman would see through Lucy."

But Lyman, in Mercer, remembering his confession, and constitutionally unable to "see through" any female thing, said, naturally enough, "Rose didn't really mind."

As the summer waned into winter, Lyman Holden pretty much forgot Lucy. But she did not forget him—although she had a chance to, for Harry Mack had a bad relapse into love making, and told her, for the hundredth time, exactly what he thought of her. Indeed, he reached such a point of insolence that she almost accepted him—but not quite; she was committed to her purpose of getting what she wanted. She saw Lyman in Mercer occasionally; he didn't now accept those invitations to supper which, instigated by Lucy, the Mercer aunt sent him quite frequently; but they met in other people's houses. Sometimes Lucy talked to him, and he was uneasy, for fear she would "say things." Oftener she turned her head away and wouldn't speak to him, and then he was puzzled. Twice she went down to Old Chester in the stage with him (there were two or three other passengers) and she ignored him so completely that he wondered what he had done to displease her. "She seems to have forgotten my existence!" Once he met her walking with Harry—Harry beaming with happiness—and she did not, apparently, even see Lyman, who said to himself, frowning, "Well, I'm glad she has got over it."

Then, one February afternoon, she came into his office at the close of office hours. She had a bunch of violets in her hands, and fingered them nervously, looking at him with innocent, unhappy eyes. "You—you have begun to despise me."

"Of course I haven't. What nonsense!"

She was trembling. "I am an idiot to be here, but I am so wretched. You didn't speak to me, coming out of church."

"Why, but you didn't speak to *me*!" he defended himself.

"I was afraid to," she said; "you looked sort of provoked at me."

"I thought," he said, in a low voice, "that *you* were provoked at *me*."

"I? Oh—oh—how can you say that?"

I love you. I had to come here—" her voice broke; "just to look at you—just to *touch* you," she said, faintly. Then she looked at him, but did not touch him, for he backed away from her, breathless and stammering, and hunting for platitudes of appreciation and admonition. Suddenly she sobbed; then, as if to cover her emotion, laughed, and quickly, softly, like a mischievous child, pushed the wet fragrance of the violets against his face. He felt her hand on his cheek. . . . His arms went around her. . . .

A minute later, emerging from those involuntary, claspings arms, she sat down in his revolving chair at his desk, and just looked at him—a look of fire and terror and complete triumph. He tried to say something about "forgetting himself. . . . You will never forgive me," he said.

"Forgive you? What have I to forgive? Do you think you need 'forgiveness' for loving me? You might ask it, if you didn't love me, for that would kill me . . . Lyman."

"I'll never forgive myself!" he said, hoarsely.

They were both silent. Lyman's head swam; he saw what he had done—he had crushed a jewel under his feet. No "confession," no repentance, no despair, no excuse, could make it anything but dust.

"Now," he said aloud, "I've lost her."

"You mean Rose? Yes, you have." She took up a pencil and began making scrolls and letters on the prescription blank on his desk; he saw that her fingers trembled. Then she said, very low, "She wouldn't want you—now."

Lyman's hand clenched against his mouth, smothered his shamed and despairing: "I should think not!"

"*She's* proud," Lucy said. "As for me, I have no pride. No pride, no anything. Just love. *I* want you."

He was dumb. Lucy, looking down on the initials she had scrawled on the bit of paper, said, gently, "Lyman, would you be happier if I died?"

"Don't—don't!" he said; then, mis-

erably, "Oh, if only I had never seen you!"

"She's a better woman than I am. But she doesn't love you as I do. Do you think she would fight for you as I have fought? She's too angelic for love like that."

"Yes; she *is* better than you are. Don't talk about her. And as for me—"

"Angelic," Lucy repeated, thoughtfully; "yes. But you'd rather marry me than an angel?"

He was silent.

She sprang to her feet and struck his arm with her little fist. "Wouldn't you?"

Her touch was like a push against a wavering defense of truth; he fell into the engulfing lie of passion: "Yes." . . .

Instantly she turned with a whirl and flew out of the room. It was as if she could not trust herself to speak her triumphant joy. He leaped toward her and tried to reach her—hold her—kiss her. But she had gone, leaving her violets there on his desk.

He stood, panting. . . . She had fled, had she? . . . He put on his hat and coat and rushed out after her. She seemed to have wings. He saw a blue flutter at her aunt's doorstep, but before he could reach it the door had closed. In answer to his impetuous ringing of the bell, he was told that she was not seeing anybody.

"Miss Lucy s done got a haidache," the woman said; "she say to tell folks that come to see her she's gone to bed."

"Why, but she's just this minute entered the house!"

"She say she won't see *nobody*."

Lyman, half laughing, turned away. "I'll come back later," he warned the woman. "Tell her I say so!"

But he did not go back later. In his office (still faintly perfumed with her violets) he sat down, and looked at the prescription blank and his own initials—which were hers, too—"L. H." "L. H." entwined, separate. When he saw those foolish scrawls, the impulse to catch

Lucy in his arms faded into consciousness of the trampled jewel, and a cold terror of himself.

"My God!" he said, "I *mustn't* marry Rose—but I've got to marry Lucy."

He had no impulse, now, to struggle against the catastrophe of temperament. He had not the faintest idea of asking for Rose's forgiveness. Rose wouldn't be Rose if she could forgive this particular kind of weakness. He wouldn't want her to! It wasn't a question of forgiveness. "At least," he said to himself, "I have as much decency as *that*; I won't ask her to forgive me. Besides, she couldn't. She is not that kind of woman." Sitting at his desk, his hands in his pockets, his feet stretched out in front of him, he raged at himself, at Lucy, and at himself again. Yes, he had crushed and shattered a precious thing—Rose's love. Also he had destroyed another thing—a poor thing, perhaps, but all he had to live by—namely, his own self-respect. So this was the kind of man he was? Loving Rose—calmly, perhaps, and certainly reverently—but wanting Lucy! For through all the shame, and pain, and shocked astonishment at himself, while his mind cried for Rose, his arms desired Lucy.

He sat at his desk, biting hard on a cigar that kept going out, and thinking of the incredible contradiction of himself. He sat there until midnight. The fire in the little grate was almost out; one red coal blinked at him, then hid under a film of ashes; the cold had crept into the room; he looked up, and saw the frost on the windows, and shivered.

He must write to Rose. . . .

He got up and started a little fire; then sat crouching over it, holding his hands out to the flame. Sometimes he heard the frost tapping at the window, or the far-off jingle of a sleigh bell; then, nearer, the creak of snow beneath a runner. He was trying to find words to write this unspeakable thing—*he wanted to marry another woman!* Finally, numb

and cold, he went to his desk. Lucy's violets were still there.

It took him until the light of dawn dulled the glow in the grate, to write that letter. When at last it was done it said just one thing:

He was not worthy of her.

The rest was a detail! He loved (no, no! he "*wanted*") another girl, and—would Rose release him? The last words—"Of course I don't ask you to forgive me"—nearly finished Lyman. He put his face down on his arms on his desk, and said to himself that he had stabbed Rose. "And yet I *love* her," he thought, bewildered; "I love her so that I wouldn't want her to marry me."

After writing that letter, Lyman wrote two lines to Lucy:

I have asked Rose to release me. I mustn't see you until she does so.

The letter to Rose went off the next morning. In his mind he followed it all that day. He followed the slow tug of the old coach, where it lay in the mail bag on the footboard under Silas's feet; he followed it when Silas flung the bag off at the post office, and the bald old post mistress ran out to get it, and to cry, shrilly, up to Silas, that the stage was late; he followed it as Miss Minns, her spectacles on the end of her little nose, began to sort the mail with blunt, fumbling fingers. Once Rose had said, "Sometimes I want to choke dear old Minns, I'm in such a hurry for your letter!" Would she be in a hurry for this letter? "Oh, my *God!*" Lyman thought, and as he said it he had a sudden revulsion and a pang of purpose; he would rush out and telegraph old Minns and tell her to send the letter addressed to Miss Rose Knight, back to him. No . . . no use; Minns wouldn't do it—couldn't do it. Well, he might telegraph Rose, "Please return letter unread; will explain later." Under the frantic impetus of this thought, he looked at his watch (there was in the office at the moment that precious thing, a *patient*), put his hands on the arms of his chair,

and half rose; but the gesture conveyed nothing to the fat lady sitting by his desk, drooning on about her aches and pains. "I can keep her from reading it," he was thinking, "if I rush out this instant and telegraph . . ." "It's rheumatism," he said, mechanically. "I'll give you something." He drew his prescription pad toward him and wrote, "Please return lett"—saw what he had done, tore off the blank sheet, and wrote his cabalistic grains and ounces, not hearing a word of the symptoms the poor lady was still reciting. Again he made his dismissing gesture ("Rose is starting for the post office by this time. She'll wait until the mail is distributed"). . . . "And drink a great deal of water—" He was on his feet now, steering the patient toward the door. In another hour Rose would have opened that letter, and be reading it—there! in the post office! before people! ("Oh, I ought to have guarded against *that!* I never thought of that") . . . "Yes, a teaspoonful before meals." He had got the patient to the doorstep by this time, and as she lingered, explaining in detail the difficulty of lifting her arm to brush her hair, he wanted to say, "Cut your hair off, then!" All he did say was, "Oh, that *is* uncomfortable."

Back again in his office, sitting in his desk chair, he began to tear into tiny scraps the paper with its "Please return lett—" There was no use in telegraphing. Rose would have read the letter before a despatch could possibly reach her; besides—why hold it back? The fact remained. . . .

The rest of the afternoon, while waiting for patients, was given up to calculations as to when Rose's answer to his letter would reach him; if she wrote that night, he would get it the next night. But perhaps she wouldn't write! Perhaps she would *never* write. She would despise him so that she would not even answer him. He had a strange longing to rush to her, and tell her all his misery. The preposterousness of that thought made him almost laugh.

Five o'clock. His letter had been read. . . . He was a free man. Rose had "released" him. "Good riddance! good riddance!" he thought. "She despises me, and I despise myself." Well, he was free, and he could go to see Lucy. "But I won't kiss her till Rose's letter comes." He didn't want to kiss her; it made him sick to think of kissing her! But he put on his coat and hat and plunged out into the snow. He found himself thinking, as he walked along in the yellow glow of the winter sunset, that it had taken only twenty-four hours to turn his life upside down. This time yesterday afternoon he had been a self-respecting man, with a calm outlook into an honorable future; now he was—what was he? "Mad, I guess," he thought; "I wonder how I'll feel when I've married her? I'll give myself six months to get the reaction. I'll be madly in love for six months, I suppose. How can I be such a fool?" he pondered. "I really *want* to marry her!" Then he rang Lucy's doorbell like a man in a dream.

When she came into the room he said, bleakly: "I'm free, Lucy. I've asked her to release me."

"We can be married right off," Lucy whispered, her head on his breast, her eyes closing as she lifted her lips to his. But he didn't kiss her; he turned away abruptly and stood with his hands in his pockets, looking out of the window.

"Not till I get her letter, saying she releases me."

Lucy, looking at the back of his head, screamed with laughter. "Oh, Lyman, you *are* absurd!" she said.

Rose's letter didn't come for four days, and each day Lyman said to Lucy: "Wait. She must release me before we tell people what we have done."

"I hate to wait," Lucy said; "I'm so proud, I want everybody to know."

"Proud? You've taken a man who has jilted a fine woman, a—a noble woman. A dishonorable man," he ended, heavily.

"Dishonorable"? Would it have been

honorable to marry her when you loved me best? You do love me best?"

He hesitated. "I want you," he said.

"Old Chester will have a fit," Lucy said, chuckling; "and *Harry*— Good gracious!" She paused and looked at Lyman, her eyes suddenly narrowing. "Harry," she said to herself, "wouldn't have 'waited.' . . . Well," she said, good naturedly, "all right. We won't tell people yet, if you don't want to. But Rose will tell. I'm glad I'm not in Old Chester. Harry would be horrid! You have much better manners than he has, Lyman. Lyman! I'm going to tell sister Helen. She's here with Auntie for a week; her Neddy is attending to some business for his father. Oh, Lyman, how could Helen marry Ned Dilworth? Compared to you, Ned's a pigmy. And you— Oh, Lyman!" She took his hand and laid it against her soft cheek. "I suppose I may do *that*?" she said, with sardonic meekness.

"You may tell Mrs. Neddy, but nobody else," he said, frowning.

"I hate to wait a day!" she retorted.

But she had to wait several days, for Rose's letter of release did not come.

"It's just what I expected," Lyman told himself; "she won't even answer me."

That Rose's spurning pride should keep her silent seemed to him perfectly natural—and strangely beautiful. She was like a snowy mountain peak, indifferent to the steamy darkness of the bogs of such a nature as his. In those waiting days he sat, frowning, in his empty office until the hour for patients was over; then he would go to see Lucy, and say, irritably:

"No. I *won't* kiss you till I'm free," at which Lucy laughed until the tears stood in her eyes.

Meantime Mrs. Neddy went home, bursting with the news, and sworn to secrecy. She kept the secret—except for Neddy. Helen said that no good wife kept anything from her husband—or his family, which is the same thing. But she almost wished she hadn't told

the family, for when, at the supper table the first night she was at home, she hinted that "something was going to happen," then sighed because an Old Chester girl would be jilted; then said, outright, that she had reason to know, but was pledged to confidence as to names, that Doctor Holden wasn't happy with Rose Knight, having fallen in love with another young lady, and so had broken his engagement. When Tom Dilworth's elderly daughter-in-law finally got this out, Thomas's roar of wrath frightened her almost to death. He got up and stamped around the room, and said words that made his Amelia hold up shocked hands.

"Tom! Dear! Not before the girls and Helen."

"That *pup* throw over Rose Knight? If he had waited five minutes, Rose would have thrown him over. Who is the hussy who's caught him, and where does she live?"

"I didn't mention her name," Helen gasped.

"Just as well. I don't want to know her name; it's enough to know her nature. And as for where she lives, so long as she doesn't live in Old Chester, it's nothing to me where she lives; if she keeps on stealing other girls' sweet-hearts, she'll live in—"

"Thomas! Thomas! Remember Helen and the girls."

"I merely mean that we don't have that kind of queer fish in Old Chester, so that I don't give a tinker's damn—"

"*Thomas!*"

"—where she lives."

Neddy's wife, having drawn this torrent down upon her innocent head, was so scared that they couldn't get another word out of her; but after supper she slipped out and went into Mrs. Ezra's and asked for Edith. "I want to see her for a minute, alone," said Mrs. Neddy, looking quite pallid.

Rose, who had opened the front door for her, said that Edith was in her own room. "Go right upstairs, Helen," she said.

But with her foot on the lowest step, Helen Dilworth paused, and said, involuntarily: "Why, Rose! You are ill?"

"No," said Rose, "just tired. Edith has gone to bed, but I'm sure she will be glad to see you."

Edith, in her bed, propped on a heap of pillows, and always glad to hear gossip, listened with wide eyes to Helen's revelation.

"I promised not to tell anybody," Helen said (she was really frightened), "but I've *got* to have advice!" Then came the news: The "gentleman" who had kissed Lucy was Lyman Holden.

Edith was so astounded she could only say, "The idea!"

"Mr. Dilworth is *very* angry," his daughter-in-law said. "Oh, Edith, I'm scared to death, because everybody will be so down on Lucy. I'm sure she can't help Lyman's falling in love with her. What ought I to do?"

"Has he told Rose?"

"Yes. He has asked her to release him. He hadn't heard from her when I left Mercer. Oh dear, I almost wish Lucy would—would let go of him!"

"Rose wouldn't want him now," Edith said.

"Of course not. But what ought Lucy to do?" Lucy's sister said. "People will be horrid to her."

"She won't live here," Edith comforted her. "She'll live in Mercer, so it won't make any difference. . . . Oh, what a blow to Rose!"

Edith was "so pained for dear Rose" that she hurried Helen away so that she could tell Charles, who, of course, was "pained," too.

"It explains why she has looked so badly," Charles said. "I wonder how she answered him? I should have been willing to advise her how to express herself—but Rose is too strong-minded to do what most refined females would do—leave such matters to the gentlemen of their families."

Rose asked no advice from the "gentlemen of her family," nor anyone else. Perhaps that was why it took her so long

to answer Lyman's letter. For five days Lucy "waited" to be kissed, and every day she said, impatiently, that Lyman certainly was queer. . . . Then Rose's letter came. Lyman, his hat and coat on, had been just about to start out to make a call when on the doorstep he met the postman. He stood in the narrow hall, tore the envelope open, and read what Rose had to say. And as he read he drew in his breath, as if in actual physical pain:

I cannot answer you by letter. I must see you. Oh, I do pray I may help you! I know how dreadfully it hurt you to write to me. Will you come down to Old Chester soon?—perhaps on Saturday? We won't tell people what has happened until we have talked it over.

ROSE.

Lyman Holden went back into his office, shut the door, and put his clenched fist against his mouth. And he had thrown over this dignity and tenderness—for what?

He went to Old Chester on Saturday—went, as it happened, in a crowded stage, where everybody knew him, and made a point of talking to him about Rose. . . . When he reached Mrs. Ezra's Rose must have been waiting in the hall, for she opened the front door before he could ring, and said: "We'll

(To be concluded)

go over to the school room, Lyman. It's quiet there." She had her hat and coat on, and, closing the door softly behind her, she went down the garden path with him, between the stalks of dead perennials standing gauntly in the snow.

"Are you well, Rose?" he said, trying to talk easily, and she said:

"Yes, thank you, Lyman."

After that they walked without further words, up the street to the church, and Rose unlocked the school room door, set deep in the snow-powdered ivy leaves of the wall. When they entered he stood, silently, while she lit a lamp, for the February afternoon was falling into dusk; then she turned and looked at him, and, deadly pale, asked one question—asked it without delay or circumlocution:

"Is it Lucy Hayes, Lyman?"

She waited for his answer with the blood pounding in her ears so that she could hardly hear him.

He said, very low and not looking at her, "Yes."

There was a silence. Lyman was sitting down, his face hidden in his hands. She looked at him, and her own hands gripped each other until the knuckles were white. Then she said just six words:

"I can't . . . give you up, Lyman."

WALLED GARDENS

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

GARDENS were meant for walls, that on the sight
Of those who search should fall surprised delight;
By day the hot inclosure of the noon;
By dusk the white square perfume of the moon;
For out beyond the gardens, on the plain,
Lie all the great wide waters of the grain.

Gardens were meant for walls, so tired men
Could catch their breath with fragrance, and again,
Walking along the bare, unshaded ways,
Hold something cool to clothe the naked days.
Who does not know the sharpness of an hour
That turns the corner on a hidden flower?

A PORTRAIT BY NATTIER

NATTIER'S career as an artist covered the period of the Regency and all but twelve years of the reign of Louis XV. Under the shadow of a despotism in which the monarch was a voluptuary and government a game of chance between intriguing ecclesiastics, royal favorites, and ambitious noblemen, France was humiliated in foreign wars and drained of resources at home. Yet, while the bulk of the population was virtually enslaved and always on the edge of starvation, the life of society and the court presented a gay comedy of brilliant manners. It was soulless and without heart even in its wantonness. Affectation and mannerism reigned supreme.

Life was touched, however, with the finesse of Gallic *esprit*. The surface, at least, scintillated with the sparkle of wit and a piquant elegance of manners. It reflected, even in its debasement, the French aptitude for beauty.

And it produced a breed of artists peculiarly French. Watteau had risen above the level of society and invested the comedy of manners with a glamour of poetry. The other artists of the rococo depicted it in the spirit of society itself; some in representations of *Fêtes galantes*, others in portraits. In the latter, Nattier was the most popular, especially in feminine delineations, because he discovered most beauty in his sitters and, where it did not exist in the flesh, gallantly supplied it with the brush.

If a certain sameness of charm runs through all his portraits, it must be remembered that the faces were made up according to recipe, and the expression was in accordance with the vogue. It is the skill with which he renders the exquisiteness of the velvets and brocades, silks and laces, and the general air of aristocratic refinement that he imparts to the compositions, by which his ability as an artist should properly be judged. His canvases are unquestionably decorative, and it is probably this quality in them that explains the modern revival of interest in Nattier's work.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY. BY JEAN MARC NATTIER

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

IN ONE MAN'S LIFE¹

I.—THEODORE N. VAIL AND THE BEGINNINGS OF THE TELEPHONE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ON a day in March, 1876, there occurred one of the greatest events in the history of the world—the discovery by Alexander Graham Bell of a device for transmitting speech by a magnetic wire.

The early story of the telephone has been told many times, and need not be repeated here. Doctor Bell's "talking toy" was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia and the attention paid to it by Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and Lord Kelvin resulted in a wide newspaper publicity.

To make it commercially attractive was another story. One might suppose that, after the Centennial success, the matter of financing the new invention would be easy enough. Nothing could be farther from the facts. To the business world the telephone was just a toy, an interesting and wonderful toy, but of no real practical use, certainly not a thing in which to invest capital, even when it had been demonstrated that it would actually talk between Boston and Cambridge; and this fact, with a full report of the conversation had been published in the *Morning Advertiser*. Bankers and men of private means still regarded it as a poor risk, and smiled or made some facetious remark when invited to invest in the stock. Bell and his friends formed an association of which Gardiner Hubbard was president, Thomas Sanders, treasurer, Bell himself, electrician, and his co-worker,

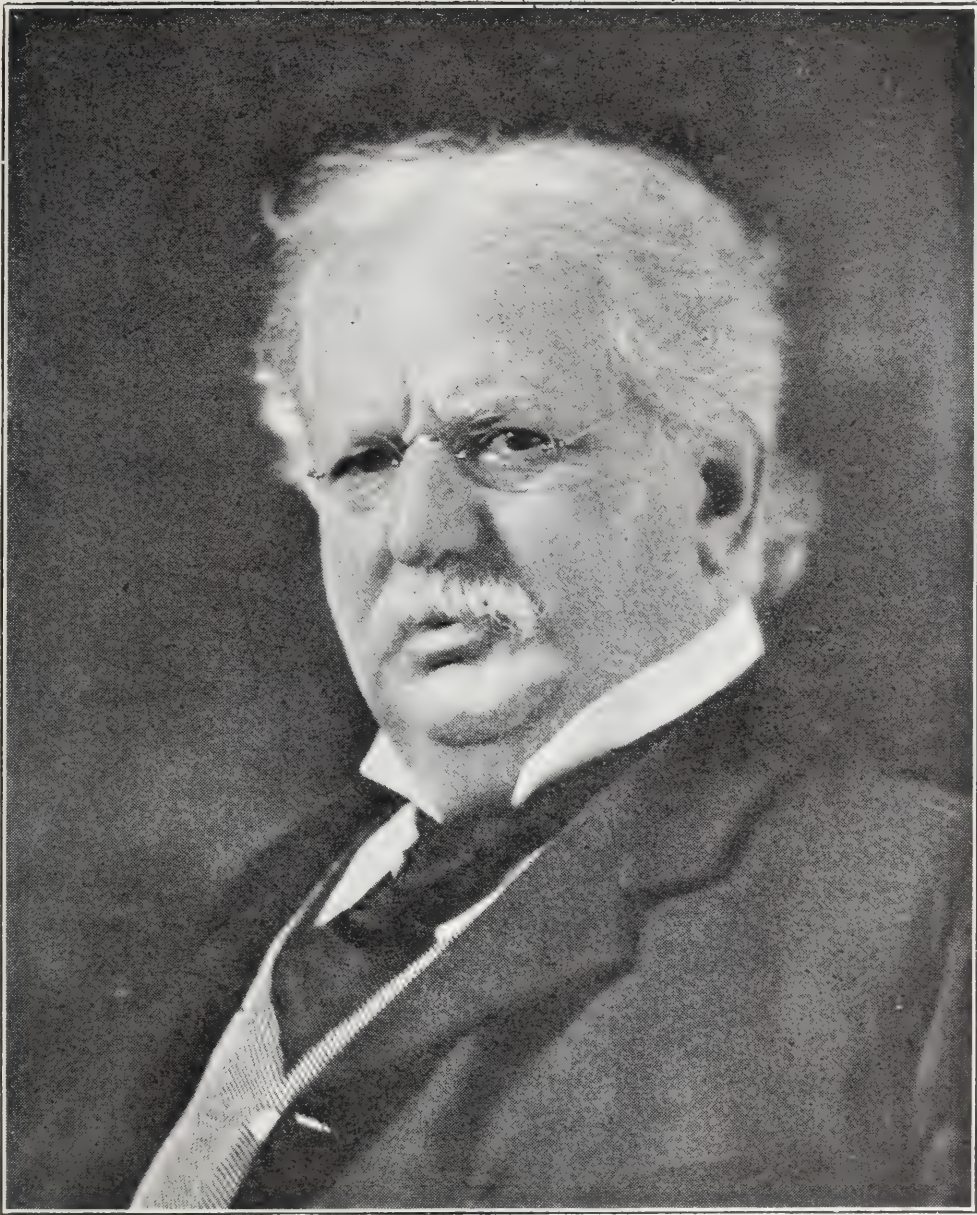
Thomas Watson, superintendent. Hubbard was an able and distinguished man, a well-known lawyer, but a builder of golden dreams rather than a financier. Sanders was a leather dealer, more practical, but of limited means. Watson, a young workman in Charles Williams's electrical shop, had done the mechanical work on Bell's invention.² They called themselves the Bell Telephone Company, with offices in Williams's shop at 109 Court Street, on the third floor, of which they occupied only a portion, the rest being used by Williams himself. Its capital was only such as its treasurer, Sanders, could personally provide, and his assets, as already suggested, were far from ample.

Beginnings were made, however. A few private lines were set up, and E. T. Holmes, in conjunction with his electrical burglar-alarm business in Boston, opened at 342 Washington Street a small exchange. Holmes was an active business person, and in a comparatively brief time had something more than sixty subscribers, with a printed list of them, the first telephone directory ever issued. Business increased, and Watson was kept busy in the shop, while Hubbard, who now saw fortunes presently to be rolling in, engaged an office assistant, Robert W. Devonshire, to manage the books and business details.

This was all very well, but it was far from profitable. The telephones cost a great deal of money, and experimentation cost even more. Hubbard, like the genial optimist that he was, ignored

¹ This article is abridged from the forthcoming book *In One Man's Life*, being chapters from the personal and business career of the late Theodore N. Vail, written by Mr. Paine his authorized biographer.

² Both Hubbard and Sanders had become interested in Bell through his treatment of their children for deaf-mutism. Mabel Hubbard in 1877 became Doctor Bell's wife.



Courtesy of Pirie MacDonald

THEODORE N. VAIL

anything so trifling as figures and reveled in prospective millions.

Thomas Sanders, the treasurer, did not revel. He saw his entire capital, about thirty-five thousand dollars, going into wire and wages and rent and a variety of other things that brought any amount of publicity, but not a cent in dividends. At the end of sixteen months from the date of Bell's patent¹ about eight hundred telephones were in use, and by the end of the year (1877) there were a good many more; but it had cost heavily to make them, and it was

¹ Bell's patent bore date of March 7, 1876. Its number was 174465, "the most valuable single patent ever issued in any country."

Sanders who had paid the bill. The rental returns were very meager, as compared with the cost, and Williams had no capital that would warrant extending credit. To none but Hubbard did prospects seem particularly bright.

As if their situation was not already hard enough, fresh trouble now presented itself in the form of legal warfare; a great corporation descended upon them and prepared to deprive them of their only real asset. Bell, a year earlier, had offered to sell out his patent to the Western Union Telegraph Company for a hundred thousand dollars. One shudders to think of his escape; but he took no risk. The Western Union did not

want it—not then. When presently they realized that it might be of some use to them they decided to take it, and being a great corporation with a capital of many millions, it did not occur to them that a small matter like Bell's patent, "a scrap of paper," was going to stand in the way, especially when Bell Company was quite without the financial sinews of war.¹

The first result of this attack was quite unexpected; the action of the Western Union served as substantial advertising for the Bell Company. That the great Western Union considered Alexander Bell's "talking toy" worth claiming had the effect of awakening the general public to its value. The Williams shop could not make telephones fast enough to supply the demand and, what was equally important, Sanders could not get money fast enough to pay for them. The financial situation and the impending legal troubles weighed him down.

The affairs of the Bell Company were about at this stage—certainly they had not improved—when, some three months later, Theodore Newton Vail became a part of telephone history.²

¹ It should be borne in mind that the Western Union Telegraph Company of that period was wholly different in policy, management and personnel from the company of that name to-day.

² Vail was at this time General Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, with headquarters at Washington. During the five years of his connection with the Postal Department he had

Vail was already familiar with the telephone and its possibilities, having had the best opportunity to acquire his knowledge at first hand. He knew Gardiner Hubbard intimately, for Hubbard was a member of a Congressional Postal Committee that had made a tour of inspection of which Vail was officially in charge. Hubbard on this trip carried a pair of telephones, and experiments with them were always going on. It was just the sort of thing to appeal to Theodore Vail. Patent rights fascinated him; he had kept himself poor investing in them. All others, however, dwindled into insignificance as he contemplated the possibilities of this one. Hubbard's wildest dreams could not equal his own. He pledged himself to take all of the stock that he could raise money to pay for.

Returning to Washington, he began turning heaven

and earth to raise funds. He borrowed right and left, pledging whatever securities creditors were willing to take, urging his friends to follow his example.

Not many did. Most of them, with the attitude usual at that time toward the new invention, shook their heads good-naturedly and declined to waste their hard earnings in that particular way.

entirely reorganized the plan of mail-car distribution, inaugurated with George S. Bangs the Fast Mail Service between the East and the West, and in fact established the system on its present-day basis. He was generally regarded as the most efficient head of any government department.



GARDINER G. HUBBARD

The First President of the Telephone Company

Hubbard, whose admiration for Vail was very great, had begun almost at once to discuss with him the possibility of taking a position with the Bell Company. Nothing could have been more to Theodore Vail's mind, and he hesitated only because he could not conceal from himself the fact that he must have a reasonably certain monthly income with which to provide for his family. He had some knowledge of the Bell Company's affairs, and the prospect for such a sum from that source remained doubtful. Vail admired Hubbard—his serene and radiant confidence that all would be well. They were kindred spirits, with the difference that Theodore Vail, with all his optimism, had a conception of practical constructive methods to make his dreams come true. He promised Hubbard that when he was ready to give up the postal service he

would accept a position with the Bell Company. Hubbard wrote to his associates in Boston that he was negotiating with the General Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, Theodore N. Vail, to take charge of their business affairs, adding that Vail was the greatest organizer in the country—a statement which they probably took with several grains of salt, but which, like so many other of Hubbard's rosy statements, was to turn out demonstrably true.

As the months passed and the demand for telephones increased Hubbard painted the prospects brighter and brighter, and Vail was daily more

tempted to burn his bridges and cast his lot with the Bell forces, for better or worse. When the Western Union fight developed he was tempted still more. The injustice of the attack on the feeble corporation aroused him. He was always for the under dog, and his lawyer instinct and training made him love a legal fray. It may be that even then he saw vast resulting benefits, which under proper

conditions of settlement might accrue. He was always for taking the enemy into camp. He had little fear for the Bell patents—the great attacking corporation might be converted into a powerful ally and friend.

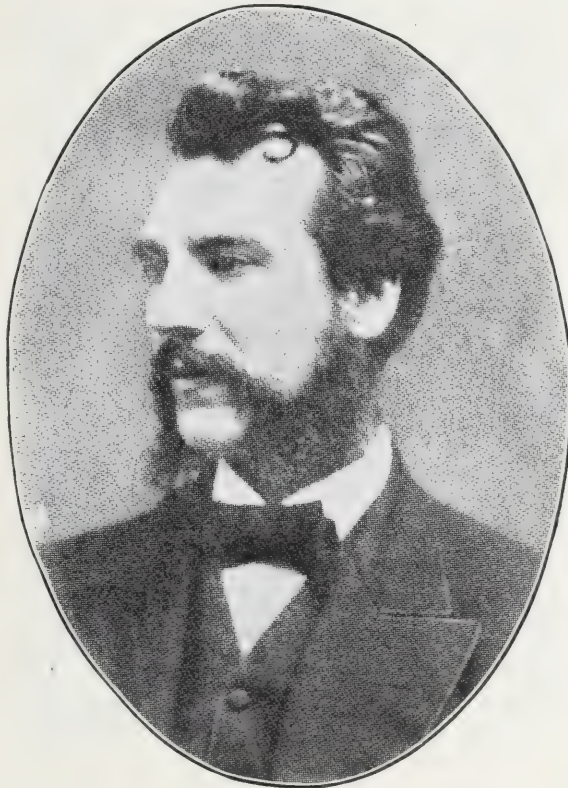
It was rather a curious circumstance that brought him at last to the point of decision—nothing less, in fact, than a discussion in Congress during an entire day's session as to his five-dollar daily allowance in addition to his salary—the propriety of its payment under the existing law.

It was not charged that he was not fully worth the sum received, perhaps even more; but that distinguished Senators should wrangle for a whole day over this petty matter was discouraging; it made him realize the futility of any hope for advancement in any position where politics were involved.

Meeting Hubbard a day or two later, he said:

"I am going to get out of the service; I am looking for a job."

"You don't need to look any farther," said Hubbard. "I am going to Boston to-night and will bring down the others to talk it over."



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

The inventor of the telephone

Hubbard went, and returned with Sanders and Watson and George L. Bradley, a relative of Sanders, who had recently joined in financing the New England Telephone Company, the first subsidiary organization, and had acquired, or was about to acquire, stock in the Bell.

Watson at this time bore the title of superintendent, and there seemed to be a delicacy among the others about putting anyone over him. Watson himself had no such feelings in the matter. As for Vail, he said he didn't care what he was called so long as he had a job where there was a chance to do something and where his work would count. The delegation assured him that it would be that kind of a job, and it was agreed that his title was to be General Manager of the company. This must have been in May, 1878, for on June 2d Hubbard's secretary, writing to Sanders from Washington, said:

Your last letter was entirely satisfactory to Mr. Vail and he has finally and fully determined to cast his lot with you. He goes to New York with Mr. Hubbard on Tuesday night. I am sure you will like Mr. Vail, and his manner of doing business.

By the terms of his contract he was to have thirty-five hundred dollars for the first year and five thousand for the second—that was the promise; its fulfillment was another matter, but his faith was strong. Once in after years he said, jokingly, that he had been willing to leave a government job with a small salary for a telephone job with no salary.

The new manager gave immediate notice to the Postal Department that he was going to resign, and was asked to keep his connection during the remainder of the year. The announcement of his tendered resignation created quite a stir in Washington; scarcely one of his friends but believed that he was giving up a real career for a rash adventure. "Uncle Joe" Cannon, then a young Member of Congress, was quite confounded by the news.

"Vail resigned his place!" he exclaimed when they told him. "What for?"

"Why, he is going into that thing invented by Bell—the telephone that talks over a wire. He has invested some money in it, and is going to make it his business."

"Well," said Cannon, "that's too bad. I always liked Vail. Hubbard tried to sell me some of that stock. I'm sorry he got hold of a nice fellow like Vail."

Cannon was not the only one in Washington who expressed regret. First Assistant Postmaster General Powell wrote with some warmth:

... For T. N. V. to accept the superintendency of a Yankee notion in preference to the position he now holds is certainly laughable. I can scarce believe that a man of your sound judgment, one who holds as honorable and far more responsible position than any man under the P. M. Genl., with honor and respect attached to the same, should throw it up for a d—d old Yankee notion (a piece of wire with two Texan steer horns attached to the ends, with an arrangement to make the concern bleat like a calf) called a telephone... I feel confident, if you *do* make the change, that in less than one year you will agree with me in saying you made a mistake.

There were plenty of such letters, more or less vigorous. A Congressman wrote:

Can't you wait and see if Congress will not fix your salary? Don't rob the public of an invaluable servant just because we tried to cheat and starve you.

The opinion prevailed that it was solely because of a promised increase of pay that he was going, and those who had the good of the Postal Department at heart knew what his going was likely to mean.

Theodore Vail at thirty-three was at his physical and mental best and highly charged with energy and enthusiasm for which the new work would furnish plenty of outlet.

The more or less constant warfare of

the Mail Service had been only in the nature of preparatory exercise for the campaign he was now about to enter. *That* had been the reorganization of forces already in the field; this was to be the enlistment and equipment of an army for the conquest of the new world. From a brief diary begun at this time we get a few stray hints of the preliminaries. June 27th he wrote:

Left for New York 9.30 P.M. Very busy—probably last active day with R. M. Service, Wash., D. C.

June 28. In New York. Meeting of corporators of Tel. Co. of N. Y. at Lockwood's.¹ All present, contract discussed. Hubbard, Sanders and myself dined at Gilsey.

June 29. New York all day—Mem. for settlement drawn up—Lockwood's office. Meeting of Bell Tel. Co. of N. Y. adjourned to Tuesday night.

June 30. Went to Menlo Park, saw Edison—He in very clear language said Bell was the inventor of the magneto telephone. Had a charming day. Phillips and Hubbard along. Gave Phillips the agency at Dayton.

His work was not supposed to begin until July 1st, but in the last three days of June he had got a new corporation started—the New York Telephone Company—he had picked a man for an important Ohio agency, and he had established friendly relations with one of the Western Union's captains of invention, Edison of Menlo Park. It was highly characteristic of him to call on Edison. He was willing to have lawsuits, but he refused to have enemies.

¹ Luke A. Lockwood, New York attorney for the Bell Company, 59-61 Liberty Street.

Within a brief fortnight he had cut out work that in the years ahead would require a vast army and millions of capital to keep it going.

The army and capital were small enough in that day of his beginnings. The Bell Telephone headquarters at 66 and 68 Reade Street was about the barest spot in New York. Edward J.

Fuller of Washington remembers being there just at this time—it was probably during those days at the end of June—and that one day on the street he happened to meet Vail, who said, "Fuller, I want to show you something." He led Fuller to a doorway and asked him to go upstairs and see what he found there. Fuller climbed the long flight and found himself in a big empty loft containing a square box of considerable size, a small roll-top desk at which a young lady was sitting, and

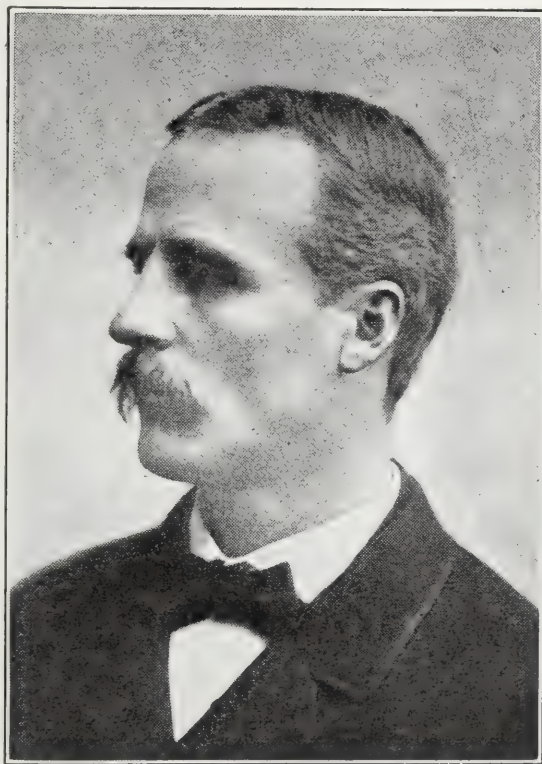
a stool. There was literally nothing else in the room. Fuller noticed that the top of the box had been removed and that it seemed to contain a number of instruments of a sort unfamiliar to him. He descended the stairs to where Vail was waiting. The latter asked:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

Fuller didn't think anything, and said so.

"Fuller, that is the beginning of a great telephone system, and you want to be in on it. I want you to take five hundred dollars' worth of stock."

Fuller was not a capitalist; he was a mail clerk; he said:



W. H. FORBES

The second President of the Telephone Company

"Why, Vail, I haven't got five hundred dollars in the world."

"Well, put in two or three hundred—whatever you can raise. I'll make some money for you!"

But Fuller was a prudent man. In spite of Vail's overflowing enthusiasm he remained cold. That afternoon, on his mail route to Syracuse, he told the story to the other boys in the car. They were all highly amused.

There was more than one desk soon in the Reade Street office. Robert W. Devonshire came over from Boston as general assistant, and Hubbard made his New York headquarters there. Watson also appears to have been in New York from time to time. The headquarters of the Bell Telephone Company gradually became a busy place.

The financial problem was of first importance. The Bell Company had no capital with which to construct a general telephone system. It could hardly construct the telephones themselves, to supply orders. Vail and his associates realized that there was just one way to carry out the work. Local companies must be promoted in the towns, the stock to be locally subscribed, a percentage of it to go to the Bell Company for the franchise, with a rental charge for the use of the instruments. It was a big idea, one of the biggest ever conceived; also one of the simplest—at least in theory.

Putting it into operation was another matter. Rarely has there been such a

chaos of business affairs as Theodore Vail found when he took hold of those of the Bell Telephone Company. A good deal had been done, but most of it had been done wrong. Energetic men had, in effect, been running around in circles, trying to create a mighty industry, with no precedent to follow, no directing hand, no capital, nothing but a patent

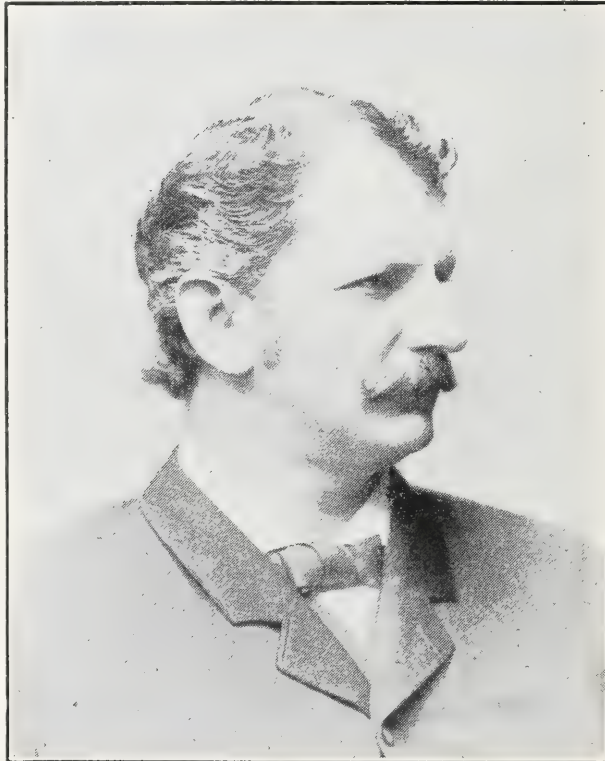
right—a Yankee toy—and such funds as had been scraped together by a manufacturer of shoe soles, whose heart was in the right place, but whose gifts hardly qualified him to become a captain of industry.

With bankruptcy an ever-present menace, a lawsuit with a corporation of limitless capital impending, with nothing to go on but backbone, a genius for constructive organization, a serene faith in the future

and in himself, Theodore Vail undertook his giant task.

A statement made at the end of May, 1878, showed that outside of New England there were in operation 6,335 telephones, of an average net rental of something less than ten dollars each per year. The New England business was controlled by the company which earlier in the year Sanders and some of his Boston relatives and friends had organized.

It was that vast territory outside of New England that claimed the new manager's efforts. He had begun the preliminaries as soon as he was settled in the Reade Street offices, and on the



THEODORE N. VAIL IN THE 80's

20th of July, 1878, the reorganization of the Bell Telephone Company, with a capital of \$450,000, was completed.

The officers of the new company were, Gardiner G. Hubbard, president; Thomas Sanders, treasurer; Alexander Graham Bell, electrician; Thomas A. Watson, general superintendent; Theodore N. Vail, general manager; the last named to be "under the direction of the executive committee and the *only salaried officer for the time being.*"

The following notice was sent out to patrons and the public generally:

The Bell Telephone Company have re-organized, with a large cash capital, and have removed their executive office to New York.

Theodore N. Vail, for many years the General Superintendent of the Postal Service of the United States, has been appointed general manager of the Company. The other officers remain as heretofore.

The "large cash capital" was to be raised by obtaining a loan of \$25,000 on \$100,000 worth of stock—that is to say, on one thousand shares—while five hundred more shares were to be sold at fifty dollars per share, thus securing a total of \$50,000, if the plan worked out.

As a matter of fact, it was the old reliable Sanders who advanced the \$25,000 dollars, and it was his friend, George L. Bradley, who undertook the disposal of the stock that was to bring in a like amount. Of these five hundred shares—as Sanders wrote Bell, then in Europe—"Williams bought 123 shares because he couldn't help it," and Bradley, after getting rid of seventy-seven shares to friends, took the remaining three hundred himself, for the reason, as Sanders further declared, that he saw the ruin of the New England Company in the failure of the Bell. They would all be glad enough to have the stock, by and by, but for the present it represented hardly more than the promise of a hope. The new company was really the first Bell Telephone Company, for what had been previously known by that name was no more than an association

of the owners of the Bell patents, with Hubbard in control of the stock. Sanders in one of his letters had complained that they never held any meetings, and were in no sense an organized corporation. They were stoutly organized now. With such capital as they were able to muster, the new manager began a vigorous campaign, not only for business but against their enemies.

About the first thing he did was to send a copy of Bell's patents to Bell agents in different parts of the country, calling upon them to stand by their guns.

Another document—a brief circular letter—soon followed:

Referring to recent circulars of the American Speaking Telephone Company, the Management of the Bell Telephone Company state, broadly, that they do not purpose entering into a war of words with those whose business interests are opposed to their own: Nor do they purpose meeting reckless assertions as to the validity of their patents, with a statement of facts which will in due time be placed before the public as evidence in the suits at law now pending against those whom they believe to be infringers of their patents.

The propriety of this course will doubtless suggest itself to any unprejudiced mind.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell has been adjudged the inventor of the speaking telephone by every scientific body that has considered the question; and it is believed that the opinion of the courts will give legal confirmation of this great moral judgment.

Meantime the Bell Telephone Company will protect its customers, in the use of telephones rented by it, against any proceedings which may be brought against them for infringement, by assuming, upon notice and request of such customers the defense of such proceedings and all expenses incident thereto.

Not many of their agents could know the financial uncertainties of the new company, and this reassuring word stimulated renewed effort. Here and there somebody weakened, and in one such instance the new manager wrote:

You have too great an idea of the Western Union. If it was all massed in your one city you might well fear it; but it is repre-

sented there by one man only, and he has probably as much as he can attend to outside of the telephone. For you to acknowledge that you cannot compete with his influence when you make it your special business, is hardly the thing.

It was characteristic of him to resolve the enemy into individual units—each a faulty and none too resolute human being; it was a policy he never saw reason to abandon.

Having thus reassured and encouraged existing companies, capable and energetic agents were sent out to establish new ones. In nearly every town it was possible to find some ambitious young man of limited capital who was willing to interest fellow townsmen in setting up an exchange. Those who put in telephones were often willing to become small stockholders, and thus the interest grew and solidified.

Contracts were made with local companies, in towns of whatever size, the Bell Company taking stock for its privileges, thus becoming a partner in the business, deriving also an income from the rental of the telephones. One might suppose that this return would presently be coming fast enough to relieve the financial strain. Nothing could be farther from the fact. The telephones were costly to make; the two or three dollars advance payment on account of rentals was by comparison infinitesimal. It was quite impossible to get money fast enough to pay Williams, who was obliged to take stock in the company as we have already seen. Williams further found it necessary to reduce expenses in his household, and Mrs. Williams gave up her servant to provide, at least in part, for an additional workman in the shop. Those were hard, discouraging days.

Manager Vail was not dismayed by the prospect. He worked always as if he had infinite resources of capital as well as courage, and an army with banners behind him. He laid out his campaign on a large scale and constantly introduced new features—among

them a five-year standard contract which required the local companies to build exchanges, and confined them to certain areas. There were also contracts which provided for connecting two or more towns, though for these there was little call. How could the telephone ever be made to work at any distance when often it refused to be heard across the street? Vail, however, never for a moment doubted the realization of the last possibility suggested by Bell's invention, and provided accordingly. In his vision he saw wires extending from city to city and across the states. He even began securing interstate rights, in a day when there was no wish to deny a privilege the value of which was considered negligible. The plan in his mind was to create a national telephone system, in which the Bell Company would be a permanent partner. Perhaps he did not then put into words his later slogan, "One policy, one system, and universal service," but undoubtedly the thought was in his mind.

Theodore Vail and his little force worked early and late, and outwardly at least, results began to show. The popularity of the telephone grew amazingly. Local companies multiplied; the demand for telephones increased beyond the limits of the Bell Company to manufacture, and especially beyond its ability to pay for them. The company was constantly on the verge of bankruptcy through its prosperity.

Not that the installations were working everywhere smoothly—far from it. The telephone was still a comparatively crude affair, conversations through it being often "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." In most cases the ground was used for the return circuit and it was by no means a satisfactory conductor. The wires themselves, being of iron, were only a degree better. In the larger towns they were generally paralleled by telegraph and other circuits which by induction generously gave them a part of the load they were carrying. Distracting noises in great variety

provided conversation with a more or less continuous accompaniment of fireworks. A telephone talk of that day often suggested a Fourth of July celebration rather than an interchange of human speech. The transmitter, too, was still primitive—calculated to “develop the American voice and lungs,” as Watson himself wrote later, rather than to promote conversation. When Edison developed for the Western Union a brand new one, superior in every way to that in use by the Bell, ruin stalked through the offices at Reade Street.

Temptation always comes at such times. Watson was offered \$10,000 for his stock, Vail was tendered positions with higher and surer salary by railroad and express companies, Sanders was urged to go back to his leather business, which had all but expired. Still they kept on: never was there a more determined fight.

During this time Bell, the cause of all, had been with his young wife in England. He had gone expecting to promote the telephone industry abroad, but the lack of financial support had killed his enthusiasm. He returned, now, sick and in the last dregs of discouragement. From the Massachusetts General Hospital he wrote:

Thousands of telephones are in operation in all parts of the country, yet I have not received one cent for my invention. On the contrary, I am largely out of pocket by my researches, as the mere value of the profession that I have sacrificed during my three years' work amounts to twelve thousand dollars.

Bell was the most fortunate man in the world. Fortunate to have friends like Hubbard and Sanders, and an intelligent and devoted collaborator like Watson; fortunately, finally, to have secured a man like Theodore Vail—a master of organization, a general of limitless courage and resources, and, above all, unselfish and utterly honest in his management of the company's affairs. It would have been so easy for Bell, like many another inventor, to have

been defrauded of his rights. Yet never for a moment, from those who had his business in hand, was there ever a possibility of such a contingency. They were solidly for Bell and the success of his invention, unwaveringly, from start to finish. Bell was indeed a fortunate inventor, but in his hour of despair that fact was perhaps the hardest thing for him to realize.

Theodore Vail's calmness during these trying days was a considerable asset. Devonshire and the others of his force, dismayed at the financial situation and at the powers in array against them, would look over at him sitting at his desk, serene, undisturbed, quietly writing, and take courage.

He had been too many years in Washington, with storms brewing and breaking around him, to waste time and nerve tissue now walking the floor. Besides, he was not of that cast. Several months earlier Devonshire, then in Boston, had observed a rather amusing example of his chief's presence of mind. It was on the occasion of the new manager's first visit to the Boston office, earlier in the year. In some recent notes Mr. Devonshire describes him as a young man, dressed in an English walking suit of a gray or Quaker mixture, wearing a tall, light kersey hat.

After greetings were over he sat down, placing his tall hat on the sill of the window. He was in an awkward position and moving to a better one knocked his hat out of the window into the open alley two stories below. We did not expect to get it again, or if we did its usefulness would be gone, but when recovered it was found to be uninjured. Its possible loss did not seem to faze Mr. Vail in the slightest.

Devonshire made up his mind that nothing could disturb him. He could even while writing steadily carry on an almost continuous conversation—a faculty which deeply impressed those about him. They noticed, too, that he never seemed to have the least misgivings as to the future. He planned for it, but always as if it were a certainty. He

crossed no bridges till he came to them, and then always with a confidence that stimulated and sustained those around him. Once, long afterward, when he spoke of that time he was asked:

"Didn't you ever get discouraged?"

"If I did," he replied, "I never let anybody know it"; but somehow we feel that he never did.

Sometimes when the office force could muster a remnant of money they went to the theater for relaxation. Gilbert and Sullivan's operas were just beginning, and when the outlook became too dismal they would attend one of these and forget their trials. On evenings of lesser affluence, and these were frequent, for wages were seldom paid in full, sometimes not at all, they diverted themselves with a walk up Broadway, dropping in at various hotels—the Metropolitan, the Broadway Central, the Fifth Avenue—for modest refreshments. At the last named they often found General Arthur, then not even a presidential possibility. Theodore Vail knew him very well, from the Washington days, and Arthur, hospitable and cordial, quite often became their host.

It was at the moment when conditions seemed the most desperate—when Watson was cudgeling his brains day and night on the problem—that Francis Blake of Boston informed the Bell Company that he had invented a transmitter as good as Edison's, or better, and agreed to let them have it in exchange for stock in the company. No single piece of news was ever more welcome to a struggling corporation. Blake's transmitter was all that he claimed; the Bell Company, now on an equality with the Western Union, was equipped to give battle in the field as well as in the courts. It promptly began suit against one Dowd, of Boston, head of the American Speaking Telephone Company of that city. Suits were also begun in other cities, and in Boston and Cincinnati injunctions were obtained against unauthorized manufacturers to compel

them to cease infringement. A general circular reciting these facts was issued from the various Bell offices throughout the country, containing also the important tidings, *in italics*, that the Bell Company would shortly introduce the "*Microphone Telephone*" by which a much louder sound could be transmitted than through the ordinary telephone; in other words, the Blake transmitter. The circular concluded:

We would respectfully advise all parties using other Telephones to obtain the written guaranty of responsible parties, as otherwise they may be compelled to pay their rental a second time.

It is not known to us that the Western Union Telegraph Company have ever authorized any party to give such a guaranty.

The Bell Company, through its Boston affiliations, had secured as its attorneys Chauncey Smith and James J. Storrow, men at the head of their profession and with the cause of the struggling company at heart. The detailed progress of the "Dowd case" need not be recited here. The suit lasted for a year, then suddenly came to an end, with victory for the Bell forces. George Gifford, chief attorney for the Western Union, after exhaustive investigation reported to his clients that Bell was the original inventor of the telephone, and suggested to them that they withdraw their claims and make the best settlement they could.

The Western Union now proposed to leave the local business to the Bell Company and take for themselves the toll lines, realizing by this time that these were likely to be worth something. Some of the Bell Company were in favor of accepting this proposition, but Manager Vail fought any such arrangement. Distance telephoning was his favorite dream, and he had the fullest faith in its future. A committee of three from each side was appointed to arrive at terms of settlement which both could accept. Months went by without any agreement. No armistice was declared, meantime, and the fight be-

tween local companies continued as bitterly as ever, the Western Union in some localities installing telephones with no charge for service, probably thinking to compel better terms.

The opposing forces finally met in New York, and Theodore Vail put in the better part of a night with them, discussing disputed points, mainly in connection with the toll lines. About day-break a basis of settlement was reached which permitted the Western Union to retain control of telephones on their private wires—a concession of no great importance to the Bell Company. The whole matter was concluded next day on the following terms:

The Western Union agreed that Bell was the inventor of the telephone, that his patents were valid, and that they would retire from the public telephone business.

The Bell Company agreed to buy the Western Union Telephone system, to pay them a royalty of 20 per cent on telephone rentals, and to keep out of the telegraph business.

The compact was to remain in force for seventeen years, and it was a triumph of Theodore Vail's policy of taking the enemy into camp. By it a giant competitor and bitter enemy was transformed into a partner and a friend. It also added to the Bell system more than twenty thousand telephones in fifty-five cities, for the Western Union had been busy, and had not wanted means for manufacture.

Meantime there had been some further reorganization of the Bell Company. By the date of the Western Union settlement the Bell Telephone Company had become the National Bell Telephone Company, with William H. Forbes as president, and a capital stock of \$850,000. The Blake transmitter had brought a large increase of business, which, in spite of the existing legal uncertainties, had attracted men of means and position. The new president had both; he was the son of an East Indian merchant;

a son-in-law of Ralph Waldo Emerson; a broad-gauge, upstanding man, in every way qualified for leadership.

The National Bell Telephone was a combination of the New England Company with the Bell Telephone Company. Its articles of association bore date of February 17, 1879, and it was about that time that Vail and his staff found themselves established in Boston at 95 Milk Street.

The telephone business was not entirely well of its financial infirmities, but it was highly convalescent. It had added capital for immediate needs, and, what was more, it had acquired credit—not unlimited credit, but its stock was accepted as collateral for loans in a reasonable amount.

At this point begins a great period in telephone history. For the first time there was money to work with and men to do the work. The telephone office became the busiest place in Boston.

It was work without ceasing, days, nights, Sundays, and holidays. It was nothing unusual for Vail and the entire force to stay until eight or nine in the evening and until noon on Sundays and holidays. They were playing for a great stake, and the cards were beginning to come their way. Everybody wanted telephones now—the New England Company before losing its identity had paid a dividend!

The stock began to reflect the conditions. It was selling around fifty dollars a share in the spring, but did not remain long at this figure. It advanced to a hundred dollars a share, to two hundred, to three hundred, and continued its upward course. It began to be evident to the public that the Western Union had the weak side of the argument, and that the telephone was to take its place with the railroad and the telegraph as a world institution. To his parents in Waterloo, Iowa, September 11, 1879, Manager Vail wrote:

Business is flourishing, and looks exceedingly well. Our stock which started in

at \$50 a share is now selling for \$350 a share, an increase of sevenfold in about five months. You can imagine that the stockholders all feel happy over it.

Yes, we can imagine. It meant fortune to Hubbard, and Watson, and Bell, and to Sanders who had struggled so hard. There were 8,500 shares of the National Company stock which, at the figure mentioned by Vail, would be worth about three million dollars. And it did not stop with this figure. The stock kept on climbing until on November 11, 1879, when it became fully known that the Bell and the Western Union were to

combine forces, it soared to \$1,000 a share.

It requires no stretch of imagination to picture the happiness of Bell stockholders or the corresponding sadness of those who might have been stockholders who had been begged to become stockholders and declined. Those whom Vail had importuned so earnestly in Washington sat in their revolving chairs—or somewhere on their lonesome runs distributed letters into cases—thinking long thoughts. For a long lifetime they would repeat and exaggerate the fortune they had thrown away.

GAUDEAMUS

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

BEAUTIFUL earth of stars and streams,
 Why should men fear what man can do?
 He cannot rob us of our dreams,
 Born, as the rose is born, of you,
 That even in the darkest hours
 Feeds with soft fire and secret dew
 The tender lives of hidden flowers.

Strange fount of unexhausted joy,
 Strange hills of strength wherein abides
 Faith that no sorrow can destroy,
 Beauty that ever gleams and glides,
 With whispered cabalistic words,
 The huge omnipotence of tides,
 The happy confidence of birds.

Brave messages of meadows green,
 And gospels of unfathomed blue;
 But to have heard, but to have seen—
 I ask no more, kind earth, of you;
 Enough for faith that I was born,
 And lived the magic seasons through,
 And watched the marvel of the morn.

The hallowed rising of the moon
 Once to behold, to have known the sea—
 That benediction and that boon
 Earth wonderfully gave to me.
 O cup of brimming miracle!
 How golden it has been—to be!
 Yea! and earth gave me Love as well.



THE DOUBLE

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

I CURTSEYED to the dovecote.
I curtseyed to the well.
I twirled me round and round about,
The morning sweets to smell.
When out I came from spinning so,
Lo, betwixt green and blue
Was the ghost of me—a Fairy Child—
A-dancing—dancing, too.

Nought was of her wearing
That is the earth's array.
Her thistledown feet beat airy fleet
Yet set no blade astray.
The gossamer shining dew of June
Showed grey against the green;
Yet never so much as a bird-claw print
Of footfall to be seen.

Fading in the mounting sun
That image soon did pine.
Fainter than moonlight thinned the locks
That shone as clear as mine.
Vanished! Vanished! O, sad it is
To spin and spin—in vain;
And never to see the ghost of me
A-dancing there again.

BROTHERS

BY ANZIA YEZIERSKA

I HAD just begun to unpack and arrange my things in my new quarters when Hanneh Breineh edged herself confidingly into my room and started to tell me the next chapter in the history of all her roomers.

"And this last one what sleeps in the kitchen," she finished, "he's such a stingy—Moisheh the Schnorer they call him. He washes himself his own shirts and sews together the holes from his socks to save a penny. Think only! He cooks himself his own meat once a week for the Sabbath and the rest of the time it's cabbage and potatoes or bread and herring. And the herring what he buys are the squashed and smashed ones from the bottom of the barrel. And the bread he gets is so old and hard he's got to break it with a hammer. For why should such a stingy grouch live in this world if he don't allow himself the bite in the mouth?"

It was no surprise to me that Hanneh Breineh knew all this, for everybody in her household cooked and washed in the same kitchen, and everybody knew what everybody else ate and what everybody wore down to the number of patches on their underwear.

"And by what do you work for a living?" she asked, as she settled herself on my cot.

"I study at college by day and I give English lessons and write letters for the people in the evening."

"Ach! So you are learning for a *teacherin*?" She rose, and looked at me up and down and down and up, her reddened eyes big with awe. "So that's why you wanted so particular a room to yourself? Nobody in my house has a room by herself alone just like you.

They all got to squeeze themselves together to make it come out cheaper."

By the evening everybody in that house knew that I was a *teacherin*, and Moisheh the Schnorer was among my first applicants for instruction.

"How much will you charge me for learning me English, a lesson?" he blurted, abrupt because of his painful bashfulness.

I looked up at the tall, ungainly creature with round, stooping shoulders, and massive, shaggy head—physically a veritable giant, yet so timid, so diffident, afraid almost of his own shadow.

"I wanna learn how to sign myself my name," he went on. "Only—you'll make it for me a little cheaper—yes?"

"Fifty cents an hour," I answered, drawn by the dumb, hunted look that cried to me out of his eyes.

Moisheh scratched his shaggy head and bit the nails of his huge, toil-worn hand. "Maybe—could you yet—perhaps—make it a little cheaper?" he fumbled.

"Aren't you working?"

His furrowed face colored with confusion. "Yes—but—but my family. I got to save myself together a penny to a penny for them."

"Oh! So you're already married?"

"No—not married. My family in Russia—*mein* old mother and Feivel, *mein* doctor brother, and Berel the baby, he was already learning for a bookkeeper before the war."

The coarse peasant features were transformed with tenderness as he started to tell me the story of his loved ones in Russia.

"Seven years ago I came to America. I thought only to make quick money to

send the ship tickets for them all, but I fell into the hands of a cockroach boss.

"You know a cockroach boss is a *landsmann* that comes to meet the green-horns by the ship. He made out he wanted to help me, but he only wanted to sweat me into my grave. Then came the war and I began to earn big wages; but they were driven away from their village and my money didn't get to them at all. And for more than a year I didn't know if my people were yet alive in the world."

He took a much-fingered, greasy envelope from his pocket. "That's the first letter I got from them in months. The bookkeeper boarder read it for me already till he's sick from it. Only read it for me over again," he begged as he handed it to me upside down.

The letter was from Smirsk, Poland, where the two brothers and their old mother had fled for refuge. It was the cry of despair—food—clothes—shoes—the cry of hunger and nakedness. His eyes filled and unheeding tears fell on his rough, trembling hands as I read.

"That I should have bread three times a day and them starving!" he gulped. "By each bite it chokes me. And when I put myself on my warm coat, it shivers in me when I think how they're without a shirt on their backs. I already sent them a big package of things, but until I hear from them I'm like without air in my lungs."

I wondered how, in their great need and in his great anxiety to supply it, he could think of English lessons or spare the little money to pay for his tuition.

He divined my thoughts. "Already seven years I'm here and I didn't take for myself the time to go night school," he explained. "Now they'll come soon and I don't want them to shame themselves from their *Amerikaner* brother what can't sign his own name, and they in Russia write me such smart letters in English."

"Didn't you go to school like your brothers?"

"Me—school?" He shrugged his toil-

stooped shoulders. "I was the only breadgiver after my father he died. And with my nose in the earth on a farm how could I take myself the time to learn?"

His queer, bulging eyes with their yearning, passionate look seemed to cling to something beyond—out of reach. "But my brothers—ach! my brothers! They're so high educated! I worked the nails from off my fingers, but only they should learn—they should become people in the world."

And he deluged me with questions as to the rules of immigrant admission and how long it would take for him to learn to sign his name so that he would be a competent leader when his family would arrive.

"I ain't so dumb like I look on my face." He nudged me confidentially. "I already found out from myself which picture means where the train goes. If it's for Brooklyn Bridge, then the hooks go this way"—he clumsily drew in the air with his thick fingers—"And if it's for the South Ferry then the words twist the other way around."

I marveled at his frank revelation of himself.

"What is your work?" I asked, more and more drawn by some hidden power of this simple peasant.

"I'm a presser by pants."

Now I understood the cause of the stooped, rounded shoulders. It must have come from pounding away with a heavy iron at an ironing board, day after day, year after year. But for all the ravages of poverty, of mean, soul-crushing drudgery that marked this man, something big and indomitable in him fascinated me. His was the strength knitted and knotted from the hardest roots of the earth. Filled with awe, I looked up at him. Here was a man submerged in the darkness of illiteracy—of pinch and scraping and want—yet untouched—unspoiled, with the same simplicity of spirit that was his as a wide-eyed, dreamy youth in the green fields of Russia.

We had our first lesson, and, though I needed every cent I could earn, I felt like a thief taking his precious pennies. But he would pay. "It's worth to me more than a quarter only to learn how to hold up the pencil," he exulted as he gripped the pencil upright in his thick fist. All the yearning, the intense desire for education were in the big, bulging eyes that he raised toward me. "No wonder I could never make those little black hooks for words; I was always grabbing my pencil like a fork for sticking up meat."

With what sublime absorption he studied me as I showed him how to shape the letters for his name! Eyes wide—mouth open—his huge, stoop-shouldered body leaning forward—quivering with hunger to grasp the secret turnings of "the little black hooks" that signified his name.

"M-o-i-s-h-e-h," he repeated after me as I guided his pencil.

"Now do it alone," I urged.

Moisheh rolled up his sleeve like one ready for a fray. The sweat dripped from his face as he struggled for the muscular control of his clumsy fingers.

Night after night he wrestled heroically with the "little black hooks." At last his efforts were rewarded. He learned how to shape the letters without any help.

"God from the world!" he cried with childishly pathetic joy as he wrote his name for the first time. "This is me—Moisheh!" He lifted the paper and held it off and then held it close, drunk with the wonder of the "little black hooks." They seemed so mysterious to him, and his eyes loomed large—transfigured with the miracle of seeing himself for the first time in script.

It was the week after that he asked me to write his letter, and this time it was from my eyes that the unheeding tears dropped as I wrote the words he dictated.

To my dear Loving Mother, and to my worthy Honorable Brother Feivel, the Doctor, and to my youngest brother, the joy from

my life, the light from mine eyes, Berel the Bookkeeper!

Long years and good luck to you all. Thanks the highest One in Heaven that you are alive. Don't worry for nothing. So long I have yet my two strong hands to work you will yet live to have from everything plenty. For all those starving days in Russia, you will live to have joy in America.

You, Feivel, will yet have a grand doctor's office, with an electric dentist sign over your door, and a gold tooth to pull in the richest customers. And you, Berel, my honorable bookkeeper, will yet live to wear a white starched collar like all the higher-ups in America. And you, my loving mother, will yet shine up the block with the joy from your children.

I am sending you another box of things, and so soon as I get from you the word, I'll send for you the ship tickets, even if it costs the money from all the banks in America.

Luck and blessings on your dear heads. I am going around praying and counting the minutes till you are all with me together in America.

Our lessons had gone on steadily for some months and already he was able to write the letters of the alphabet. One morning before I was out of bed he knocked at my door.

"Quick only! A blue letter printed from Russia!" he shouted in an excited voice.

Through the crack of the door he shoved in the cablegram. "Send ship tickets or we die -- pogrom," I read aloud.

"Weh—weh!" A cry of a dumb, wounded animal broke from the panic-stricken Moisheh.

The cup of coffee that Hanneh Breineh lifted to her lips dropped with a crash to the floor. "Where pogrom?" she demanded, rushing in.

I reread the cablegram.

"Money for ship tickets?" stammered Moisheh. He drew forth a sweaty moneybag that lay hid beneath his torn gray shirt and with trembling hands began counting the greasy bills. "Only four hundred and thirty-three dollars. Woe is me!" He cracked the knuckles

of his fingers in a paroxysm of grief. "It's six hundred I got to have!"

"*Gottuniu!* Listen to him only!" Hanneh Breineh shook Moisheh roughly. "You'd think he was living by wild Indians—not by people with hearts. . . .

"Boarders!" she called. "Moisheh's old mother and his two brothers are in Smirsk where there's a pogrom."

The word "pogrom" struck like a bombshell. From the sink, the stove, they gathered, in various stages of undress, around Moisheh, electrified into one bond of suffering brotherhood.

Hanneh Breineh, hand convulsively clutching her breast, began an impassioned appeal. "Which from us here needs me to tell what's a pogrom? It drips yet the blood from my heart when I only begin to remember. Only nine years old I was—the *pogromschiks* fell on our village. . . . Frightened! . . . You all know what's to be frightened from death—frightened from being burned alive or torn to pieces by wild wolves—but what's that compared to the cold shiverings that shook us by the hands and feet when we heard the drunken Cossacks coming nearer and nearer our hut. The last second my mother, like a crazy, pushed me and my little sister into the chimney. We heard the house tremble with shots—cries from my mother—father—then stillness. In the middle of the black night my little sister and I crawled ourselves out to see—" Hanneh Breineh covered her eyes as though to shut out the hideous vision.

A pause. . . . Everybody heard everybody's heart beating. Before our eyes burned the terrible memory which Hanneh Breineh had tried to shut out and tried in vain. . . .

Again Hanneh Breineh's voice arose. "I got no more breath for words—only this—the last bite from our mouths, the last shirt from our backs we got to take away to help out Moisheh. It's not only Moisheh's old mother that's out there—it's our own old mother—our own flesh-and-blood brothers. . . . Even I—beg-

gar that I am—even I will give my only feather bed to the pawn."

A hush, and then a tumult of suppressed emotion. The room seethed with wild longings of the people to give—to help—to ease their aching hearts sharing Moisheh's sorrow.

Shoolem, a gray, tottering ragpicker, brought forth a grimy cigar box full of change. "Here is all the pennies and nickels and dimes I was saving and saving myself for fifteen years. I was holding by life on one hope—the hope that some day I would yet die before the holy walls from Jerusalem." With the gesture of a Rothschild he waved it in the air as he handed it over. "But here you got it, Moisheh. May it help to bring your brothers in good luck to America!"

Sosheh, the finisher, turned aside as she dug into her stocking and drew forth a crisp five-dollar bill. "That all I got till my next pay. Only it should help them," she gulped. "I wish I had somebody left alive that I could send a ship ticket to."

Zaretsky, the matchmaker, snuffed noisily a pinch of tobacco and pulled from his overcoat pocket a book of War Savings stamps. "I got fourteen dollars of American Liberty. Only let them come in good luck and I'll fix them out yet with the two grandest girls in New York."

The ship bearing Moisheh's family was to dock the next morning at eleven o'clock. The night before Hanneh Breineh and all of us were busy decorating the house in honor of the arrivals. The sound of hammering and sweeping and raised, excited voices filled the air.

Sosheh, the finisher, standing on top of a soap box, was garnishing the chandelier with red-paper flowers.

Hanneh Breineh tacked bright, checked oilcloth on top of the washtubs.

Zaretsky was nailing together the broken leg of the table.

"I should live so," laughed Sosheh, her sallow face flushed with holiday joy. "This kitchen almost shines like a par-

lor, but for only this—" pointing to the sagging lounge where the stained mattress protruded.

"Shah! I'll fix this up in a minute so it'll look like new from the store." And Hanneh Breineh took out the red-flowered, Sabbath tablecloth from the bureau and tucked it around the lounge.

Meantime Moisheh, his eyes popping with excitement, raised clouds of dust as he swept dirt that had been gathering since Passover from the corners of the room.

Unable to wait any longer for the big moment, he had been secretly planning for weeks, zip! under the bed went the mountain of dirt, to be followed by the broom, which he kicked out of sight.

"Enough with the cleaning!" he commanded. "Come only around," and he pulled out from the corner his Russian steamer basket.

"Oi—oi—oi—oi, and ai—ai!" the boarders shouted, hilariously. "Will you treat us to a holiday cake maybe?"

"Wait only!" He gesticulated grandly as he loosened the lock.

One by one he held up and displayed the treasured trousseau which little by little he had gathered together for his loved ones.

A set of red-woolen underwear for each of the brothers, and for his mother a thick, gray shirt. Heavy cotton socks, a blue-checked apron, and a red-velvet waist appeared next. And then—Moisheh was reduced to guttural grunts of primitive joy as he unfolded a rainbow tie for Feival, the doctor, and pink suspenders for his "baby" brother.

Moisheh did not remove his clothes—no sleep for him that night. It was still dark when the sound of his heavy shoes, clumping around the kitchen as he cooked his breakfast, woke the rest of us.

"You got to come with me—I can't hold myself together with so much joy," he implored. There was no evading his entreaties, so I promised to get away as soon as I could and meet him at the dock.

I arrived at Ellis Island to find Moi-

sheh stamping up and down like a wild horse. "What are they holding them so long?" he cried, mad with anxiety to reach those for whom he had so long waited and hungered.

I had to shake him roughly before I could make him aware of my presence, and immediately he was again lost in his eager search of the mob that crowded the gates.

The faces of the immigrants, from the tiniest babe at its mother's breast to the most decrepit old gray-haired man, were all stamped with the same transfigured look—a look of those who gazed for the first time upon the radiance of the dawn. The bosoms of the women heaved with excitement. The men seemed to be expanding, growing with the surge of realized hopes, of dreams come true. They inhaled deeply, eager to fill their stifled bodies and souls with the first life-giving breath of free air. Their eyes were luminous with hope, bewildered joy and vague forebodings. A voice was heard above the shouted orders and shuffling feet—above the clamor of the pressing crowds—"Gott sei dank!" The pæan of thanksgiving was echoed and re-echoed—a pæan of nations released—America.

I had to hold tight to the bars not to be trampled underfoot by the crowd that surged through the gates. Suddenly a wild animal cry tore from Moisheh's throat. "*Mammeniu! Mammeniu!*" And a pair of gorillalike arms infolded a gaunt, wasted little figure wrapped in a shawl.

"Moisheh! my heart!" she sobbed, devouring him with hunger-ravaged eyes.

"*Ach!*" She trembled—drawing back to survey her first-born. "From the bare feet and rags of Smirsk to leather shoes and a suit like a Rothschild!" she cried in Yiddish. "*Ach!*—I lived to see America!"

A dumb thing laughing and crying he stood there, a primitive figure, pathetic, yet sublime in the purity of his passionate love, his first love—his love for his mother.

The toil-worn little hand pulled at his

neck as she whispered in Moisheh's ear, and as in a dream he turned with outstretched arms to greet his brothers.

"Feivel—*mein* doctor!" he cried.

"Yes, yes, we're here," said the high-browed young doctor in a tone that I thought was a little impatient. "Now let's divide up these bundles and get started." Moisheh's willing arms reached out for the heaviest sack.

"And here is my *teacherin*!" Moisheh's grin was that of a small boy displaying his most prized possession.

Berel, the baby, with the first down of young manhood still soft on his cheeks, shyly enveloped my hand in his long, sensitive fingers. "How nice for you to come—a *teacherin*—an *Amerikanerin*!"

"Well—are we going?" came imperiously from the doctor.

"Yeh — yeh!" answered Moisheh. "I'm so out of my head from joy, my feet don't work." And, gathering the few remaining lighter packages together, we threaded our way through the crowded streets—the two newly arrived brothers walking silently together.

"Has Moisheh changed much?" I asked the doctor as I watched the big man help his mother tenderly across the car tracks.

"The same Moisheh," he said, with an amused, slightly superior air.

I looked at Berel to see if he was of the same cloth as the doctor, but he was lost in dreamy contemplation of the towering skyscrapers.

"Like granite mountains—the tower of Babel," Berel mused aloud.

"How do they ever walk up to the top?" asked the bewildered old mother.

"Walk!" cried Moisheh, overjoyed at the chance to hand out information. "There are elevators in America. You push a button and up you fly like on wings."

Elated with this opportunity to show off his superior knowledge, he went on: "I learned myself to sign my name in America. Stop only and I'll read for you the sign from the lamp-post," and he spelled aloud, "W-a-l-l—Wall."

"And what street is this?" asked the doctor, as we came to another corner.

Moisheh colored with confusion, and the eyes he raised to his brother were like the eyes of a trapped deer pleading to be spared. "L-i-b—" He stopped "Oh, *weh*!" he groaned, "the word is too long for me."

"Liberty," scorned the doctor. "You are an *Amerikaner* already and you don't know Liberty?"

His own humiliation forgot in pride of his brother's knowledge, Moisheh nodded his head humbly.

"Yeh—yeh! You a greener and yet you know Liberty. And I, an *Amerikaner*, is stuck by the word." He turned to me with a pride that brought tears to his eyes. "Didn't I tell you my brothers were high educated? Never mind—they won't shame me in America."

A look of adoration drank in the wonder of his beloved family. Overcome with a sense of his own unworthiness, he exclaimed, "Look only on me—a nothing and a nobody." He breathed in my ear, "And such brothers!" With a new, deeper tenderness, he pressed his mother's slight form more closely to him.

"More Bolsheviki!" scoffed a passerby.

"Trotzky's ambassadors," sneered another.

And the ridicule was taken up by a number of jeering voices.

"Poor devils!" came from a richly dressed Hebrew, resplendent in his fur collar and a diamond stud. There was in his eyes a wistful, reminiscent look. Perhaps the sight of these immigrants brought back to him the day he himself had landed, barefoot and in rags, with nothing but his dreams of America.

The street was thronged with hurrying lunch seekers as we reached lower Broadway. I glanced at Moisheh's brothers, and I could not help noticing how different was the calm and carefree expression of their faces from the furtive, frantic acquisitive look of the men in the financial district.

But the moment we reached our block the people from the stoops and windows waved their welcome. Hanneh Breineh and all the boarders, dressed up in their best, ran to meet us.

"Home!" cried the glowing Moisheh. "*Mazel-tuff!* Good luck!" answered Hanneh Breineh.

Instantly we were surrounded by the excited neighbors whose voices of welcome rose above the familiar cries of the hucksters and peddlers that lined the street.

"Give a help!" commanded Hanneh Breineh as she seized the bundles from Moisheh's numbed arms and divided them among the boarders. Then she led the procession triumphantly into her kitchen.

The table, with a profusion of festive dishes, sang aloud its welcome.

"Rockefeller's only daughter couldn't wish herself grander eatings by her own wedding," bragged the hostess as she waved the travelers to the feast. A brass pot filled with *gefulte* fish was under the festooned chandelier. A tin platter heaped high with chopped liver and onions sent forth its inviting aroma. *Tzimmes* — *blintzes* — a golden-roasted goose swimming in its own fat ravished the senses. Eyes and mouths watered at sight of such luscious plenty.

"White bread!—*Ach!*—white bread!" gasped the hunger-ravaged old mother. Reaching across the table, she seized the loaf in her trembling hands. "All those starving years—all those years!" she moaned, kissing its flaky whiteness as though it were a living thing.

"Sit yourself down—*mutterel!*" Hanneh Breineh soothed the old woman and helped her into the chair of honor. "White bread—even white bread is nothing in America. Even the charities—a black year on them—even the charities give white bread to the beggars."

Moisheh, beaming with joy of his loved ones' nearness, was so busy passing and repassing the various dishes to his folks that he forgot his own meal.

"Nu—ain't it time for you also to sit

yourself down like a person?" urged Hanneh Breineh.

"*Tekeh—tekeh!*" added his mother. "Take something to your mouth."

Thereupon Moisheh rolled up his sleeves and with the zest of a hungry cave man attacked the leg of a goose. He no sooner finished than he bent ravenously over the meat platter, his forehead working in rhythm to his jaws.

"Excuse me," stammered Moisheh, wiping his lips with the end of his shirt-sleeve and sticking the meat on a fork.

"What's the difference how you eat so long you got what to eat?" broke in Zaretsky, grabbing the breast of the goose and holding it to his thick lips.

His sensibilities recoiling at this cannibalistic devouring of food, Berel rose and walked to the air-shaft window. His arms shot out as though to break down the darkening wall which blotted out the daylight from the little room. "Plenty of food for the body, but no light for the soul," he murmured, not intending to be heard.

Feivel, the doctor, lit a cigarette and walked up and down the room restlessly. He stopped and faced his younger brother with a cynical smile. "I guess America is like the rest of the world—you get what you take—sunlight as well as other things—"

"How take sunlight? What do you mean?"

"I mean America is like a dish of cheese *blintzes* at a poor house. The beggars who are the head of the table and get their hands in first, they live and laugh—"

Hanneh Breineh wiped her lips with the corner of her apron and faced him indignantly. "You ain't yet finished with your first meal in America and already you're blowing from yourself like it's coming to you yet better."

"But why come to America?" defended Berel, the poet, "unless it gives you what's lacking in other lands? Even in the darkest days in Russia the peasants had light and air."

"Hey, Mr. Greenhorn Doctor—and

you, young feller," broke in Zaretsky, the block politician, "if you don't like it here, then the President from America will give you a free ride back on the same ship on which you came from."

Silenced by Zaretsky's biting retort, the doctor lit a cigarette and sent leisurely clouds of smoke ceilingward.

Moisheh, who had been too absorbed in his food to follow the talk, suddenly looked up from his plate. Though unable to grasp the trend of the conversation, he intuitively sensed the hostile feeling in the room.

"Why so much high language," he asked, "when there's yet the nuts and raisins and the almonds to eat?"

A few months later Hanneh Breineh came into my room while peeling potatoes in her apron. "Greenhorns ain't what greenhorns used to be," she said, as she sat down on the edge of my cot. "Once when greenhorns came, a bone from a herring, a slice from an onion, was to them milk and honey; and now pour golden chicken fat into their necks, and they turn up their nose like it's coming to them yet better."

"What is it now?" I laughed.

Hanneh Breineh rose. "Listen only to what is going on," she whispered, as she noiselessly pushed open the door and winked to me to come over and hear.

"I'm yet in debt over my neck. In God's name, how could you spend out so much money for only a little pleasure," remonstrated Moisheh.

"Do you think I'm a *schnorrer* like you? I'm a man, and I have to live," retorted the doctor.

"But two dollars for one evening in the opera only, when for ten cents you could have seen the grandest show in the movies!"

The doctor's contemptuous glance softened into a look of condescending pity. "After all, my presser of pants, what a waste the opera would be on you. Your America is the movies."

"Two dollars!" cried the little old mother, wringing her hands despair-

ingly. "Moisheh didn't yet pay out for the ship tickets."

"Ship tickets—bah!—I wish he had never brought us to this golden country—dirt, darkness, houses like stalls for cattle!" And in a fury of disgust, not unmitigated with shame at his loss of temper, he slammed the door behind him.

"*Oi weh!*" wailed the careworn old mother. "Two dollars for an opera, and in such bad times!"

"*Ach! Mammeniu,*" Moisheh defended, "maybe Feivel ain't like us. Remember he's high-educated. He needs the opera like I need the bite of bread. Maybe even more yet. I can live through without even the bite of bread, but Feivel must have what wills itself in him."

Hanneh Breineh closed the door and turned to me accusingly. "What's the use from all your education, if that's what kind of people it makes?"

"Yes," I agreed with Hanneh Breineh. "Education without heart is a curse."

Hanneh Breineh bristled. "I wish I should only be cursed with an education. It's only by the Americans education is nothing. It used to be an honor in Russia to shine a doctor's shoes for him."

"So you're for education, after all?" I ventured, trying the impossible—to pin Hanneh Breineh down.

"Bloodsuckers!" Hanneh Breineh hissed. "Moisheh dries out the marrow from his head worrying for the dollar, and these high-educated brothers sit themselves on top of his neck like leeches. Greenhorns—opera—the world is coming to an end!"

Work with the Immigration Department took me to Washington for almost a year. As soon as I returned to New York I went to the only home I knew—Hanneh Breineh's lodging house.

My old friend, Moisheh, greeted me at the door. "*Teacherin!*" he cried, with a shout of welcome, and then called to his mother. "Come quick. See only who is here!"

Sleeves rolled up and hands full of dough, the little soul hurried in. "The sky is falling to the earth!" she cried. "You here? And are you going to stay?"

"Sure will she stay," said Moisheh, helping me remove my things.

"And where are Hanneh Breineh and the boarders?" I questioned.

"Out on a picnic by Coney Island."

"And why didn't you and your mother go?"

"I got to cook Feivel's dinner," she gesticulated with doughy palms.

"And I got my Coney Island here," said Moisheh.

To my great delight I saw he had been reading the life of Lincoln—the book I had left him the day I went away.

"My head is on fire thinking and dreaming from Lincoln. It shines before my face so real, I feel myself almost talking to him."

Moisheh's eyes were alive with light, and as I looked at him I felt for the first time a strange psychic resemblance between Moisheh and Lincoln. Could it be that the love for his hero had so transformed him as to make him almost resemble him?

"Lincoln started life as a nothing and a nobody," Moisheh went on, dreamily, "and he made himself for the President from America—maybe there's yet a chance for me to make something from myself?"

"Sure there is. Show only what's in you and all America reaches out to help you."

"I used to think that I'd die a presser by pants. But since I read from Lincoln, something happened in me. I feel I got something for America—only I don't know how to give it out. I'm yet too much of a dummo—"

"What's in us must come out. I feel America needs you and me as much as she needs her Rockefellers and Morgans. Rockefellers and Morgans only pile up mountains of money; we bring to America the dreams and desires of ages—the youth that never had a chance

to be young—the choked lives that never had a chance to live."

A shadow filmed Moisheh's brooding eyes. "I can't begin yet to think from myself for a few years. First comes my brothers. If only Feivel would work for himself up for a big doctor and Berel for a big writer than I'll feel myself free to do something. . . .

"Shah! I got great news for you," Moisheh announced. "Feivel has already his doctor's office."

"Where did he get all the money?"

"On the installment plan I got him the chair and the office things. Now he's beginning to earn already enough to pay almost half his rent."

"Soon he'll be for dinner." The old lady jumped up. "I got to get his eating ready before he comes." And she hastened back to the kitchen stove.

"And Berel—what does he do?" I inquired.

"Berel ain't working yet. He's still writing from his head," explained Moisheh. "Wait only and I'll call him. He's locked himself up in his bedroom; nobody should bother him."

"Berel!" he called, tapping respectfully at the door.

"Yuk!" came in a voice of nervous irritation. "What is it?"

"The *teacherin* is here," replied Moisheh. "Only a minute."

"It's me," I added. "I'd like to see you."

Berel came out, hair disheveled, with dreamy, absent look, holding pencil and paper in his hand. "I was just finishing a poem," he said in greeting to me.

"I have been looking for your name in the magazines. Have you published anything yet?"

"I—publish in the American magazines?" he flung, hurt beyond words. "I wouldn't mix my art with their empty drivel."

"But, surely, there are some better magazines," I protested.

"Pshah! Their best magazines—the pink-and-white jingles that they call poetry are not worth the paper they're

printed on. America don't want poets. She wants plumbers."

"But what will you do with the poetry you write?"

"I'll publish it myself. Art should be free, like sunlight and beauty. The only compensation for the artist is the chance to feed hungry hearts. If only Moisheh could give me the hundred dollars I'd have my volume printed at once."

"But how can I raise all that money when I'm not yet paid out with Feivel's doctor's office?" remonstrated Moisheh. "Don't you think if—maybe you'd get a little job?"

An expression of abstraction came over Berel's face, and he snapped, impatiently: "Yes—yes—I told you that I would look for a job. But I must write this while I have the inspiration."

"Can't you write your inspiration out in the evening?" faltered Moisheh. "If you could only bring in a few dollars a week to help pay ourselves out to the installment man."

Berel looked at his brother with compassionate tolerance. "What are to you the things of the soul? All you care for is money—money—money! You'd want me to sell my soul, my poetry, my creative fire—to hand you a few dirty dollars."

The postman's whistle and the cry, "Berel Cinski!"

Moisheh hurried downstairs and brought back a large return envelope.

"Another one of those letters back," deplored the mother, untactfully. "You're only for making the post office rich with the stamps from Moisheh's blood money."

"Dammit!" Defeat enraged the young poet to the point of brutality. "Stop nagging me and mixing in with things you don't understand!" He struck the rude table with his clenched fist. "It's impossible to live with you thickheads—numskulls—money-grubbing worms."

He threw on his hat and coat and paused for a moment glowering in the doorway. "Moisheh," he demanded,

"give me a quarter for carfare. I have to go uptown to the library." Silently the big brother handed him the money, and Berel flung himself out of the room.

The door had no sooner closed on the poet than the doctor sauntered into the room. After a hasty, "Hello," he turned to Moisheh. "I've had a wonderful opportunity offered me—but I can't take advantage of it."

"What!" cried Moisheh, his face brightening.

"My landlord invited me to his house to-night, to meet his only daughter."

"Why not go?" demanded Moisheh.

"Sure you got to go," urged the mother, as she placed the food before him. "The landlord only got to see how smart you are and he'll pull you in the richest customers from uptown."

Feivel looked at his clothes with resigned contempt. "H—m," he smiled bitterly. "Go in this shabby suit? I have too much respect for myself."

There was troubled silence. Both brother and mother were miserable that their dear one should be so deprived.

Moisheh moved over to the window, a worried look on his face. Presently he turned to his brother. "I'd give you the blood from under my nails for you but I'm yet so behind with the installment man."

The doctor stamped his foot impatiently. "I simply have to have a suit! It's a question of life and death. . . . Think of the chance! The landlord took a liking to me—rich as Rockefeller—and an only daughter. If he gives me a start in an uptown office I could *coin* money. All I need is a chance—the right location. Ten—twenty—fifty dollars an hour. There's no limit to a dentist's fee. If he sets me up on Riverside Drive I could charge a hundred dollars for work I get five for in Rutgers Street!"

"Can I tear myself in pieces? Squeeze the money from my flesh?"

"But do you realize that, once I get uptown, I could earn more in an hour that you could in a month? I'll pay you back every penny a hundred times over."

"Nu—tell me only—what can I do? Anything you'll say—"

"Why—you have your gold watch."

Moisheh's hand leaped to the watch in his vest pocket. "My gold watch! My prize from the night school?" he pleaded. "It ain't just a watch—it's given me by the principal for never being absent for a whole year."

"Oh, rot!—you, with your sentimentality! Try to understand something once." The doctor waved his objections aside. "Once I get my start in an uptown office I can buy you a dozen watches. I'm telling you my whole future depends on the front I put up at the landlord's house, and still you hesitate!"

Moisheh looked at his watch, fingering it. His eyes filled with tears. "*Oi weh!*" he groaned. "It's like a piece from my heart. My prize from the night school," he mumbled, brokenly; "but take it if you got to have it."

"You'll get it back," confidently promised the doctor, "get it back a hundred times over." And as he slipped the watch into his pocket, Moisheh's eyes followed it doggedly. "So long, *mam-meniu*; no dinner for me to-day." Feivel bestowed a hasty good-by caress upon his old mother.

The doctor was now living in an uptown boarding house, having moved some weeks before, giving the excuse that for his business it was necessary to cultivate an uptown acquaintance. But he still kept up his office in Rutgers Street.

One morning after he had finished treating my teeth, he took up a cigarette, nervously lit it, attempted to smoke, and then threw it away. I had never seen the suave, complacent man so unnerved and fidgety. Abruptly he stopped in front of me and smiled almost affectionately.

"You are the very person I want to speak to this morning—you are the only person I want to speak to," he repeated.

I was a little startled, for this manner was most unlike him. Seldom did he

even notice me, just as he did not notice most of Moisheh's friends. But his exuberant joyousness called out my instinctive response, and before I knew it I was saying, "If there's anything I can do for you I'll be only too happy."

He took a bill from his pocket, placed it in my hand, and said, with repressed excitement: "I want you to take my mother and Moisheh to see 'Welcome Stranger.' It's a great show. It's going to be a big night with me, and I want them to be happy, too."

I must have looked puzzled, for he narrowed his eyes and studied me, twice starting to speak, and both times stopping himself.

"You must have thought me a selfish brute all this time," he began. "But I've only been biding my time. I must make the most of myself, and now is my only chance—to rise in the world."

He stopped again, paced the floor several times, placed a chair before me, and said: "Please sit down. I want to talk to you."

There was a wistful pleading in his voice that none could resist, and for the first time I was aware of the compelling humanness of this arrogant intellectual.

"I'll tell you everything just as it is," he started. And then he stopped again. "*Ach!*" he groaned. "There's something I would like to talk over with you—but I just can't. You wouldn't understand. . . . A great thing is happening in my life to-night—but I can't confide it to anyone—none can understand. But—I ask of you just this: Will you give Moisheh and my mother a good time? Let the poor devils enjoy themselves for once!"

As I walked out of the office, the bill still crumpled in my hand, I reproached myself for my former harsh condemnation of the doctor. Perhaps all those months, when I had thought him so brutally selfish, he had been building for the future.

But what was this mysterious good fortune that he could not confide to anyone—and that none could understand?

"Doctor Feivel gave me money to take you to the theater," I announced as I entered the house.

"Theater!" chorused Moisheh and his mother, excitedly.

"Yes," I said. "Feivel seemed so happy to-day, and he wanted you to share his happiness."

"Feivel, the golden heart!" The old mother's eyes were misty with emotion.

"Ach! Didn't I tell you even if my brother is high-educated, he won't shame himself from us?" Moisheh faced me triumphantly. "I was so afraid since he moved himself into an uptown boarding house that maybe we are losing him, even though he still kept up his office on Rutgers Street." Moisheh's eyes shone with delight.

"I'll tell you a little secret," said he, leaning forward confidentially. "I'm planning to give a surprise to Feivel. In another month I'll pay myself out for the last of Feivel's office things. And for days and nights I'm going around thinking and dreaming about buying him an electric sign. Already I made the price with the installment man for it." By this time his recital was ecstatic. "And think only—what *mein* doctor will say, when he'll come one morning from his uptown boarding house and find my grand surprise waiting for him over his office door!"

All the way to the theater Moisheh and his mother drank in the glamour and the glitter of the electric signs of Broadway.

"*Gottuniu!* If I only had the money for such a sign for Feivel," Moisheh sighed, pointing to the chewing-gum advertisement on the roof of a building near the Astor. "If I only had Rockefeller's money, I'd light up America with Feivel's doctor sign!"

When we reached the theater, we found we had come almost an hour too early.

"Never mind—*mammeniu!*" Moisheh took his mother's arm tenderly. "We'll have time now to walk ourselves along and see the riches and lights from America."

"I should live so," he said, surveying his mother affectionately. "That red-velvet waist and this new shawl over your head makes your face so shine, everybody stops to give a look on you."

"Yeh—yeh! You're always saying love words to every woman you see."

"But this time it's my mother, so I mean it from my heart."

Moisheh nudged me confidentially. "*Teacherin!* See only how a little holiday lifts up my *mammeniu!* Don't it dance from her eyes the joy like from a young girl?"

"Stop already making fun from your old mother."

"You old?" Moisheh put his strong arm around his mother's waist. "Why, people think we're a young couple on our honeymoon."

"Honeymoon—*ach!*" The faded face shone with inward visioning. "My only wish is to see for my eyes my sons marry themselves in good luck. What's my life—but only the little hope from my children? To dance with the bride on my son's wedding will make me the happiest mother from America."

"Feivel will soon give you that happiness," responded Moisheh. "You know how the richest American-born girls are trying to catch on to him. And no matter how grand the girl he'll marry himself to, you'll have the first place of honor by the wedding."

As we turned in at Forty-fifth Street a curious crowd blocked our path. A row of sleek limousines stood before the arched entrance of the Van Suydden Hotel.

"Look only—a wedding! Let's give a look on the bride!" exclaimed Moisheh's mother, eagerly. A wedding was, in her religion, the most significant ceremony in life. And for her sake we elbowed our way toward the front.

A procession of bridesmaids in shimmering chiffons, bedecked with flowers, were the first to tread the carpeted steps.

Then we saw the bride . . . And then— Good God!—was it possible?

Moisheh clutched his mother's hand convulsively. Could it really be their Feivel?

The two stood gaping blindly, paralyzed by the scene before them.

Suddenly—roused by the terrible betrayal—the mother uttered a distorted sob of grief. “Feivel—son *mein!* What have you done to me?”

Moisheh grasped the old woman more firmly as the bride tossed her head coquettishly and turned possessive eyes on her husband—their son and brother.

The onlookers murmured appreciatively, thrilled by the pretty romance.

Enraged by the stupid joy of the crowd which mocked her misery, the old mother broke from Moisheh's hold with

wiry strength and clawed wildly at the people around her.

“Feivel—black curses—!” she hissed—and then she crumpled, fainting, into Moisheh's arms.

Unaware of the disturbance outside, the happy couple passed into the festive reception hall.

With quick self-control, Moisheh motioned to a taxicab out of which had just emerged another wedding guest. Then he gently lifted the fainting form of the little mother in beside him.

And all through the night the bitter tears of betrayed motherhood poured over the shrunken bosom where Feivel, as a suckling infant, had once helped himself to life.

HELIOTROPE

BY ALICE BROWN

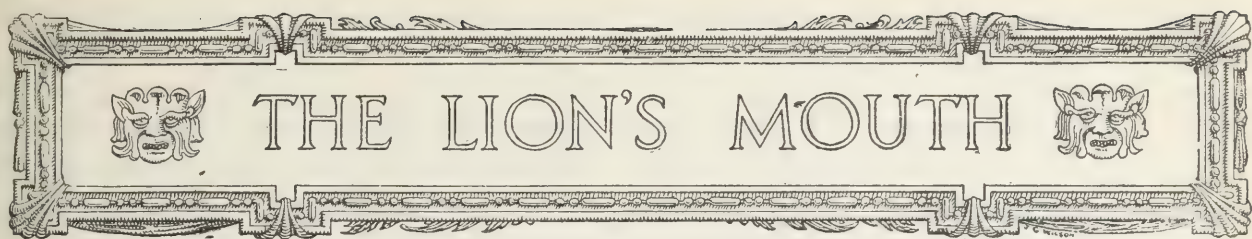
HOW hot upon the trail of youth
You beat about this shadowy room,
You something pulsing with the stars
And throbbing through the firelit gloom!

The rows of royal-lineaged books
Listen, are wakened and aware.
The portrait draws recovered breath.
A soundless step is on the stair.

So sharply sweet, so fiercely strong,
Was never host for eye to see,
As you, rushed riotous from far
Dim haunted camps of memory.

What urge of whispered potencies
Knocks at my heart's entrusted door!
What ninefold might of climbing wave
Engulfs the moment more and more!

A crystal vase upon the shelf—
Is that your armory of power?
Indomitable fragrance, swept,
Battalioned, from a purple flower.



THE LION'S MOUTH

THE RAT WITH THE SILVER BELL

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I HAVE heard the tale of a rat which has much impressed me. The main points of the story are fact. There really *was* a rat that wore a silver bell! Though I have a certain respect for my imagination, I do not think so highly of it as to believe that I could evolve anything so delightfully fantastic as that. Yes, there really *was* a rat that wore a silver bell! I have a friend who knows well the one who can validly vouch for it, since that one was instrumental in the fact's accomplishment.

The introductory circumstances are somewhat hazy in my memory. I believe it was a family quite out of the ordinary, whose mother was its leading spirit; a woman of much insight, so much insight, in fact, that she was perpetually gentle. Consistently, then, and very especially, she was gentle with animals, and had an affection and respect for them not unallied, I should say, with the classic affection and respect of Saint Francis, for his little brothers, the birds and the fishes and the Wolf of Gubbio.

One instance of her gentleness stands out in my memory, in the recital. One of the little girls of the family had, by I know not what devious device, got hold of a small mouse by the tail. By this effective control she was able to souse the little creature in a pan of water and watch its reactions. Then, when it was tired of trying frantically to swim away from its own retained tail, the merciless small giantess would lift it free of the water for another chance at recovery, and when it was sufficiently recovered would again souse it into the pan of water. It might be said, if not

altogether classically, that neither Tantalus nor Prometheus nor Ixion nor other much-tried gentlemen of fable had anything on this small, much-tried creature of real life.

Then, mercifully enough, enters the mother of the family!

I am told she neither railed nor reproved—not, at least, by word of mouth. She only took the little creature with all the gentleness of which she was capable, made it safe and snug in a flannel petticoat, and set it near the fire, there to recuperate bodily and to recover, if it might be, partially some former faith in mankind.

Whether this was a turning point in the career of the young person who had amused herself with sousing the little creature, I do not know. I should judge by what follows that it was. For there follows the rat with the silver bell!

He had been caught not in a trap of snapping jaws, but in one of those falsely alluring ones which offer easy access to cheese and then, when the cheese is all eaten, present nothing but pointed spikes by way of exit. This spares the enticed rat any bodily cruelty, of course, but may be, I should think, a fruitful source of rat mental anguish. What will the family at home be thinking of this long detention? What worry for them! What anxiety for the prisoner! Rats are certainly not without inventiveness, but here was a difficult problem; and for rats whose philosophy is probably not of a very high order—wire bars *do* make both a prison and a cage.

Then came the discovery of him by the children of the household. Their idea was to tame him. Whether the gentle mother was away from home, or whether she was at home and approved of the

taming, I do not know. Perhaps she thought the taming of the rat might serve incidentally for the taming of the children. That I leave to conjecture. I only know that under repeated efforts and ample replenishments of cheese and nuts, the rat became extraordinarily friendly. He was kept in confinement, to be sure, but little by little they let him out in a larger space, and he would of his own accord go back into his cage to sleep. So he became, in time, a tamed rat, tamed by education; a rat of a really superior order and experience.

By and by, whether it was that the novelty wore off, or whether it was qualms of conscience that overtook the young Brobdignagians who had educated him, I do not know, but it was determined to set him free. Before parting with him, however, one of them—it must have been that he or she was a silver-tongued poet in the making—thought of a tiny silver bell that was available; the sort of bell that would be used to ring fairies to dinner if there were fairies, and if they partook of dinner. This bell should be tied about the rat's neck—then they would know if he came back.

He did. In the night that closed down as big as eternity all about him, the children in their beds would sometimes hear a faint, exquisite, silvery twinkling tinkle, as though a tiny fairy star lost to the eye were to become suddenly audible. And that little sound would move about in the universe and pause; move about again, here and there, and finally take itself off, off, off—with the most delicate gradations of distance—disappearing finally altogether. This happened for days, for weeks—but at last at larger intervals—and finally the silver bell tinkled about for the last time, and then was heard no more.

So far the facts. But who with a heart so dead, given those facts, but could draw the proper inference!

He had been absent long; he had no doubt been given up, and probably mourned (by his family at least) for

dead. It began to be remembered even by those formerly indifferent to him that he *had* had certain virtues; and as his absence lengthened these grew, as gossip and snowballs do, with much rolling about—until the lost citizen was very nearly the lost hero.

Then, by and by, on a wonderful night he returned to them, wearing an insignia and distinction that baffled even the oldest and most experienced. As he moved, music moved with him! What was this! By what miraculous merit was he so distinguished above his kind?

He became at once a seer, a prophet! They came to him for advice; they lavished honors on him; they wanted to make him a general, a leader, and more or less of a god! They would have had a grand procession in his honor—and would gladly have fought one another for his favor. But the trouble was this—he had been fatally unfitted to be a hero, a leader, a general by his gentle experience, which, we might say, was symbolized by the bell. Those gentle Brobdignagian children, though they had bestowed on him this wonder that was beauty and silver sound, had bestowed on him also, it should not be forgotten, a taste for gentleness. He no longer believed in biting his enemy's throat for death when a quarrel was afoot; in fact, he had now a way of retiring into a corner, he and his bell. When the rest scampered and squeaked and swore and had a "rough house" afoot—at a time when he could have rung his silver bell madly and with great effect among them, he would sit instead, looking on, hardly breathing, for fear of adding even so much as a tinkle to the turmoil. Now this is no way, as everybody knows, for a public favorite to behave.

His downfall began with mockery on the part of one of the others. He should no doubt have shaken his bell furiously at the first sign of the insolence of the upstart, shaken it like a terrible silver menace. But he did not. The Brobdignagians had worked a spell on him during the time of his sojourn with them. So

he continued in their tradition, a stranger to himself and to his kind.

From time to time, when he could slip away in rat daytime (which is to say the night), he would go back to the Brobdignagians' country, but he never found any of them about, and in the rat night time (that is to say the day) he was expected to be at home; and if he had made off, the silver bell, like the giant's harp in the fairy tale, would have cried out and betrayed him.

So matters went from bad to worse. His enemies and detractors multiplied and the little gay sound of the bell grew more and more tentative as his steps became more and more hesitant and cautious. The quieter he sat, the less the bell rang; the less the bell rang, the less he was mocked.

He slipped back again in rat daytime (that is to say at night), hoping for a glimpse of his old teachers, but they were not about. He paused, one little foot held up hesitant. He thought he heard one of them laugh softly! Then he held his breath and so did they, each listening almost painfully for the other. Then he made off, away from them for the last time, with that little silver sound, his little bell tinkling, tinkling tentatively as he went.

Of course, his people never reformed; of course he was never again a hero to them. The bell, I should think, may have become in time a positive danger, and I have it on good recommendation of my logic that a cat perhaps finally silenced its silver note for good and all. Yet to me—and I believe to any who read of him—he will always be remembered affectionately as the rat who wore the silver bell. *Sunt lachrymæ rerum.*

Perhaps the worst of the tale is that everyone who reads it is going to read his own theory and interpretation into it; and maybe not one in twenty will really enter into and understand the theory and mentality of the rat, concerning which I, myself, often as I have thought about him, am still much at sea.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF CONDUCTING

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

EVEN as a very small boy I was daft about music; and at twelve I was seized by an irresistible ambition to become a great conductor of symphony orchestras. Soon I was so far gone that I carried about with me everywhere Berlioz's bulky treatise on Instrumentation.

One day, as I sat bowed over this profound work in a street car, the friendly official who collected fares asked me what I was doing with the big book. I said:

"I'm studying to be a conductor."

He snorted:

"You don't know what troubles you're getting yourself in for, boy. The hours is terrible long."

"That's nothing," I answered, fervently. "I wouldn't mind *never* sleeping if only I could get to be a good conductor!"

He snorted more bitterly.

"Yes, you would, too. And people signal you to stop when your back is turned, and then kick up an awful fuss when you don't."

"If I ever get to be conductor," I declared, stiffly, "I'll let nobody signal *me* when to stop. I'll be the only judge of that."

The man in the brass buttons grinned sardonically.

"Well, if you tried any such game you'd keep your job just about twenty-four hours. And you listen here. Another rotten thing about being a conductor is, you have to do so much beating up."

"That's no harder than beating down . . ." I started to say, but he broke in upon me.

"Whenever a drunk comes in and starts something you have to beat him up. And if he happens to be a prize-fighter, you're out o' luck."

My tone was superior.

"Oh, I won't bother with that sort of thing when *I'm* a conductor. I'll make the ushers . . ."

But my interlocutor was helping off a grumbling fat woman with a market-basket, who had been carried past her destination in the heat of our argument. He came straight back to me. The late passenger was still as audible as ever half a block away; for, with an exquisite feeling for dynamics, she raised her voice as much as the car receded.

"Take my advice, sonny, pick some other job, any other job! Try as he may, a conductor never can please the public."

I raised my eyebrows haughtily and ascended a lofty perch of idealism.

"Oh, pshaw! Pleasing the public's the very last thing I'd try to do. If I kept time right . . ."

"That," interrupted my official friend, "would be the least of your worries. Of course, if you only keep a good watch—"

"On the drummers, I suppose you mean?"

"Naw! Them drummers don't give much bother except that their stuff takes up so much room. The worst trouble is with the women. They never know what they want."

I sighed reminiscently and agreed with my friend. For I had already met with some severe experiences along this line. I thought of the orchestra I had organized in school, and of all the second fiddling girls who insisted on playing first because the best first fiddler happened to be a girl, and then cried because the notes were too black for them, and threw all the blame on me.

"Yes"—I wagged my head sagely—"women certainly are the limit!"

"And here's another bad side to this here conducting business," pursued my new friend, warming under the stimulus of sympathy. "Some fine day you're standing there all unsuspecting on your platform, and you give the signal to start up, and you're feeling fine, and everything's going good . . ."

I nodded, picturing myself in that enviable situation, with five thousand rapt creative listeners behind the con-

ductor's platform, hanging on every move of my inspired baton and every posture of my elegant figure, which was clad for the occasion in what Mr. Sears Roebuck would term "a full-dress suit of evening clothes." Before me was the largest and finest orchestra in the world, going strong, and I had the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven well in hand.

"Then," continued the man in the brass buttons, "before you can say Jack Robinson your luck breaks. You turn round suddenly and notice a kid hitching a ride on the hind end of the car. You kick him off. And then, first thing you know, a ball of mud comes and takes you in the neck and spatters all over your uniform."

I gasped. We had been conversing at cross-purposes!

"Say," I blurted out, "I've been talking all this time about conducting an orchestra, not a street car."

My friend stared, then slowly grinned.

"Well, sonny," he said, "I guess, at that, it don't make a whole lot o' difference what it is you conduct. You're going to get it in the neck just the same."

THE LURE OF THE HANDBOOK

BY PHILIP CURTISS

FOR sheer rest and solace, after a most vexatious day, give me an open fire, a student's lamp, and a handbook. A handbook on what? A handbook on anything.

Fiction may be diverting, essays may be companionable to the mind in anxiety, but, to secure complete forgetfulness of surroundings, utter translation into the land of day dreams give me, every time, a rainy evening, a crackling hearth, and a book with some such title as *Trout Flies for Northern Waters*, *The Breeding and Training of Saddle Horses*, *The Orchard and Its Up-keep*, *How to Judge Antique Furniture*, *The Building and Sailing of Catboats*, or *The Complete Kitchen Garden*.

From this it must not be supposed

that I am a person either of practical mind or of sporting habits. Quite the contrary; I never do any of the things that I love most to read about. For that matter, who does? I do not fish, neither do I shoot. I mount a horse (with some misgivings) perhaps once a year. I could not build a chicken coop, much less a catboat. Our house is filled with antique furniture only because the passage of time and the children's heels have made it such. My kitchen garden alone is like anything that I ever meet in the handbooks. In books on gardening I frequently come across two photographs, on the same page, of the same garden "before" and "after" it has been given "intelligent handling," presumably by the author. "Fig. 1" shows a spot which looks very much like the village dump. "Fig. 2" shows the same spot looking very much like the Gardens of Versailles. My own garden is still in the "Fig. 1" stage of "handling."

No, I read handbooks purely for their inspirational qualities, for their easy style and their fragrant atmosphere. I do not suppose that the genuine handbook urge can be explained any more accurately than this. It is entirely distinct from the research spirit. One is to the other as the fondness for tunes is to the love of pure music, as a liking for "pictures" is to the love of sheer color. The research spirit takes the handbook in one hand and a hoe in the other. It learns how to make a garden and then actually makes it. The real love of handbooks is nothing so mean as this. It is an absolute case of art for art's sake and art's sake alone.

It is a primitive habit. To boys between the ages of eight and twelve the "How To" books are always irresistible—*How to Skate, How to Make Traps and Snares, How to Shoot, How to Camp Out*—but in some of us, perhaps in many of us, the fondness never dies out. Dan Beard's *American Boys' Handbook* still stands on my shelf. I still read it, and I still dream at times of that marvelous houseboat which Mr. Beard shows us

how to construct in such detail and with such a wealth of illustration. I still feel quite sure that some day I myself shall really construct it. I can see myself sitting at evening on the quarterdeck, watching the wooded shores of some inland river. Behind me a rifle is suspended on two pronged sticks nailed to the walls of the cabin while through the open door of the latter come the mellow notes of the ship's clock which is shown so attractively in "Fig. 4."

Indeed, I am inclined to think that the art of handbook writing reached its height in the days of Dan Beard's classic, or at least in the days before half-tone engraving. The modern handbooks are illustrated by photographs—"Fig. 1. The Correct Way to Hold a Niblick." "Fig. 2. The Incorrect Way." Such photographs may be more convincing, but they lack the glamour of those old line drawings which were the life and soul of handbooks published in the 'seventies and the 'eighties. The old woodcuts caught the spirit of the author in a way which actual photographs have never attained. For instance, if "Fig. 1" showed the correct way to mount a horse, every line in the drawing bore the spirit of utter correctness. The horse was happy and showed it. The little dog at his heels was alert and attentive, while as for the man who was mounting correctly (as in Fig. 1) nothing could equal the conscious virtue, not to say smugness, with which he lifted himself into the saddle and proved his case. Equally, when you came to Fig. 2 (The Incorrect Way to Mount a Horse) every line in the drawing showed the absurdness of the proposition. The horse was dejected and sagging, and gave clear signs of having lost weight during the operation. The little dog at his heels had changed into a snapping, derisive mongrel, while in the person of the incorrect mounter (Fig. 2) the effects of his stupidity were shown not merely in his utter lack of success, but in his very raiment. His coat had wrinkled and lost its fashionable cut, his trousers bagged at

the knees, his hat toppled ignominiously to the ground. Far more than any photographs did those old engravings make the reader firmly resolve always to mount, as in Fig. 1, and never as in Fig. 2.

For sheer charm and atmosphere those old handbooks on horsemanship published in England during the early- and mid-Victorian periods have never been equaled. They are not merely books of instruction. They are crammed with incident, with reminiscence and lore. Noblemen, baronets, guardsmen, "city men," and especially old huntsmen and stable men, appear and reappear in their pages like characters in a novel. They are also an *entrée* for the reader into a charming society. The large illustrations (as distinct from the numerous "Plates" and "Figs.") are usually full-length engravings of black-bearded gentlemen in baggy trousers and white-beaver hats who are introduced to the reader as "His Grace, the Duke of Midlands, for sixty years M.F.H.," or "The late Captain Farrington-Smythe, D.S.R., F.R.G.S." To the novice in handbook reading it is a little disconcerting to have these gentlemen constantly referred to as if, of course, the reader knew them already, but as you become accustomed to the art of handbook reading you will learn that there is in every handbook a chapter near the end which explains fully all the things which are so obscure in the early pages. Thus, in the handbooks on horsemanship it is well to turn at once to the chapter on "Hunts and Hunt Clubs," where you will learn all the family history of the Duke of Midlands and the late Captain Farrington-Smythe, and will really appreciate "what a debt English hunting owes" to the unflinching constancy of these gentlemen.

Yet there is nothing snobbish about our author. Not only is he himself on familiar terms with these titled Nestors of hunting, but he is always eager to share his privileges with the reader. What, for instance, could be more hospitable than the following?

Advancing years have prevented His Grace (now in his eighty-first year) from exercising any longer the arduous duties of M. F. H., but one can still see him any Monday, Wednesday, and Friday during the season, still following the Midlands pack, still with a hearty greeting for all and sundry, and with an encouraging word for the earnest tyro. Gentlemen from England or abroad who think of hunting with this famous pack may send their names in advance to the secretary, Mr. Gilson Jones, Beaconsfield, Herts. The fee is nominal. I think it is eighty guineas.

Who would not be an earnest tyro on such terms? And what is a mere eighty guineas in front of your study fire? When I myself read that passage I turned at once to the title page of the volume, only to find that the publisher's notice read, "London, T. Osborne's Sons, 1873." I worked it out on my fingers, 1873-1921. It was impossible that even the duke's iron constitution could have survived to the age of a hundred and nineteen years. I had been born too late. His Grace and I should never meet in the hunting field.

It is a pleasing trait of handbooks in general to leave in the reader a feeling of extreme capability and excellent judgment, but to these satisfactions the English books also add a comfortable consciousness of aristocracy. Could anything be more subtly flattering to the "gentle reader" than passages like the following:

Having acquired a young, high-bred horse, do not turn him at once into your stables with your other horses. Especially do not intrust his training to any of your grooms, no matter how great confidence you may have in them.

As you sit in front of your fire does not a passage like that rather dwarf your picayune worries about the income tax and the price of potatoes? We feel like saying, "Mr. Author, there is small chance that we shall ever run contrary to your advice, but, like the actor who was asked to change a ten-dollar bill, we 'thank you for the compliment.'"

Possibly that is one thing that makes handbooks of all kinds so restful—there is such an excellent feeling between the author and the reader. The author is frequently severe, even derisive, toward “tyros” in his particular art, but somehow he makes you yourself feel that you are a tyro apart from other tyros, as indeed you are, since you are under his excellent tutelage. The author of a good handbook is the only writer on earth who can talk dogmatically for two hundred pages without arousing hostility on the part of the reader. Is that not art in itself?

In the jolly intimacy of their works I have known hundreds of authors of handbooks like personal friends, yet, curiously, I have never met one in the life. I sometimes wonder whether they are real mortals. If they are, they live happier lives than any other mortals I have ever heard of. Fancy having nothing to do but follow your hobby year in and year out as the writers of handbooks do. At least that is what I judge from their pages. It is not merely the writers on horsemanship with their privilege of meeting His Grace of Midlands on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, but all writers of handbooks who lead these idyllic lives.

Take, for instance, passages like these from the books on shooting:

For some twelve years in succession I shot the whole season over a pair of setters in North Carolina, and, as I always went from the quail season to get a few months of sport with the prairie chickens in Minnesota, I had excellent opportunities to compare their work with that of the pointers. Sooner or later and at varying times of the year I have shot over practically every good cover in America and I have always found—

Never mind what he found. It is the twelve seasons without a hitch which makes him good reading to my mind. It is enough to know that *somebody* can be as happy and carefree as that.

Of course there are drawbacks to handbook reading. The principal one

seems to be that, after reading a dozen or so, you have an irresistible desire to write one yourself. This danger has never threatened me personally because my tastes are so catholic. By reading all sorts of handbooks, from those on how to judge the Old Masters to those on plumbing and heating for country estates, I get such a well-balanced mental ration that I never have any tendency to break out in any one spot. This result disproves the contention of my friends on whom I have urged the gentle art of handbook reading purely as a recreation, but who have answered, in the spirit of the “tired business man,” that they saw no object in “cramming your mind with useless facts.”

That is just the point. You don't. It is amazing how deeply you can enjoy a good, smooth handbook without burdening your mind with a single fact. When I consider the number of first-class authorities which I have read in the last ten years, on all sorts of subjects, I sometimes wonder that I am not a mine of practical information; yet I am not. That isn't my object in reading.

It is not that I read superficially. When I come to a diagram, say of a schooner yacht, all covered over with numbers and letters, I pause religiously and track each letter to its lair at the bottom of the page. I learn that “46” is the jib boom, and that “48 A-B and -C” are the throat halyards. So long as the author refers to these in the next few pages I am with him like an able seaman, but when he quits I quit. The next day I may know vaguely what the throat halyards are, but the next week I have forgotten entirely. By that time I am deep in *The Dairy Herd for New England Farms*. And is this not the true spirit of light reading—to keep your mind exercised without getting it tired?

Yet even I sometimes notice the evil traces of handbook reading in my own system. Sometimes, after a good evening with *The Art of Old Porcelains* or *Guinea Pigs and How to Select Them*, I find that unconsciously my mind has

fallen into the handbook style of thinking and talking, for all good handbooks have somewhat the same prose style, whether they are about *Diseases of the Dog* or *The Chief American Myrtles*. Sometimes when I have been indulging my passion for handbooks rather more than I should I find that, as I perform every simple act of the daily routine, I mentally write a handbook about it.

For instance, as I shave in the morning, I find my mind unconsciously running along these lines:

There are two good methods of stropping the old-fashioned or common razor—the up-and-down method and what is known as the Bisley method. Personally, I prefer the former, although I know that many excellent shavers prefer the Bisley. It is more common in England than in this country. The chief point for the tyro to remember is that the razor should *never* be held tightly, but always in such a manner as to allow free play to the muscles of the forearm. This is the whole secret of good shaving.

But then, this mild form of insanity is a small price to pay for the evenings of relaxation that handbooks have given me. I have often been tempted to write to the authors and tell them what a part their works have played in my life, but I have done it only once. When I was quite a small boy I read a charming work

on fishing. The author's introduction to the book was redolent with wood cuts and was dated from "Pickerel Lodge, Moosehead Lake, Maine," surely a proper temple for an oracle on that subject. I wrote him a letter to Moosehead and in time received a very nice letter in reply, but alas for the woodsy scents! It was typewritten on the business stationery of "The Acme Paper Box and Cardboard Company, Fourth Avenue, New York City," of which, for eleven months in the year, my Isaac Walton was apparently factory manager.

Since then I have preferred to leave my favorite authors in the atmosphere in which my fancy likes to picture them—the fox hunters still dashing on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays after the Midlands pack with His Grace of Midlands, the antique furniture experts still endlessly touring New England hill-sides with their equally expert wives in search of genuine willow ware, the quail shooters still following year after year the beaten track from the covers of North Carolina to the prairies of Minnesota.

Instead of writing to each as his work may please me, I take this method of thanking them one and all. To them, individually and collectively, I dedicate my one essay on the subject, this Handbook on Handbooks.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHY do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing? And is it not a toss-up which does the most mischief, the heathen who rage or the people of vain imagination? It came to mind the other day over the efforts of sundry reformers to stop the big fight that was diverting the attention of the people of the United States from preparations for Independence Day. It promised to be a very interesting fight, wherein intelligence and talent seemed to be matched against brawn and plug-ugliness (though that estimate may be faulty), but the reformers were quite determined not to have it, and insisted that it violated the law, and besought all the courts for injunctions, and assailed the Governor with beseeching applications to stop that fight, which he did not do.

For why stop it? How else get so much fun with so little harm?—fun, that is, for people who like glove fights and crowds, and have money to spare for high-price shows, and the ambition and energy to overcome difficulties of transportation on a hot day. How else could such people have so much entertainment with so little sin as by going to that fistic exhibition in Jersey City? As we all know, the reformatory intrusion was defeated and the fight came off as planned.

The vain thing that reformers imagine is that it is their office to define righteousness and compel people to accept their definition. That would not be true even if there was agreement as to what was good in conduct. There is not such agreement except in limited measure. There has always been an effort to define what was bad, and prohibit it,

and punish it when committed. Nowadays that effort seems somewhat extended, so that instead of being content to define crimes and punish them by law, it seeks to define goodness and make it compulsory.

That is a very harmful mistake. Some improvement can be worked in the conduct of man by laws if they are properly administered and enforced, but only a moderate improvement. Laws are for society more than for individuals. There is little salvation in them, but some protection. Salvation comes by free will. It is nobody's business to force his own ideas of good behavior on the general public. Reformers never seem to get that through their heads and probably never will. It may be anyone's business to keep order, to defend security, and promote safety so that people who know how to be good and elect so to be can be so with less discomfort, but it is nobody's job to compel other folks to be good.

Do the Wilbur Crafts and other reformatory powers realize at all what the world would be like if they had their way and people were constrained to the sort of conduct that they approve? Have they the least suspicion how different it would be from the world as the Almighty Wisdom has planned it, and how very much less interesting and less worth while? Will they ever realize that the end of compulsory decorum is not virtue, but hypocrisy? that it is not life, but death? that the cleansing of the human soul must start within and work out, and cannot be accomplished by attention to externals? This world is not merely for people to be good in. It is for them to live in for a time, and learn.

Gracious! Let them get their experience. That is what they are here for. They are not here merely to be good. That is not much expected of them. They do not know how to be good. They are here to learn—precisely that—to learn to want to be good, to learn how to realize that desire. There is a compulsion to goodness stronger than fear of man, than fear of law; stronger than judge or sheriff; stronger than prison bars or gallows. It is the fear of being bad and losing the lawful rewards of goodness, not money nor fame, not advertisement nor power, but love in one's heart, and joy, and leadings of the spirit, and harmony with the great Force that directs the world.

This is a troublesome world nowadays that has been jarred out of many of its decorums and proprieties by four terrific years of effort and destruction. We in these States had two years of actual war, but we got the atmosphere and many of the effects of the other years also, and we have been fairly open to the emotions that have been distributed in the three years that have succeeded them. The people of the world, so terribly disciplined, are bound to show in their deportment some effects of their experience. They will not settle back into humdrum. In most respects the war set people free. Women especially took on men's work and did many things they were not used to do before, and did them well. The girls took chances that in peace times would not have been considered maidenly. All life was cheaper. With men, and in a less degree with women, to die if necessary in the discharge of duty became part of the day's work. Day after day, month after month, the toll of humanity was taken and the dead were buried and the hurt went to the hospitals, and the great work went on. That work was primarily to bring freedom to mankind, and it brought it, and impairment of decorum, and the passing of old proprieties of conduct and of dress and of speech and em-

ployment are part of that achievement. Perhaps they are the unripe fruit of the harvest. But the people who try to suppress our fellows of the new life, and to get back to the standards of propriety that obtained before the war, are reckoning without due regard to what has happened. This world that is coming is not going to be a Puritan world. It is not going to be suppressed. Mankind is going to have its fling and is not to be deprived of it either by surviving monitors who still believe in the old order or by reformers who would take the exuberance out of life. In carelessness about life and death—whether they live or whether they die—people of our day seem like the people of the Middle Ages when life, we are told, was not especially secure, but while it lasted was frank and joyous and fruitful.

The great quality that distinguishes man from the other creatures with which the Creator has peopled the earth is free will—the power to choose between good and evil and to act on that choice. Of all the living creatures man is the only one to whom we credit the power to sin. We accept the hypothesis that there is something in man that enables him to distinguish right from wrong, and if he does wrong we hold him responsible. If he injures society we restrain and perhaps punish him because he interferes with the liberty of other people to live their lives according to their consciences. It is right to protect society against evildoers, but it is not right to try to compel everybody to be good. Is it to be that man, who alone has the power to sin, is not to be allowed to exercise that power? that the zeal of meddlers and reformatory zealots shall be allowed to reduce him to the condition of the animals? All the animals can be made to do right and no harm done, but man is a greater creature for a greater purpose. For him it is necessary, not merely that he should be made to do right, but that he should learn self-conduct and self-direction. If he is

forced to be good it avails little, but if he is good—even very imperfectly—because he chooses that course, sees the point of it, struggles toward it, then something is accomplished that is worth while and which he can carry with him wherever he goes at death.

The great task that the world has on its hands to-day is to make men reasonably orderly, reasonably forbearing and co-operative, not by compulsion, not by fear of punishment, but because they perceive in some measure what human conduct ought to be, and aspire in their own souls to realize that perception. There is little hope of reinstating order, co-operation, and prosperity in the world by compulsion. There is much more hope that those necessities will come out of a widespread realization by individual men and by nations of the vital need of them. The world of the new era has got to be good, and to be so very considerably by choice. Compulsion has been tried on it in large measures and it has been proved to be too destructive. That was the great lesson of the war. Facilities that are ready and able to emphasize it increase every day. The latest poison gas is far worse than any used in the war. The newest gun, if truly described, would make the guns of the Great War seem like toy pistols. Compulsion in politics is nearly played out. Resistance is not played out. That is easier than it was and harder to overcome. In great things as in small, in national politics, in schools, and in family life, the tendency is to do the most possible to teach people to know right from wrong and to hold everyone responsible for his conduct according to his knowledge.

When Mr. Wilson talked of making the world safe for democracy he gave a true expression of the idea that was behind the war. In order to make the world safe for democracy it must have knowledge, and not only ordinary knowledge, but spiritual knowledge. It must know not only how to read and write, but it must bring illumination and

understanding to its reading. It must find its soul and, finding it, learn how to make life on this earth happy and profitable. It is not to be expected that everyone will accomplish these great achievements at once or suddenly. The most we can hope for is that enough people will accomplish, or have accomplished, them to regulate the direction of the world. If enough people want to be good and know how to be good the world will go along and follow safe courses. The great necessary is that its leadership should be enlightened—that the energies of the nations should be directed by men who know what has happened and what must happen if civilization is to come to port. The world will turn to men of understanding when it recognizes them. It will turn to them not out of choice, but out of necessity. It will come to disarmament because its needs compel it. It will come to some organization of the nations for the maintenance of peace, because the facts of life constrain it to. It has no time to waste on futile men or played-out ideas. It must get to something that will work, and get to it quickly. It must stop expenses that are wasteful and drop policies that have failed. It is in a race with destruction and must run it as light as possible, carrying no more than it must of a heavy apparatus to compel orderly conduct in men.

The important thing in life is a state of mind. Material things are important mainly because they contribute to that. A sufficient possession of them usually makes for comfort and health and, of course, may make for good nature in fairly wise people. Possession of them in quantity pleases some people very much. The power to distribute them also pleases people. The possession of them is power of a sort, and may and should be a lawful power. The state of mind induced by the possession of material things has been extremely sought after in the Western world. The pursuit of it was one of the main causes of the

war, which in its beginnings may be said to have been a set-to between certain great powers glutted with material things, to settle who should control the earth and have first claim on its fullness. But so far as world power was the issue of the war, all the European contestants were beaten and came out of it with their strength dreadfully impaired, their riches dissipated, and their hold on material things enfeebled.

It will be fortunate if their hunger for material things is diminished in like degree. A frantic chase for riches and material possessions pays neither men nor nations. When it outruns the pursuit of spiritual things it is only a matter of time when disaster will follow. A better and more valuable state of mind than that to which riches and property are supposed to contribute in such important degree, can be had in other ways and at very moderate cost in material things. What wise people seek is not a great variety of gratifications and amusements, but a much simpler thing—peace in their own souls. That may come with riches or it may come with poverty. Riches are not essential to it. Poverty is not a bar to it. It is a spiritual condition and must be spiritually attained.

The East knows that better than the West, and has long known it, but according to our ideas it rather overworks its knowledge, and makes too little of the material things that we make too much of. We shall never be like the Hindus and they will never be like us; but there is no reason why we should not learn from one another, they to see the

benefit in material development of the world, we to discover that the mere maintenance of life is a simpler matter than we suppose, and can be fully accomplished and still leave time and strength for the entertainment of the soul. Our own religion came from Asia along with the rest and teaches us all of that. If the world generally can attain the state of mind it ought to have, all troubles about material things will disappear. Neither Europe nor the United States was made for lazy people. If the people who live in them are ever disinclined to work, the climate they live in will drive them to it, and where people work there will be production and wealth. Then will come the pinch, for what Europe really needs, what these States need, what the world needs is capacity to stand prosperity. If you can induce in mankind a state of mind that can do that, you can get somewhere.

But neither society nor the individuals who compose it will ever attain to this state of mind that is so much to be desired without effort. One must work to get anything, spiritual or material. Industry is necessary—no less for its material than for its spiritual result. The greatest medicine of all is effort: nothing avails more to beat off disease and make the body do its duty. Men who are used to effort know that so well, that though their possessions and accumulations may be ever so great, they usually fear to stop work, dreading nothing so much as to be idle and exposed to the attrition of their own thoughts and vain desires.



MRS. MEACHAM BUYS A NEW HAT

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

YOUNG Mrs. Robert Meacham, of Norwalk, being considerably in a hurry to catch the ten-thirty train for New York, made a grab here and there for a few last things, caught a car, and landed on the station platform just as the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" Her hurry being over, she settled back in her seat to consider several matters. Related matters. Her husband's sister, Edith, whom she had never seen—said sister having been in California when the wedding took place two months before—was coming over from New Canaan for a week-end visit, and would probably be there by the time Mrs. Meacham returned, unless the latter was lucky enough to catch the three-twelve, which was even more than doubtful. Never mind. Mrs. Meacham's own sister, Bella, would be there to make the visitor welcome and see to dinner arrangements. Robert might be on one train or he might be on the other—all depended on an engagement he had with his new client, but certainly he would be there, so that Miss Meacham would not be entirely cast among strangers.

Mrs. Meacham was especially anxious to make a good impression on Miss Meacham, which was the main reason for her hurried trip to town—the proposed impression to be in the form of a new hat, which Robert that morning had given her a nice new twenty-dollar bill to buy. Twenty dollars ought to be enough, surely, though, of course, if it did happen to be a little more, she had a few dollars extra in her purse. Dear me! how expensive everything was! One could get nothing any more short of twenty dollars—even the plainest little thing. It was terrible!

Pretty Mrs. Meacham looked out of the

window at the houses and green trees; then came glimpses of blue water, which was the Sound, and then the train stopped at Stamford and a number of people got on—some of them probably from the branch road that came down from New Canaan, the same that would bring her sister to catch a train back to Norwalk later in the day. Most of the seats in the train were filled by the newcomers and quite a proper-looking and well-dressed lady bowed slightly and asked permission to share Mrs. Meacham's seat. Mrs. Meacham gave her only a slight glance as she made room at her side, then looked out of the window again and planned where she would look first for her hat, and whether she should have straw, and what color, and a small feather, or some dainty flowers, and whether she should really get a large hat such as Robert always liked, or something in the nature of a turban effect, which everyone said was so becoming. Then she happened to look at the stranger by her side and was quite impressed with her manner of dress, from her hat to her shoes, also by her face, which was quite handsome and somehow familiar, Mrs. Meacham thought. Very likely she had seen her before on the train. She seemed about thirty, and highly respectable.

Again Mrs. Meacham looked out of the window and planned her day, and watched the handsome suburban places flow by, with glimpses of the blue Sound, until presently she realized that they were drawing near the city and it would be well to freshen up a bit before arrival. It was not until she was in the dressing room that she remembered she had carelessly left her hand bag in her seat. It contained her purse and a few trifles, also the twenty-dollar bill, which must be right

on top, as she could not remember having put it into the purse.

Mrs. Meacham was quite disturbed for a moment; then, remembering the character of her seat companion, she eased her mind, brushed up her hair a bit, and returned to her place by the window. She noticed that her bag was there and gave the matter no further thought for the moment. Then, remembering, she quietly opened it and glanced in. It was only a small glance, but it was enough to give Mrs. Meacham a bit of a chill. The new crisp twenty-dollar bill did not lie on top, as she had expected. Even when she opened her bag wider and felt in it there was no crisp bit of paper that her dainty fingers could discover.

Mrs. Meacham grew first quite cold, then warm by brisk waves, as she felt and examined still further, without result. She stole a glance at her companion. The lady sat with a perfectly calm face, looking straight ahead, and seemed to be in deep thought. Mrs. Meacham reproached herself sharply for harboring even a hint of suspicion of one who was so eminently a superior person. Cautiously she dug up her little purse and surreptitiously peered into it. No, it was not there—she had known that all along. She would have remembered put-

ting it into the purse. She recalled perfectly seeing it on her dresser and making a snatch for it just as she started. She had placed it on top of everything in her bag—that was certain, and the other certain thing was that it was gone.

Mrs. Meacham grew a little sick. Here she was hurrying to the city to buy a hat with a twenty-dollar bill given her especially for that purpose, and now all at once her errand had become quite futile, her precious hat money had disappeared. She could go to Robert's law office and get more—but what would he think of her? He was very careful in everything, while she—well, from childhood she had never been famous for prudence.

Mrs. Meacham's heart grew hard. The woman in her seat had taken it—nobody else *could* have done so. She would charge her with it—only, she didn't know how to begin. She was thinking of a number of opening sentences appropriate to a delicate subject like that when—they were at the Harlem bridge now—her companion rose and herself retired in the direction of the dressing room, leaving, even as Mrs. Meacham had done, her hand bag on the seat.

Mrs. Meacham looked about her. Everybody appeared absorbed in his, or her, own affairs. The hand bag lay there, like a



THERE IT WAS! A NEW TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL!



"IT'S ALL RIGHT. THERE SEEM TO BE EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES"

challenge. If that woman had taken the bill she might have thrust it hastily into it, and it would still be there. Guiltily, her heart going, her eyes warily watching the two old men across the aisle, Mrs. Meacham drew the bag toward her, pressed the spring, and looked in. Then her heart gave a back-somersault movement. There it was! Right on top of everything lay a bright, new twenty-dollar bill—her very own! Her fingers acted of their own volition. Three seconds later that bill was out of there, the bag closed and back in its place.

Mrs. Meacham did not wait for her seat companion to return. They were in the tunnel by this time, and she decided not to linger. She also decided not to stay in the same car. She did not care to charge a person who looked like that with crime, even where the case was so crystal clear. She wanted only to get far away from her forever and buy a new hat and get home with it.

Mrs. Meacham did not have a very enjoyable day. Several times she imagined she saw the tall, handsome lady who had so belied her looks; once in a department store she was almost certain of it.

Suppose, after all, somebody else had slyly abstracted the contents of her bag—somebody when she was getting on the train—she had heard of such things. But that was impossible. Still, she could not get over the guilty feeling, and she found it hard shopping. She ended by buying quite a large hat, to please Robert, though she hesitated and looked so long that she missed the early train. She examined the passengers anxiously, half expecting to find her companion of the morning among them. She was not discoverable and Mrs. Meacham felt better. She improved considerably when the train passed Stamford; she reached Norwalk in quite good spirits. Nobody was waiting for her at the station, as of course they had not known just when she would come.

Mrs. Meacham took a cab and drove home rather thoughtfully. She was beginning to wonder now whether or not she should tell Robert of her adventure. His legally trained mind gave him peculiar ideas about such matters; he might doubt her right to open the woman's bag, even under the circumstances. The more she thought about it the less sure she was that Robert would ap-

prove. She decided not to tell him—not at the first moment, anyway.

Then she noticed they had reached the house, and her sister Bella had opened the door for her.

"Why, Carrie," she said, "you got your new hat, after all, didn't you?"

Mrs. Meacham stared at her with a sort of sinking sensation.

"Of course," she said. "That was what I went for, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I know, but what did you buy it with?"

The sinking sensation increased. Mrs. Meacham's eyes began to take on a wild look.

"Why, with the twenty-dollar bill Robert gave me, of course. What makes you ask that?"

"But Carrie, dear, you didn't take it; you left it in your room—I found it on the floor after you were gone!"

Mrs. Meacham staggered a little, opened her mouth to speak, then shut it again without any particular sound. Mr. Robert Meacham just then appeared down the hall, a tall lady behind him. Something about her outline was not good for Carrie Meacham's state of mind. She caught her sister for support, but just then Robert said, quite cheerfully:

"It's all right, Carrie. I've carefully examined the evidence and there seem to be extenuating circumstances. Edith will have her turn, and shop with *your* twenty dollars to-morrow. Come and kiss her and be forgiven. And say, Cad! your hat's a regular peach!"

Birds of a Feather

AN eminent London judge who wrote a wretched hand once sent a note to a friend among the lawyers seated at the barristers' table.

Not being able to make anything of it, the friend scribbled something absolutely undecipherable upon a half-sheet of note paper

and passed it up to the justice. The great man looked somewhat annoyed as he glanced at it, and when the court adjourned he asked his friend:

"What do you mean by this? I invited you to come and dine with me to-night."

"Yes," said the lawyer, "and I replied that I should be delighted to do so."



LONG SUFFERING FATHER: "Hey, Mabel, what'll take molasses candy out of the hair?"



That Annoying Squeak

Only Renovated

AFTER Mr. Brown had raked his yard he took the accumulated rubbish into the street to burn. A number of neighbors' children came flocking about the bonfire, among them a little girl whom Mr. Brown did not remember having seen before. Wishing, with his usual kindness, to make the stranger feel at ease, he beamed upon her and said, heartily:

"Hello! Isn't this a new face?"

A deep red suffused her freckles. "No," she stammered, "it ain't new. It's just been washed."

A Youthful Sherlock Holmes

WILLIAM MARTIN, aged five, ran into his grandmother's bedroom with a small kitten he had picked up in the street, and asked if he might keep it. He also asked if it were a "boy cat," or a "girl cat," as he wanted to give it a name. His grandmother told him she would find out, and that he might keep the kitten.

The next day he burst into the room in great glee and announced, "I named her Mary."

"How did you find out that it was a 'girl cat'?" his grandmother asked.

"Well," replied William, "I watched her, and she washed her face, and she washed her

ears, and she washed behind her ears, and nobody but a girl cat would wash *behind* her ears."

A Diplomatic Husband

THE wife of a Western Congressman is sensitive on the subject of her deficient orthography, and her demands for information as to correct spelling sometimes place her peace-loving husband in a delicate position.

One day, as she was writing a letter at her desk, she glanced up to ask:

"Henry, do you spell 'graphic' with one 'f' or two?"

"My dear," was the diplomatic reply, "if you're going to use any, you might as well use two."

Interpreted

THOMAS JEFFERSON BROWN and George Washington Johnson had just heard the rumor that their boss had lost heavily in the stock market.

"What's he mean when he says his stock done drop below margin?" asked Thomas Jefferson.

"Dat," answered George Washington, "is white man talk fo' 'seben come eleben—it reads a five!'"



When woman, lovely woman, stoops to folly

Natural History in Congress

A CONGRESSMAN from the West recently grew indignant at a colleague who did not believe that there was any danger that the United States would ever become involved in war again.

"To ridicule the idea of this country ever being invaded," said he, "is to follow the example of the camel, which buries its head in the sand when an enemy approaches."

To which the colleague retorted, "Surely the gentleman, in giving utterance to this apothegm, must have meant to refer to the ostrich, which, under these circumstances, has a habit of putting its eye through a needle."

Too Lavish a Compliment

THE lady, although by no means a sylph, prided herself upon the neatness of her well-rounded figure. One day when she appeared upon the hotel porch with a cluster of daisies pinned against her green-linen frock, a gallant old gentleman complimented her:

"Miss Robinson, those certainly are charming flowers!" Then, with the profoundest of bows, he added: "They suit you precisely. You look like a Virginia hillside!"

Then the orderly turned and looked at the woman's husband.

"And you," he queried. "Are you the husband of the deceased?"



LITTLE GIRL: "How much does it cost ye, Mister, to get full of ice cream?"

Hurrying Matters

THE husband accompanied his wife to the hospital where she was to be operated on immediately for an acute attack of appendicitis.

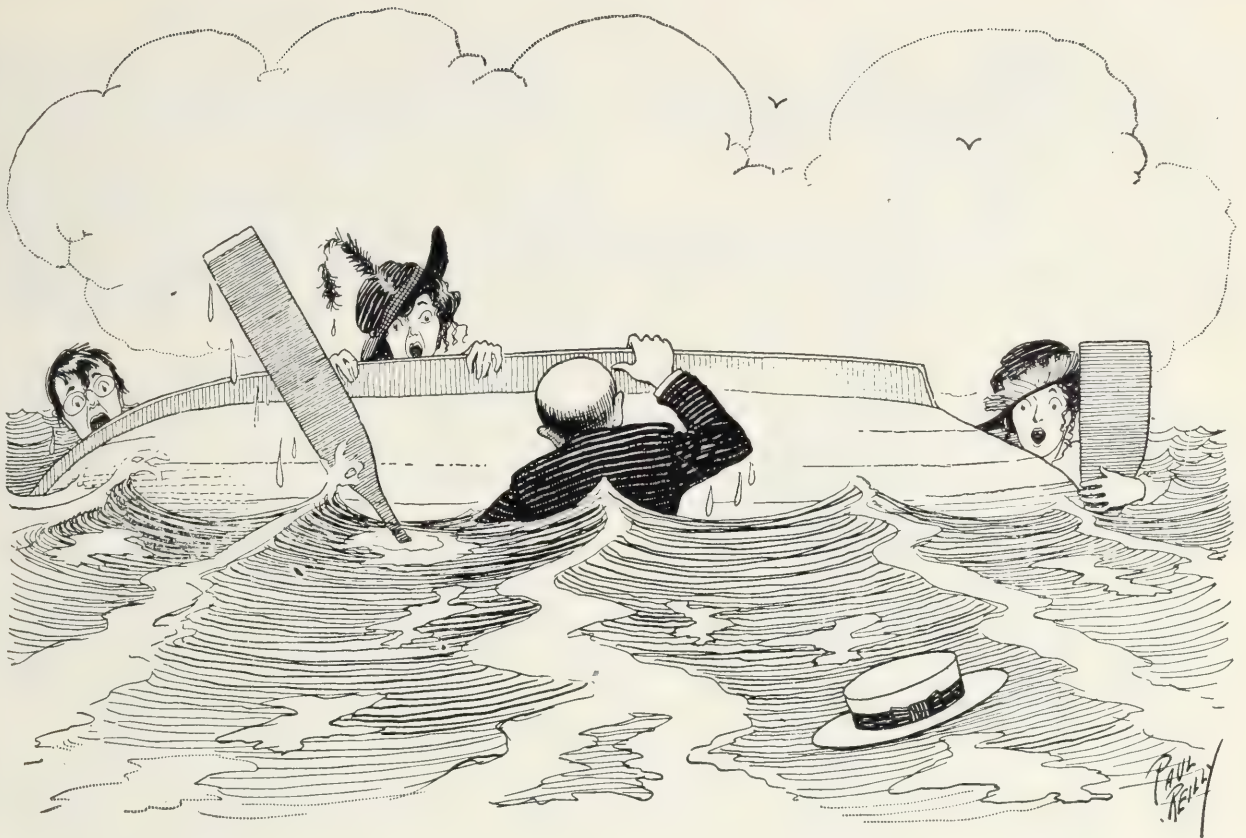
An orderly, assigned to gather the initial data which the hospital insisted upon as one of its entrance rules, asked:

"Your name?"

She told him.

"Your age?"

She told him that, as well as her address, her surgeon's name, and she nervously answered all the other questions and agreed to the payment to be made in advance.



"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party"

Convincing Evidence

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Sammy had so great a capacity for griddle cakes that he was a marvel to the family.

"Have you ever in your life had all you could eat?" asked his grandfather one day.

"Yes, sir," said Sammy. "Lots of times."

"How do you know when that time comes?"

"Why, I eat and eat until I feel a pain, and then I eat one more to make sure."

A Long Journey

A SMALL boy was proudly showing off his new baby sister, but his chum was unimpressed and scoffed at her red face.

"Well," the brother retorted, "I guess your face would be red, too, if you had come all the way from heaven on a hot day like this."

Wrongly Catalogued

THE politician rushed past the official Cerberus into the editorial sanctum.

"What do you mean by insulting me as you did in last night's *Clamor*?"

"Just a minute," replied the editor. "Didn't the story appear as you gave it to us—namely, that you had resigned as city treasurer?"

"It did," admitted the politician. "But you put it under the head, 'Public Improvements.'"

Easing His Conscience

WHILE visiting friends in Cleveland, a young Detroitter was presented with a quart of rye whisky. He decided to take it home in his suitcase.

As the steamer neared the dock he became more and more nervous. Finally, in desperation, he confessed his fears to a fellow-voyager. This kindly individual offered to trade suitcases and assume all responsibility. The young man was vastly relieved and the change was made.

The luggage was not searched, and a few minutes later the two met on shore. The young man was exceedingly grateful.

"By the way," he observed, as they exchanged again, "you must have a lot of things in your suitcase; it's awfully heavy."

"Yes," said the stranger, "I have twelve quarts in mine."



In Madagascar

"Well, I declare! Aren't you ashamed? A grown-up girl like you to expose your bare knees in this fashion!"

Worship à la Mode

MARGARET, aged five, had been interested in an explanation of how her mother's social obligations could be simplified by the skilled use of calling cards.

The next day she attended church for the first time, and was tired out before the lengthy service ended. At bedtime she talked over with her mother her first visit to the Lord's house.

"Mother," she asked, "does the Lord expect us to call at his house every Sunday?"

"Yes, Margaret, every Sunday," was the reply.

"Well, mother," inquired this budding casuist, "some Sundays mightn't we just leave cards?"

A Gratuitous Protest

A TRAVELING man, who was stranded in a Southern village, sat on the porch of the small inn, patiently awaiting the announcement of dinner. At noon a darky appeared at the door and rang a big hand-bell.

Immediately the "coon" dog, which had been asleep in the sunshine, awoke and, raising his nose toward the sky, howled loud and dolorously.

The darky stopped ringing the bell and scowled at the dog.

"Yo' shet up!" he shouted. "Yo' don' hafta eat dis dinnah!"

"A Classic of the Eighties"

GREAT-UNCLE'S oils, all waterscapes,
To auction rooms were sent long since,
And with them, food for many japes,
Victorian pastels and prints.

The gay bisque milkmaid and her swain
(He with his rake, she with her pail)
Were parted, not to meet again,

At some un-Christian rummage sale.
The crayon portraits in the hall—

Off went their heads at one fell swoop!
Time's filched my treasures—but not all!
I still possess a Rogers Group!

The spreading whatnot that displayed

Vertu from all the hemispheres
Has languished in the attic's shade

These many, many, many years.
The center table's floral shrine

Has melted into thinnest air,
Moth and corruption got lang syne

The wreath wrought of Aunt Fanny's hair.
Of changing fashion, freak and fad

I've been a silly, sorry dupe.
Yet, after all, it's not so bad,

I still possess a Rogers Group!

Youth is the Great Iconoclast;

Our household gods abruptly fall
As ripe leaves in an autumn blast

When he becomes a whimsy's thrall.
Where once the sturdy sofa stood

A frail *chaise-longue* mocks thoughts of rest;
Babette would banish, if she could,

The old carved bed her coming blessed.
Well, well, I must not scold, revile!

Of memories a merry troupe

Will crowd the evening spaces while
I still possess a Rogers Group!

EDWARD W. BARNARD

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Julian Street introduced America to Americans when he wrote *Abroad at Home*. His most recent success in book form is *Sunbeams, Inc.* He divides his time between New York and Norfolk, Connecticut, where he has a summer home. **Franklin P. Adams** is more familiarly known by his initials—F. P. A., which appear daily in the New York *Tribune* at the foot of "The Conning Tower"—the most popular newspaper column in America. **Sir Philip Gibbs**, the most distinguished of British war correspondents, has been a frequent contributor to HARPER'S. The present study of Lloyd George gives a foretaste of the interest of his forthcoming volume of impressions while visiting and studying various European countries in the turmoil of post-war adjustments. **Bliss Carman**, one of the best known of American poets and essayists, breaks a long silence due to protracted illness. **Beatrice Ravenel** (Mrs. Francis G. Ravenel) was born in Charleston, South Carolina, where she still makes her home. She has contributed a number of stories to the Magazine, the scenes of which are laid in the Southland which she so delightfully portrays. **Grace Irwin**, who is a teacher in the public schools of Newark, New Jersey, sends to HARPER'S this graphic account of her trials and triumphs among Italian children.

Walter Prichard Eaton resides in a delightful corner of the Berkshires at Sheffield, Massachusetts, where for several years he has made a close study of the wild life in which the region abounds. **Fleta Campbell Springer**, a frequent contributor to HARPER'S, will be recalled as the author of "The Mountain of Jehovah" in the March number, which the Editors regard as one of the achievements of the year in fiction. **Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer** is not only a poet, but also a student and writer upon art and architecture. **F. M. Colby** is one of the ablest and most trenchant of American

essayists. He has served for many years in an editorial capacity in the preparation of various encyclopedias and year books, and has several volumes of essays to his credit. **Margaret Deland** continues to be a delight to all lovers of good stories—and a terror to the Magazine composing room, where her proofs go through as many as three lavish revisions before arriving at that stage of perfect art which distinguishes all her work.

Maxwell Struthers Burt, whose short stories have frequently had place in the Magazine, occasionally turns to verse. "Walled Gardens" is one of several poems by Mr. Burt which are to appear in HARPER'S. **Albert Bigelow Paine**, whose name has become so closely associated with that of Mark Twain, as biographer and literary executor of the great humorist, was in close contact with Mr. Vail during the latter years of his life. The article in the present issue of the Magazine will form a chapter of Mr. Paine's forthcoming biography of Mr. Vail. **Walter de la Mare** is one of the most gifted of the younger group of British poets. **Anzia Yezierska** was born in Russia. Emigrating to America, she has told much of her personal experience and observation in a volume entitled *Hungry Hearts*. **Robert Haven Schauffler** saw active service with the American Expeditionary Forces in France and later with the Army of Occupation in Germany. *Fiddlers' Luck*, a recent volume, recounts his adventures with his 'cello during the war. **Philip Curtiss**, busy with novels, plays, and short stories in his delightful retreat at Norfolk, Connecticut, is occasionally moved by the frantic solicitations of the Editors to desist and contribute to the "Lion's Mouth."

A recent "sermon," on the world's need of a modern St. Paul with a real message, delivered from the Easy Chair by Mr. Martin, has evoked a number of interesting communications which we think may echo

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the feelings of many other Harper readers. The following letter, which we are permitted to quote, is from one of the Magazine's best-known contributors:

NANTUCKET, MASS.

DEAR MR. MARTIN,—I have been reading you ever since I grew wise enough to read precisely whom and what I liked, and I have never turned away from you with that smiling shake of the head with which in these days one so frequently turns from a writer or speaker one has trusted.

Now this article in the Easy Chair of the July HARPERS. The St. Paul one. It is too beautiful in its own patience and Christian charity, I suppose, to tell what is the matter with the stewards of St. Paul to-day—but you know as well as I do.

How can the Word of God, unless it grow on from the same strength of light to greater illumination, really mean anything? Doesn't it ever seem to you that these queer earnest, fastidious priests of God have mistaken quiescence for faith, shibboleths for commandment, narrowness for integrity, and an idiotic prejudice in favor of some so-called "race" for patriotism?

It is a terrible thing to take Radicals to Church. I am a churchwoman and find a curious Edward-Carpenter-Evelyn-Underhill-modern-biologic-and thoroughly-personal strength and detachment there. So I try to "take" the men and women that I know are a heap more honest and noble than am I. What do *these* people, who would die to gain a step of progress, hear? I have watched them hear that all Socialists go to hell. That the Unitarians are beyond the pale, that the Greeks were decadent, that to train Englishmen and Americans to kill is all right, but that to train Germans and Irish and Japanese to kill is wrong. They hunger for truth; they get milk of magnesia.

I have heard them listen to a sermon on "evil thoughts"—said "evil thoughts" being a recognition of the attraction of sex and the glory and baffling mystery and wonder of the natural relation of men and women. I have heard them called upon to find personal peace in a world that cries for the great concerted action of all men and women to rise and right wrongs and injustices before any "peace" may be earned.

It is not good to "take" any progressive, creative and conscientious thinker to-day to church. The marvelous golden peace *I* find there is for me—but *I* cannot give it to others, and the men who dare to rise to-day and preach Jesus Christ do so, in so many instances, with their eyes so palpably upon the assembled bank-accounts that I am constantly being surprised that they are allowed to remain in their pulpits.

It is the modern biologist who is to-day our real preacher—but he can't be a second St. Paul because he is not permitted emotion. However, *he* has the engrafted Word. He it is who knows that if religion does not take us truly *forward*

in every department of our lives it is a dead thing. He it is who understands that the great urge *forward* within us *is* God and that the laws of Christ are so marvelously and divinely made that they may be broadened and reinforced and reinterpreted to an intelligence that is Universal, that *demand*s of its God that He shall transcend *it* in wisdom, justice, and charity.

I do not ask for a rationale of religion. I ask for a religion that dares not be static, that *releases* the divine human mind, that takes the morbid stigma of "sin" from all offenses against established society, that may be given to those who agonize and travail to send Humanity further onward toward a great destiny; such beings as can never find God or Peace in a quietism that practically says for all the better things that may be—"Let George do it." I have no doubt this letter sounds hysterical. Let it! (However, you will see that the punctuation is responsible for a good deal.) But—now that you are in the "Easy Chair,"—and that shows that some things are as they should be—get the clergy to come around and talk with you, and please, for my sake, tell them that such people as I only sputter very badly over what thousands of better, worth-while people are either dumb about, or about which they merely shrug their shoulders and smile the smile which means bitter things.

Yours very sincerely and with very genuine gratitude,

EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK.



Now and then a reader who "hates essays," as he declares, awakens to the fact that he doesn't—or at least that the pieces in the "Lion's Mouth" aren't essays; or if they are, they are in a class by themselves. Some of the best writing contained in the Magazine is to be found in the "Lion's Mouth"—delightful bits of ironic invective or shrewd pleasantry. Many of them have been veritable gems of prose writing, which have the additional virtue of aiming at a definite mark and hitting it.

In fact, it may not be amiss here to make the point, for the benefit of readers who now and then send contributions to the "Lion's Mouth," that such pieces must be pithy and pungent, and if they shrewdly lay bare some foible of humanity, so much the better. If they vigorously and yet humorously attack a real human grievance, better still.

At the same time, the reminiscent or contemplative mood has its place in these pages. The following letter is in appreciation of two recent contributions of this sort:

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NEW YORK CITY

DEAR HARPER'S,—May a long-time reader venture into your clearing house with a brief expression of her delight in your "Lion's Mouth" department? It is thereto that I first turn each month—by way of a cocktail before the full feast (if I may use so *passé* a metaphor). I own that, in the earlier issues, I feared your Noble Beast was going to eschew all but the most sanguinary offerings, or that, at least, he might become a marabout with an appetite for, and a consumption of, Toledo blades only. All this reading was delightful in kind, but I seemed to wish him to crave other food as well. So, great was my satisfaction when, in your July number, I found that his tastes included also a *soupeon* of the ambrosial—in brief, two charming essays in miniature; the one on "Shad," which even that "iron man" Thoreau must have approved for its feeling about the beauty "clothed in preciousness" of the deep sea's gift; and the other, "Arma Puerumque," which seemed to me like a fair lost page from De Quincey's boyhood reminiscences—or was it yet more akin to R. L. S. in his "Lantern Bearers" episode? Like that, it seemed to me—an exquisite piece of penetration into the out-of-the-way, secret, romantic, and inexplicable places of the boy-mind.

(Mrs.) E. M. T. CLOUDESLEY.



The Editors have been once more forcibly reminded of the fact that a prophet is without honor in his own country. Francis Hackett, whom most of our readers know as one of the editors of the *New Republic*, and who has done some really brilliant writing in the field of literary and dramatic criticism, is Irish-born and bred. One might assume that Ireland would be proud of the fact and even volubly reiterative of it. But a clipping from a Dublin periodical comes to hand which begins:

Francis Hackett, whoever he is, has been writing in HARPER'S MAGAZINE about what he calls "The Silver Lining in Ireland."

Surely, Irish editors might keep an eye upon their distinguished confrères in other lands.



Professor Manly's recent article on the so-called Roger-Bacon manuscript described it as "the most mysterious and most interesting manuscript that now challenges the ingenuity and industry and patience of the world of scholars. Experts in languages say that it is not in any known alphabet; experts in cryptography say that it is clearly some otherwise unknown system of cipher." For centuries it has defied all efforts to unravel its secrets.

In view of the above, the Editors are not a little amazed to receive the following complacent and quite confident letter from a New York law office, where a copy of the July Magazine containing the article in question, with facsimiles of some of the pages of the cipher, has evidently been studied with immediate and astonishing results:

I would like to borrow a photograph of a page or so for ease of translating. The cuts in your magazine are so small that the translation goes slowly, and I have become so interested in the poetical matter itself that I would be pleased to continue with it.

I would particularly like to have the photo of the cut having the picture of the ladies in bathing, because I have this partly finished.

The world of science and letters will wait with interest while the thirteenth-century secrets of Roger Bacon are casually unriddled on Lower Broadway.



The Editors regretfully chronicle the death of F. Walter Taylor whose drawings have for many years appeared in the Magazine and in books which have borne the Harper imprint. Mr. Taylor was born in Philadelphia in 1874. After protracted studies in Europe he returned to Philadelphia, and in 1898 opened his first studio. His fame as an illustrator was immediate and deserved. Mr. Taylor has illustrated many short stories and serials which have appeared in Harper's, notably the novels of Margaret Deland. What prove now to be the last drawings he was to make for the Magazine were the illustrations for *Buchanan Hears the Wind*, by Maxwell Struthers Burt, in the August issue. His work entitles him to rank with Albert Sterner and Walter Appleton Clark as one of the most distinguished black-and-white artists of his day.



Another echo from Professor Rollo Walter Brown's article, *Educational Unleveling*, is the following letter from an undergraduate girl, whose contrasting experiences at two American institutions of learning are worthy of consideration:

You have had the courage to put into words the greatest need of the American college to-day; and it must have been courage, or yours is the exceptional college.

I am not a college instructor—I am not even a college graduate—in fact, I am not even old enough to have an opinion, legally; but I have been

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

blessed with a little college life, a little university life, and some rare friendships among older women—college instructors. The point that I want to make is the fundamental and encouragingly wide difference between those two phrases "University, meaning rather the larger college, life," and "college life"—"college" here symbolizing the smaller college.

My half term at the State University was without a flaw—from the student's standpoint: schedule just right, no classes before ten o'clock; two dances a week, with at least four men to every girl; plenty of "Rah-rah-for-State-come-on-over-to-Uncle-Charlie's-for-a-sandwich-I-don't-think-I'll-take-in-psychology-in-the-morning" stuff. Ideal! Classes? Just an excuse for being in college. Credits? Something one had to "cram" for. Work? Not so bad, except for the irritating number of notebooks and those boring weekly "themes."

That was the university attitude. There existed no such thing as a mental stimulus in school life. No one ever "found himself." No one was ever encouraged to "find himself." Our *university town* had no use for "bookworms"; what it wanted was good dancers.

Our University Faculty talked of expelling a professor who was "radical." Recently I read his book, a social history dealing largely with the status of woman, and I found it quite clear, quite logical, and very commendable—least of all anarchistic.

When I entered a smaller college in Virginia in the fall, I went a full-fledged "student." That is, I was well up on "frats," societies, athletics, dancing, college yells, campus "dates," class cutting, and the method of "getting by" with a minimum of time and energy. But when I entered that smaller college I found myself face to face with something new and surprisingly different—something wholly antagonistic to the old atmosphere, a thing on a different plane from my own.

At first, it did not appear to be the students. The younger set with which I was associated were very much like myself, nor did it seem to be the teachers, although they were, as a whole, not quite so much like "teachers." The "atmosphere" was my solution—a poor one, I grant. It took me about two months to discover that it was the whole relationship of college to student, of teacher to pupil, of friend to friend.

It was in that college I "found myself." It was in that college I formed my most valued friendships. It was there that I learned to love good music, good pictures, good books. It was there—to quote indirectly a writer in a recent magazine—I grew dissatisfied with the one dingy little room in my mental house, and set to work to build more beautiful places in which to live.

Somehow, in that college, the girls who came to

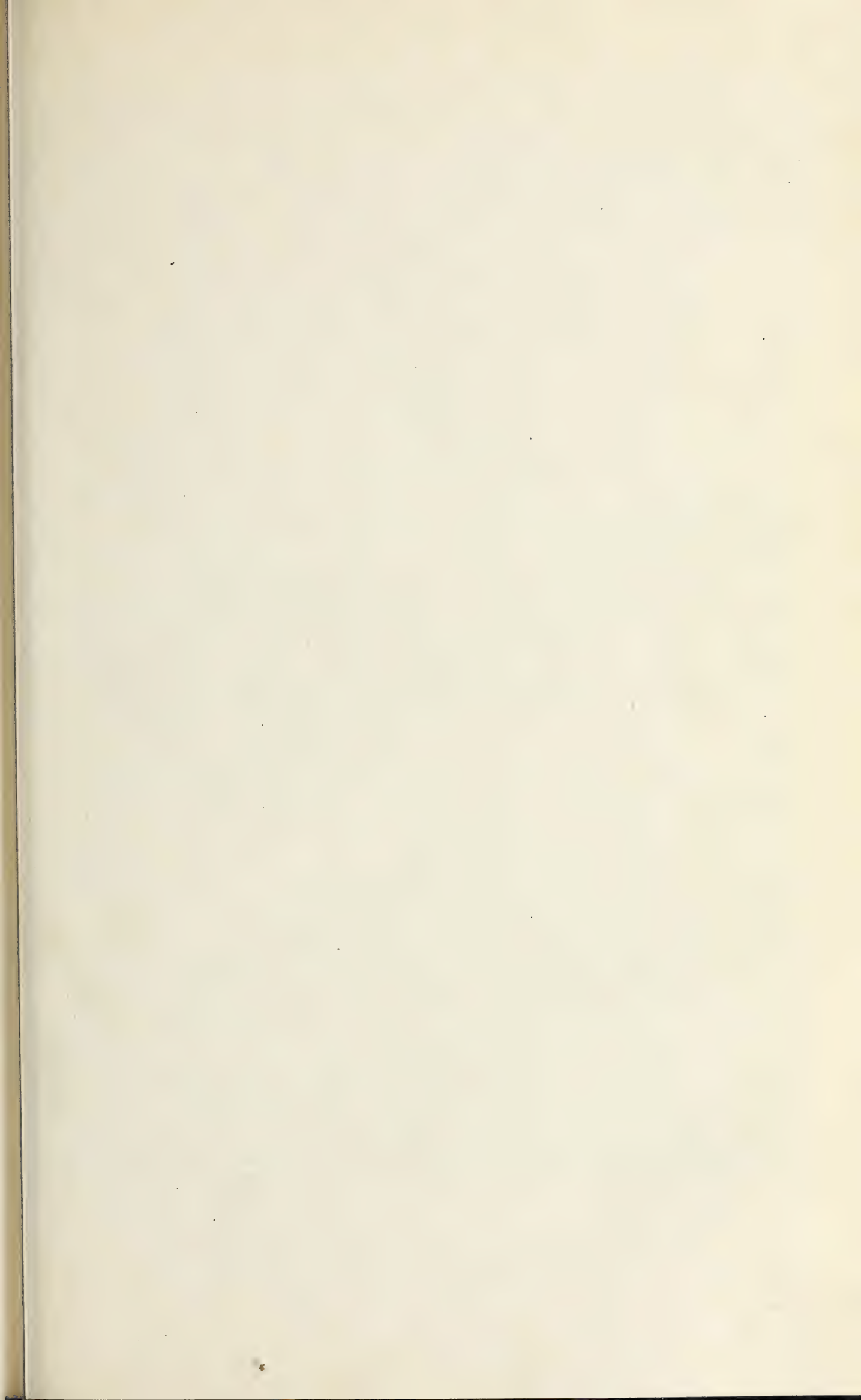
play dropped away—did not return. Of course, all of the girls were just like other girls—except for one fact. They realized that they had found something fine and they valued it. Athletics, class spirit, fun, all had their part in college life—"Rah-rah," as one of my older friends called it—but there were dearer things than that—chapel at twilight when the organ or violin played "rest music," some old thirteenth-century hymn, or a strain from one of the masters; long, cross-country hikes with a comforting cup of tea afterward, and hot discussions over some one's views in the *New Republic*, a rendezvous in the suite of the Professor of Philosophy, Miss W—, where came only "the elect," and fudge and Shaw reigned supreme until everyone settled down, when Miss F— read us some grand old masterpiece which sent us to bed with eyes shining and heads thrown back in defiance of what the next day might bring in the way of misfortune.

Our college was without castes—teachers were "Miss Scott," "Miss Wilson," in class, and "Johnny," "Rach" among friends. Only the older teachers and the men were accorded "Miss" and "Mister" generally. At the gatherings of "the elect"—and they were "elect" only because they loved poetry, music, or some other good thing of the earth, above other things—everyone walked the same road of understanding, with only the title of friend for his fellows.

Individuality, independence was fostered, encouraged. There was always a place for the girl who could think ahead, try the thing out in her own way, lead. And yet, *never* did I see selfishness or loss of social responsibility gain the upper hand among either teachers or students. The good, the forward, the brave, the bold, were helped to run, while those who faltered were encouraged to walk, and there was no discord between them.

I am afraid that I have taken too much of your time. If so, you will pardon me? I should like to know if your college is at all like mine, or is it too large?

I shall not keep you any longer. I am afraid that my letter has assumed the proportions of an express package already! I want to add only one thing. I have found something I can never give away—myself. This year has seen me working harder at the things which interest me—history, philosophy, literature—than even last year did, and down in my heart I know that only the *real* things can ever again satisfy me. Of course, I am handicapped by not knowing how to systematize my work, or what to study to counterbalance my interests—all of which college could give the college student—but I hope to gain that in time. At least the seed is there; and it seems to me that the college which can not only sow such seed but encourage it in growing, has at least *begun* the un-leveling of education.





Painting by W. J. Aylward

Illustration for "The Sands of Olonne"

EACH EVENING THE FLEET DRIFTS BACK TO PORT

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GATHERING SALT ON THE MARSHES—AN OLD INDUSTRY AT LES SABLES D'OLONNE

THE SANDS OF OLONNE

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

MY hostess was a conventional Parisienne. In every particular save one she had bowed to *comme il faut* all her life. Proper parents, Avenue du Bois for childhood playground, the right convent, a good match at nineteen, the usual life until the war, and just enough nursing not to interfere with other things from 1914 to 1918. Her husband had returned to his clubs and office and home after the armistice with palms and stars on his *Croix de Guerre* and the rosette of the Legion of Honor

twenty years before he expected it. Her deviation from the conventional was the possession of Lionel, Joseph, Louise, Yvonne, and Albert. Any one or two of them she might have produced without astonishing her friends. But the quintet was an inexplicable—and repeated—"break."

The five were the cause of her worry as summer plans were discussed over the tea cups. "I assure you, one needs the purse of a profiteer this year to think of going to the shore. Ostend, Deau-

ville, Dinard, are out of the question. And at the smaller *plages* a villa for my large family costs almost as much. From the answers to my letters you would think there was a mistake about my husband's activities during the war. I wrote to one of these agencies that the name of my husband was evidently written down in the wrong bureau at the Ministère de la Guerre. As it appears on citations and not on contracts, we cannot pay the rent they ask."

"Why not try Sables d'Olonne?" I suggested.

"Where is it? I never heard of it," answered my hostess.

Among the highly civilized, whose knowledge is so limited that they do not know how little they know and are therefore content, not having heard of a thing or person damns and dismisses in the same breath. As Einstein was to the New York city father, so was Sables d'Olonne to the Parisienne hunting a watering place. She had asked me where it was, but when she followed the question with the statement that she had never heard of Sables d'Olonne, I knew it was no use telling her that the Vendée boasts of the finest beach in France, and that folks with five children could afford to go there.

The artist, however, is uncivilized. He knows that he needs new faces and new places to round out his education—and also that a marine painter should occasionally go to the sea. My allusion to Sables d'Olonne reached his ears when he was trying to answer questions about what he thought of other artists' work in the Salon with the same enthusiasm he would have shown had the questioner been the *commère* of the Folies Bergère instead of one of my friends. The *commère* would have spoken only of his own pictures, of course. When we left, and he had finished wiping off the June perspiration with a chocolate-colored handkerchief, he said, "How do we get to this Sabbuls place?"

Millions of Americans who knew nothing of France, and thousands of others who knew but had never looked at a map before 1917, will know where the Artist and I went when I say that Sables d'Olonne is the port of the Vendée, and that the Vendée is between Nantes and La Rochelle. And the mind of many a reader will travel with us when I speak of boarding the Orléans-Tours - Saint Nazaire express at the Gare d'Orsay, and changing at Saumur for La Roche-sur-Yon. A few years ago the editor would have blue-penciled these names, telling me that a magazine is not a geography book. But not now. He knows the magic of them; for he was there himself.

Half an hour at La Roche-sur-Yon is quite enough. Here is the one town in France without a past; and for all we could see it has no present or future, either. When the first Napoleon made a new administrative map of France, the Vendée's bloody loyalty to the Bourbons was recent history. It troubled him so that he could not bring himself to make Fontenay-le-Comte or Luçon or Sables d'Olonne the seat of departmental government. He built a new city on the Yon, and called it La Roche. It was created out of nothing, and has never had any *raison d'être* except the prefecture. As most Frenchmen do not remember the names of capitals of *départements* after they leave school, La Roche-sur-Yon is simply the junction point for Sables d'Olonne on the Nantes-Bordeaux railway. La Roche-sur-Yon hasn't a narrow street, a crooked street, an old street, a church or house or stick of furniture of the Louis periods. There are no mountains on the horizon. You do not smell the sea or flowers or hay or the people or pigs. The Yon trickles through mud and cat-tails. But is it to wonder? In the thickly populated Vendée Napoleon had to choose for his prefecture the one central place on a river where centuries of Vendéans had refused to live.

When we got on the summer express



MORNING GOSSIP

from Bordeaux to Sables d'Olonne, and the Artist saw how crowded the train was, he began to cheer up. His thirty minutes in La Roche-sur-Yon had made him waver. On the Rue Thiers he asserted that the Vendée was not God's country, and when we reached the Place Gambetta and saw the monument of 1870 he groaned. "After the recent holocaust," I said, "I do not understand, though I respect your grief over those who fell in the Franco-Prussian War." "I was mourning the probable demise of the sculptor who conceived that horror," he answered, "for it means I cannot get my hands on him." But on the train he was not so sure that the Vendée should be denied to God. He stopped insisting that I tell him how often and how long each time I had been at Sables d'Olonne. You see, before we reached La Roche-sur-Yon, I had pictured with enthusiastic details the

glories of La Roche. Was it my fault the Bordeaux train was late and we had that half hour? The Artist suspected that I had lured him twelve hours across France to visit a *plage* whose beauties I imagined.

Whatever one may think of the drabness of the capital of Vendée, the coast from the Ile de Noirmoutier to Vix is fascinating, every kilometer of it. Sables d'Olonne was once the point of a cape, with the Atlantic crowding in on north and south. But during the past four centuries marshes have gradually risen above sea level, and, catching the alluvium of the rivers, have extended the land area of France by many thousands of acres. The cape is gone. The Vendée, continuing to encroach upon the Atlantic, has now almost a straight seacoast. In another hundred years Sables d'Olonne will be in a gulf. Drained marsh lands, gifts of Neptune

to the Vendéan peasants, grow cabbages and cauliflowers and the most prized hay in France. Where fresh water is triumphing over salt the *marais* gives pasturage to cattle. The *pré-salé* of the Vendée is the best mutton one can find. I told the Artist about the mysterious canals of the Poitevan *marais*, which served as roads—Venice extended a hundredfold—and how we could punt day after day, all through the summer. We should not have to stay in Sables d'Olonne for our fun, not a bit of it! Before we reached Sables d'Olonne I worked myself up into an enthusiasm over the *marais* I had never known before, and was ready to go on to Luçon if the Artist passed up Les Sables. Two lazy Americans could explore the *marais* without having to use their legs, and not often their arms. An occasional poke at the bank with an oar would do the trick. The only other effort would be making low bridges under fallen birches. It was easy to supplement the food we carried in the boat. Ducks abounded, and endless miles of hazels

and whortles on the water edge offered nuts and berries *en passant*.

The alternative to Sables d'Olonne was alluring. Before we pulled into the station, and joined in the *mêlée* of cabbies, hotel touts, and suitcase snatchers, the Artist promised to give at least a fortnight to the Poitevan *marais*. But he has not yet found time to do so. Paris and New York know the Artist no more. He would have gone to Yokohama more readily a year ago than he would move now the twenty kilometers southward to the *marais*. Sablais he has become, and I am sure he feels kindly toward me for having led him to his perfect home.

It happened this way:

From the station to the hotel the Artist was noncommittal, and I was nervous. La Roche-sur-Yon had been a shock to both of us. There was time before dinner for a stroll to the beach. We went down the steps and through the street, rubbing elbows with a typical middle-class summer crowd homeward bound from an afternoon in the sand.



LES SABLES D'OLONNE IS SAID TO BE THE FINEST BEACH IN FRANCE



COUNTRY VISITORS FROM THE VENDÉE COME FOR A GOOD TIME

Girls and boys with wet bathing suits, battledores, mackintoshes, and rugs; flustered mothers waving camp stools to keep in line their younger progeny; children dropping buckets or shovels with a bang on the sidewalk, and sprawling to recover them right in the path of the older generation; and once in a while one of those who are footing the bills for the rest—and he looks apologetic, as if he oughtn't to be there. Probably he oughtn't, considering what vacation vicariously costs him.

Suddenly we came to the Atlantic. The animated and variegated beach held us for a second only. We looked beyond to sky and sea. Although the sun was still fairly high, yellows, browns, and reds mingled with grays, greens, and blues. I thought of Menton on the Riviera, and of Patmos and Cos in the Ægean Sea. But in the first glance

one realizes that the colors of Sables d'Olonne are strong without losing softness, are rich and deep without causing satiety. I used to think that when the Northerner acquired sensitiveness to light and contour Southern landscapes and seascapes would no longer tire and cloy him. But I found that they did. Complete chromatic readjustment is as much a physical impossibility as complete climatic readjustment. The color sense of the Northerner calls for a vigor in tone which the South does not give.

I am not sure how Sables d'Olonne would affect the man from the tropics or semitropics. But to the Northerner who knows and loves the Mediterranean, this lost cape of the Atlantic Ocean produces the colors of the lands of the sun in a way that they ought to be in order to satisfy him. If you do not

understand what I mean go from your winter and spring on the Riviera to a summer at Sables d'Olonne. Arrive on the train we took, visit the beach before dinner, and, unless you are a Hottentot or some other sort of hot-climate product, you will agree with my thesis that climatic incompatibility extends to chromatics. More than that, you will find the Artist still there, and you will tell him that he is a wise marine painter to stick to Sables d'Olonne.

As we looked the Artist patted me on the shoulder and turned me to the right. Into port one after the other came the fishing boats, their sails of copper and light blue slightly rounded out by a southwest breeze. Hull and sail picked up the colors of sea and sky, and gave them to us. We received them reverently, in communion with the infinite. The *plage* did not exist. We were oblivious to the crowd around us. The spell was not broken until the last of the fleet had drifted inside the breakwater.

"I want to see this every month in the year," said the Artist in a tense voice. "And in different years it might not be the same in the same months."

The next day I realized that my unheeded suggestion to a Parisian mother had led an American artist to seek a villa on a three-year lease in an unfashionable *plage* and unknown port of France. As we went from *agence* to *agence* amazement was universal. An American seeking a villa in Sables d'Olonne was a novelty, and when the American explained that he wanted to stay the year round, eyebrows went up, and it was difficult to hide astonishment. Of course, since the war, one knew that almost anything might be expected of an American; but electing to spend a winter at Sables d'Olonne was beyond comprehension. Our search took us up and down the beach. The Artist was not unobservant. So we dropped in at the post office to wire the Artist's wife to come along at once with the children on the ground that "lead us not into temptation" does not free the



BOATS MORE STRIKING THAN THE CAÏQUES OF THE GOLDEN HORN



A STREET IN LA CHAUME, THE FISHERMAN'S QUARTER

petitioner from making an effort on his side. Those who leave everything to God generally do so literally. But as we have had a surfeit of bathing girls twelve months of the year in the movies, I am not going to mention them here.

A vacant villa at the seashore in August is as rare as an obedient wife at any season. So the Artist's enthusiasm did not materialize into settled plans immediately, and we went about enjoying Sables d'Olonne just as if he had not decided to spend the rest of his life there. Each evening we watched the fishing boats come home with new wonder, and one morning we got up in time to see them go out. We took a daily dip in the ocean, and loafed a little on the beach. But we soon tired of the summer crowd, and the Artist kept insisting upon "how nice it will be

when the summer people leave us." He was already an old resident!

Sables d'Olonne is notable among French *plages* in that it is big without being fashionable, demimondaine, or markedly Parisian. *Petits bourgeois* and *provinciaux* generally go to small places, where they thoroughly enjoy life because somebodies and Parisians are not there. Sables d'Olonne is the only large watering place I know in France where the atmosphere is "folksy." For there is no disgrace not to have an apartment in Paris, or money, or a decoration. The children's frocks do not have to be freshly laundered every day, you can wear a cotton bathing suit whose color has been faded by the sun, a tailored habit is not necessary for riding, the children play in the sand instead of whirling in merry-go-rounds on piers to

deafening and atrocious music, you do not have to go to grand opera in the casino, you look at the sea instead of at moving pictures, Syrian and Japanese trash shops and auction rooms do not compete with out-of-doors, and golf and motor cars are somewhere else.

Another feature which makes Sables d'Olonne different from other *plages* is the patronage it receives from the country round about. Normans and Bretons, Girondins and Pyrénéans, Riverains and Provençals, leave to city folks the watering places. They have not the tourist spirit, and vacation or a *jour de fête*, if it entails a trip away from home, means going to see the family. The Vendéans are travelers. Georges Clemenceau, young teacher living in Connecticut and jumping a train to Virginia to see the first negro legislature meet in Richmond, and Georges Clemenceau, aged retired statesman hunting tigers in India, acts as a true Vendéan. Richelieu, the most famous Vendéan

before him, confessed to the *wanderlust*. If other departments of France were as well represented in the alien population of the United States as is the Vendée, our 3-per-cent immigration law would not discriminate so heavily against our former allies in favor of our late enemies. But if all Vendéans cannot go overseas, at least they visit Sables d'Olonne.

In Brittany one travels from town to town to see the headgear and costumes. In the Vendée one waits at Sables d'Olonne, and the *coiffes* and *tabliers* of the Vendée, the Loire Inférieure, and the Deux Sèvres are shown on the Remblai day after day through the summer. The country visitors come for a good time and they give back unabashed stare for stare. City folk on the beach, sitting under tents and parasols, playing croquet and tennis and diavolo, riding horseback, and galloping into the surf, have the novel feeling of being for once part of the



A FISHERMAN'S HOUSE BY THE SEA

show. You are accustomed to go to places to see the sights and vent your curiosity unconcealed on the inanimate and animate alike. At Sables d'Olonne the tables are turned. The "hicks" delight in your antics, and when you think of it from their point of view (which, closely inspected as you are, you inevitably do), the way you dress and the way you act on the beach *are* queer, as queer as the clothes and doings of country folk in their habitat.

Sables d'Olonne is built at the foot of a range of high dunes which run south into a rocky promontory called l'Aiguille. The wide beach of fine sand is semi-circular, turning from southwest into a southern exposure. East and north winds are cut off by the dunes. The full ocean wind from the west is broken by the northern promontory, separated from the sandy part of Olonne by the harbor. A breakwater protects the harbor from the southwest wind. Rising from the ruins of a fourteenth-century castle, the restored and crenelated Tour d'Arundel serves as a lighthouse. It dominates La Chaume, the fishermen's quarter. There are very few old houses on the waterside, but the boats on a *jour de fête* or Sunday make a picture more striking than the caïques in the Golden Horn. For the fishing vessels at anchor have tall masts and narrow jibs, and the sails are multi-colored. Dancing even in the shelter of the port when the wind is southwest, the boats gleam kaleidoscopically in the sun, and splotches of sardine scales on sailcloth and deck glitter like silver stars. Blue nets drop from the quay over the stone coping, and the dangling ends are covered from time to time with spray. For a minute they shine white and then turn blue again.

Except on the avenue leading from the station to the Place de la Liberté, Sables d'Olonne is devoid of trees. The only vegetable green in the landscape is that of bunches of light grass on the dunes behind the town, and a dark shadow inland to the north. By follow-

ing the channel of the port one comes to the Forêt d'Olonne. The name is a misnomer. But if one does not find shade, he stumbles on what seem to be the tents of an army. They are huge piles of salt, called *mulons*, gathered from the swamps after the water has been drained off. We were told that this was a great industry in the olden days. Now it has dwindled. For the price of human labor has increased, and salt from mines comes on the market more cheaply than it can be extracted from the sea. The energies of the Sablais have become concentrated on sardine and tunny fishing and on the raising of oysters. Cities can never get enough sea food, and each year the industry of the men of the nets becomes more profitable. With difficulty one buys sardines in Sables d'Olonne. And although the beds north of the port yield from six to eight million oysters, you have to be a friend of the oystermen to get any. Paris has bought all the oysters of Sables d'Olonne for ten years to come, and the local markets are supplied with Breton oysters from Nantes. In almost every watering place in France (and I suppose it is the same in America) one sees fish and crustaceans to make the mouth water brought in from the ocean; but one eats "seconds" of sea foods, either the runts thrown out in packing for shipment or the leftovers shipped back from the city.

"You must not come here to eat fish," said the proprietor of our hotel. "I cannot get them. I am in the market only six weeks. The city customer buys the year round. It is only right." We agreed.

For shade one must go to the Bois de la Rudelière afoot or by tram. Its pines are reminiscent of the delightful La Baule, Pornic, and Croisic, which the A. E. F. frequented, forty miles to the north on the Atlantic coast. But the summer resorts in the estuary of the Loire had no Casino des Pins and no Sablaises. Perhaps it is because *étrangers* (the word means strangers and

not foreigners) come rarely that they are welcome. The dancing is public but innocent, and, while cutting in is unknown, one can try his luck for the next dance. The only trouble with the Sablaises is that when you have singled out one, another comes within your field of vision. After the stupid Normandes of the coast and the reserved Bretonnes, the Sablaises seem like another race. They are another race—and a race differing sharply in looks and customs from the rest of the Vendéans as well. In Finistère whole towns have a physiognomy and customs that are not Breton. Spanish, Norman, Arab, Malay, and even Mongolian types are to be found within a day's walk of Brest. The habit of sticking stubbornly to one's *pays* has kept pure the blood inherited from shipwrecked mariners of the middle ages. Sablais and Sablaises are unmistakably Basque. They have nothing in common with the Vendéans except their language, and even that differs slightly in accent if not in vocabulary. They seem out of place among the pines of La Rudelière. Your mind travels to the hinterland of Biarritz, and the laughing faces of the Sablaises fit into a frame of olive foliage.

Kneeling at prayer in Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Port, the seventeenth-century church, or walking on the Remblai or in the streets of La Chaume, the girls of Sables d'Olonne do not call for olives instead of pines. The renaissance church could be found in the Pyrenees. And no race is out of its setting on the sea, the spawn of us all. From Greenland's icy mountains to all other places missionaries go, sails catch winds, and nets fish in the same way. Even in these days of railroads, one finds in ports a population that has traveled thousands of miles from home on the sea, sailing the world over and fishing off the coast of another continent, but that has never been a day's journey landward. As a landsman the Sablais is not a Frenchman; you seek to identify

him and build up a story of his Basque origin. When he is handling nets and sails and knotting rope you see only the mariner.

The costume of the Sablais is worn on holidays. The Sablaises, on the other hand, wear their distinctive short skirts, black stockings and *papillons* at work as well as at play. The Sablaises enjoy a freedom in walking unique among the women of western Europe. Short skirt with them means knee-length. They are not ashamed of their legs—and have no reason to be. Old and young alike show them, encased in thick woolen stockings almost invariably black. Fashion has decreed for all Frenchwomen a modification of the dictionary definition of *jupe*—"partie de l'habillement des femmes, qui descend de la ceinture aux pieds." Boots and calves have appeared. "To the feet" is incorrect in the twentieth-century definition of the word skirt. But even our most daring flappers are not yet skirted *à la Sablaise*. It takes a little time before one can feel that the Sablaises are not chorus girls turned loose, but not so long as it would if you did not see seventy's knees as well as seventeen's. That fact, as the Artist put it, "steadies you" quickly.

The texture of stockings, the color and material of skirts, the garniture of bodices, and the elaborateness of *coiffes* differ, of course, as all women's clothes do, on holidays and Sundays, frequently also in the evenings for the younger ones. The costume of the Sablaises lends itself to delightful variety of adornment. The headgear, called *papillon*, from its resemblance to the butterfly, is not as rigidly conventional as in Brittany. Change in form is permissible, and if one has lovely lace one can use it in almost any combination. Except at the larger Breton *pardons*, where peasants from many towns come together, I have never seen so little sameness in the costumes of *femmes du pays endimanchées* as in Sables d'Olonne. If one could take the girls of Sables

d'Olonne and put them with the young men of Epirus, Greek or Albanian, the grand-opera-chorus effect would be perfect.

Although little of the past is to be found in Sables d'Olonne in the way of historic monuments, the distinctiveness of its inhabitants makes you feel that the port of the Vendée is an historic town. Not ruins of stone, but the faces of the people and something reminiscent of Spain and Morocco in their house building awaken interest in the origin of the Sablais and the role of Sables d'Olonne in French history. The Normans first invaded Poitou by landing on a "great beach of fine sand at the point of a cape" in 817, and made their way inland by following the Vie (how many thousands of the A. E. F. were immobilized on this river at Saint-Maxent in 1918!).

Les Sables d'Olonne became famous as a *repaire* of privateers who preyed upon the Spanish and later upon the English during the centuries of linking up Europe with America. But before Columbus discovered the New World Louis XI visited Sables d'Olonne and recognized both the strategic value of the port and the freebooting qualities of its people. He improved the harbor, fortified its entrance, and granted the Sablais the privilege of taking for themselves the property of the king's enemies. During the Wars of Religion the Sablais interpreted this privilege in a broad way. With the people of the Ile d'Yeu and the Ile de Ré, they gathered in any shipping that came their way. In the next century, when Great Britain and the Netherlands were developing African and Asiatic possessions, their merchantmen feared entering the triangle formed by Sables d'Olonne and the two islands, even when violent tempests dictated the prudence of hugging the shore. The Sablais took for granted sometimes a state of war that was frequent under Louis XIV, but that did not always exist. In 1696 the combined fleets of England and Holland battered down

the fortifications of Sables d'Olonne and subjected the town to a severe bombardment. Stanch Royalists, the Sablais were a precious aid to the Vendéans in endeavoring to overthrow the Revolution, did not follow the crowd in adulation of Bonaparte, and refused to accept the return of Napoleon from Elba.

What the Anglo-Dutch bombardment failed to destroy, a hurricane (still talked of after a lapse of nearly two hundred years) swept away. The "old quarter," La Chaume, and the quarter behind the beach, now mostly given to summer cottagers and hotels, are alike notable in absence of old houses. Only Notre-Dame-du-Port dates back to the seventeenth century. But while Sables d'Olonne of the summer colony gives the æsthetic sense the usual jolt one gets in French watering places, terra cotta and tiles, gingerbread carpentry and lines higgledy-piggledy are lacking in La Chaume. The houses are nineteenth century. Most of the shops were built for shops and not improvised. And yet, just as the Basque remains in the physiognomy of the Sablais, the Hispano-Moorish character of their comparatively new homes and streets is undeniable. It is a reproduction of the past in the spirit of the past by a race true to its traditions. The steeple of St. Nicholas has a Pyrenean stamp. The Tour d'Arundel, rebuilt for a lighthouse, does not rise from its ruins like a usurper, the creation of an unknowing generation. The wool of stockings is Australian, perhaps, but the stockings are Sablais. The cloth of the skirts may have come from Scotland, but the skirts hit the knees just where those of the ancestors who received stolen rings did. The coffee may come from Brazil, but it is roasted and prepared as was the coffee taken from homeward-bound Dutch and English East India freighters.

Nowhere on the seacoast of France have I found tradition binding the people as it does at Sables d'Olonne.

Every other port, except a few small ones in Brittany, has abandoned idiosyncrasies of dress. The costumes of a locality, in fact, generally disappear rapidly where there is intercourse with the outside world. Sables d'Olonne is doubly in contact with strangers, as a port and as a watering place. It is probably the separateness of the Sablais from the Vendéans around them that has kept them true to their peculiar dress. The smallest racial units hold to every weapon to avoid being submerged. Withal, the dourness, ungraciousness, aloofness, suspicion, characteristic of islets of minorities, are absent in Sables d'Olonne. The Sablais fear neither the country visitors on day excursions nor the city folk who come for a month or two. Were they an inland people they would fear this contact. On the sea they know that neither peasant France nor tourist France will crowd them out of existence.

Old Monsieur Benoît, *sous-prefet* under Napoleon III, got a bullet in his hip and the red ribbon in the War of 1870. Broken in health, he came back to live in the town where he had started his official career. Half a century later his second foot is still far from the grave. Monsieur Benoît never managed to marry a Sablaise, but he does not hold that up against them or their men. "I have nothing to complain of," he told us. "Not having one, I have all, and their wonderful climate has given me the privilege of loving three generations of Sablaises. But it isn't the climate. Their gayety and their beauty and their wit have never allowed me to rust out. Do I ever go to Paris? Not since the

funeral of Victor Hugo, and that journey was too much for my hip."

We were on the terrace of the Café de Nantes, looking at the late afternoon crowd strolling along the Remblai. The Artist had ordered up a rare vintage to celebrate the receipt of a telegram from his wife. She and the children were *en route*. Monsieur Benoît, sniffing his glass, was glâd we had called to him to sit down with us. I had been in Sables d'Olonne long enough to notice that his joints functioned well when he was approaching a table.

"And for these Sablaises who have left you a bachelor you remained here all this time?" I asked.

Monsieur Benoît suddenly grew serious. He put down his glass and gave a seaward gesture. "No, no, above all for that!" he exclaimed, in a voice filled with emotion.

The fishing boats were coming in. The sun shone rather red through a mist. But the colors of sky, sea, sails, jetty, beach were as superb as on our first afternoon.

"If all the sands of Olonne were put in an hourglass—" began Monsieur Benoît. He stopped short and gazed. We gazed too.

"While they ran you would stay, *n'est-ce pas?*" The Artist finished the thought. "I, too," he added, and looked at me. I looked at the beach. There were so many sands of Olonne! I felt sure that Mrs. Artist would think as I did, and that on the morrow I was not losing my friend forever. For I was going—for good. But I wanted to be appreciative, and that fishing fleet *was* a card. So I simply said, "Not for fifty years."

THE HALFWAY HOUSE

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

DAVID ELLISON agreed with towns so little that he escaped from them early. Towns, he said, made him think of worms' nests, a writhing, weaving horror, the members bound together by a common rapacity. Though what he said was not just to the coast villages. These towns cannot escape the imminent tragedy of the sea nor the splendid austerity of the unconquerable seacoast which, in some parts, has not given man a foothold since the Pilgrims first made their adventurous landing.

These towns breed brave men and women, and occasionally a lad like David Ellison grows up, who seems to be kin to the sea and to the lonely and savage coast.

He escaped to the coast guards. He could not take the outward-bound course like his forefathers on the open sea, on account of his mother. The sea had claimed already too many of the Ellisons. Up over Town Hill in the old cemetery there was a lot where one after another the Ellisons' tombstones were marked with the words, "Lost at Sea."

The men of the coast guards are an odd people, when you come to think of it, and a queer kind of life they live; their thoughts are forever concentrated on the sea and on the vessels moving over the surface of the sea. The men who have grown old in the service are both grave and friendly; they sense things other people do not perceive; they have a knowledge of storms and a way of being able to know the shapes of vessels which to common eyes are only undistinguishable spots on the horizon.

All night long the men guard the coast and inform the stations of the fates of vessels. By day the men sit looking out

to sea; they are isolated as though they were on board ship. Sand, sky, sea, and the vessels sailing the sea bound their lives. Many stations are in distant places, hard to get at; they are joined to the life of the towns only by a narrow road running through soft marsh and wind-swept forest and moorland.

These are the shores haunted by ghosts of dead ships and the dead men who sailed in them. There is the legend of a white stallion, sole survivor of a wrecked vessel, that ran wild for years on the dunes, and that, after he was trapped, freed himself and ran back into the sea whence he came. There are legends of wrecks and stories of wreckers and smugglers to be heard at the life-saving stations; stories of miraculous escapes and of mysterious vessels sailing along safely, but with no hand at the rudder.

Nor are all these stories of yesterday. The mystery of the rose is a story of this generation; everyone has heard David Ellison's story and that of Assunta Flores. The rose is still blooming in the sparse earth on Spinnet Rock Light, where Mary Angus was raised.

David's station was in Gurnet Reef Hollow, a part of the coast known as the Graveyard of the Atlantic. This coast is strewn with bones of dead ships; a sand cliff borders the ocean, and every now and then, at some great storm, the sea breaks in through the sand barrier and hurls inland the wreck of a vessel, and in time the shifting sand buries it and perhaps uncovers it again before the eyes of some other generation.

The towns of this wild country border the bay. The back country comes to their very gardens—an impenetrable

tract of marsh, heath, and woodland, after that the cruel and encroaching dunes. Back country, dunes, and sea are all of them untamed; all of them exist to-day as in the beginning.

David grew up with them, knowing which dune had shifted under the fury of the winter's winds and which hollow was filling, and where the forests were being eaten by the sinister sands. He loved the savage coast that was forever untamable by man's hand.

Nothing broke the harmonious procession of his days, not even love. For love didn't come to David in a scorching flame. He fell in love as one breathes. He was so long Mary Angus's friend that he didn't know he had love in his heart for her until it blossomed between them.

Mary Angus was the only girl David had ever known well, and to others she was as inaccessible as a princess in a fairy tale. Spinet Rock was her father's Light, a second-class Light, a white light of a thirty-two flash, own cousin to great Highhead Light, except in magnitude. She was born in the Light, and she tended the Light from the time she was a baby.

If there was a girl that seemed predestined to be a mate to David it was Mary, with her smooth hair so blond that it seemed almost silver in the sun, and a flush of honey-colored tan across her face, and her swift ways like a bird, and her capable hands.

It wasn't but a few weeks after they had found out they cared for each other and decided to marry that David was coming along from Spinet Rock Light to the station; his time off just took him there and back easily, and gave him an hour with Mary.

All the afternoon the sea had been an almost intolerable blue and the horizon cut by a low fog bank—there it had stayed and had not moved; light clouds scurried overhead on some upper strata of wind, scurried and flowed as though afraid of a coming storm, and after it had passed over the face of the dune it

had stained it with scudding lavender shadows. The sun plunged down red behind the cloud bank. By the time David passed Dead Man's Bar station it had set. The sea was lavender and the sky through the scudding clouds looked pale and high.

David got to the halfway house when a torn fog wraith tore past him; it enveloped him and the world and sped on, as though some one had torn a cloud with hands and cast it from him; little clouds of fog flew through the bayberry bushes and over sad-colored Mary's-flower that at this place clothed the face of the sand in sparse patches. He could see the fog advancing in a barrier, preceded by the wind-blown fog wraiths; he could see the fog wraiths racing inland like frightened creatures, shutting out the dunes. He walked along rapidly. All the world now shut away from him and now opened up before him. The fog had come on in a strange fashion, not stealthily like a mist that was cousin to a rain, but violently, as though horrified at a coming disaster—a cold fog, a fog that smelled of storm; and now it had cut off David from all the world, infolding him in its moist gray blanket.

Down below, at the foot of the sand hill, he could hear the lap-lapping of waves; out from behind the fog the frightened voices of vessels; below the Spinet he could hear two large vessels talking to each other. Spinet, Dead Man's Bar, and the Gurnet Reef Hollow gave warning by horn and bell, and all the time the world was full of whispering, as though the voices of storm conversed together; this was broken only by the insistent lisp of the waves on the beach. The surface of the sea had begun to heave uneasily, and far off David could hear the whistling of the buoy on the shoals.

There was something cold and secretive in this fog and in the wind that followed at its heels and tore it along—a wind that had not yet ruffled the face of the sea. Something exciting made his blood run faster.

Suddenly he stood still, as though at the command of an unheard voice, and then, drawn as by a magnet, he turned inland and made toward the old halfway house. An encroaching dune had swallowed it; its roof was covered with sand, only the door remained; one still could go in, and one half of a window high up let in at noon an uncertain ray of light. David walked without hesitation and without argument with himself toward the halfway house, as though to keep an appointment made with death itself.

Then there came a sound that made his heart stop for a beat, as though from the fog some one had whispered his name.

"Hello!" he cried, and then again, "Hello!" There was no answer. His voice sounded shockingly loud in the moist, enveloping fog. He stood still, and then the world was silent, except for the whispering of the voices of the storm.

It had got dark swiftly; unseen clouds blanketed the face of the evening sky. Suddenly a whirl of wind parted the fog and David saw for a moment some one sitting near the halfway house, bowed over. He saw that this was a girl and that she was crying. He hurried forward, and then the fog cut him off, and it was not until he was close upon her that he saw her again.

She seemed very young to David, and lonely and helpless in the immensity of the sand and the fog. She was dressed in black, as though in mourning, which was relieved only by a soft white band around her throat; her hair was dark and was pulled straight back from her forehead and done in an elaborate foreign-looking knot; her dark eyes were frightened and swimming in tears.

"Oh!" she said. "You have come." She spoke as though she had expected him and as though he were late.

"Didn't you hear me calling?" said David.

She shook her head, looking at him in a dumb, frightened sort of way.

"What are you doing so far away?" David asked.

She was so little and soft that a surge of pity engulfed him. Then with her puzzled air she said, very distinctly, always looking straight at him, as though he might unravel the mystery for her:

"I do not understand at all why I am here or why I have come." Then she added, "I only knew that I must."

At these words a sensation, almost of fear, ran over David, as though a keen wind had hit him at the roots of his hair.

"Did you get lost?"

"The fog cut me off," she answered.

"Do you often come here?"

There were a few summer cottages not far from Dead Man's Bar. Here the coast rises up sheerly and there is a far view of the sea; a few daring people who can bear isolation have built cottages near the neighboring farms. David assumed that she must have walked from there.

She didn't answer, and he repeated what he had said. She looked away from him, as though trying to see through the fog.

"I like it here," she said. "There is peace here."

She seemed so tired as she spoke that again a surge of pity carried David along like a wave on its crest.

Then for a while she sat there looking at David and he stood looking at her. It seemed to him, as he thought of it afterward, that they had been cut off from time and space—it was like meeting some one in eternity without any of the things of life to divert them from the thought of each other—as though a fog had cut them off from the world and that there remained only their two souls which had met face to face.

He had no more fear of her than if she had been a little girl, though in the presence of all women except Mary Angus he had been dumb, and he feared them all and disliked many, for they lived herded in towns. He was drawn close to this child by an intolerable pity.

"Your trail isn't far from here," he told her. "I'll take you to it."

He walked beside her, always feeling as though he were alone in the world with her, and that because of this he was closer to her than he had ever been to any other human being.

He found the coast road which winds along the shore, uniting one station with the other; the road was covered with grass; the wagon ruts showed dimly. By this time the bay, the elder and wild rose bordering it, were dripping with the fog.

He noticed that she was dressed in black and that she wore a wedding ring, and he found himself asking, "Are you married?" It hurt him to ask this, but he couldn't have told why.

She looked up at him with an expression of dumb suffering.

"I was married. He died—not long ago," she answered.

David wanted to take her in his arms and hush her on his shoulder as though she were a child. He wanted to cry out: "Oh, don't! Oh, don't!" by which he meant, "Oh, don't suffer so!" But he said nothing. It was as if she had told him all the story of her life.

Then she added, "I have a little girl."

David felt glad of that.

They got to the path which led to Dead Man's Bar station to join the road—a quicker path than the one by the beach—leading directly to the little settlement.

"You go here," he said. "Shall I go with you?" As he looked at her he saw she was afraid, but not afraid of the lonely path. What she was afraid of he couldn't tell.

They stood looking at each other questioningly, and there wrapped itself around David the feeling of being in a dream—this wasn't life; this was something else. Then he found himself saying:

"You are coming back again, aren't you?"

"Oh yes!" she said.

"Soon?" David asked.

"Very soon I shall come. Good-by, David."

Again David had the light sensation of cold on his back. He knew she had never seen him before and she had not known his name, and he knew that this was the voice he had heard whispering to him when he had called "Hello!" into the smothering silence of the fog.

He could not forget her. The feeling of pity which she had aroused invaded him and shut away from him the realities of life.

"What has come to me," he thought, "and what is the matter with me?" In all his life he had never seen anything so lonely as that little girl in black sitting beside the smothered halfway house, and the thought of her loneliness was a shadow to all his thoughts; he could not escape it, and he did not want to escape it.

He saw her again three afternoons later on his way to Mary Angus. Instead of taking the beach, he walked along the wagon road. This grown-over track seemed more remote than the dunes themselves. He walked along this track because he had a certainty that she would be there; he had the security as one has that the sun will rise, that somewhere near the halfway house he would find her, and yet, when he saw her walking slowly toward him, again his heart missed a beat. A sense of strangeness enveloped him, as though he were moving in a fatal dream, and again the pity for her tore at his heart. She looked so little, she looked so lonely, it hurt him to see her in this wild place. He wanted to shelter her and defend her.

She came toward him smiling. She carried in her hand some roses; they were strange roses, single, and looking like tropical butterflies with crimson petals and yellow centers, the foliage around was exotic and thick and glossy, and they had a perfume as penetratingly strong as attar of roses.

"You didn't find these here?" asked David.



Drawn by W. H. D. Kerner

"YOUR TRAIL ISN'T FAR FROM HERE. I'LL TAKE YOU TO IT"

"I brought them from home," she answered.

He held out his hand for a rose and she gave one to him. Later he could not remember what they had said. They spoke the fragmentary words of friends, the kind of words one throws into a silence so that it may not become too full of meaning.

They sat down on the crest of a dune on which some green things were growing—bayberry, Mary's flower, and beach grass. One could look at the sea.

"I wonder if these roses would grow if I put them in the sand?" she asked.

"Wild roses grow well out here," he answered. "I have heard my mother say you could slip roses in sand."

She planted them gravely, one after another.

"If it rains they may grow," she said. Then she rose and they walked in silence the short distance that had separated them from the trail leading to Dead Man's Bar.

"I leave you here," she said, and in a moment a clump of elders had hidden her from him.

He went on his way toward Mary's, a confusion in his heart. He felt as though life was asking him something, as though this meeting was a shadow of some portentous thing.

"That's a queer rose you have," said Mary. She took it from him. "I never saw one on the Cape before like it. Where did you find it, David?"

"Out on the dunes."

"Out on the dunes? Do such roses grow on the dunes?"

"A girl on the dunes gave it to me. I don't know who she is." It hurt him intolerably to say that he did not know who she was; it seemed preposterous that he shouldn't know her when she had so impressed herself upon his heart.

Mary's mother came into the room. She had been an inland woman and had made flowers bloom in the little garden around the Light.

"There are no roses like this one in all the Cape," she said. "That's a rose

from a foreign country. I saw one like that one time up in Maine, brought by a man who had been in the China trade."

He wanted to talk about the girl to Mary. He wanted to say he found her lost in the fog and to-day she came to meet him with the rose. But when he came to put it into words, it sound foolish and he could say nothing; so he sat there still, feeling as though he were under the enchantment of a dream.

During the next few days David consciously tried to put the girl from his mind. There was no reason why he should think of her, and yet she was there, forever a background of his thoughts. He turned to Mary for comfort; he clung to her as a child clings to its mother in the dark.

A few days after this as he sat in the Light it seemed to Mary as though he were listening to something outside, as one might listen for a voice calling. He got up.

"Well, I must be going," he said.

"You must be going? Why is that?" asked Mary's mother, for David always stayed until the last moment, giving himself just time to get back to his station. He looked at the two women, dazed.

Mary put her hand on his shoulder. "What is it, David?" she asked. And it seemed to him that the kindness she had in her heart streamed out of her.

"I don't rightly know," he answered. "But I must be off."

Mary's mother looked at them fixedly a moment, and left them standing together.

"David," said Mary, "can't you tell me your trouble? Can't you tell me what's been in your heart, David, and what it is that's been coming between us?"

A longing for his untroubled days and his undivided life surged up around him. He struggled for words. None came to him. What could he tell her? That he loved some one else—a strange girl whose name he did not know? Words

seemed to rob the whole thing of meaning; and yet there it was, some unspoken obligation, something he could not escape, something he had to see through.

Mary bent over and kissed his forehead. "David," she said, "I know one thing. I know I love you forever. And I know your face is turned away from me and you can't tell me why. But I know when you turn your face back to me you'll find me here waiting for you. But, oh, my dear, it's hard that I can't help the trouble that's in your heart." With that she kissed him again.

And with his heart breaking he strode off, not looking behind him. It was as though he had been sucked out of the house on a tide of longing that was neither love nor desire, but which was stronger than either. A desperate homesickness had seized him, the nostalgia of which men die in foreign countries,

He went to the halfway house as a magnet to the pole, secure and content in his knowledge that she would be there waiting for him, a little, lonely, bowed figure who had put on him some mysterious claim. And as he went a fog came up and walked along with him as though it were the inevitable accompaniment of his meeting with her, as though the fog knew his purpose and intended to shut him off from the world with its impenetrable intimacy.

She was sitting as though waiting for him, and for a while they sat near each other, not speaking. David was rocked in his own contentment. His conflict was over; he had no longer feeling of any betrayal. It was as though the door of his heart was opened that led into a secret place which he had never known existed. For a moment he did not struggle with life.

Then, as they sat there, suddenly the fog parted, baring the cold, bright glitter of innumerable stars, infinitely remote. David looked up at them with awe. It seemed as though he had shrunk into nothingness in the presence of the still splendor of the heavens. He

needed the touch of a human being, and he heard himself imploring this unknown girl:

"Let me hold you in my arms for a moment."

"Not now," she whispered to him, putting her hand up in a faint, protesting gesture. She looked at him with a trust. "Not now, but the next time I come." And then she walked away from him slowly. It was as though she stepped off the edge of the world; the fog had blotted her out, and David was left alone.

How long he sat there he could not have told. The immense importance of what had just happened beat on him like an insistent, drenching rain. He was under some enchantment which cut him off from the life he had known. This strange and lonely child needed him, and he had pledged himself to her service.

He got up and went back to the station. Throughout the long walk his thoughts went around in the treadmill.

His life had been unified, complete, and now he had been invaded by this strange love from the outside; it assailed him like an outside force, asking something of him. So his undivided life was now divided. His heart lay torn in two before him. It was as though he were divided into two persons, one plunged deep into the inexplicable thing which had befallen him, and the other his usual self, alive to every whisper of the wind. He sensed storm in the air; everything spoke of storm. Disaster was brewing, disaster was coming upon the breath of the lifting wind. There were vessels behind the blanket of fog, vessels below the brim of the horizon fated to destruction.

All through his sleep he felt the storm rising. By morning the breakers were thundering on the beach, driven by the wind that has no check to it; it sweeps clear across the ocean from Spain to America. And yet the fog persisted; the wind drove the fog before it and there was more fog; it could not drive it

clear. Behind the fog came the tumultuous talking of frightened vessels.

Mixed in David's mind was the thought of Mary and the thought of the girl in the halfway house. It was so inexplicable that it would not give him rest, a mystery clamoring to be solved, while always below the surface of his thoughts there was the homesickness which she had aroused in him.

This became so unbearable that late in the afternoon he got into his oilskins and went to the halfway house, knowing beforehand that it was impossible she should be there. It looked more lonely than ever, smothered over with sand. He went within to shelter himself from the smiting rain and from the howling cruelty of the wind. It was like a tomb, a grave of hope. There was the place where the stove had been, and still a bench and a locker for coal and wood. The place stifled him and he plowed back to the station again. His thoughts whirled through his mind like leaves before a storm.

By nightfall the storm had become a tempest, and he went to bed with the captain's voice in his ears:

"Better get what sleep we can; like as not we'll be turned out before morning."

He sank instantly into profound sleep, and it seemed that no time had passed before he heard the alarm. With the sleep still heavy upon him he struggled into his clothes and out with the lifeboat. A vessel had gone ashore on the bar. The fog was still drifting in; one could barely make out the distress signal. A sense of apprehension gripped him. He heard them discuss whether it would be possible to launch the boat. He said, aloud:

"We'll be too late if we don't hurry! We'll be too late!"

Then he heard the captain call out, "We'll have to try the lifeboat!" But the fog had shut down again, and they launched the boat as if by a miracle. They struggled outward over the cruel mountains of dark water.

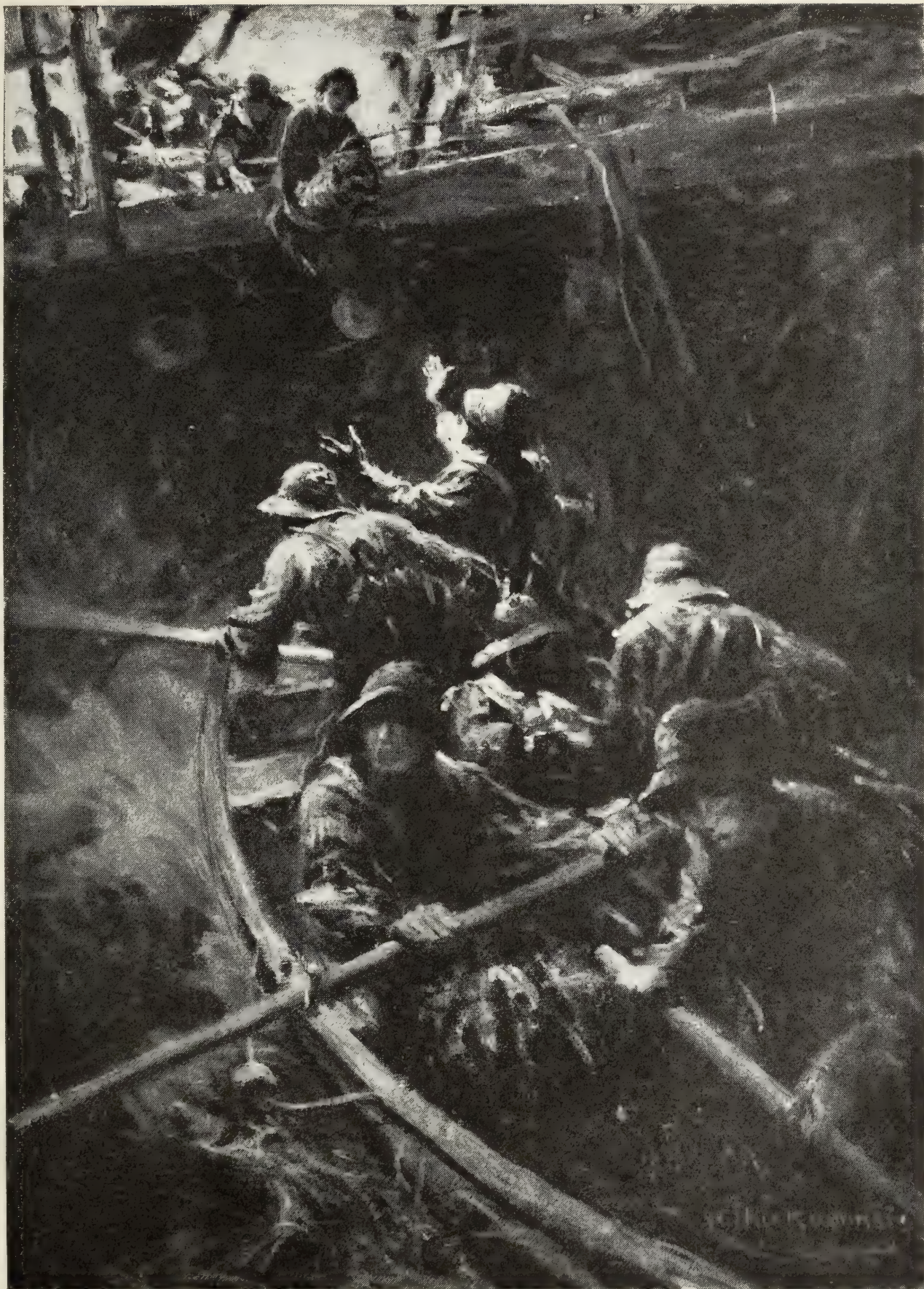
A torch like a red eye was flaring from the deck of the vessel. The lifeboat toiled up the steep, glassy side of a wave. Then he thought he heard his name, "David!" and then again, "David!" He felt the familiar sensation of cold, as though a wind had been blowing at the roots of his hair. Again he fought doggedly with the cruel fury of the waves, toiling toward the torch's red eye. A whirl of wind parted the fog and on the deck of the reeling vessel he thought he saw a frightened figure of a girl dressed in black.

A terror gripped him, for it was the little bowed figure he knew so well, frightened and lonely, but no more frightened and no more lonely than he had seen her at the halfway house. She stood there with her puzzled air, as if waiting for the next move of fate, as though she dumbly expected some new disaster which never failed her. In her arms she held a little girl.

With a baby in her arms she should be the first to enter the boat. They made alongside of the vessel's lee and held themselves there with difficulty, the boat rising and falling on the crest of the greedy waves. She handed the child to David, and her lips formed some word inaudible to him in the storm. He saw plainly her face lit up by the torch; plainly he saw a flaming, startled recognition in her eyes, a glad recognition. Then the word was given her to jump, and she jumped and missed and the water closed over her head. Then David saw a glimpse of her white face as she was swept down by the onrushing seas—and in a moment he was after her. He had her in his arms; then darkness enshrouded him as he battled toward the lifeboat.

The next hour was blank to David. He retained consciousness and nothing more. How they got ashore he could not remember. He had only a vague memory of a limp figure at the bottom of the boat, his own exhaustion, and of a child's voice amid the storm.

His next memory was the life-saving



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

SHE HANDED THE CHILD TO DAVID, AND HER LIPS FORMED SOME WORD

station. She lay there less lonely now than she had seemed to him when he had first seen her there sitting with bowed head in the smothering immensity of the fog. The men and women grouped themselves around her pityingly; they were foreigners; some spoke English. The wrecked vessel was a bark twenty days from Fayal.

Then a woman spoke to the captain of the station:

"She was always worrying about her baby. She used to sit and look out to sea, as if wondering what would happen to her. She seemed to know—"

"Who are her relatives?" the captain asked. "Who knows about her?"

"She had none. Her husband was dead. She was coming here to join her brother; just before she sailed she heard that he, also, had died—so, not knowing what to do, she came anyway."

There was silence. Then one of the women asked, "What will become of the child?"

David had stood there listening to them, as though from a great distance, and then suddenly the amazing meaning of it swept over him. He went forward and picked the baby up.

"It is mine," he said. She clung to him and put her face close to his, as

though she knew him. "I'll take it to Mary Angus."

You may say such things can't happen. But there are stranger legends than these that come from the Graveyard of the Atlantic; and if you don't believe this you may go to Gurnet Reef station and they will tell you about it, and you can see Assunta Flores with her foreign eyes and her heavy dark hair, and you can see Mary Angus, whom she calls mother. And then if you go up to the old halfway house by the wagon track and climb the dune above you will find growing there clumps of rose bushes which in their season bloom with strange, exotic flowers. You can go, if you like, and see at Spinnet Rock the same flower that Mary's mother slipped into the sand and which has flourished.

Then, if you like, you can explain it all by coincidence—that some lonely girl strayed from the cottages to talk to David on the dunes, and that she brought him the roses. But if you have been much on the outside shore you will not make your explanation chime with reason, because you will know that the reason of man is but a puny measure for creation's immensity.

ESCAPE

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

UNRECKONED moments of a high delight
 I, in a vivid childhood, oft-times knew,
 But of the cause could nothing tell aright
 Why with the winds of Joy my spirits flew.
 My critics sighed and shook the doubtful head.
 "You are beside yourself," they chastening said.

But later I this self could chasten so,
 Its ecstasies were masked to casual eyes.
 Now on my way I unmolested go,
 And even entertain the fine surmise
 That those beside themselves are but outside—
 Set free, the while, in regions fair and wide.

“HAD I THE PEN OF A G. P. R. JAMES”

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

“HAD I the pen of a G. P. R. James,” Thackeray used occasionally to exclaim, “I would describe . . .” Then, later, “But I need not say I have not the pen of that novelist; suffice it to say,” etc.

I confess that I have read very little of G. P. R. James. I first heard of him, in my childhood, from Thackeray, and few of his works have come my way. I had it once on good authority that most of his novels begin with a solitary horseman. Certainly some of them do. “A solitary horseman”! How much better than the “man on horseback”—for whom some people have been straining their eyes in the general direction of Muscovy—or the man in the high-powered car: our modern substitutes, political or utilitarian. Stevenson knew well the value of that figure. No tale he ever wrote was so thrilling as the tale he only prophesied, “The man or the hour had not yet come; but some day, I think, a boat shall put off from the Queen’s Ferry fraught with dear cargo, and some frosty night a horseman, on a tragic errand, rattle with his whip upon the green shutters of the inn at Burford.” The boat put off at last in *Kidnapped*, but the horseman has not yet come to Burford Bridge. Thackeray, I suppose, was far from envying G. P. R. James; yet I wonder if he might not legitimately have felt a strange value in that accustomed opening. The father of the breed who use this mystical, this almost symbolic figure, is Sir Walter Scott. “Walter Scott isn’t being boomed much, these days,” our young son confided to me some months ago. True; and yet his breed, thank God, have not all perished.

It is a shadowy clan. Not in itself, for

pageantry was ever its habit. But it gathers now in its own glens, far from the public sun and the great lights of the market place. Only those seek it out who are in its counsels and know the paths across the heather. At the brink of the scaur, at the top of the ravine, a single clansman may hold the pass. That was ever their way. Challenged and admitted by the watcher—G. P. R. James or Harrison Ainsworth, Rider Haggard, or John Buchan, or A. E. W. Mason, or, it may be, young Talbot Mundy—you are made free of the banqueting-cave where Sir Walter constitutes the Presence. There are authors who take time off to play clansman—R. L. S. among others—but I speak now only of those who have no other business than to serve the clan, no home but the fortified recesses of the wild hills. They have secret friends in mart and council-hall, on the Bench and in the City—well-wishers who make private reservations when speech grows flowery at a Lord Mayor’s banquet. But the reigning dynasty is Hanoverian, and formal oaths of allegiance are made in other quarters. You may mention your favorite clansman without danger, these days of amnesty, but it is understood that he is disqualified for any place at court.

By which I mean not only that Walter Scott is not being boomed much, these days, but that G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth have fallen to the worm that dies not, and that these other gentlemen are read, indeed, but not by critics. You would think that a highbrow might read what he pleased, but apparently it is a constant struggle to keep yourself in the highbrow class. So, at least, I explain the unwillingness of

the *litterati* to try out any books that have given delight to the unilluminated. Detective stories seem, somehow, to be exempt from these discriminations. The most learned will tell you smilingly that they have sat up late over Arsène Lupin or Cleek of Scotland Yard. They always remind me of certain delicate old ladies I have known, who confessed not only to occasionally "taking," but to positively "liking," a teaspoonful of whisky in a glass of milk with a good deal of sugar in it. Their voices strike the same note of innocent doggishness. One even recalls the classic phrase, "Madonnas who tell you they could have been Magdalens if they had chosen." . . . I suppose the real reason is that the detective story does not exist, from the critic's point of view. A fancy for the detective story is not a fancy for second- or third-rate literature; it is more like a fancy for waffles or clog dancing—something taken from a different category. It does not involve your literary standards.

When it comes, however, to novelists who write mere "yarns," their backs stiffen. A man with a score of volumes to his credit has, as it were, entered their field—come up for examination and offered himself for the plucking process. They usually do pluck him—for, as I say, the reigning intellectual dynasty is other. I do not know what reputation G. P. R. James enjoyed among the Victorian highbrows. But he has never come back, like Trollope—scorned once and now enthroned. Harrison Ainsworth certainly has no place in critiques of Victorian fiction. Scott was placed too high for them ever to pull him down; but if contemporary critics discussed his case seriously, instead of merely taking him for granted as lying up there on the top shelf, they would probably find themselves speaking with the accent of Thomas Love Peacock, and not with the tongue of Europe in 1820. Like Peacock, the critics of to-day are "spirits of the frozen ocean to all romance." I am not referring, you understand, to the paid educators of childhood and the

compilers of public-school textbooks. I refer, rather, to the *litterati*, the people "in the know," whose approval is the hall mark of the truly *chic*. They have taken over the rods and fasces that fell from hands which were busy and skilful in the 'nineties. Nearly two thousand years ago they were the audience for a notable address by St. Paul on Mars' Hill. They change their spots, but not their temper. It is they who are permitted to say what has, and what has not, "style." To be sure, it is not so much their fashion, at the moment, to care about style; they are all for substance. I suspect the clansmen are not "serious" enough for them.

I hold no impassioned brief for G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth. I am saving both their read and their unread volumes till a more restful day. They can wait. The real business of the active person is to recognize and defend the younger clansmen. An occasional re-perusal of Scott will clear the mind and tutor the palate.

How are they to be defended? Not, obviously, by discovering in them the substance that is dear to the highbrows nowadays. Their politics are very simple, and they were always poor economists. They do write "yarns"; there is no doubt about it. The trouble is not so much that they write them, even, as that they write nothing else. Stevenson wrote yarns, too. But, though critics may agree that *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*, and *The Master of Ballantrae* are his best work, you may be sure that he would not have got his reputation with them on those books alone. He had the luck to make other, many other, contacts with literature, and those other contacts, I venture to say, were the means of his introduction to critical favor. He was helped, too, by his personal legend. Who acclaimed that masterpiece, *Treasure Island*, when it first appeared? Thousands, you will say. Were the critics among them? And if they were, why were they? Not on the score of its sole merits, I warrant you.

No, the tale of adventure, pure and simple, is somehow not nowadays supposed to be literature. The tale of adventure, the "romance," may deal in human psychology very successfully; but if the chief interest lies in the adventure, it is not, I take it, a serious book. Scott, being a great artist, and a great realist, as well as a great romancer, will get in at one door if not at another. But I admit that these gentlemen fall below him. Let us tackle this thing fairly. I suspect that the charge of unseriousness is based on the supposed remoteness from real life of the action of such a book. But are the critics not restricting the definition of real life? As Mr. Pear-sall Smith said in his *Trivia*, in real life people "are burned alive, and do hang themselves on meat hooks." (The quotation is from memory, and I apologize for inexactness.) The most extraordinary things *do* happen. The daily papers are an orgy of sensational—fact. Was it not (at least so I read it) Mr. Kipling who replied to a bantering acquaintance, "No; *The Finest Story in the World* is only the last rinsings of an effete imagination compared with Lawrence's story"? It depends on the old quarrel—must a book be not only true, but typical? And is there not a little too much tendency to consider that only the sordid and the drab, the morbid and the tragic, are either typical or true? Has not incredible adventure always lain in wait for the man who desires it enough? If you choose—if you are willing—my dear critic, you can yourself, forsaking quill and proof sheet, wander to Papua or the Congo, beyond the Pamirs or the Mountains of the Moon. I would be willing to wager that even to you, essence of civilization though you may be, extraordinary, romantic, adventurous, "hair's - breadth" things might happen. Your volume of Tchekoff or Hamsun might perhaps turn from your breast not a bullet, a black-jack, or the fingers of a pickpocket, but an honest-to-goodness poisoned arrow from a blow-pipe. Yet you object to a

solitary horseman. . . . You also think, no doubt, that your life as you live it would be fit subject for fiction, whereas if you sought out these desperate places you would become unimportant to the true novelist. Well, one does not want to prick that bubble. But it is a curious convention, all the same, that the properest hero is the man who dwells ever in "the sweet security of streets," departing therefrom only by train, with his neighbor's wife. I wonder if it will hold water forever. It looks a bit leaky already.

Some one will appositely mention Conrad as the idol of critics and the novelist of—to put it mildly—outlying places and fantastic event. Certainly the stuff of *Falk*, *Heart of Darkness*, and *The Rescue* is uncommon enough; *Victory* as romantic as you make them. And Conrad is placed higher than almost any one by the *cognoscenti*. There are, I fancy, two reasons for the exception made in Conrad's favor. I may be wrong, but at least I can speak as an original Conradian. The *cognoscenti* got in Conrad the Kipling material (which they professed to scorn on account of the Kipling method, but secretly hankered for, as do all people who were not got by the Time Spirit upon a harem of blue-books) with the psychological subtlety of Henry James. Those were the days when Henry James was the idol of the *cognoscenti*, and methods in fiction stood or fell by comparison with his. (I know, because again I was in those days a passionate "Jacobite." Yes, they called themselves that, as they called him "the Master." I believe the fashion is over.) Conrad "passed" triumphantly, because few people read him, because he was as subtle as Henry James, and because highbrows do not really object to the exotic if it is properly dealt with. (They have always admitted Pierre Loti, for example.) And there was Conrad's style, you see. They may say as much as they like about substance, but there is this much sanity in the highbrows' attitude—that they always do

have an eye out for style. They have been corrupting their taste, these latter years, with too many translations out of Slavic and Scandinavian tongues—a highbrow practically has to admit that you cannot judge of style in a translation—but when it comes to straight English, they do demand something besides journalese.

Very well; on the point of style we can, I think, meet them. There is narrative style, and there is "style." There is no room here to explain the differentiation. Many people have the former who have not the latter. Conrad has the latter, but not—unless in *Victory*—the former. As no one will deny to the clansmen the power of free and smooth motion within the plot, let us pass to the more occult and precious thing.

Sir Rider Haggard, I fancy, is not credited with "style." I wonder if the critics have taken the trouble to read *Allan and the Holy Flower*, or the trilogy that begins with *Marie*. What is style? But we are not writing a book, nor is this the place to evoke the shades of the great rhetoricians. A good style must, at least, have a diction fitted to its material; it must find the rightly evocative word, and there must be a certain beauty or harmony in the fall of the phrases. Milton is good, and Poe is good; Thomas Hardy is good, and Samuel Butler is good—and they are all good for different things.

There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,

And every single one of them is right.

For the purpose in hand, the clansmen have style. If I seem to be begging the question with my "purpose in hand," have patience. I do not mean that readableness constitutes style. The *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* are as readable as anything I know of, but they are not, in the strict sense, literature. *The Innocence of Father Brown* is no better as detective fiction, but it is literature. Sir Conan Doyle has no style, and Mr. Chesterton has a very good one, and

there is the difference between the two. The difference between Rudyard Kipling and O. Henry is wide as the world; but if you choose to leave out the other points of comparison, this one will perfectly suffice you. Kipling has (to put it mildly) an excellent style, and O. Henry (to speak with equal mildness) has a very bad one. Or you may say, more simply still: Kipling has style and O. Henry has not. (I should never, on my own initiative, have mentioned O. Henry in the same breath with Kipling, but it is so constantly done that I may perhaps be pardoned.) I would recommend to the critics the careful perusal of *Prester John*, for example. Colonel Buchan, when he chooses, writes as well as Stevenson. I know that is a breathtaking statement, and I am not prepared to say that John Buchan's every page is as good as Stevenson's every page. No one strove for effects more sedulously than R. L. S.; he is the craftsman *par excellence*, since he cared chiefly for his craft. In the essays I think his conscious technique palls eventually; in the best of the romances it does not, because the plot is the thing. His style adapts itself to a given material. In the essays there is no particular material for it to adapt itself to, and it is the less successful.

When it comes to *The Four Feathers*, and *Greenmantle*, and *The Ivory Trail*, how shall they be defended to those who would refuse to take them seriously? How shall you prove that *Greenmantle* is literature, to people who are *schwärmig* over *South Wind*? I would bow my head in silence and "take heather" with no word of my flight, if the critics stuck to Sir Thomas Browne and Walter Savage Landor. But they do not. We have heard strange folk commended for their prose, these latter years, by those who are supposed to know. Have I not seen in the pages of the London *Mercury* impassioned praise of the style of one C. M. Doughty, who wrote *Travels in Arabia Deserta*? Enough said. Archaisms grow easily into a nuisance, even in

Burton. But if anyone can stand Doughty, he can more than stand G. P. R. James or Harrison Ainsworth. They are less gymnastic in habit, but more graceful. I do not say that the clansmen are as great as the greatest. Did I not at once admit that they all fall below Sir Walter? But they are good enough to be called "literature." That minimum we claim. And *qua* prose, the prose of Rider Haggard and John Buchan, at their best (I have no room to quote) not only is good, but puts it all over many of the contemporary writers the *cognoscenti* praise. My indications must suffice, and people must fill out the list for themselves.

No: I suspect that were there time and inclination for a full inquiry, the critics would have to admit the point of style. Even then they would be stubborn, I feel sure, about the clansmen, for they do write "yarns." Until we all admit that the tale of adventure is a dignified *genre*, we shall not agree. When you think of the original purposes of narrative, and the spirit that presided over its development, it becomes a little absurd to relegate the hoary-headed romance forever to the playground. I grant you that E. Phillips Oppenheim is not literature. But must Buchan be classed with him because he, too, has written spy stories? Psychology is not the first business of the "yarn"; but characters must, of course, be made plausible. Long John Silver does not have to be so plausible as Emma Bovary, since what he does is more important

than what he is. There is "Bovarysme," but there is no "Silverism." Still, he must appear to you as a person really likely to stand behind those deeds. Will anyone say he does not? The heroes of Oppenheim are mere bunches of motor nerves. But that is not true of the clansmen's heroes. Sandy exists, Blenkirn exists, the Englishman in *The Four Feathers* and the preposterous lady in *The Ivory Trail* exist. Hans the Hottentot not only exists, but is as unforgettable as Mause Headrigg or Caleb Balderstone. For me, Lawrence Nightgall exists, and Gog and Magog . . .

No, it must be that the tale of adventure itself is out of court. The solitary horseman was "out" in the Forty-five, and they hold it up against him. Thackeray was only making fun of G. P. R. James. Let us go apart with our White Rose.

I wonder if Stevenson was right about the boat at the Queen's Ferry? Is *Kidnapped* the answer? Myself, I think I know better. When the boat puts off from the Queen's Ferry, it will make, under cover of the night, for France. Aboard it will be a solitary clansman, come down from the hills with letters hidden in his game pouch. Once on French soil, he will be passed from secret friend to secret friend along the ways devised. He knows his errand well. He bears despatches of the gravest import, and will deliver them, as straight as the dangers of the road allow, into the appointed hands of the great Dumas.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

VI.—THE HOLE IN THE WALL

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

TWO men, the one an architect and the other an archæologist, met on the steps of the great house at Prior's Park; and their host, Lord Bulmer, in his breezy way, thought it natural to introduce them. It must be confessed that he was hazy as well as breezy, and had no very clear connection in his mind, beyond the sense that an architect and an archæologist begin with the same series of letters. The world must remain in a reverent doubt as to whether he would, on the same principles, have presented a diplomatist to a dipsomaniac or a ratiocinator to a rat catcher. He was a big, fair, bull-necked young man, abounding in outward gestures, unconsciously flapping his gloves and flourishing his stick.

"You two ought to have something to talk about," he said, cheerfully. "Old buildings and all that sort of thing; this is rather an old building, by the way, though I say it who shouldn't. I must ask you to excuse me a moment; I've got to go and see about the cards for this Christmas romp my sister's arranging. We hope to see you all there, of course. Juliet wants it to be a fancy-dress affair—abbots and crusaders and all that. My ancestors, I suppose, after all."

"I trust the abbot was not an ancestor," said the archæological gentleman, with a smile.

"Only a sort of great-uncle, I imagine," answered the other, laughing; then his rather rambling eye rolled round the ordered landscape in front of the house; an artificial sheet of water ornamented with an antiquated nymph in the center

and surrounded by a park of tall trees now gray and black and frosty, for it was in the depth of a severe winter.

"It's getting jolly cold," his lordship continued. "My sister hopes we shall have some skating as well as dancing."

"If the crusaders come in full armor," said the other, "you must be careful not to drown your ancestors."

"Oh, there's no fear of that," answered Bulmer; "this precious lake of ours is not two feet deep anywhere." And with one of his flourishing gestures he stuck his stick into the water to demonstrate its shallowness. They could see the short end bent in the water, so that he seemed for a moment to lean his large weight on a breaking staff.

"The worst you can expect is to see an abbot sit down rather suddenly," he added, turning away. "Well, *au revoir*; I'll let you know about it later."

The archæologist and the architect were left on the great stone steps smiling at each other; but whatever their common interests, they presented a considerable personal contrast, and the fanciful might even have found some contradiction in each considered individually. The former, a Mr. James Haddow, came from a drowsy den in the Inns of Court, full of leather and parchment, for the law was his profession and history only his hobby; he was indeed, among other things, the solicitor and agent of the Prior's Park estate. But he himself was far from drowsy and seemed remarkably wide awake, with shrewd and prominent blue eyes, and red hair brushed as neatly as his very neat costume. The latter, whose name was Leonard Crane, came

straight from a crude and almost cockney office of builders and house agents in the neighboring suburb, sunning itself at the end of a new row of jerry-built houses with plans in very bright colors and notices in very large letters. But a serious observer, at a second glance, might have seen in his eyes something of that shining sleep that is called vision; and his yellow hair, while not affectedly long, was unaffectedly untidy. It was a manifest if melancholy truth that the architect was an artist. But the artistic temperament was far from explaining him; there was something else about him that was not definable, but which some even felt to be dangerous. Despite his dreaminess, he would sometimes surprise his friends with arts and even sports apart from his ordinary life, like memories of some previous existence. On this occasion, nevertheless, he hastened to disclaim any authority on the other man's hobby.

"I mustn't appear on false pretences," he said, with a smile. "I hardly even know what an archæologist is, except that a rather rusty remnant of Greek suggests that he is a man who studies old things."

"Yes," replied Haddow, grimly. "An archæologist is a man who studies old things and finds they are new."

Crane looked at him steadily for a moment and then smiled again.

"Dare one suggest," he said, "that some of the things we have been talking about are among the old things that turn out not to be old?"

His companion also was silent for a moment, and the smile on his rugged face was fainter as he replied, quietly:

"The wall round the park is really old. The one gate in it is Gothic, and I cannot find any trace of destruction or restoration. But the house and the estate generally—well the romantic ideas read into these things are often rather recent romances, things almost like fashionable novels. For instance, the very name of this place, Prior's Park, makes everybody think of it as a moonlit mediæval

abbey; I dare say the spiritualists by this time have discovered the ghost of a monk there. But, according to the only authoritative study of the matter I can find, the place was simply called Prior's as any rural place is called Podger's. It was the house of a Mr. Prior, a farmhouse, probably, that stood here at some time or other and was a local landmark. Oh, there are a great many examples of the same thing, here and everywhere else. This suburb of ours used to be a village, and because some of the people slurred the name and pronounced it Holliwell, many a minor poet indulged in fancies about a Holy Well, with spells and fairies and all the rest of it, filling the suburban drawing-rooms with the Celtic twilight. Whereas anyone acquainted with the facts knows that 'Hollinwall' simply means 'the hole in the wall,' and probably referred to some quite trivial accident. That's what I mean when I say that we don't so much find old things as we find new ones."

Crane seemed to have grown somewhat inattentive to the little lecture on antiquities and novelties, and the cause of his restlessness was soon apparent, and indeed approaching. Lord Bulmer's sister, Juliet Bray, was coming slowly across the lawn, accompanied by one gentleman and followed by two others. The young architect was in the illogical condition of mind in which he preferred three to one.

The man walking with the lady was no other than the eminent Prince Borodino, who was at least as famous as a distinguished diplomatist ought to be, in the interests of what is called secret diplomacy. He had been paying a round of visits at various English country houses, and exactly what he was doing for diplomacy at Prior's Park was as much a secret as any diplomatist could desire. The obvious thing to say of his appearance was that he would have been extremely handsome if he had not been entirely bald. But, indeed, that would itself be a rather bald way of putting it. Fantastic as it sounds, it would fit the

case better to say that people would have been surprised to see hair growing on him; as surprised as if they had found hair growing on the bust of a Roman emperor. His tall figure was buttoned up in a tight-waisted fashion that rather accentuated his potential bulk, and he wore a red flower in his button-hole. Of the two men walking behind one was also bald, but in a more partial and also a more premature fashion, for his drooping mustache was still yellow, and if his eyes were somewhat heavy it was with languor and not with age. His name was Horne Fisher, and he talked so easily and idly about everything that nobody had ever discovered his favorite subject. His companion was a more striking, and even more sinister, figure, and he had the added importance of being Lord Bulmer's oldest and most intimate friend. He was generally known with a severe simplicity as Mr. Brain; but it was understood that he had been a judge and police official in India, and that he had enemies, who had represented his measures against crime as themselves almost criminal. He was a brown skeleton of a man with dark, deep, sunken eyes and a black mustache that hid the meaning of his mouth. Though he had the look of one wasted by some tropical disease, his movements were much more alert than those of his lounging companion.

"It's all settled," announced the lady, with great animation, when they came within hailing distance. "You've all got to put on masquerade things and very likely skates as well, though the prince says they don't go with it; but we don't care about that. It's freezing already, and we don't often get such a chance in England."

"Even in India we don't exactly skate all the year round," observed Mr. Brain.

"And even Italy is not primarily associated with ice," said the Italian.

"Italy is primarily associated with ices," remarked Mr. Horne Fisher. "I mean with ice-cream men. Most people

in this country imagine that Italy is entirely populated with ice-cream men and organ grinders. There certainly are a lot of them; perhaps they're an invading army in disguise."

"How do you know they are not the secret emissaries of our diplomacy?" asked the prince, with a slightly scornful smile. "An army of organ grinders might pick up hints, and their monkeys might pick up all sorts of things."

"The organs are organized, in fact," said the flippant Mr. Fisher. "Well, I've known it pretty cold before now in Italy and even in India, up on the Himalayan slopes. The ice on our own little round pond will be quite cozy by comparison."

Juliet Bray was an attractive lady with dark hair and eyebrows and dancing eyes, and there was a geniality and even generosity in her rather imperious ways. In most matters she could command her brother, though that nobleman, like many other men of vague ideas, was not without a touch of the bully when he was at bay. She could certainly command her guests, even to the extent of decking out the most respectable and reluctant of them with her mediæval masquerade. And it really seemed as if she could command the elements also, like a witch. For the weather steadily hardened and sharpened; that night the ice of the lake, glimmering in the moonlight, was like a marble floor, and they had begun to dance and skate on it before it was dark.

Prior's Park, or, more properly, the surrounding district of Holinwall, was a country seat that had become a suburb; having once had only a dependent village at its doors, it now found outside all its doors the signals of the expansion of London. Mr. Haddow, who was engaged in historical researches both in the library and the locality, could find little assistance in the latter. He had already realized, from the documents, that Prior's Park had originally been something like Prior's Farm, named after some local figure, but the new social

conditions were all against his tracing the story by its traditions. Had any of the real rustics remained, he would probably have found some lingering legend of Mr. Prior, however remote he might be. But the new nomadic population of clerks and artisans, constantly shifting their homes from one suburb to another, or their children from one school to another, could have no corporate continuity. They had all that forgetfulness of history that goes everywhere with the extension of education.

Nevertheless, when he came out of the library next morning and saw the wintry trees standing round the frozen pond like a black forest, he felt he might well have been far in the depths of the country. The old wall running round the park kept that inclosure itself still entirely rural and romantic, and one could easily imagine that the depths of that dark forest faded away indefinitely into distant vales and hills. The gray and black and silver of the wintry wood were all the more severe or somber as a contrast to the colored carnival groups that already stood on and around the frozen pool. For the house party had already flung themselves impatiently into fancy dress, and the lawyer, with his neat black suit and red hair, was the only modern figure among them.

"Aren't you going to dress up?" asked Juliet, indignantly shaking at him a horned and towering blue headdress of the fourteenth century which framed her face very becomingly, fantastic as it was. "Everybody here has to be in the Middle Ages. Even Mr. Brain has put on a sort of brown dressing gown and says he's a monk; and Mr. Fisher got hold of some old potato sacks in the kitchen and sewed them together; he's supposed to be a monk, too. As to the prince, he's perfectly glorious, in great crimson robes as a cardinal. He looks as if he could poison everybody. You simply must be something."

"I will be something later in the day," he replied. "At present I am nothing but an antiquary and an attorney. I

have to see your brother presently, about some legal business and also some local investigations he asked me to make. I must look a little like a steward when I give an account of my stewardship."

"Oh, but my brother has dressed up!" cried the girl. "Very much so. No end, if I may say so. Why he's bearing down on you now in all his glory."

The noble lord was indeed marching toward them in a magnificent sixteenth-century costume of purple and gold, with a gold-hilted sword and a plumed cap, and manners to match. Indeed, there was something more than his usual expansiveness of bodily action in his appearance at that moment. It almost seemed, so to speak, that the plumes on his hat had gone to his head. He flapped his great, gold-lined cloak like the wings of a fairy king in a pantomime; he even drew his sword with a flourish and waved it about as he did his walking-stick. In the light of after events there seemed to be something monstrous and ominous about that exuberance, something of the spirit that is called *fey*. At the time it merely crossed a few people's minds that he might possibly be drunk.

As he strode toward his sister the first figure he passed was that of Leonard Crane, clad in Lincoln green, with the horn and baldrick and sword appropriate to Robin Hood; for he was standing nearest to the lady, where, indeed, he might have been found during a disproportionate part of the time. He had displayed one of his buried talents in the matter of skating, and now that the skating was over seemed disposed to prolong the partnership. The boisterous Bulmer playfully made a pass at him with his drawn sword, going forward with the lunge in the proper fencing fashion, and making a somewhat too familiar Shakespearean quotation about a rodent and a Venetian coin.

Probably in Crane also there was a subdued excitement just then; anyhow, in one flash he had drawn his own sword and parried; and then suddenly, to the surprise of everyone, Bulmer's weapon

seemed to spring out of his hand into the air and rolled away on the ringing ice.

"Well, I never!" said the lady, as if with justifiable indignation. "You never told me you could fence, too."

Bulmer put up his sword with an air rather bewildered than annoyed, which increased the impression of something irresponsible in his mood at the moment; then he turned rather abruptly to his lawyer, saying:

"We can settle up about the estate after dinner; I've missed nearly all the skating as it is, and I doubt if the ice will hold till to-morrow night. I think I shall get up early and have a spin by myself."

"You won't be disturbed with my company," said Horne Fisher, in his weary fashion. "If I have to begin the day with ice, in the American fashion, I prefer it in smaller quantities. But no early hours for me in December. The early bird catches the cold."

"Oh, I sha'n't die of catching a cold," answered Bulmer, and laughed.

A considerable group of the skating party had consisted of the guests staying at the house, and the rest had tailed off in twos and threes some time before most of the guests began to retire for the night. Neighbors, always invited to Prior's Park on such occasions, went back to their own houses in motors or on foot; the legal and archæological gentleman had returned to the Inns of Court by a late train, to get a paper called for during his consultation with his client; and most of the other guests were drifting and lingering at various stages on their way up to bed. Horne Fisher, as if to deprive himself of any excuse for his refusal of early rising, had been the first to retire to his room; but, sleepy as he looked, he could not sleep. He had picked up from a table the book of antiquarian topography, in which Haddow had found his first hints about the origin of the local name, and, being a man with a quiet and quaint capacity for being interested in anything, he began to read

it steadily, making notes now and then of details on which his previous reading left him with a certain doubt about his present conclusions. His room was the one nearest to the lake in the center of the woods, and was therefore the quietest, and none of the last echoes of the evening's festivity could reach him. He had followed carefully the argument which established the derivation from Mr. Prior's farm and the hole in the wall, and disposed of any fashionable fancy about monks and magic wells, when he began to be conscious of a noise audible in the frozen silence of the night. It was not a particularly loud noise, but it seemed to consist of a series of thuds or heavy blows, such as might be struck on a wooden door by a man seeking to enter. They were followed by something like a faint creak or crack, as if the obstacle had either been opened or had given way. He opened his own bedroom door and listened, but as he heard talk and laughter all over the lower floors, he had no reason to fear that a summons would be neglected or the house left without protection. He went to his open window, looking out over the frozen pond and the moonlit statue in the middle of their circle of darkling woods, and listened again. But silence had returned to that silent place, and, after straining his ears for a considerable time, he could hear nothing but the solitary hoot of a distant departing train. Then he reminded himself how many nameless noises can be heard by the wakeful during the most ordinary night, and, shrugging his shoulders, went wearily to bed.

He awoke suddenly and sat up in bed with his ears filled, as with thunder, with the throbbing echoes of a rending cry. He remained rigid for a moment, and then sprang out of bed, throwing on the loose gown of sacking he had worn all day. He went first to the window, which was open, but covered with a thick curtain, so that his room was still completely dark; but when he tossed the curtain aside and put his head out, he



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

"AREN'T YOU GOING TO DRESS UP?" ASKED JULIET

saw that a gray and silver daybreak had already appeared behind the black woods that surrounded the little lake, and that was all that he did see. Though the sound had certainly come in through the open window from this direction, the whole scene was still and empty under the morning light as under the moonlight. Then the long, rather lackadaisical hand he had laid on a window-sill gripped it tighter, as if to master a tremor, and his peering blue eyes grew bleak with fear. It may seem that his emotion was exaggerated and needless, considering the effort of common sense by which he had conquered his nervousness about the noise on the previous night. But that had been a very different sort of noise. It might have been made by half a hundred things, from the chopping of wood to the breaking of bottles. There was only one thing in nature from which could come the sound that echoed through that dark house at daybreak. It was the awful articulate voice of man; and it was something worse, for he knew what man.

He knew also that it had been a shout for help. It seemed to him that he had heard the very word; but the word, short as it was, had been swallowed up, as if the man had been stifled or snatched away even as he spoke. Only the mocking reverberations of it remained even in his memory, but he had no doubt of the original voice. He had no doubt that the great bull's voice of Francis Bray, Baron Bulmer, had been heard for the last time between the darkness and the lifting dawn.

How long he stood there he never knew, but he was startled into life by the first living thing that he saw stirring in that half-frozen landscape. Along the path beside the lake, and immediately under his window, a figure was walking slowly and softly, but with great composure—a stately figure in robes of a splendid scarlet; it was the Italian prince, still in his cardinal's costume. Most of the company had indeed lived in their costumes for the last day or two,

and Fisher himself had assumed his frock of sacking as a convenient dressing gown; but there seemed, nevertheless, something unusually finished and formal, in the way of an early bird, about this magnificent red cockatoo. It was as if the early bird had been up all night.

"What is the matter?" he called, sharply, leaning out of the window, and the Italian turned up his great yellow face like a mask of brass.

"We had better discuss it downstairs," said Prince Borodino.

Fisher ran downstairs, and encountered the great, red-robed figure entering the doorway and blocking the entrance with his bulk.

"Did you hear that cry?" demanded Fisher.

"I heard a noise and I came out," answered the diplomatist, and his face was too dark in the shadow for its expression to be read.

"It was Bulmer's voice," insisted Fisher. "I'll swear it was Bulmer's voice."

"Did you know him well?" asked the other.

The question seemed irrelevant, though it was not illogical, and Fisher could only answer in a random fashion that he knew Lord Bulmer only slightly.

"Nobody seems to have known him well," continued the Italian, in level tones. "Nobody except that man Brain. Brain is rather older than Bulmer, but I fancy they shared a good many secrets."

Fisher moved abruptly, as if waking from a momentary trance, and said, in a new and more vigorous voice, "But look here, hadn't we better get outside and see if anything has happened."

"The ice seems to be thawing," said the other, almost with indifference.

When they emerged from the house, dark stains and stars in the gray field of ice did indeed indicate that the frost was breaking up, as their host had prophesied the day before, and the very memory of yesterday brought back the mystery of to-day.

"He knew there would be a thaw,"

observed the prince. "He went out skating quite early on purpose. Did he call out because he landed in the water, do you think?"

Fisher looked puzzled. "Bulmer was the last man to bellow like that because he got his boots wet. And that's all he could do here; the water would hardly come up to the calf of a man of his size. You can see the flat weeds on the floor of the lake, as if it were through a thin pane of glass. No, if Bulmer had only broken the ice he wouldn't have said much at the moment, though possibly a good deal afterward. We should have found him stamping and damning up and down this path, and calling for clean boots."

"Let us hope we shall find him as happily employed," remarked the diplomatist. "In that case the voice must have come out of the wood."

"I'll swear it didn't come out of the house," said Fisher; and the two disappeared together into the twilight of wintry trees.

The plantation stood dark against the fiery colors of sunrise, a black fringe having that feathery appearance which makes trees when they are bare the very reverse of rugged. Hours and hours afterward, when the same dense, but delicate, margin was dark against the cool greenish colors opposite the sunset, the search thus begun at sunrise had not come to an end. By successive stages, and to slowly gathering groups of the company, it became apparent that the most extraordinary of all gaps had appeared in the party; the guests could find no trace of their host anywhere. The servants reported that his bed had been slept in and his skates and his fancy costume were gone, as if he had risen early for the purpose he had himself avowed. But from the top of the house to the bottom, from the walls round the park to the pond in the center, there was no trace of Lord Bulmer, dead or alive. Horne Fisher realized that a chilling premonition had already prevented him from expecting to find the man alive.

But his bald brow was wrinkled over an entirely new and unnatural problem, in not finding the man at all.

He considered the possibility of Bulmer having gone off of his own accord, for some reason; but after fully weighing it he finally dismissed it. It was inconsistent with the unmistakable voice heard at daybreak, and with many other practical obstacles. There was only one gateway in the ancient and lofty wall round the small park; the lodge keeper kept it locked till late in the morning, and the lodge keeper had seen no one pass. Fisher was fairly sure that he had before him a mathematical problem in an inclosed space. His instinct had been from the first so attuned to the tragedy that it would have been almost a relief to him to find the corpse. He would have been grieved, but not horrified, to come on the nobleman's body dangling from one of his own trees as from a gibbet, or floating in his own pool like a pallid weed. What horrified him was to find nothing.

He soon became conscious that he was not alone even in his most individual and isolated experiments. He often found a figure following him like his shadow, in silent and almost secret clearings in the plantation or outlying nooks and corners of the old wall. The dark-mustached mouth was as mute as the deep eyes were mobile, darting incessantly hither and thither, but it was clear that Brain of the Indian police had taken up the trail like an old hunter after a tiger. Seeing that he was the only personal friend of the vanished man, this seemed natural enough, and Fisher resolved to deal frankly with him.

"This silence is rather a social strain," he said. "May I break the ice by talking about the weather?—which, by the way, has already broken the ice. I know that breaking the ice might be a rather melancholy metaphor in this case."

"I don't think so," replied Brain, shortly. "I don't fancy the ice had much to do with it. I don't see how it could."

"What would you propose doing?" asked Fisher.

"Well, we've sent for the authorities, of course, but I hope to find something out before they come," replied the Anglo-Indian. "I can't say I have much hope from police methods in this country. Too much red tape, habeas corpus and that sort of thing. What we want is to see that nobody bolts; the nearest we could get to it would be to collect the company and count them, so to speak. Nobody's left lately, except that lawyer who was poking about for antiquities."

"Oh, he's out of it; he left last night," answered the other. "Eight hours after Bulmer's chauffeur saw his lawyer off by the train I heard Bulmer's own voice as plain as I hear yours now."

"I suppose you don't believe in spirits?" said the man from India. After a pause he added: "There's somebody else I should like to find, before we go after a fellow with an alibi in the Inner Temple. What's become of that fellow in green—the architect dressed up as a forester? I haven't seen him about."

Mr. Brain managed to secure his assembly of all the distracted company before the arrival of the police. But when he first began to comment once more on the young architect's delay in putting in an appearance, he found himself in the presence of a minor mystery, and a psychological development of an entirely unexpected kind.

Juliet Bray had confronted the catastrophe of her brother's disappearance with a somber stoicism in which there was, perhaps, more paralysis than pain; but when the other question came to the surface she was both agitated and angry.

"We don't want to jump to any conclusions about anybody," Brain was saying in his staccato style. "But we should like to know a little more about Mr. Crane. Nobody seems to know much about him, or where he comes from. And it seems a sort of coincidence that yesterday he actually crossed swords with poor Bulmer, and could have stuck him, too, since he showed

himself the better swordsman. Of course, that may be an accident and couldn't possibly be called a case against anybody; but then we haven't the means to make a real case against anybody. Till the police come we are only a pack of very amateur sleuthhounds."

"And I think you're a pack of snobs," said Juliet. "Because Mr. Crane is a genius who's made his own way, you try to suggest he's a murderer without daring to say so. Because he wore a toy sword and happened to know how to use it, you want us to believe he used it like a bloodthirsty maniac for no reason in the world. And because he could have hit my brother and didn't, you deduce that he did. That's the sort of way you argue. And as for his having disappeared, you're wrong in that as you are in everything else, for here he comes."

And, indeed, the green figure of the fictitious Robin Hood slowly detached itself from the gray background of the trees, and came toward them as she spoke.

He approached the group slowly, but with composure; but he was decidedly pale, and the eyes of Brain and Fisher had already taken in one detail of the green-clad figure more clearly than all the rest. The horn still swung from his baldrick, but the sword was gone.

Rather to the surprise of the company, Brain did not follow up the question thus suggested; but, while retaining an air of leading the inquiry, had also an appearance of changing the subject.

"Now we're all assembled," he observed, quietly, "there is a question I want to ask to begin with. Did anybody here actually see Lord Bulmer this morning?"

Leonard Crane turned his pale face round the circle of faces till he came to Juliet's; then he compressed his lips a little and said:

"Yes, I saw him."

"Was he alive and well?" asked Brain, quickly. "How was he dressed?"

"He appeared exceedingly well," replied Crane, with a curious intonation.

"He was dressed as he was yesterday, in that purple costume copied from the portrait of his ancestor in the sixteenth century. He had his skates in his hand."

"And his sword at his side, I suppose," added the questioner. "Where is your own sword, Mr. Crane?"

"I threw it away."

In the singular silence that ensued, the train of thought in many minds became involuntarily a series of colored pictures.

They had grown used to their fanciful garments looking more gay and gorgeous against the dark gray and streaky silver of the forest, so that the moving figures glowed like stained-glass saints walking. The effect had been more fitting because so many of them had idly parodied pontifical or monastic dress. But the most arresting attitude that remained in their memories had been anything but merely monastic; that of the moment when the figure in bright green and the other in vivid violet had for a moment made a silver cross of their crossing swords. Even when it was a jest it had been something of a drama; and it was a strange and sinister thought that in the gray daybreak the same figures in the same posture might have been repeated as a tragedy.

"Did you quarrel with him?" asked Brain, suddenly.

"Yes," replied the immovable man in green. "Or he quarreled with me."

"Why did he quarrel with you?" asked the investigator; and Leonard Crane made no reply.

Horne Fisher, curiously enough, had only given half his attention to this crucial cross-examination. His heavy-lidded eyes had languidly followed the figure of Prince Borodino, who at this stage had strolled away toward the fringe of the wood; and, after a pause, as of meditation, had disappeared into the darkness of the trees.

He was recalled from his irrelevance by the voice of Juliet Bray, which rang out with an altogether new note of decision:

"If that is the difficulty, it had best be cleared up. I am engaged to Mr. Crane, and when we told my brother he did not approve of it; that is all."

Neither Brain nor Fisher exhibited any surprise, but the former added, quietly:

"Except, I suppose, that he and your brother went off into the wood to discuss it, where Mr. Crane mislaid his sword, not to mention his companion."

"And may I ask," inquired Crane, with a certain flicker of mockery passing over his pallid features, "what I am supposed to have done with either of them? Let us adopt the cheerful thesis that I am a murderer; it has yet to be shown that I am a magician. If I ran your unfortunate friend through the body, what did I do with the body? Did I have it carried away by seven flying dragons, or was it merely a trifling matter of turning it into a milk-white hind?"

"It is no occasion for sneering," said the Anglo-Indian judge, with abrupt authority. "It doesn't make it look better for you that you can joke about the loss."

Fisher's dreamy, and even dreary, eye was still on the edge of the wood behind, and he became conscious of masses of dark red, like a stormy sunset cloud, glowing through the gray network of the thin trees, and the prince in his cardinal's robes re-emerged on to the pathway. Brain had had half a notion that the prince might have gone to look for the lost rapier. But when he re-appeared he was carrying in his hand, not a sword, but an ax.

The incongruity between the masquerade and the mystery had created a curious psychological atmosphere. At first they had all felt horribly ashamed at being caught in the foolish disguises of a festival, by an event that had only too much the character of a funeral. Many of them would have already gone back and dressed in clothes that were more funereal or at least more formal. But somehow at the moment this seemed like a second masquerade, more artificial

and frivolous than the first. And as they reconciled themselves to their ridiculous trappings, a curious sensation had come over some of them, notably over the more sensitive, like Crane and Fisher and Juliet, but in some degree over everybody except the practical Mr. Brain. It was almost as if they were the ghosts of their own ancestors haunting that dark wood and dismal lake, and playing some old part that they only half remembered. The movements of those colored figures seemed to mean something that had been settled long before, like a silent heraldry. Acts, attitudes, external objects, were accepted as an allegory even without the key; and they knew when a crisis had come, when they did not know what it was. And somehow they knew subconsciously that the whole tale had taken a new and terrible turn, when they saw the prince stand in the gap of the gaunt trees, in his robes of angry crimson and with his lowering face of bronze, bearing in his hand a new shape of death. They could not have named a reason, but the two swords seemed indeed to have become toy swords, and the whole tale of them broken and tossed away like a toy. Borodino looked like the Old World headsman, clad in terrible red, and carrying the ax for the execution of the criminal. And the criminal was not Crane.

Mr. Brain of the Indian police was glaring at the new object, and it was a moment or two before he spoke, harshly and almost hoarsely.

"What are you doing with that?" he asked. "Seems to be a woodman's chopper."

"A natural association of ideas," observed Horne Fisher. "If you meet a cat in a wood you think it's a wildcat, though it may have just strolled from the drawing-room sofa. As a matter of fact, I happen to know that is not the woodman's chopper. It's the kitchen chopper, or meat ax, or something like that, that somebody has thrown away in the wood. I saw it in the kitchen

myself, when I was getting the potato sacks with which I reconstructed a mediæval hermit."

"All the same, it is not without interest," remarked the prince, holding out the instrument to Fisher, who took it and examined it carefully. "A butcher's cleaver that has done butcher's work."

"It was certainly the instrument of the crime," assented Fisher, in a low voice.

Brain was staring at the dull blue gleam of the ax head with fierce and fascinated eyes. "I don't understand you," he said. "There is no—there are no marks on it."

"It has shed no blood," answered Fisher, "but for all that it has committed a crime. This is as near as the criminal came to the crime when he committed it."

"What do you mean?"

"He was not there when he did it," explained Fisher. "It's a poor sort of murderer who can't murder people when he isn't there."

"You seem to be talking merely for the sake of mystification," said Brain. "If you have any practical advice to give you might as well make it intelligible."

"The only practical advice I can suggest," said Fisher, thoughtfully, "is a little research into local topography and nomenclature. They say there used to be a Mr. Prior, who had a farm in this neighborhood. I think some details about the domestic life of the late Mr. Prior would throw a light on this terrible business."

"And you have nothing more immediate than your topography to offer," said Brain, with a sneer, "to help me to avenge my friend?"

"Well," said Fisher, "I should find out the truth about the Hole in the Wall."

That night, at the close of a stormy twilight and under a strong west wind that followed the breaking of the frost, Leonard Crane was wending his way in a wild rotatory walk round and round the high, continuous wall that inclosed



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

HE FOUND ANOTHER FIGURE BESIDE THE STATUE, ALMOST EQUALLY MOTIONLESS

the little wood. He was driven by a desperate idea of solving for himself the riddle that had clouded his reputation and already even threatened his liberty. The police authorities, now in charge of the inquiry, had not arrested him, but he knew well enough that if he tried to move far afield he would be instantly arrested. Horne Fisher's fragmentary hints, though he had refused to expand them as yet, had stirred the artistic temperament of the architect to a sort of wild analysis, and he was resolved to read the hieroglyph upside down and every way until it made sense. If it was something connected with a hole in the wall he would find the hole in the wall; but, as a matter of fact, he was unable to find the faintest crack in the wall. His professional knowledge told him that the masonry was all of one workmanship and one date, and, except for the regular entrance, which threw no light on the mystery, he found nothing suggesting any sort of hiding place or means of escape. Walking a narrow path between the winding wall and the wild eastward bend and sweep of the gray and feathery trees, seeing shifting gleams of a lost sunset winking almost like lightning as the clouds of tempest scudded across the sky and mingling with the first faint blue light from a slowly strengthened moon behind him, he began to feel his head going round as his heels were going round and round the blind recurrent barrier. He had thoughts on the border of thought; fancies about a fourth dimension which was itself a hole to hide anything, of seeing everything from a new angle out of a new window in the senses; or of some mystical light and transparency, like the new rays of chemistry, in which he could see Bulmer's body, horrible and glaring, floating in a lurid halo over the woods and the wall. He was haunted also with the hint, which somehow seemed to be equally horrifying, that it all had something to do with Mr. Prior. There seemed even to be something creepy in the fact that he was always respectfully

referred to as Mr. Prior, and that it was in the domestic life of the dead farmer that he had been bidden to seek the seed of these dreadful things. As a matter of fact, he had found that no local inquiries had revealed anything at all about the Prior family.

The moonlight had broadened and brightened, the wind had driven off the clouds and itself died fitfully away, when he came round again to the artificial lake in front of the house. For some reason it looked a very artificial lake; indeed, the whole scene was like a classical landscape with a touch of Watteau; the Palladian façade of the house pale in the moon, and the same silver touching the very pagan and naked marble nymph in the middle of the pond. Rather to his surprise, he found another figure there beside the statue, sitting almost equally motionless; and the same silver pencil traced the wrinkled brow and patient face of Horne Fisher, still dressed as a hermit and apparently practising something of the solitude of a hermit. Nevertheless, he looked up at Leonard Crane and smiled, almost as if he had expected him.

"Look here," said Crane, planting himself in front of him, "can you tell me anything about this business?"

"I shall soon have to tell everybody everything about it," replied Fisher, "but I've no objection to telling you something first. But, to begin with, will you tell me something? What really happened when you met Bulmer this morning? You did throw away your sword, but you didn't kill him."

"I didn't kill him because I threw away my sword," said the other. "I did it on purpose—or I'm not sure what might have happened."

After a pause he went on, quietly: "The late Lord Bulmer was a very breezy gentleman, extremely breezy. He was very genial with his inferiors, and would have his lawyer and his architect staying in his house for all sorts of holidays and amusements. But there was another side to him, which they found

out when they tried to be his equals. When I told him that his sister and I were engaged, something happened which I simply can't and won't describe. It seemed to me like some monstrous upheaval of madness. But I suppose the truth is painfully simple. There is such a thing as the coarseness of a gentleman. And it is the most horrible thing in humanity."

"I know," said Fisher. "The Renaissance nobles of the Tudor time were like that."

"It is odd that you should say that," Crane went on. "For while we were talking there came on me a curious feeling that we were repeating some scene of the past, and that I was really some outlaw, found in the woods like Robin Hood, and that he had really stepped in all his plumes and purple out of the picture frame of the ancestral portrait. Anyhow, he was the man in possession, and he neither feared God nor regarded man. I defied him, of course, and walked away. I might really have killed him if I had not walked away."

"Yes," said Fisher, nodding, "his ancestor was in possession and he was in possession, and this is the end of the story. It all fits in."

"Fits in with what?" cried his companion, with sudden impatience. "I can't make head or tail of it. You tell me to look for the secret in the hole in the wall, but I can't find any hole in the wall."

"There isn't any," said Fisher. "That's the secret." After reflecting a moment, he added: "Unless you call it a hole in the wall of the world. Look here; I'll tell you if you like, but I'm afraid it involves an introduction. You've got to understand one of the tricks of the modern mind, a tendency that most people obey without noticing it. In the village or suburb outside there's an inn with the sign of St. George and the Dragon. Now suppose I went about telling everybody that this was only a corruption of King George and the Dragoon. Scores of people would be-

lieve it, without any inquiry, from a vague feeling that it's probable because it's prosaic. It turns something romantic and legendary into something recent and ordinary. And that somehow makes it sound rational, though it is unsupported by reason. Of course some people would have the sense to remember having seen St. George in old Italian pictures and French romances, but a good many wouldn't think about it at all. They would just swallow the scepticism because it was scepticism. Modern intelligence won't accept anything on authority. But it will accept anything without authority. That's exactly what has happened here.

"When some critic or other chose to say that Prior's Park was not a priory, but was named after some quite modern man named Prior, nobody really tested the theory at all. It never occurred to anybody repeating the story to ask if there *was* any Mr. Prior, if anybody had ever seen him or heard of him. As a matter of fact, it was a priory, and shared the fate of most priories—that is, the Tudor gentleman with the plumes simply stole it by brute force and turned it into his own private house; he did worse things, as you shall hear. But the point here is that this is how the trick works, and the trick works in the same way in the other part of the tale. The name of this district is printed Holinwall in all the best maps produced by the scholars; and they allude lightly, not without a smile, to the fact that it was pronounced Holiwell by the most ignorant and old-fashioned of the poor. But it is spelled wrong and pronounced right."

"Do you mean to say," asked Crane, quickly, "that there really was a well?"

"There is a well," said Fisher, "and the truth lies at the bottom of it."

As he spoke he stretched out his hand and pointed toward the sheet of water in front of him.

"The well is under that water somewhere," he said, "and this is not the first tragedy connected with it. The founder

of this house did something which his fellow ruffians very seldom did; something that had to be hushed up even in the anarchy of the pillage of the monasteries. The well was connected with the miracles of some saint, and the last prior that guarded it was something like a saint himself; certainly he was something very like a martyr. He defied the new owner and dared him to pollute the place, till the noble, in a fury, stabbed him and flung his body into the well, whither, after four hundred years, it has been followed by an heir of the usurper, clad in the same purple and walking the world with the same pride."

"But how did it happen," demanded Crane, "that for the first time Bulmer fell in at that particular spot?"

"Because the ice was only loosened at that particular spot, by the only man who knew it," answered Horne Fisher. "It was cracked deliberately, with the kitchen chopper, at that special place; and I myself heard the hammering and did not understand it. The place had been covered with an artificial lake, if only because the whole truth had to be covered with an artificial legend. But don't you see that it is exactly what those pagan nobles would have done, to desecrate it with a sort of heathen goddess, as the Roman Emperor built a temple to Venus on the Holy Sepulchre. But the truth could still be traced out, by any scholarly man determined to trace it. And this man was determined to trace it."

"What man?" asked the other, with a shadow of the answer in his mind.

"The only man who has an alibi," replied Fisher. "James Haddow, the antiquarian lawyer, left the night before the fatality, but he left that black star of death on the ice. He left abruptly, having previously proposed to stay; probably, I think, after an ugly scene with Bulmer, at their legal interview. As you know yourself, Bulmer could make a man feel pretty murderous, and I rather fancy the lawyer had himself irregularities to confess, and was in dan-

ger of exposure by his client. But it's my reading of human nature that a man will cheat in his trade, but not in his hobby. Haddow may have been a dishonest lawyer, but he couldn't help being an honest antiquary. When he got on the track of the truth about the Holy Well he had to follow it up; he was not to be bamboozled with newspaper anecdotes about Mr. Prior and a hole in the wall; he found out everything, even to the exact location of the well, and he was rewarded, if being a successful assassin can be regarded as a reward."

"And how did you get on the track of all this hidden history?" asked the young architect.

A cloud came across the brow of Horne Fisher. "I knew only too much about it already," he said, "and, after all, it's shameful for me to be speaking lightly of poor Bulmer, who has paid his penalty; but the rest of us haven't. I dare say every cigar I smoke and every liqueur I drink comes directly or indirectly from the harrying of the holy places and the persecution of the poor. After all, it needs very little poking about in the past to find that hole in the wall, that great breach in the defences of English history. It lies just under the surface of a thin sheet of sham information and instruction, just as the black and blood-stained well lies just under that floor of shallow water and flat weeds. Oh, the ice is thin, but it bears; it is strong enough to support us when we dress up as monks and dance on it, in mockery of the dear, quaint old Middle Ages. They told me I must put on fancy dress; so I did put on fancy dress, according to my own taste and fancy. I put on the only costume I think fit for a man who has inherited the position of a gentleman, and yet has not entirely lost the feelings of one."

In answer to a look of inquiry, he rose with a sweeping and downward gesture.

"Sackcloth," he said; "and I would wear the ashes as well if they would stay on my bald head."

THE MEDENINE ROAD

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THE Medenine Road starts into the south from Gabes, the lowermost of the three windows looking out of the top story of Africa to the east. Turn to the map of Africa and you will see it, this top floor of "three pieces," Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia, and then—like one of those same convenient arrangements in Paris—a sheer east wall to catch the sun that comes over the roof of the floor below, big Egypt and little Tripoli. And, observing closely, you will mark where some one has knocked a brick off the upper cornice, a good-sized, crumbly cornered brick that has lodged perilously on a ledge near the foot of the wall—Djerba, the ancient isle of the *lotophagi*.

Sousse, Sfax, and Gabes are the window cities, all nicely spaced for architecture's sake on the eastern wall. So on the map you can see them. But you cannot hear them roar.

They roar moderately—with the roaring of the rain. Not in the ordinary, or poetical, sense of the metaphor. The rain that roars in these cities roars far away, one yellow night out of the year deep in the Djerid or a week of thunder on the plain of Kairwan. And it is the echo then that begins to travel, slowly for a while, at the speed of runlets seeping under clay and sand, of growing fibers and turning fruit. Gathering momentum, it creeps away at a lounging camel rate. By and by it swings into the jangling thirty miles a day of little phosphate railways. It wins at length to the star-scattering pace of the "Bone-Guelma." (For a week we were under the illusion that the big brass number plates on the absurd little engines said "B.C. 209," or the like, and we had got most of the meat out of the joke before

an outraged colonial put us right.) But so the echoes of those distant, long-dried rains come up, growing, growing, out of the empty lands behind, and so they begin to whir and rumble and roar in the old *souks* and the raw, new warehouses of Sousse at the top, Sfax in the middle, and Gabes in its oasis at the bottom of the wall.

From Gabes starts the trunk road that goes into the "deep south" toward the Tripolitan frontier. By the same token, like all roads in northern Africa, it starts at a profoundly unsatisfactory hour of the morning. Not morning! Inky and veritable night rests about our pillows in the Hôtel de l'Oasis. Somewhere above them, disembodied, unreachable, horrid with the optimism of the hardened early bird, the voice of Abd el Kader plucks and bothers. . . . It would be better to start to-morrow. . . . But he will not go away.

We dress and shudder abroad like old men. There can be no colder place on the globe than the coast of Barbary before dawn of a late November morning. We huddle about, our eyes blinking painfully at ghosts of things, our ears deafened by the cough and grunt of the motor getting itself awake under the hood of the huge dust-colored *camion* which is to take us the first stage of our journey down the Medenine Road.

And then we begin to wait and wait and wait, as you always wait in Africa if you happen to be there on time. We wait, and curse Abd el Kader in the shivering blackness of our hearts, and wait some more, and while we wait the sky turns gray.

At last, of course, waiting even in Barbary must come to an end. At last

the cough seems to have got properly down into the engine's chest, and while one sleek-haired young Italian climbs up to the driver's seat beside us, a second sleek-haired young Italian takes stock of the load from behind, with pride, I imagine (the low pride of a South Boston conductor in the rush hour), and perhaps (since the road is known to be bad in spots) with some misgiving. For all the animate and inanimate world, bound into the south of Tunisia on this day of late November, 1920, is packed under the vaulted canvas of that *camion*. (The world civil, that is to say. The military is already an hour on the road.)

To begin with, as a kind of "well begun, half done," the nave of the edifice is occupied by three enormous casks of wine. Around and over this foundation is laid and stamped down a bewildering assortment of bales, boxes, feed-bags, Arabs, eggs, Berbers, Soudanese, loaves, squashes, rugs, guns, our luggage, and Abd el Kader. So that there is not a cranny left, and it is rather appalling, when the second Italian cries, "*En voiture!*" in the best "All-aboard" voice of a "B.C." railway guard, to find that half of the dim crowd of hangers about in the street are expecting to go, too. Some of them end by sitting and sagging perilously on the roof.

And so we start. And so, after a momentary halt under the arctic penumbra of palms before the Gabes post, we roll out along the Medenine Road. And as we roll the world turns red.

We climb steeply to win the edge of a high plain, and there is the sun lying oblate and heavy on the sea. Behind us for an instant the town glows pink—the raw warehouses and barracks of the "new town," the white-roofed "old town," the low, dust-green ribbon of the oasis with its microscopic snowy domes of saints' tombs, and all the clumsy-masted ships at anchor far off the beach.

A turn and a drop, and that is gone. Then the sea is gone, and we are left alone on the wide, brown, naked treadmill of the plain. I call it a treadmill, for

after a while that is the illusion which fastens itself on the mind. Ahead the rock-built road lies flat and straight away as a ruler to the sky; passing under the machine it rolls away as flat and straight to the horizon astern. And so, perforce of logic, it must pass beneath and come up again ahead, bringing around at ordered intervals the same dry ravine of a *oued* to be rocked and bumped across, the same tiny, ragged-palmed oasis, the same blue-juped nomad women washing clothes by the same concrete well, and the same Bedouin man riding to market with his wife padding along behind, carrying the baby and twisting the camel's tail.

Two things only run continuous around the wide belt of the treadmill. One is the mountain wall to the west. It marches forever the same, a pink phantom range veined with shadows of heliotrope, unbroken by any visible gate or pass, guarding inviolate the ghosts of the brigands who died so violently a week ago that the bruit of it has come down into the plain. . . . It is a story of the Middle Ages in this western Orient—all confused and rumorously and bloody. A tale of the buying of a wife for twelve camels and three thousand paper francs (so beautiful she was), of the envious and successful lusting of the brigand chief; of murder by night in the tents; of revenge in the full, smoky light of a mountain-town café; of the marching and countermarching of troops; of outlaws slipping away by hill trails into the mirage of the south. . . all behind those phantom mountains of heliotrope and pink.

The other thing that runs unbroken past us into the rear is the paradox of an emptiness crowded with life. I have seen it all down the east coast, but never more unsettling and bizarre than here.

There is a loneliness on this high and arid plain such as I have known in no other place (certainly never on the sea)—a sheer nothingness paved with hard, bare, yellow ground and rolling pebbles the size of a fist. The sky, all in one

piece of blinding blue, is not so vacant as this horizontal desolation. Not a tree, not a blade of grass, not a human habitation in the visible world, and yet thronged with human life.

That is the paradox and the wonder. Not a stick of the machinery of existence within the circle of the horizon, and existence all the same. Even while one gazes at an empty space of earth, the earth begins to move under the eyes, multitudinously—an abrupt, soundless interweaving of head-muffled plowmen bearing down on sharpened sticks drawn by asses, mules, cows, camels—a whole assorted company of them marching and countermarching, looping, cross-cutting, scratching the abundant desert at random—sunlit gnomes that vanish out of the focus of sight as mysteriously as they came, giving place always to more. . . . Or a tiny monolith reared among the rolling stones becomes a Bedouin, standing motionless in the center of the universe and staring out of the swathing folds of his burnoose at nothing at all. Or another walking as if with a reason, where no reason can be, striding from horizon to horizon. Or out of the shimmering vacuum pop troops of children that come racing silently, their scant and ragged garments flowing in the wind, to watch the daily diligence go by, and, in the very moment of its passing, turn their backs and hide their faces in their brown little tattooed hands. And these, too, when one looks a second time, are gone, and the high desert is blank again.

So for hour on hour we roll this mill around; the sun, swimming high, burns in the back of the eyes; and it will never end.

But it has ended. We have escaped the bedeviled floor; we have jolted across that dry *oued* and rumbled through that ragged oasis for the last time; affairs take on authentic motion. The mountain range draws nearer and suddenly bends across our way, and we have to climb, rumbling in “second,” the canvas edifice behind us sprouting Arab heads and arms and long, inquiring

legs. We thunder in a gorge. A square mountain stands over us with a French *poste optique* for times of trouble perched castlewise on a cliff. The voice of the engine chokes off, and in the appalling explosion of silence we begin to coast down for miles into the nether world of the south. We debouch through a mountain amphitheater, where grass springs faintly and stunted date palms range around, and, clearing the shoulder of a spur, with all its strata upended, like a layer cake dropped on its side, we hurtle in silence down a straight road between the old mud cities of the *Ouerghamma League*. Metameur, crowning a hilltop to the right with its ruinous *ksar* (the shore house of that Berber confederation), the color of the earth that gave it, swims rearward in the sky. Medenine, the capital, guarding the middle marches of the road that bears its name, lifts its absurd skyscrapers over us on the left. We take the palm-fringed stream beneath it at a swoop and draw up in the shadeless desert of a French square topping the farther bluff.

Desolation of desolation. On one side, low blocks of habitation built for Italians and dwelt in by Jews; on the other, far off, the uninspiring plaster lumps of the military camp that watches the frontier of Italian Barbary; between, a plain of dust and a dusty well!

The sun shines white and hot. We get down from the *camion* stiff with cold. The back door of the truck is in active eruption. The tangled outpouring of the images of the One God gives up Abd el Kader, who shakes out the once snowy folds of his bloomer pants and eyes us with the saddened eye of the metropolitan, as much as to say, “Oh, why have you brought me here?”

There is a “hotel.” It has been closed for a long, long time. In its closed state it is presided over by a very lean and very youthful Berber with the longest and nudest legs I have ever seen. Two window shutters are pried open, and two rooms are ready.

Abd el Kader’s face is a study. He

lives in a dug-out corner of the Punic ruins of Carthage, and his door, which is his window and his chimney as well, opens on a little paddock of mud. But the fine tradition of cities is in his blood. However he got through three years in the trenches I cannot say. I think just now some ghostly memory of the Great War is creeping back to him. As our official sensory nerve, he regards the floor, the peeling wallpaper, the beds; and a subconscious right thumb is scratching a meditative left rib the while. We leave the baggage there and flee into the open air.

Famine is in us. We manage to find an omelette in a cavernous place full of expatriated Neopolitans and indigenous flies, and bolt for the sun again. We go down into the narrow oasis.

Ever since I was old enough to spell out the word under the picture on the second page of the second-grade geography, oases have held a strong grip on my imagination. The idea of those tiny and verdant islands of refuge lost in dry seas—and the imagined sound of purling waters—and even the shape and taste of the word in the mouth, “oasis:” there is something that draws.

As I have seen them so far in southern Tunisia they have been a little disappointing, and for a curious reason. They look too much like the pictures. Too precisely! And it's not Gauguin, either; it's the water-color spinster lady dabbling in the back of Brounstein Freres's African Views and Colored Post Card Shop. Colored post cards, on my oath! . . . with the sun westering a bit, and the palm boles on the far side of the stream mirroring in the placid water, and the whitewashed dome of a Marabout's tomb showing through at the accepted spot in the composition, and the three Bedouin women squatting on the three flat rocks in the pool, beating out the “wash” to the ordained glitter of earrings and silver anklets, and the hue marked “pink” sliding all down over the picture—it's too exact.

But perhaps, after all, it is not so

much the fault of post cards this time as of the fact that the Bedouin wash ladies, who seem to be young, and who are certainly bejeweled to the largest and heaviest heart's content of beauty, steadfastly refuse to turn their faces in our direction, even casually. Prowl about as we may among the hot stones on the bank, our toes on squeamish guard against the scorpions that are not there, the bejeweled girls in the stream are always washing away, somehow, at the same abiding angle of one hundred and eighty degrees.

It's a little disconcerting. After all, we are men. We are strange men. Their woman's hearts *must* be aquiver. After all, they ought at least to *want* to steal a peep. . . . It's rather bitter.

They are afraid of us! That's a different thing. Having evolved this discovery in unison we prick up amazingly. We preen our slightly battered south-country clothes; one of us, at least, can twist a mustache; and so, in a better spirit, we stalk off upstream to sit on the stone coping of a well and watch a lean, bicolored bullock getting the water up.

The bicolored bullock, hitched to a rope of halfa grass, walks solemnly away from the well under the supervisory club of a Berber youth clad in a feed sack. As the bullock walks away a goatskin full of water comes up out of the depths to trip over a wooden arrangement and spill its contents into a plastered conduit that runs off somewhere under a rock. Then, still advised by the youth, the bullock turns around and walks solemnly back to the well, letting the goat-skin down again.

It is a sight full of food for philosophizing. It is just about as tiresome for the animal and quite as irksome for the lad to make the “in trip” as to make the “out,” and the “in trip” nets nothing in an irrigating way. Loosely speaking, the same bullock and the same lad have been doing the same thing at this same well for upward of fifteen hundred years. And in all that time to neither of them has Allah or his Prophet sug-

gested that if some arrangement—pulley, gear, or sorcery—could but be hit upon to make the “in trip” count, then one of two happy things would follow—either they would have to work only half as long per day, or else the turnips would get twice the water for their pains.

It is amusing to sit for a while and philosophize in this strain about the bullock and the boy and the well, and the world of Islam in general; to protest indulgently, “They ought to do this—or that,” until there comes the disconcerting thought that if it were any otherwise the two of us would be out of a job. If Allah were in the habit of suggesting little dodges in modern machinery to the Faithful, then we should not be here to gawk and grin. If ever the Prophet had shown himself Koranically interested in efficiency of production, seed selection, civil engineering, or the dark mysteries of “sinking funds” and “overheads,” then the face of the desert stretching around us to the horizon would in all probability be yellow with harvests and the fair sky black with the smoke of shops and all the little houses on the hill would have enameled bathtubs to keep the coal and potatoes in. And as for the precious pair of us, we might not inconceivably find ourselves busy on our own account at home, holding the passes of the Blue Ridge against the divisions of Gen. Hadji Habib el Kairwhi, or keeping the battle fleet of Admiral Abd el Kader out of the harbor of New York.

New York. Still speaking of New York, we climb a steep white-stone dust road and lose ourselves immediately in the strangest of East Sides, the weirdest of upper Forties.

I think there is no other town in the world precisely like Medenine. Take a six-year-old who has never been off his own street in the city; give him a satisfactory quantity of mud, put him out all alone in a wide, bare piece of broken ground, and tell him to build his notion of the metropolis, and the chances are he would produce Medenine.

The architectural *motif*, the basic cell form, as it were, of this little city, as of all the other and still smaller hilltop strongholds scattered about this country of the old League of Berber tribes, is simple in the extreme—four five-foot walls in an elongated rectangle, with a cylindrical stone roof running the length. The door, patched together of stray boards and bearing commonly the legend “Stow Away from Boilers,” or, “This Side Up With Care,” gives the only air and light. The furniture is the earthen floor and the earthen *couscous* steamer, which is carried out of doors when any cooking is projected, and perhaps one half a mat. That is all.

That is the cell. The streets of Medenine are honeycombs built up of these cells. When one grows too small the man bee swarms aloft and plasters together another, precisely its like, on top, and above that perhaps another and still another, each one wall to wall with its neighbors to right and left. The metaphor of the bee goes deeper, for the whole affair, in its inception, is a many-chambered storehouse for the fruits and grains that had to be guarded so, once on a time, from wandering robber tribes.

And still more is the hive illusion strengthened by the prospect of one of these fourth- or fifth-story proprietors swarming home up the high white façade of the block.

I cannot say whether it is as vertiginous an undertaking as it looks, for I have not yet tried it, but certainly it looks vertiginous, spidery, and wild. Only here and there does an especially pretentious front show a stair—a stair eight inches wide at most—a kind of a stair in bas-relief molded to the perpendicular, and stopping, as often as not, far short of any visible goal. Much more commonly the ascent is a matter of a stick driven into the wall here, a round orifice polished by generations of wildly prehensile great-toes there, the sill of a third-floor neighbor’s door up yonder, a foothold on somebody’s roof, another stick, and at last, hanging giddy

in the blue, the ten-inch jutt of stone on the threshold of the home.

It is no light matter. When one considers that the climber's robe is essentially of the flowing sort, and that the door key itself, being much the size and substance of the fire shovel on a rich man's hearth, is no inconsiderable burden—then it will be understood that one does not go home in Medenine till pretty much everything else is closed.

Laboring about with words, I begin to feel that it is impossible to convey in writing any true idea of Medenine. I am more and more of the belief that the only way for the gentle reader to do is to go to sleep after a wild night in the great city, and, full of disillusionment about great cities, and revolt, and the spirit of satire, dream Medenine.

Dream Wall Street or State or Dearborn, done in irresponsible burlesque, phantasmagorically cramped and twisted, all worn and washed with the color of nightmare sepulchers, and as desert of life as a Sabbath morn. And then, pursuing this mazed steep place, let the outraged digestional processes of the sleeper lure forth dream things from the caves and passages: an old ink-black Ethiopian, clad above in horizon blue and a dust-white loin cloth below, kneeling on a rag of prayer rug and bowing his forehead in noontide devotion to the sewer in the direction of Mecca—or a vast laden camel, one foreleg doubled fast with bight on bight of halfa cord and sticking out in front like a sore thumb, making lunch off the saddle of a donkey that has fallen asleep in the middle of the way. Dream seven white bernooses, seven pairs of eyes (all but two in bad condition), and seventy gray-brown toes, ranged along the foot of a wall where the sunshine falls. Or dream an abrupt pattering onrush of driven goats, coming and going like the sound of rain; or an ancient tatooed woman bent double under a mountain of palm fronds; or a boy as white as an angel perched crosslegged on a high ledge, tootling all to himself a soft, monotonous

melody on a bamboo flute. And dream of being thrust out suddenly into a sun-drowned square thronged with beasts and vegetables and tiny market booths, pitched anywhere, of striped tent stuff or brown burlap bags—and a hundred hooded country men, all looking precisely alike—and children with withered legs who want two sous—and children without enough eyes who want two sous—and a wild-locked wanderer squatting on his haunches to tell a tale or a fortune. And dream another street going out, paved with bloody camel hides to whose curing one may contribute two boot soles of dust from the square. And another smaller, lower square, ranged at the bottom with soot-blackened "restaurants," where oil caldrons bubble over vestal fires of palm. And yet another thoroughfare that vaults dikewise athwart a hollow, leaving the town below like a baker's board of pale loaves, and in almost every doorway an honest Jewess in flame-striped *haik* staring upward unabashed. And at last dream of coming upon a café, the most luminous, spacious, and spotless ever seen in Barbary, and quite empty save for the proprietor busy with a broom. . . .

The Arab is always perishing for coffee. I wish the reader might see the face of Abd el Kader as he enters before us into that fabulous café that sits above the central hollow of Medenine. I wish the reader might see the same face three seconds later, as the honest Musselman emerges, or rather erupts, again.

"What's wrong?"

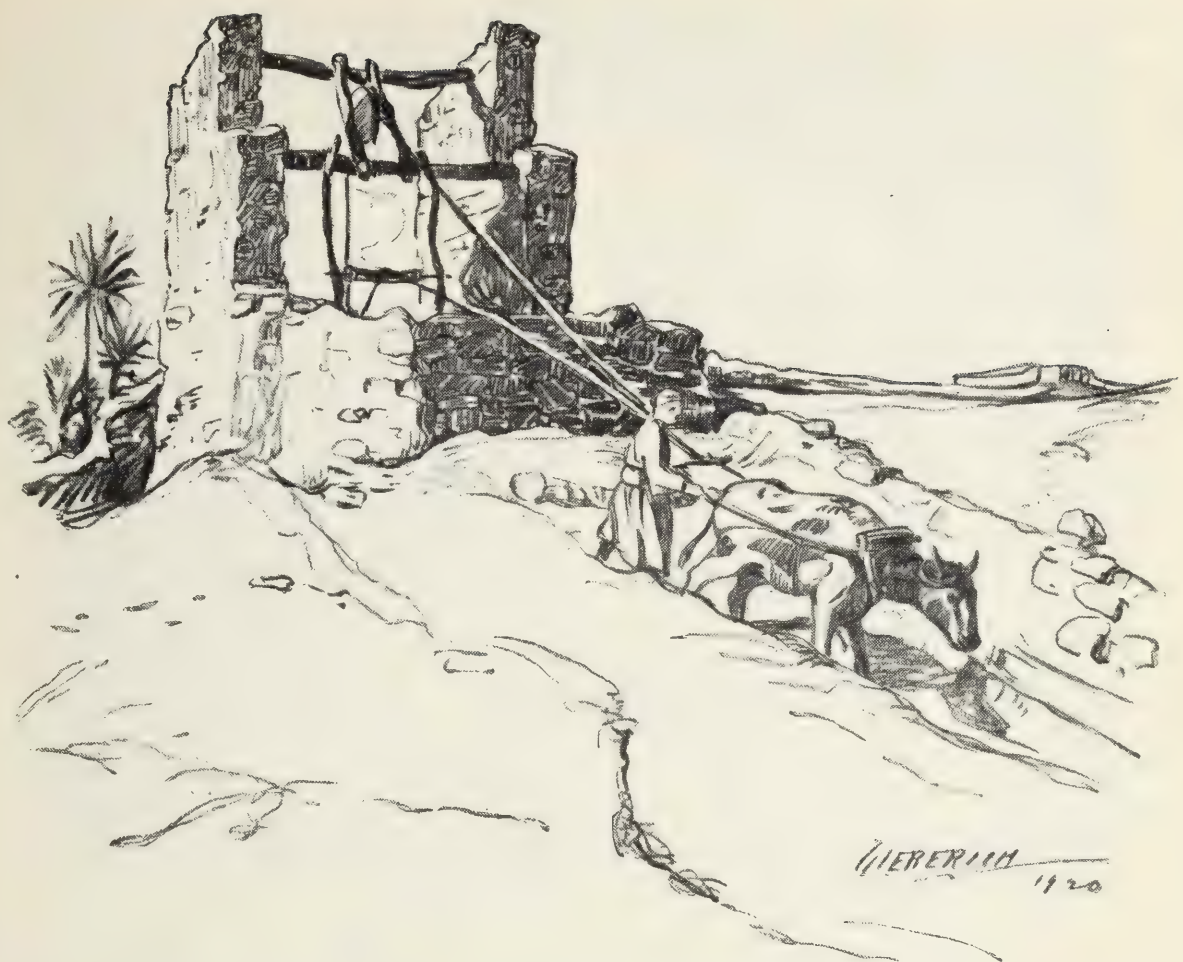
"*Des Juifs!*"

"Jews, eh? So it's a Jewish café, is it?"

"*Pas u' café! Eglise!*"

A synagogue! . . . It's a splendid joke on the good Musselman, but he does not seem to take the humor of it as he might. It is just as well he had his shoes on; had he been barefooted I don't believe that he could ever have got altogether clean again.

The real café of Medenine we do not find till after nightfall. I had started to



THE METHOD OF DRAWING WATER HAS NOT CHANGED IN THOUSANDS OF YEARS

say "after dark," but there is no darkness to-night. An early moon sails up the sky, a flat, white, round Thanksgiving moon. And when, after making a Thanksgiving dinner of a *couscous* and a hen in the burrow of the Neopolitan, we start back again toward the town, the suave silver washes everything.

In the hollow of the oasis the night is quiet save for a far-off howling of jackal dogs and, just up the bank under the edge of the palms, a supper party of belated nomads.

We loiter to watch them, and they ignore our vegetable presence as any self-respecting humans should. Two women crouch in the shelter of a tent that just covers their backs and heads. A man lies at length in the moonlight on a dingy, striped mat. Another woman is busy over the cooking, a pot of the oil-rolled oaten meal of *couscous* steaming above a tiny flame of palm leaves. Two camels complete the family, kneeling at

supper over kerchiefs spread before them on the ground. Their repast is meager. I have always heard that camels ate dates, and in an absentminded way I have wondered what, wanting forks or fingers, they did with the stones. Now I know. All they get is the stones—a little pile of date stones from which the fruit has been removed for the politer consumption of their lords.

And yet the party is not complete. Just beside it is another tent, another steaming pot, another rug, and a boy and a girl—the boy perhaps thirteen, the girl eleven—two brown-skinned children "playing house" (one would say) in the moonlight under the edge of the palms. They are husband and wife, the son and the daughter-in-law of the nomad family, facing life. And they, too, have a camel, the very one probably that brought the painted bride. And the camel has his supper kerchief under his bifurcated lip. But the date stones are

finished, and the beast's wail and gurgle of lament, lifting in the desert night, pursues us up the blue-white road that climbs into the town. More than ever now it is a town of whited tombs. The plaster scallops of the roof lines stand hard and chill against the luminous sky; the shadows are transparent and empty; everything is still.

We prowl like ghouls — lonesome ghouls oppressed by the echo of our own footfalls. Prowl as we may, it is not till we come to the little square of sleeping "restaurants" that we see a yellow gleam of light not of the moon, emerging from the tunnel mouth in a rubble of white loaf houses.

We have almost to duck our heads to enter this chiefest café of Medenine, then to scrape against the mud wall to win past the high-built hearth, with its tiny bank of embers, its white-metal pots that are far from white, and its leathern chest for coffee powder and sugar.

It is a poor, bare, dirty place, and in it there is no cheer. In it there is not even any life. For certainly the lone two Berber farm youths, sitting motion-

less on a mat in a niche, shrouded to their chins and wrists and ankles in ashen white, staring heavy-lidded and open-mouthed at their empty cups—certainly with these life has nothing to do. They endure. They were here before the Arabs or the Romans, before even the Phœnician mariners came sailing out of the east; perhaps they will be here after the last Frenchman is gone. They endure; but is endurance everything? Or anything?

The death of sleep comes over Medenine with the dark; the blight creeps even into the lamplit temple of communal fellowship and good cheer, and everything is futile and yawning and dull.

"Early to bed and early to rise" is true enough for one side of the shield. But on the other side is the legend, "Half the things that make man more than a gifted monkey begin after the lamps are lit."

This café tunnel has a back door. We get out of it. We close it behind us, and the terror that walks in vacancy chases our loud feet down the hill and out of that city of moonlit tombs.



THE STREETS ARE HONEYCOMBS BUILT UP OF CELLS



THE MOST PRETENTIOUS FONDOUK I HAVE SEEN IN TUNISIA

It was Habib Bouderbalah, the son of the Bey's chief general, who told me first about Medenine. He spent nine awful months here once on a time, "doing his military," drilling, yawning, yawning, drilling, and, in desperation, promoting combats between scorpions and mice.

"But you should see that town," he said.

"I'll go down there and stay a week," I said.

"You won't stay more than twenty-four hours," said he.

He was wrong. We remain in Medenine twenty-four hours and twenty minutes. At the end of that time, in another noon, blazing hot in the sunshine and cold in the shadows, we climb on board of another bulging *camion* bound for the nether end of the Road.

And again, immediately the white lump of Medenine has whirled around the sky a bit and slipped beneath a greater hill, the treadmill has us. An immensity of land without shadow and

sky without cloud encompasses us. We are cast out into space.

Of to-day, on the road to Zarzis, thirty-eight miles to the east, little can be said that was not said of yesterday, except that to-day, in the canvas cavern, we have a woman, a French woman, born in the Quartier St. Germain, apprenticed to her profession on Montmartre, and become in the end less than the dust that blows with her here and there and here again, never settling, across the southern deserts of France in Africa.

It will be altogether politer for the gentle reader to let her pass by and away, away on the flying dust, hugging her body from the wind that cuts through the soiled, thin stuff of the "costume" of years gone by and blows the short, sear hair about her face. It is not a woman's face, but a man's face, deep-lined about the jaws, the eyes shifting warily always, the eyes of a tramp dog driven to bay. Perhaps I shall not

be forgiven for turning over once in my mind a fantastic thought I had as I looked back along the street of Medenine at the waning knot of "good friends" gathered with cheer and jibe to see her off—Arabs, Berbers, Soudan black boys, Sengalese — the bizarre, fantastic thought of the woman wandering this defeated country on the errands of some vast, obscure scheme or illusion of final justice—to the end that the conquered might know themselves, even for a little hour, the conquerors of France.

She crouches there now among the bales and boxes, her slitted eyes staring at the horizon, her battered man mouth tight. In her expression there is no wistfulness, no wonder, no regret; only a dogged resentment against the jolting of the road and the chill of the wind that rushes under the cover of the *camion*.

The sea slips over the skyline to the left; on the right comes up the sheen of a salt and marshy lake. We traverse a bare isthmus and come into the oasis

that sits by the shallow sea above the Tripolitan frontier.

It is a huge one. For miles, it seems, we follow the white road between palm forests all underlaid with fields and mud fences and frond-built *gorbi* where the Bedouin laborers live through the season of harvest.

In the town we dine untidily with "the Frenchman," and, most untidily in an outbuilding, we fall finally to sleep to the thrashing of palms in the night wind and the wide-flung howling of dogs.

Before dawn we are up and on the road again, this time in a scarred and rickety horse diligence, all held together with baling wire and odd bits of rope. It is a two-story affair, driven by an old swashbuckler of Italian parentage who whiles the time with whip cracking, oath, and song. I have purchased a seat for Djerba in the tiny, "first-class compartment" on the lower deck, but I prefer to climb aloft beside this prodigy. He has robbed a scarecrow for his garb,

and he remains the emperor of all his little bloodshot eyes survey. He knows how to handle horse "and Arabs" — with stamping of boot, waving of fist, and curse of Jove. If a native chant arises among the huddle on our coach roof it is he that leads it. If there is a strong joke to be made at the expense of any of our human luggage it is he that makes it, and it is he that laughs. And they worship him with their brown eyes.

And so to the tune of Olympian tit-tups, lash-crashing, boast and jest, threatening each moment to come all to pieces like the fabulous "one hoss shay,"



EVERY ALLEY HAS A MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENT ON ITS WALLS

we rumble through the dawn to the north and west, where, by and by, above the level desert, there creeps in an arm of ocean. And beyond it, lying all across the sight, looms the last goal of the Medenine Road, the island of Djerba, the oasis that sits in the sea.

The sun has climbed almost to the zenith before we reach the shore and drive out along a stone dyke that stretches into a sea like a fallen sky. And there, when the rickety mouse has labored and brought forth a perfect mountain of baggage and passengers, and as we look from the mountain to the absurd little open skiff of a fishing boat that awaits us all, the misgiving that goes before miracles enters our souls.

But the miracle is performed. Somehow we are stowed and contained within that preposterous shell, and the shell still floats. The noon is breathless. Casting off, we proceed by man power—the power, that is to say, of a half-nude old negro with an ape's face and monkey toe thumbs, who grunts and bowlegs along the starboard gunwale with his shoulder to a pole. And so we swim, leaving a broad, slow arrow of ripple on the glass lagoon. On our port hand marches the ruin of the bridge the Romans built to Djerba in the golden age before man reverted to pole and sail. Ahead the island lifts its wing tips, far to east and west, higher and higher in mirage; straight to the east two forts, remote and golden, float luminous in the sky. All vision is tricked and twisted in this cataclysm of light. One would almost take oath that it is a camel's head protruding solemnly over the gunwale of



IN AN OLD SOUK OF SFXA

a skiff that passes close at hand; and in the one that follows, a cow with long and curly horns. . . . The illusion is no illusion, after all. Camel and cows, they pass us by on the face of the sea; mules, donkeys, tethered in pairs under the orange sweeps of lateen sail, and cargoes of sheep with mildly troubled eyes.

A splashing chaos reigns in the shallows of El Kantara when we gain that south-coast port of the island after two heavy hours. Everybody and his beast is up to the belly in the water, struggling to win aboard the wildly careening skiffs. We with shoes are carried ashore on the back of those without, ducking our heads against the tremendous spray of embarkation.

Another diligence as moribund as the last awaits us on the stranded dock. Another driver of Italian parentage cracks his whip. The port, with its post

office, its *douane*, and its one lone habitation, trundles into the rear. There is a barren slope to climb, then a plunge, and the sea-girt oasis of Djerba closes about.

After the vacant desolation of the plain toward Medenine, the abundance of this island is like a starved man's dream. Palm groves, interspersed with olive orchards and plowed fields all crazy-angled in their fences of cactus or stone, stretch beyond the sight on either hand as we rumble along the road toward the north shore and the capital, Houmpt Souk. As we rumble along—let it be said—with difficulty.

The load is too great for the animals. Beside the mail and freight mounded on the roof, we are four Christians (counting a young Frenchman with a disagreeable manner, coming out to a berth in the post office, and a Maltese Djerbian with a disagreeable manner and a shotgun), and Mohammedans beyond telling at all. Getting down under the complaining menaces of the driver at the

slightest suspicion of hill, we seem to string along the road for miles.

After changing to still more shadowy beasts at the middle station of Cedouikeche, the loud maltreatment grows too much. Getting down at the first hill, I stay down. I abandon the diligence to its fate.

Walking is not only faster, but infinitely more pleasurable. Escaped from the whacking and hubbub of the public carrier, I go in peace. Nor is it any peace of negation, of emptiness or silence. The land is full of little sounds.

The date harvest is near its end, but there is even yet some gathering; boys and shy girls are aloft, clinging, knife in hand, under the ragged parasols of the palms and hacking at the vivid chrome and orange sprays of fruit. Walking about my business I can see them; if I stop to see them better they are gone like timid squirrels on the far sides of the boles. Under and all around the palms the earth is being plowed for oats and wheat, plowed as only the farmers of Barbary plow, in huge, nondescript droves of men and beasts, and apparently all at random. And between this end of dates and beginning of grains, careers the full harvest of olives.

There are so many olive trees about that one wonders where the oil of them will ever be consumed. The old gray things are gnarled beyond belief, as though through decades of recoiling from the annual chastisement of the gathering. All over the land they are being whipped with club and switch; the ground under them is purple-black with the fruit. Whole families sit in the shade rings, winnowing out the broken leaves and packing the oily treasure in bright-striped bags—fathers, mothers, children down to the



A FIT SETTING FOR AN ORIENTAL DRAMA

veriest toddlers — and on one branch, at least, a kerchief slung by the corners and protruding limbs of a baby—a baby that has gone past tea time, by the sound that issues from the lump.

And here and there among the trees away from the road I have glimpses of white farmsteads like small walled towns; and once there is a distant ululation of women's voices—a marriage, circumcision, or whatever feast—coming softly on the air. And everywhere, it seems, lie the remains of dead saints. But they are not all saints, nor are they all dead, for here in Djerba the commonest Berber farmer may dwell like a Marabout under a dome.

The sun begins to decline. The shadows of all things lengthen. I have passed a road that branches to the west, where, from a rise above the tree tops, I see the snow-white profile of a city. That is Hara-Serira, the Little Ghetto. Hara-Kebira, the Great Ghetto, lies before me on the Houmpt Souk road.

Already this road is beginning to enliven with passengers, Arab and Berber farmers riding their mules or driving their camels home from the great weekly market at the capital. In the square at Hara-Kebira I arrive in time to see the vanguard of the homecoming merchants, dismounted from their donkeys, standing about in little groups and discussing the commercial state of the world.

Djerba (whatever may be said to the contrary) is the peculiar empire of the Jews. Here was found hidden, according to tradition, one of the tables of the Law of Moses; and it might have been yesterday, one would think, to see these



THERE IS NO ARCHITECTURE LIKE THAT OF MEDENINE

children of old Israel foregathered in their city square. Gone are the fat, ugly, billowing Jewesses and the too friendly, European-hatted Jews of Tunis; it is Old Testament time this afternoon in Hara-Kebira on Djerba. The men have lusty faces, calm dark eyes, round black beards. Their flowing garments show forth the sumptuous sheen and hue that one used to know on the colored cards of Sunday-school. And if one stands (or, rather, walks by at a laggard, gaping pace) in awe of these gorgeous sons, what can one do about the daughters of Abraham? All the girls that come silent-footed, by twos and threes, to rest their earthen pitchers on the well, slim girls (for a wonder) with faces softly contoured and large, dark, almond eyes that look out from under *haiks* of white and orange stuffs—and do not always turn away.

It is better for a tramping Christian to keep on tramping — on and out



THE BAWLING CAMELS ARE PREPARING TO DEPART FROM THE SUN-DROWNED SQUARE

through the remnants of a town that looks ruinous for a half, and for the other half comfortless and stark—until one catches a glimpse through an open gate of interior courts and balconies and arcades that give the lie to illusion.

So the road has carried me out of Hara-Kebira. For a little while, marching under the eucalyptus and false-pepper trees, I breast the stream, still flowing, of the homecomers, cavalcade after cavalcade of fat little contented donkeys ambling swiftly under their round-bearded, suave-eyed, gorgeous burdens—till I am at last, and quite abruptly, at its source. *Fondouks* (one of them, at least, the most pretentious I have seen in Tunisia) line the road. Out of their deep-arched gateways come ambling the donkeys of the waiting commuters of Israel, each one receiving en route his saddle and a slap from the stableman's palm.

And now the island metropolis, drained of Jews and turning faintly rose-colored with the westering of the sun, is before me. I stand in a white open space ranged about with arcades and clut-

tered with the debris of market day. From the camel market the bawling camels are preparing to depart. Small farmers gather up the empty rugs that have been their counters on the dust. One very, very old man, surrounded by a tiny field of rusty suspender buckles, bladeless razors, bottles without corks, teakettles wanting spouts, and American army boots seven times cast away, still squats with his knees locked under his chin and his eyes closed fast, as if such details of eternity as night and day had long since ceased to bother him at all.

But even at this fag-end of market day there is no want of movement or of sound. At one corner of the square a team of snake charmers holds forth in a thick-set, craning circle with interminable clack of tambour and of tongue. And presently (not so much because I have just arrived in their city, as because it chances to be the last day of the Mohammedan Noël) there comes pouring forth from a street at the farther side a procession as wild and gorgeous and horrid as any man would care to see.

A dozen broad banners blow crimson in the sunset, a line of long-haired men, stripped to their gaudy waistcoats and locked together arm and arm, bow and fling and grunt and moan to a beat of bagpipe and drum, their faces brick red with the blood of ecstasy. In the square before me the march pauses for a moment; devotees are detached from the line to hop forward (like vaudeville actors to their "turns"), one to swallow a writhing scorpion and another a handful of shivered glass, another to roll naked breasted in a bed of cactus spines, and still others to stab themselves with skewers and slash themselves with swords—all to the throb of that never-ending chant of the Aissaoua and the falsetto "Lu - lu - lu - lu - lu" of women crouched on the surrounding roofs and walls.

I have seen their kind before; I have written of them in another place, and I do not like them at all. The diligence has arrived while the orgy endures. Leaving Abd el Kader to the business of luggage and lodgings, G. and I escape the place by another street and lose ourselves in the crazy passages of Houmpt Souk, where it seems to our strange eyes that every house has flying buttresses and every alley a marriage announcement whitewashed on its wall.

We have lost ourselves, and no doubt of it, but we have not lost the Aissaous. It would almost seem that the barbarous procession were pursuing us with fell intent. Their horrible banners cut us off at every crossing of a greater street; even in the twilight, even in the starlight darkness that comes down, and the

hypnotic, baleful rhythm of their chanting tracks us under the thousand arches of that maze of a queer town.

One of the chiefest of the minor prophets of the Mohammedan dogma, Jesus of Nazareth, finding himself once on a time in Morocco (*sic*), and being driven by the jealousy of the reigning Sultan into the deserts of the south, gave answer in these words to the supplications of his starving disciples: "Are there not rocks and stones about you, ready to your hand? Are there not thistles and scorpions? Are they not the works of God? Take, then, eat of them and be filled."

And they ate, and were filled.

And so it is that after two thousand years of Christianity these weird fanatics of the Moslem sect of the Aissaoua—the Society of Jesus—make horrible the night of this island sacred to the Jews. Even in the privacy of our room, that rears spiderwise on its buttresses over a moon-flooded square, we must still hear the thud and boom of their feasting, pulsing over the roof tops from their mosque beyond the town.

At last it has diminished to a single drum. By and by the drum is still. The whistle of a steamer, come to anchor far out in the roads beyond the sponge fleet, comes faintly on the slow sea wind. Somewhere in a late café a flute lifts a Berber love song. In the three liquid notes there is sadness enough, but its sadness is not the sadness of suffering and horror. Its melancholy is the yearning, drowsing melancholy of a lullaby.

And so at last we go to sleep at the other end of the Medenine Road.

INDIRECT LIGHTING

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

IT is possible now to tell the true story of one of the most debated Cabinet appointments that has ever set the Capital talking.

No one has ever calculated how great an influence on the career of the Hon. Hannibal Taliaferro his wonderful profile has been. Even the fact that his hair early turned white has proved another arrow in his quiver, giving him at least ten years' start over his competitors.

"Oh, Hannibal, honey," said Mrs. Taliaferro, on the day when he triumphantly showed her the square old house that has since become identified with them, "I adore the house. But—"

The expression of dignified pique upon the Senator's face at the indication of dissent in her last word arrested her. So she did not finish her sentence, but punctuated her sweet little ripple of conversation with laudatory terms as they finished the tour of inspection. When her husband had gone to the Capitol, however, she reverted to her critical inspection of the cumbersome gaslight fixtures. "I just do hate gaslight"—she was trailing her soft draperies downstairs again to the huge empty drawing-room—"but Hannibal just has a natural liking for everything the way it used to be when he was a boy." Standing in the center of the hard, chilly room, Mrs. Taliaferro looked pathetically soft and unprotected.

Taliaferro's Washington career proceeded from triumph to triumph. There was much to be done—the repairing of badly disorganized party machinery; the placation of the horde of hungry ones in his state who could not, by any stretching of senatorial "courtesy" be furnished

with unexacting positions, the steps to be erected, one-by-one, by which he should climb to the remote Executive presence. "And a wife's social activities are, of course, indispensable," the Senator admitted to himself. He usually thought in periods appropriate to publication.

So Mrs. Taliaferro was very busy.

Among the many organizations which the Taliaferros joined was an institution that could flourish probably only in Washington, an intellectual society composed of the socially elect. The highest note for several administrations was struck when a feminine member of the President's household joined it. Pressure for admissions became enormous, and Senator Taliaferro could not well afford not to belong.

Very many times he had occasion to be glad he was a member of the Forty. For one thing, the Member of the President's Household had taken a sincere liking to his wife. This was a strategic point that could not be ignored, for there was reported disagreement between the President and one of his most important Cabinet officers, and heretofore disagreement had always been followed by the resignation of the differing official. Moreover, it was the common belief that the Executive, at the same time that he showed the most extraordinary lack of trust in those men whom the country—sometimes the world—esteemed great, reposed a remarkable amount of confidence in the judgment of the feminine members of his family.

As relations between the Cabinet officer and his chief became more and more strained the excitement among receptive statesmen and the hysteria of the

newspapers became pronounced. Senator Taliaferro was not, of course, the only patriot who felt he had a lien on the position; but he was one of the two or three whose names were most often headlined in the papers; it might even be that he was one of the two favorites, the other being a brilliant scholar and diplomat from a doubtful state.

Of the two Senator Taliaferro had this advantage—he had never clashed with the Executive's opinion. His intercourse with the President had, in fact, been limited to one interview. On this occasion the three times when he agreed with the President stood out against the background of the Senator's judicial calm with startling effectiveness. His brilliant competitor, however, had had one pronounced difference with the President. It could not be guessed how far this disability would weigh against the fact that his training fitted him for this particular portfolio as no one else in the country was fitted.

In view of this situation the Senator was naturally anxious to neglect nothing that might be of use to his campaign. But he could not speak directly to his wife. That would be lacking in delicacy. Moreover, sometimes he did not know what she was thinking about. One morning, turning from the newspaper article which stated, "on unimpeachable authority," that the resignation was already in the hands of the President, he said to his wife:

"Iris, I certainly am right pleased at your friendship with Miss X. She is a noble woman."

Mrs. Taliaferro looked up from the coffee machine. "Yes, Hannibal, honey, I certainly do like her. Are you ready for your second cup yet?"

The Senator was discomfited. The conversational plane on which he had started conflicted with a bald statement that he wished her to use her influence to get the Cabinet position for her husband.

"Do you think she has any convictions as to Y's successor?" he ventured.

"I have never heard her say, Hannibal; and of course I couldn't introduce the subject."

"Of course not! Of course not!" the Senator replied, testily. "I couldn't think of allowing my wife to introduce the subject." He was, for the moment, in danger of lapsing from the chivalry of his order by wishing that you could ever have "straight talk" with a woman.

Mrs. Taliaferro did, however, second the Senator's activities in the Forty. She offered to entertain the society at the midwinter meeting in place of a defaulting member. As there was less eagerness to entertain the Forty with house and viands than with sheaves of typed wisdom, the Taliaferros were in high favor. The Member of the President's Household accepted promptly the invitation for the midwinter meeting. The lady was, in fact, a truly gracious person.

A week before the meeting Senator Taliaferro came home at an unusually early hour in the afternoon. Mrs. Taliaferro was out. As soon as he heard her drive up he hurried out into the hall, pulled her into the drawing-room and closed the door.

"Iris!" he exclaimed, in tones that trembled between anger and consternation. "What do you think has happened?"

"I know," Mrs. Taliaferro replied, with irritating calmness. "I have been lunching at the White House."

"But— Oh, it's infernal to have it happen so. It's perfectly clear why he has consented to speak this time when he's turned them down again and again. . . . Why, he hasn't been to a meeting for a year! I believe the fellow planned it. And we've got to make a background for him to spread himself on. Dash it all! We'll have to be polite to him."

"Of course, Hannibal," little Mrs. Taliaferro said, gently pulling into shape, in her nice feminine way, the fingers of the glove she had just taken off her left hand, and then proceeding with the right. "Of course, we'll have to be *particularly* polite to Mr. Z. . . .

Oh, Hannibal, this afternoon I have been looking at the most adorable domes—"

"Domes?" He halted his frenzied pacing to look up automatically. "What in the world—?"

"Electric-light fixtures," she explained, "to replace the gas. The hard electric-light bulbs are hidden away, you know, and just shine through the lovely tones in the dome and are reflected downward so as to make a soft, exquisite light—a *becoming* light. 'Indirect lighting,' they call it. Surely you have noticed—?"

"I have too much on my mind just now to bother with household affairs," he observed, acidly. "I really can't see why you should have taken this matter up now. I should think instead—The fixtures here are good enough for me. And why at this time—at *this time*—" He left the sentence unfinished, but seized his reverend white head between his hands and shook it gently.

"Poor Hannibal!" With an abstracted look in her eyes, but with a very gentle hand, Mrs. Taliaferro patted her husband's shoulder. "I won't worry you about it, then. I just thought we wanted everything quite perfect for that evening. These lights are all right for you men, but indeed and indeed, Hannibal, they are hard on us poor women. They bring out all the fine, strong lines in your faces, but we women don't want to look strong; we want to look pretty. And you want to have us look pretty. Now, don't you, Hannibal? No woman can be truly happy when she is sitting under a light that brings out every line in her face as if some one had caught her and outlined them all with charcoal. So I thought she—Miss X—wouldn't feel half as pleasant toward us after sitting under that blazing light for several hours. I shouldn't."

The Senator was studying her with the air of one who has caught one coherent word in a lot of meaningless babble.

"Miss X? You really think such things affect women?"

"I know they do," the small lady said, decisively.

"There isn't time."

"Oh yes, there is Hannibal, honey. They promised me they'd drop everything and put it right through. . . . Oh, please do let me have indirect lighting! Honey, dearest—please!"

It must not be thought that Mrs. Taliaferro was trusting wholly to eloquence or to the coaxing sweetness of her voice to secure the Senator's consent. On the contrary. Her cheek was against his, her small hand caressing his cheek.

"No, no." He shook his leonine white head playfully while a pleased and boyish smile came to play around the corners of his mouth.

"Oh, please, honey! Sweetness! You never yet have refused me anything, no matter how foolish—if I really wanted it."

"Oh, well, have your new-fangled lights, then." He pretended to grumble. With an indulgent pat of her cheek he dismissed the subject. "Must go dress. Lurons' this evening, isn't it? . . . Isn't this just characteristic of the difference in the sexes, though?" he paused to ask oratorically of space. "Here's the man absorbed in pending issues of state, while his wife has no time to think of them—even when they affect his party, the whole world. And why? Because she thinks she would look better with some kind of doctored globes. . . . I'm mighty glad my state, anyway, held out against this fool suffrage amendment."

During the coming week Mrs. Taliaferro was completely absorbed in seeing that the work of installing the new lighting system was put through in time for the meeting of the Forty. One would not have thought she would be such a master hand at putting things through.

When the guests began to arrive on Friday night a genuine enthusiasm seized them at the first glimpse of a charming interior. It was an unusually cold night. The streets were whipped with icy sleet. Even the warmest fur rugs had not wholly kept out the cold.

The sight, therefore, of blazing logs in the two big fireplaces was cheering. Cheering were the warm-hued Chinese rugs, the rich-toned draperies. So were the remarkably comfortable chairs arranged, not in stiff rows as was usual at a reading, but in cozy groups, irregularly disposed about the room. Under the softly shaded lights glowing everywhere the room bloomed with rich color, harmonized by the background into a huge, subtle, composite gem. Warmth, cheer, beauty, after an icy outside world.

But that was not all. Drawn up before the fireplace near the receiving party was a table, and on that table was a large Canton china punch bowl of great antiquity and of alluring content. As Washington, in advance of the rest of the country, was technically dry at that moment, the fragrance of the remarkably light and creamy eggnog in that bowl was a highly welcome surprise to many.

"I was sure you-all would be simply perishing from the cold," the hostess explained, solicitously. "We thought you-all really needed something to ward off the flu." And few refused to fortify themselves.

As the Senator and his wife received the guests they made a remarkably effective picture. Beside his six feet one of handsome black and white, the figure of Mrs. Taliaferro looked touchingly tender and fragile. She was in an ensemble of misty, floating tissues, composite of many delicate tones. But the general effect was of ivory and amber. Part of such a picture, the somewhat over-accentuated courtliness of the Senator's manner was really delightful. He was at his best when he was host.

When, quite early in the evening, Mr. Z appeared, the warmth of the greeting he received was noticeable. Mrs. Taliaferro switched on the lamp over the reading stand to satisfy herself that it was in just the right place. The gentleman could not fail to be gratified by all this solicitude of host and hostess.

"Perhaps I have misjudged Talia-

ferro," he thought. "The man always seemed to me an impressive-looking windbag."

Just before it was time to begin the paper of the evening the Member of the President's Household arrived. Gracious and charming, she was soon seated in front of the reading stand and in a delightfully easy chair. With soft stirrings, with snatches of cheerful greeting and pleasantly modulated laughter, the whole company was soon seated and turning expectant eyes upon the brilliant gentleman who was to enlighten them on a subject concerning which all thinking people were at that moment trying to get all the light they could.

Never did an evening begin more auspiciously. Mr. Z was not unaware that the broad black ribbon of his tortoise-shell-rimmed reading glasses underscored, as it were, the distinction of his face. Incapable as he was of arranging for himself an occasion in which to impress Miss X favorably, it was naturally not unpleasing that the occasion had been made for him. The alert and intelligent interest in the eyes of the Member of the President's Household promised well. For one fleeting moment the gentleman wondered whether the chance that had made him the star performer in the house of his rival might not be a trifle embarrassing to his hosts.

"They certainly are good sports," he thought.

In his clear, penetrating, mellow voice whose every intonation spoke of breeding, Mr. Z began to read, somewhat negligently, as if to show that he himself did not esteem too highly the graceful perfection of his style. He was used to success. Thus he proceeded for some time in an unimpassioned even strain. The Senator at the back of the room he could not see clearly; but Mrs. Taliaferro sat, alertly erect, in the seat beside Miss X.

"What a delightful audience," was his thought after a few minutes in which he could perceive, by the little ripples of interest which ran over the room, that

each pet point in the highly important opening paragraphs had struck home. He was conscious, too, of something very charming in the general atmosphere of the room. The lighting, even in a day of artistic lighting, was peculiarly pleasant. He spoke into a luminous *chiaroscuro*; the spot of brightness in which his papers rested gave him sufficient illumination. He could tell, from the generally amiable atmosphere into which he sent each thought, that the agreeableness of the setting was having its effect upon the audience.

"The Taliaferros certainly haven't neglected a trick. It's uncommonly generous of them."

The fire blazed or glowed as he read on. Now and then a soft-footed retainer came in and prodded the logs noiselessly. Outside was the howling of the wind and the occasional vicious drive of sleet against the window panes. This only emphasized a present of comfort.

"A fine aggregation of thinking men and women," went on the speaker's mental comment. "And there's none of that restlessness you sometimes feel in an audience." It was true here and there one moved, to snuggle more closely into the cushioned embrace of his chair. There were no staring lights to stab a challenge into your eyeballs. It was all harmony.

The matter of Mr. Z's paper fell into three natural divisions. The first, largely definitive, led skillfully from what was of general knowledge to the less known field which was Mr. Z's own province. That point reached, the orator—we all have our little individual ways of doing things—was accustomed to pause, take stock of his audience, collect, as it were, their concentrated interest in preparation for a more daring dive into the somewhat close reasoning of the second part.

Thus, after a stated time, Mr. Z paused, laid down his papers, and genially surveyed his audience. He could hardly have said he was met with a lack of response. But certainly it was not

exactly what he had expected. A concourse of unusually intelligent persons faced him; their eyes were attentively fixed on him; there was no restless stirring; the fire crackled; the lights were harmonious—and yet, he had the sensation that the minds of these people were slipping—slipping away from him. Their eyes were a little dull.

"Perhaps I have gone too fast," he thought. "I must retrace a bit."

Therefore, talking directly to his audience, he interpolated a few minutes of familiar, colloquial explanation, putting force into an effort to get his point, himself, over. The eyes of his listeners brightened at this direct appeal; they smiled with tranquil recognition of his effort to make himself clear. But the instant that he relaxed they slid away from him. He was not holding them.

This was an unusual experience for the petted and courted Mr. Z. It piqued him.

Therefore, when he went back to his typewritten manuscript he varied the manner of his delivery. He declaimed—was dramatic—emphatic. In so doing it was necessary to raise his eyes from the typed page. Sometimes he lost his place; finding it again was often difficult. The spot of light cast by the reading lamp seemed to exert a hypnotic spell, dazing him. Indignant at himself, and puzzled, he redoubled his efforts to thrill; nay—so humbled was he that he would have been content merely to interest these people. . . . Yet, who were they, anyway, that they should refuse to be enchanted by a recognized authority? He began to feel indignant at them. In spurts he even hated these dumb, comfortable persons who sat inertly facing him. But his really beautiful voice pleaded with them to be interested, courted them. He gesticulated—a thing he never did and was therefore awkward in doing now. He mouthed his periods with melodramatic overemphasis. He catered to the prevailing bad taste. Still it was with a baffled convic-

tion of defeat that he came to the end of the second part.

Again he put down his papers, stepped from the benumbing radius of light cast by the reading lamp, and attempted to collect his audience again. But most of them refused, point-blank, to be collected. In relaxed positions, their heads against the deeply cushioned backs of their chairs, many of them did not even trouble themselves to raise their eyes to meet his. Mr. Z's face became very red. Then a creeping chill along his spine and a demoralizing dew of perspiration on his forehead brought him face to face with a conviction that failure was certain unless some miracle intervened. In desperation his eyes met those of the Member of the President's Household. She, at least, sat upright, very much upright. He had a soothing conviction that here, at least, and in the most important quarter, he was holding his own. He was grateful to her, immeasurably grateful. He took up his papers again.

Unconsciously the greater part of the ensuing matter was addressed to the lady directly in front of him. Sometimes he varied by talking into little Mrs. Taliaferro's intelligent eyes. But Miss X had most of it. As time went on Mr. Z began to have a horrifying conviction that here, too, his quarry was sliding away from him. The responsiveness was absent from her eyes. He strained his voice—ranted—shouted—was impassioned—quavered in pathos. He did pretty much everything in the way of a cheap oratorical trick that he had derided in other people. His face became suffused with a deep crimson. Mrs. Taliaferro wondered, in a detached way, whether there was any danger of his breaking a blood vessel. But, try as he would, the numbing, clogging, impalpable agent of defeat was gaining on him. Everywhere he looked some new person had succumbed to the paralyzing charm. Some eyes that he had counted on had closed. Some trusted head snuggled peacefully against the deep, deep cushions. The sleet dashed against the

windows. A servant, shod with silence, noiselessly put a fresh log on the fire. The softly lighted room diffused peace and comfort. Here and there—it is really necessary at this point to explain that Washington had just pulled through a most trying, nerve-wracking period—arose a gentle snore. . . .

The first of these signals of shameful defeat stung the orator to a sort of fury. He turned over several sheets and began again, at random and with a total disregard of sense, a sneer upon his face for this fool audience that wouldn't know the difference. He was right. It didn't. At an especially vicious onslaught of sound from the laboring gentleman some tranquil sleeper would rouse a little, smile with gentle affection upon the orator, and close his eyes again.

In his desperation Mr. Z bent himself nearly double with a contortion of his dignified body that Billy Sunday might have envied. He shrieked. . . . Nothing happened. Mrs. Taliaferro, it is true, seemed particularly wide awake, but, somehow, he derived very little comfort from her face. The Senator's expression of chivalrous concern was even less reassuring.

In his despair he appealed to that face that had not yet failed him. At first sight it seemed that it was not failing him now. The disciplined Member of the President's Household still sat erect. Her eyes were open. Was there something fixed—glazed—in their stare? It seemed to him that in those eyes, in that face, usually so kindly, was the dawning of reproach, of indignation. . . .

With what would have been a whoop had it come from any but the greatest authority in the United States on—on his subject, Mr. Z jumped five pages, read, with contemptuous haste, his closing paragraph, and—with a comprehensive glare around the room, including, alas, the lady in front of him—sat down. That lady, even then, was raising heavy eyelids that he knew had been closed.

The sudden cessation of the soothing sound had a frightfully jarring effect.

One man woke up with an audible snort of indignation. People began somnolently to stir. With her infallible tact, Mrs. Taliaferro had risen and, moving forward with outstretched hands, had said, "Indeed, you don't know how grateful I am to you," before the Senator had reinforced her. The lady in front of the speaker followed suit with the most punctilious courtesy, and then, with a murmured apology to her hostess, slipped out of the room. A few of the lighter sleepers were, by this time, fairly conscious of what was happening and able to perform their social duty. Mrs. Taliaferro, under pretext of seeing for herself what was the condition of the fires, managed to brush against several reposeful forms so they were galvanized into activity without realizing what had happened to them. Mr. Z recovered himself sufficiently to receive the general congratulations with an approach to a smile.

Out in the hall Senator Taliaferro met Miss X. Towering above her, redolent of hospitable warmth, he registered genuine regret at her early departure. It was soothing. His large presence was soothing. He used very few words. When he insisted on putting her into her car himself, his rather flamboyant gallantry—expressed in pantomime—was, somehow, a very grateful thing.

When the last motor had taken the last guest away, Senator and Mrs. Taliaferro faced each other. On the handsome features of the Senator still lingered the glow of inward happiness.

"Oh, I say, Iris," he chuckled, boyishly, "did you see how bored she was? She could hardly keep her eyes open."

"Of course I saw," she replied, complacently. "She closed them once."

"Was that all?" he asked, with disappointment in his tone.

"Yes. She's trained, of course. But I think she hated him. You do, you know. I don't believe there is any one thing that makes you dislike anyone as much as to have to sit through what seems like hours and hours of talk when

you are longing to go to sleep. I know. I felt just that way at the Bensons' a week or so ago. Somehow I know I never can quite forgive the man that talked that evening."

"Well, you are an observant little witch, Iris," the Senator said, with simple surprise. Then his exultation exploded again. "I declare! It couldn't have been better if we had planned it—a clever fellow like that, too. What do you suppose made him lose his grip? What he read was all right, wasn't it?"

"It was. His very best."

"Then what happened? I thought at the beginning he was going to have everything his own way. Do you think it could have been the eggnog? If it was, I was cleverer than I knew. I give you my word I didn't intend it. I just thought they would be chilled and uncomfortable. I declare, I'm a politician even when I try not to be—just couldn't help trying to make people comfortable in my own house, you know."

Her soft little hand stole into his. "I know you couldn't, Hannibal, honey. I don't believe it could have been that—or the heat. This room is very well ventilated."

"Well, it's just the Taliaferro luck. First I got you—and then I got everything else. But—this time—I didn't quite understand you. You went off about that lighting craze—"

She turned her head and looked at him quizzically.

"I will say, though, it's pretty." He smiled reassuringly at her. "But it's turned out just as well as if you had spent all your time campaigning. And I'm so much better pleased. . . . I just want to do everything for you myself, honey, and take care of you, and pick every stone away from your little feet."

She was smiling mysteriously as he pulled her down beside him on the big divan in front of the still glowing fire. They sat, looking into the red cavern.

The Senator's eyelids, too, had drooped when he started at the sound of his wife's voice.

"You don't think, do you, Hannibal—?" Her wide-open, wary eyes on him were like those of the venturesome one who feels his way on untried ice which he feels may be dangerously thin. "You don't suppose, for a minute, that the lighting can have had anything to do with everyone being so sleepy?"

Having asked the question, she kept her eyes half fearfully, half mischievously, on him.

He laughed heartily. "That is a fanciful idea. What put that into your pretty little head?"

"Oh, I don't know. Now that I remember it, the lights were very soft and low at the Bensons' that evening I told you of."

He dismissed the matter with comfortable authority. "Oh, that's too absurd—a whole roomful of people!"

She sighed lightly, as might the chemist who sees taking place in his test tube the reaction that his scientific imagination had forecast. They sat in silence, basking in the luxurious glow, doubtless seeing visions. Finally her eyelids, too, drooped. The Taliaferros trailed slowly up the wide stairs. Halfway up, Mrs. Taliaferro said, drowsily:

"Hannibal, honey, I'd like right much to be in the Cabinet."

"Well, honey, you surely will if I can put you there," he assured her, kindly.

And somebody undoubtedly did put her there.

AUTUMN'S TRAIL

BY LUCILLE BARRETT

O GOLDEN prime, autumnal days;
Seen through the sheer sapphire haze,
Which turns sweet summer's sensuous air
To a rich, winelike atmosphere,
Floating elusive, in between
The clear, wide heav'ns and earth bowl green,
Already brown, by road, by shore
Molten with varied tints galore.

Clean open fields with silver stacks;
Sardonyx pumpkins, earthy tracts,
Reaped of the goodly harvest yield,
Under the sun's emblazoned shield;
Ruddy maple and rugged oak—
Heraldic foliage in jeweled cloak,
Bowering the lane, bounding the lake,
Shimm'ring, rippled reflections wake.

Ebony crow, or turquoise jay,
Fearlessly low-winged make their way—
How still the wood! How free the trail!
The river, like a coat of mail,
Rides shining to its destiny,
And all this is for me—for me;
Musing, I drink the golden drift;
These passing thoughts my spirit lift.

WHAT A WOMAN OF FORTY THINKS ABOUT MEN

UNDER the cloak of an anonymity, which is safe but honorable, I hereby set down, at the age of forty, my opinion of men. My views, if they are worth saying at all, ought to be significant, because my marriage has been happy. At twenty, I saw nothing but men; at forty, while I am still keenly interested in men, I am likely to hold my breath at dinner parties till I see who my partners are, and after that I sometimes wish I could go home and read a book written by some man who had carefully edited himself before putting himself on the public. Forty is the best age at which a woman can judge men, because then she is past her most emotional valuation of them, is able to get a somewhat objective line on them. Forty, from the standpoint of sex, puts one somewhat in the position of Rabbi Ben Ezra—able to look back and sum up from a distance.

It is a rare woman who does not feel a great deal of interest in men. Few of us wish to be associated with women only, and those who do mainly seek religious orders, where we are really associating with God and not with women. The source of this interest is various. At twenty, it is mainly the fundamental difference of sex; at forty it is that, plus the fundamental difference of character, and, above all, plus the attractive circumstance that men have a free economic existence, and active, full and stirring lives. Their experience is far richer than ours; they march cheek by jowl with events which women come at only indirectly, through men. It may be that before long the market of men will be lower on these points than at present, because of woman's progressive adventuring out

into the world. But at present the one who tends to be static by the hearthstone of the home will always be strongly attracted by the one who is dynamic. This attraction is perhaps not fully recognized by the young wife. When she waits for her husband to come home it is the lover she is thinking of who will show his joy at returning to her. But the wife of forty is keenly aware that, while she sits at home her mate has, so to speak, taken his sling and arrows and gone after outrageous fortune, and that presently, quite in his own terms, he will relate and interpret to her all that has happened to him.

The young wife muses: "Is he going to notice the new way I have done my hair for him? Is he going to praise it?"

The middle-aged wife may have such a thought, but she also thinks, "I wonder if anything interesting or exciting has happened in his world to-day?"

My forty-year-old opinion of men touches mainly on the faults that keep him from being a perfect companion, and doubtless reveals the faults in a woman that harass a man. After a couple has gone beyond the lover stage a woman wants to consider a man as a companion—necessarily, as he is not a lover any more. Among the many qualities that appealed to her in him as a lover is his protective instinct. With her cool reason the older woman sees this instinct, biologically considered, as a thing to marvel at. When I watch a mother cat hiding her kittens away from old Tom, I wonder how it is that a man will work himself gray and bent, as so many of them do, taking care of a family. How is it that this independent adventurer, this explorer of continents, this discoverer of civiliza-

tion, will dig and sow and garner and save for some one that is not himself? It is easy to see why a woman should have as much maternal instinct as she has, but not why a man has so much paternal instinct.

But sometimes in modern man this instinct goes to absurd and amusing extremes, especially, perhaps, in a very prosperous husband and father. He wishes to shelter his wife and daughters from all rude contact with the world, shut them up in glass boxes, and pump in oxygen from the outside. Such a one tells his womenkind how to breathe their own air and how to bite into their own food. A woman of twenty cannot cope with this sort of protectiveness, because at first she likes it and accepts it. The middle-aged woman finds it stifling and oppressive, and searches for various indirect ways of getting from under it—without offending. But if this instinct of her husband's has reacted in a perfect catalysis of self-satisfaction and conceit, she may as well submit to this chemical change and reconcile herself to her fate. She will never have an independent existence. In brief, she has married Torvald Helmar, and if she does not like her lot, she might as well slam the front door and go.

All female creatures, from the cradle to the grave, proceed on the basis that all men are conceited. This is perhaps particularly true of the man who is no longer lover, but husband. As lover he had wide streaks of humility in his composition; a husband mostly regards humility as a waste product. More than once I have seen some dull woman flattering my husband, and have had him tell me afterward what a fine, keen, warm-hearted little person she is. I have yet to meet the man who fails to feel that the woman who admires him has something sound and right about her. More than once I have flattered a man just to see him expand. Indeed, it is a stupid or inexperienced woman who has not done this, and usually because she wanted to get something

out of him. In his dealing with a woman it is quite easy to sell a man a gold brick. Doubtless the well-known law of compensation works here: if men get plenty of self-satisfaction out of their self-confidence, it is something for which they have to pay the piper. A woman of my age knows that a certain amount of self-satisfaction has been necessary to keep the race going, and that the self-satisfied type that appreciates itself most highly has been the most successful type. The trait has been very valuable to the race, at any rate in the rough-and-tumble conditions through which men have lived and struggled in evolving from the days of *Pithecanthropus*. Women have done their bit in stimulating this quality of conceit and self-satisfaction because they like successful men and have married them when they had the chance—which is the same thing as saying that they have married conceited men and bred conceited boys, whose conceit they fostered by praise.

But this is the gall so hard for the woman of forty to bear—this conceit of man; and the circumstance that man, and not woman, has the more vital contact with the world has resulted in his feeling that he is superior to her. The bride of twenty does not mind so much; the particular clinging quality of her love at this period makes her feel that she is inferior, and she does not yet realize that the time is coming when she will not care to have such a verdict as that rubbed in. It is easy enough to see how this view developed in man. His contact with other men in the realistic practical world he lives in has developed in him a respect for justice and equity—and he finds them only too often quite embryonic in women, especially young women. A man has a much wider concept of what is fair and just than a woman has, and he has thought fairness through far more deeply than women have. A woman believes in it, but she has not thought it out in terms of practical

relations. A schoolboy has notions of justice and equity, but he would get very much mixed up in these qualities if he had to apply them to water rights and property rights. The fact that man is constantly in contact with business means that he has had to think out details, so that he has a good working idea of equity. A woman will hold the idea emotionally without careful definition. But here is the thing that irks the middle-aged woman whose long years of marriage have educated her in fairness and equity. She sees that men charge the lack of these qualities against women. She knows that they brag that they have discovered civilization—Bernard Shaw their mouthpiece, mainly. Grant that civilization is the work of man, but the social institutions made by man have been effective in shaping the character of woman. In short, man has got woman into a complex and difficult situation, for which no training has prepared her, and then he blames her because she does not measure up to the situation as if she had had his training.

If there is one thing that the woman of forty has been shown by males from the cradle to senility, it is that because men are different from women they take it for granted that they are superior. She has learned that there is no man, not even a man-feminist, who deep in his heart really thinks that women are his equal. Every man, be he ignorant or educated, conservative or greatly progressive, defines certain traits as "feminine," and then when he sees them in women, he nods wisely, and says:

"Yes, that is just what I expected."

But when he sees those same traits in a man he says, disapprovingly, "He acts" (or talks, or writes) "like a woman."

The young wife may not quite know how to put her finger on the unfairness in this psychology; but the woman past her first youth knows that man adds up against women all the debits

he can find in them; then he collects all the debits of the same sort that he finds among men, and adds up these also in the women's column; a computation that she finds peculiarly enraging.

Another thing he does, equally unfair, and equally enraging to his long-time partner, is this: he comes to know in a general way how masculine and feminine traits have developed in the race from the time of *Pithecanthropus* till the present. Now, because conditions have shaped him as he is, he thinks he is right. Or, if he is wrong, the conditions that shaped him cancel the wrong. But because conditions have shaped Mrs. *Pithecanthropus* the way they have she is wrong and the conditions do not excuse her. Just here is the root of the sex antagonism and bitterness every woman, whatever her age, at times feels. Men may criticize the Deity for making the human race as it is, and for sending them to hell as punishment for what He has made them, but they certainly apply ethics no higher than these in their relations to women.

While, on the whole, the woman of forty finds this sense of superiority the most maddening characteristic of man, regarded as a companion, she occasionally comes up against another trait hard to bear: he cannot follow adequately the psychology of other people, and he does not make enough allowance for what another person is, at the moment, going through. This is a human fault, but more marked in men than in women, because man, having led an independent life, is less bent and shaped by other people's personalities than is woman. He hasn't had to take account of people in the same way that she has. It is the same difference, in a way, that there is between people in the country and in the city. In the country people may appear to be as individual or as queer as God made them; but the flat dweller has his corners rubbed off or filed down because he has to take account of the people

above him, and below him, down to the janitor.

Any experienced wife believes that it would be easier for man to follow, in any given situation, the psychology of woman if he quite realized all that he asks of her. He is the breadwinner, responsible for the financing of the home; he is subject to a lot of new strains himself, and he wants his woman to be a relief to him. She must charm and amuse him, furnish the home with the elements of beauty, give him a sense of leisure—an old notion coming from the harem, or maybe farther back. At the same time, he expects from her a range of knowledge and experience that she could acquire only if she were not a charmer and not a woman of leisure. Here is the characteristic that often baffles the wife of forty. A good husband would like to follow the psychology of his woman, even when not approving of it in any given situation. He wants to understand his companion whom he has so often accused of a "feminine lack of logic." He undertakes to do this, mainly by the use of his reason, assuming certain principles, and then figuring from the general class to the individual. For example, if he thinks all women are angels (an opinion held only by men who have not lived with them), it is hard to convince him that any particular one may be faulty. If he thinks all women of the upper classes are parasitic, he is always on the lookout for any woman he knows to be parasitic. If he thinks that all women exploit their husbands, he is always interpreting any woman's acts to mean exploitation. He will not admit exceptions.

His sense of superiority to her, his conceit, and his failure to allow for her psychology, irritate a middle-aged wife; but she preserves the serenity of their relationship by reflecting that man is an eternal child. She never really knows her husband, she thinks, till she is watching her son grow up. One of the amusements of the observant mother is to see the simple instincts of the child parading around in full-dress rehearsal in the man.

Supposing some power that be were to ask us older wives (happily married, but competent appraisers) what we should want our husbands to be in the next incarnation, or, if possible, in this world, we should reply that we don't want men changed very much; we don't mind the conceit really—perhaps that gives us a sense of superiority! But we'd like them to study psychology rather more, and we shall not consider them ideal companions until they correct the conviction that we are inferior to them, stop feeling that because they are different they must be superior. For the rest, if they were consistently rational, we should find them dull or too rigid and inflexible. Perhaps, after all, much of the magnetism we feel in them is due to that mixture of the grown man and the little child; of their genuinely fine and correctly estimated qualities, to which are superadded, in their relations to us, the instinct that they think is reason, and the chivalry that they think is justice, and the injustice that they think is chivalry; in short, to their excess of the human quality.

THE NEW STEPS TO PARNASSUS

BY ALEXANDER PORTERFIELD

A GOOD deal could be said about Mr. Reginald Rivers in one way or another.

To begin with, he was a particularly distinguished man of letters, rather lame of one foot, comparatively young, and very comfortably off in the necessary matter of money. His manners were exquisitely urbane and leisurely; although greatly preoccupied in the congenial task of saving English literature, he knew everybody and went everywhere; and, of course, everybody read his books, or read about them. And then there was that immense old place he owned in Sussex, with its magnificent library and beeches and innumerable chimneys; his villa in the south of France; his clubs; his box at the opera. It stood to reason that a very great deal was said about Mr. Rivers, and especially so since, in spite of all temptations, and in the face of overwhelming odds, he remained a bachelor as well as a Briton.

Still, it was at least something of an exaggeration to state that he was lame as the result of a wound he received in the foot while fighting a duel about a Latin quantity with a celebrated French *savant*. Or that his more austere and permanent contributions to English literature had been written entirely on the backs of his bookmaker's bills, and that he lost twenty thousand pounds on the Derby in 1912, when Craiganour was disqualified. Or that he always wore violets in his buttonhole because of an unhappy and disastrous attachment to the beautiful but ill-starred Grand Duchess Olga-Alexandra-Nathalie-Alexandrovitch, the history of which made up some of the most interesting reading

to be found in the secret archives of the British Embassy in Petrograd before the Bolsheviki rather inconsiderately looted that admirable institution for younger sons and future foreign secretaries. Or that his hair turned white owing to a somewhat scandalous and nearly fatal adventure in Constantinople.

But then people will say almost anything about a man of Mr. Rivers's caliber and distinction.

But as Lady Fane pointed out, with a slight and noticeable accent of impatience, there simply must be some fire where there is so much smoke.

Sir Anstruther, who was engaged in tying his white tie that evening in a tremendous hurry, since he happened to be rather inconveniently in his own house, as well as late in changing for dinner, merely grunted.

"It's — it's — what - do - you - call it?" said Lady Fane, vaguely, from the door of her husband's dressing room. "It's axiomatic. It's proverbial. Where there's so much smoke, there *must* be fire."

As a matter of fact, there was very little but smoke usually about the conflagrations which Lady Fane observed from time to time, but she was nothing if not hopeful. And, besides, Mr. Rivers was notoriously and tremendously clever, and with Lady Fane cleverness implied a certain not altogether admirable eccentricity. There was, for instance, Lord Byron. And then there was that unfortunate Francis Thompson. Of course, there were a great many others, whose names escaped Lady Fane for the moment.

And then there was Viola.

Rather thoughtfully, Lady Fane administered the final touches to Sir Anstruther's white tie.

Viola was her niece, an extremely slim, fair, self-possessed, and brisk young lady who was at the same time immensely pretty and yet inexplicably absorbed in so strange a thing as poetry. Of course, she was extraordinarily clever; her very bright, curly hair had been bobbed in the prevailing Bohemian way; and she even wrote verses herself. Captain Blake admired her enormously. So did young Lord Eastchester and Mr. Fox, but Viola regarded them with indifference amounting almost to disdain. She dismissed Lord Eastchester airily as "Cupid in pink." She considered that Mr. Fox—who was quite the most eligible *parti* in the county—"knew something about a horse, but nothing else." And as for Captain Blake . . .

In a great many ways she was a source of anxiety to her parents.

Lady Fane thought at first that it would be particularly pleasant to have Mr. Rivers take Viola in to dinner. They were both astonishingly clever. They both liked to talk about books. And Lady Fane thought it would be very pleasant indeed to be able to listen to some really brilliant conversation about books; it would be especially pleasant to recall it afterward, anyway; Sir Anstruther always talked about hounds, or the extraordinary hot weather.

Only, there were those dreadful rumors concerning Mr. Rivers's experiences, and Viola, after all, was really rather young. And then Mr. Rivers happened to be a person of some importance, and, although he was staying at the Manor merely overnight—owing to an accident which had occurred just after tea a few hundred yards from the lodge gates, and which had resulted apparently in a series of somewhat complicated repairs to be effected in the engine of Mr. Rivers's car—Lady Fane wondered whether she ought not to have Mr. Rivers take her in to dinner. Sir Anstruther, who was otherwise and hur-

riedly engaged, was of no assistance in the matter at all.

But in any case Lady Fane inclined to the idea of Viola's talking to Mr. Rivers. She was not, she said, "clever herself, thank goodness." Of course Viola was.

"Well, even if there is," she began, dubiously, "they can at least talk together about poetry."

Sir Anstruther sprinkled some *eau de Cologne* on a clean handkerchief.

"If there's what?" he demanded, with hasty impatience.

"Fire where there's so much smoke."

"Oh, I thought you were talking about that chap Rivers."

"I am," said Lady Fane, with immense dignity, "only you never listen. I said that even if the things people say about him *are* true, it might be better if he took in Viola. They could at least talk about books."

"Oh, quite, quite," replied Sir Anstruther, who privately hoped that in such case his niece and his distinguished guest would be at the other end of the table. He detested people talking about books. And Sir Anstruther always said, "Oh, quite, quite," or, "Quite," in every conversation with Lady Fane, whatever he happened to think at the moment. It was a singularly satisfactory expression and, after all, really meant nothing. Two people at least are required for the slightest sort of controversy.

A good many of the people who were staying at the Manor for the week-end were already down when Sir Anstruther followed his wife into the hall. Mrs. Webb was talking to the dean of St. Fagan's by the enormous fireplace; Viola was surrounded by three very fair young men with fresh faces and a certain feverish animation; and Mr. Rivers stood apart, exhibiting a somewhat patent toleration as he listened to the conversation of Lady Camelot and looked at Viola.

Mr. Rivers approved of pretty girls at house parties. One could talk to them, anyway.

He supposed that it would have been

quite useless trying to get on to Milkington Abbey that night. It had been dark when they ran into that confounded gate; one can't very well borrow a motor for a journey of some sixty miles and more, and Mr. Rivers had no idea of spending the night at some casual hotel. He hoped they wouldn't have amateur theatricals after dinner. He prayed that no one would sing. It would be bad enough without that. Still, if one could only get a few minutes conversation with that extraordinarily pretty girl with the short hair—

Of course, he'd probably have to take in his hostess, or Lady Camelot. That was the worst of these affairs. But any further reflections on this point were interrupted by the approach of Lady Fane.

"I'm so anxious to have you meet my niece," she said. "She's so int'rested in books and all that, you know. She's fright'ly clever."

"I'd be delighted," replied Mr. Rivers, with exquisite politeness and immense uneasiness of spirit. Interested in books! And frightfully clever! The prospect appeared to be perfectly ghastly.

Mr. Rivers embarked upon the delicate business of delaying the meeting as long as possible. Rather furtively he contrived to glance at the watch on his wrist; dinner, of course, might be announced any moment, and after dinner almost anything might happen. At the worst, one can always escape to one's room.

"Lady Camelot tells me," he began, "they do not expect to go to Cannes this winter. I hope you're not going to desert us, too, Lady Fane?"

"Oh no! We'll go south this year soon after New Year's although Sir Anstruther really likes to leave later. The hunting, you know."

"Of course," said Mr. Rivers, sympathetically.

"You see, he's so keen about hunting—"

Lady Fane was well started on her

hobby, and, while it sounded exactly like the sentences of a guidebook repeated in a sort of conversational shorthand, Mr. Rivers listened with tremendous attention, supplying every now and then an "of course" or two by way of punctuation and polite encouragement. He glanced in the direction of the extremely pretty girl with covert and considerable admiration; she, too, appeared to be suffering from the society in which she found herself, and she smiled at him with a faint, frankly sympathetic air of amused ennui as their eyes met. Mr. Rivers liked the delicately ironic arch of her eyebrows; the boyishly slender figure appealed to him immediately; and Mr. Rivers thought of the niece with even greater reluctance.

"My dear Lady Fane," he exclaimed, suddenly, as his hostess eventually and rather breathlessly reached the peroration of her last and almost lyrical digression about Cannes, "pray who is that astonishingly pretty girl over there?"

It was, of course, an amazingly silly sort of question to ask, since it would indubitably remind Lady Fane of her niece. Still, even Homer nodded. . . .

Lady Fane looked casually across the hall. "What girl?" she in turn asked. "But that reminds me—I simply must introduce my niece. Oh, do you mean that girl in black?"

Mr. Rivers intimated that he did.

"That's my niece," said Lady Fane. "Will you take her in? She's so int'rested in books. . . . I'm sure you won't mind."

Mind? Mr. Rivers felt more like some sudden and rather astounding exhibition of relief and gratitude, something to the accompaniment of enlivening Bantu music with a setting by the gifted M. Leon Bakst.

"What a charming young lady!" he remarked, with a decided enthusiasm as he carefully polished his eyeglass. And then he fixed that decorative article the more firmly in its place, and went on, with enormous conviction, "I'm sure we shall get along capitally."



“WHO IS THAT ASTONISHINGLY PRETTY GIRL?”

It was rather a pity his motor had not been damaged even more than it was.

A butler put in a dignified appearance at one end of the hall and announced dinner. Lady Fane looked anxiously at Sir Anstruther. “Will you take Lady Camelot in?” she said. And, having paired everybody else off, with more or less satisfaction, she added, “Are we quite ready to go in now?”

“Oh, quite, quite,” replied Sir Anstruther, as usual.

And Mr. Rivers felt that, on the whole, he wanted to indorse that opinion

by three hearty cheers, or some such violent display of enthusiasm, but he found some slight delicacy in the matter, and the business of extending his arm a sufficient sort of a demonstration, anyway.

“My dear young lady,” he observed, in his most urbane manner, “shall we follow the rest in to dinner?”

In spite of the fact that the next morning the motor appeared to be no better for a series of exhaustive repairs than before, Mr. Rivers caught the

eleven-fifteen train for Eastchester—where it was possible to change to an express for Euston—in a glow of serene self-satisfaction. No amateur theatricals had followed dinner; there had been no disturbing music afterward, either; and the port had been excellent. And Lady Viola had been as entertaining to talk to as she had been delightful to watch.

Mr. Rivers secured an empty smoker and a seat facing the engine, and a prodigious sheaf of Sunday papers. He lit a large cigar.

Of course, both Mr. Fox and that young Eastchester had been rather persistent nuisances the previous evening, but Mr. Rivers was master of the more polite, but none the less efficacious, form of discouragement, and as he opened the *Sunday Observer* with a certain tranquil toleration that distinguished man of letters smiled blandly to himself.

He must remember to ask Lady Viola to lunch with him just as soon as she returned to town.

He puffed leisurely at his cigar, and put his feet up on the seat opposite, and glanced casually through the *Observer*. The inevitable violets were missing from his buttonhole that morning because Sir Anstruther did not happen to care particularly about flowers and, consequently, there was no greenhouse at the Manor. Still, Mr. Rivers presented an even more suave and immaculate exterior than usual to the world. He read the articles by Mr. Garvin with greater patience than was his custom, and skipped the book reviews with a more genial shrug of his shoulders than those contributions were in habit of causing him of a Sunday morning. In fact, Mr. Rivers was exceedingly pleased with the world.

And then a disquieting thought occurred to him. . . .

Of course, he had promised to read those confounded poems. Poems! Mr. Rivers squirmed in his seat; it had been the one uncomfortable moment of an otherwise admirable evening, and he re-

pented bitterly of so reckless and ridiculous a promise. Why in the dickens had he said he'd read Lady Viola's poems? The worst of it was that he had actually volunteered to read them!

Mr. Rivers detested reading other people's poetry.

Still, it was better than having it read out to him.

He shuddered. That, at least, was something. And then Lady Viola *was* an extremely pretty girl, and Mr. Rivers reflected that one would do almost anything for a really pretty girl. The verses would be bad, probably very bad indeed. It was extraordinary how bad poetry could be. Even the most intelligent sort of people appeared to be capable of not only writing quantities of the most nauseating rubbish, but of actually exulting in it.

An uninteresting, rain-soaked countryside slid monotonously past the window. Mr. Rivers regarded it coldly—the bare trees, the smudge of sheep against the leafless, tangled hedges, cows huddled forlornly together in the corners of bleak fields. It was all depressingly like a dismal imitation of Corot. Mr. Rivers loathed Corot. And then his cigar went out.

After all, when the niece of one's hostess goes out of her way in order to supply the entirely unnecessary information that she occasionally wrote verse, what the devil can one do? Especially when that niece is a singularly pretty girl? Mr. Rivers found the carriage cold; he turned up the collar of his coat and extracted some small relief in damning the London & Northwestern Railway.

Of course, Lady Viola was a particularly pretty girl. . . .

Mr. Rivers took up the *Observer* with a formidable frown and plunged into a long review of a new book by Mr. Hugo Martin; the review was signed by Prof. Handley Jones of Balliol, and it immediately impressed Mr. Rivers as nonsense of a singularly atrocious sort. He scowled at the slender spire of a church hidden away behind some tall, leafless

elms. Then he glanced at his watch. And then he lit another cigar. He supposed he'd have to look at those infernal poems. After all, he did admire Lady Viola and rather devoutly hoped that she would lunch with him within the immediate future, and the fact that her poetry was abominable really was nothing out of the ordinary. The poetry of Mr. Hugo Martin Mr. Rivers considered drivel of the most offensive description—at least those rhymeless, rhythmless, ridiculous things which Prof. Handley Jones had quoted in his monumental folly; and, after all, he *had* promised to look through her poems. She'd be certain to ask about them at luncheon, and Mr. Rivers felt that to confess that he had yet to examine them might well be fatal.

He supposed he'd have to glance through the confounded things. . . . And, anyway, it would be better to get it over with. The sooner the better. And with a somewhat truculent grunt Mr. Rivers hauled his large, imposing pigskin bag nearer, and opened it.

Lying on top of its neatly packed contents—his dressing gown of richly embroidered purple silk, his shirts, and his silver-topped things—was a beribboned, typewriter sheaf of MS. Mr. Rivers picked it up with a contemptuous thumb and forefinger, and read on the first pages:

ETCHINGS AND ECSTASIES

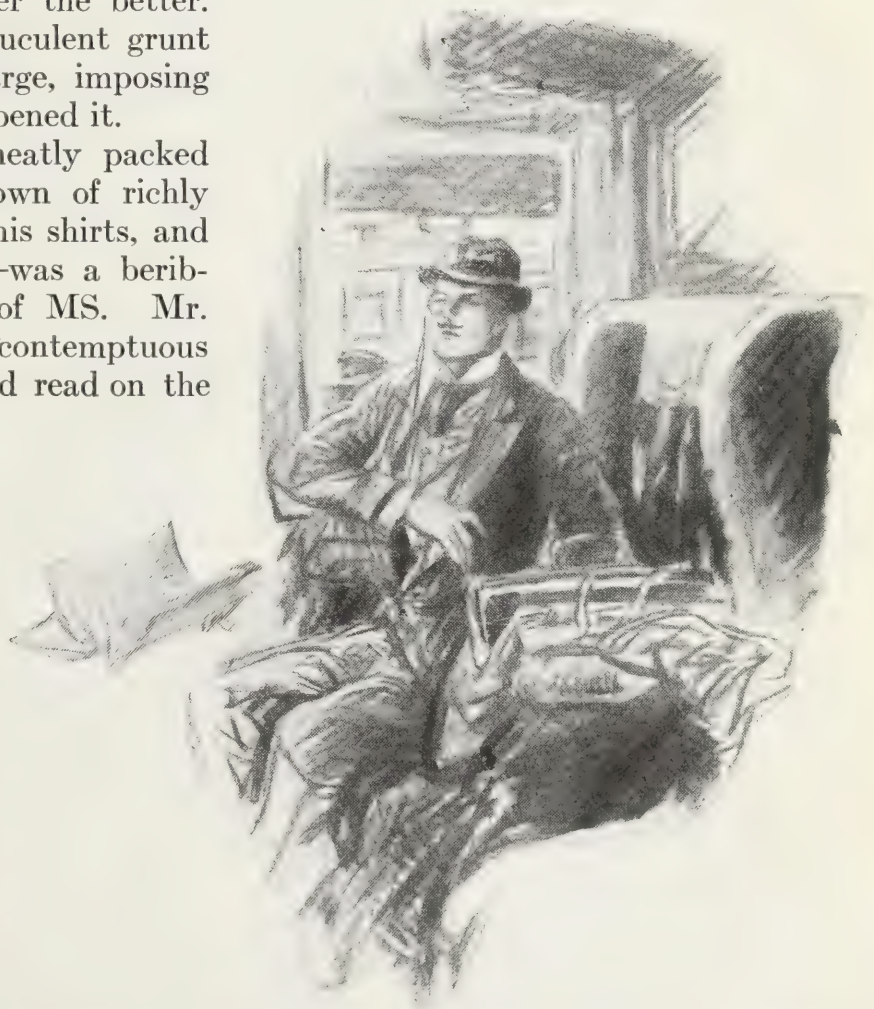
By
LADY VIOLA MANNING

With immense disgust he turned the first page, and then the second, and then the third, and started to read. It would have been particularly trying business for the most ordinary intelligence. It was, of course, simply agony for Mr. Rivers.

Because you went away
The tall, immeasurable, wind-swept sky,
Till then so blue, so beautiful,
Seemed clouded over, quite.
And the stern, relentless trees,
Like fingers, pointing the way,
Pointing to loneliness
Of immeasurable sky
As some darkly pointing signpost
Points down some unending, closed-in,
And slow-darkening alley. . . .

Now *what* on earth could anybody say about that?

He threw his cigar away with sudden vehemence as the train meandered with great deliberation to a full and apparently final stop at a small station which proclaimed itself to be Brocklingbury St. Mary. It was certainly little else, and with tremendous irritation he thrust his head through the window and looked for the guard.



HE HURLED "ETCHINGS AND ECSTASIES" INTO THE FARTHEST CORNER

That official happened to be in a deep and undisturbed conversation with the station master. Except for them, the platform was entirely deserted.

Mr. Rivers scowled at his watch. "Hi, there!" he shouted. "Is this train on time?"

The guard tucked his green flag carefully under one arm and consulted his watch. "Yessir."

"But they told me at Acton Regis that I should reach Eastchester at eleven forty-two," expostulated Mr. Rivers in a great and rising rage.

"Well, they ain't notorious for the trewth at Acton Regis no'ow, sir."

"Never was," added the station master, genially.

"Nor never will be," said the guard.

Mr. Rivers made an abrupt, threatening gesture with the MS. of *Etchings and Ecstasies*.

"My God!"

Then, with a cramped, intolerable, and portentous sense of gloom, he hurled *Etchings and Ecstasies* into the farthest corner of the carriage and descended to the platform. On the horizon, a vague blur against the soft, fleecy sky, he observed the towers and spires of Eastchester, but his appreciation of that view was of short duration. There was a sudden, insistent whistle, and the train displayed the first symptoms of impatience it had exhibited so far, and Mr. Rivers was compelled to scramble into his carriage with considerable haste and inconsiderable dignity.

No eminent man of letters likes to be hurried, and as a result Mr. Rivers arrived at Eastchester in a rather more augmented state of smoldering anger and intolerance even than he had when arriving at Brocklingbury St. Mary. There was another ugly rush for the London express; a somewhat hasty feeling of porters after a distinctly hastier search for a corner seat in a first-class smoker, facing, of course; and, what with one thing and another, Mr. Rivers decided that he had seldom experienced so detestable a journey, thank God!

In the first place, the carriage happened to be uncomfortably crowded. Mr. Rivers was unable, in consequence, to arrange his feet and his impedimenta in the comfortable fashion he liked. And then the other people either read their newspapers at the top of their voices, or discussed their more exclusive friends and acquaintances. Mr. Rivers listened with unutterable disgust. Obviously, quite superior sort of people. . . .

And then there was an interminable delay at Willesden Junction. Thank God, one traveled as little as one did on the railway. Life was quite enough without that. The superior sort of people were performing rather dizzy conversational feats in ducal altitudes; there were innumerable rustlings of newspapers; and by the time Mr. Rivers descended, with what was left of his bland and exquisite dignity and his impressive and belabeled luggage, upon the platform at Euston, he entertained feelings toward his fellow travelers which were murderous, if nothing worse.

He signaled a porter, and, having nodded at his luggage, sprang into a taxi with remarkable agility for a man lame of one foot.

Of course, in the circumstances, it was not entirely unnatural that Mr. Rivers happened to overlook the really rather trifling matter of Lady Viola's verses. In fact, it was only when he reached his rooms in St. James's Street, a thoughtfully lit fire, and a very large whisky and soda, that he thought of them at all. But, since he still simmered mightily with a just and noble indignation—to the consternation of Spurgeon, his valet—Mr. Rivers recalled that piece of forgetfulness simply with a cold, renewed fury which caused Spurgeon to redouble his efforts in the direction of comfort and calm.

A man may not be a hero to his valet, but Mr. Rivers was something more than that. He was a terror to Spurgeon, particularly when anything went wrong. And one thing after another had gone singularly wrong that day for Mr. Rivers.



"THEN HE SAID TO ME, 'SPURGEON, 'ERE'S AN INFERNAL BUSINESS'"

"Not since 'is lordship called 'im fat," observed Spurgeon, reminiscently, to Mrs. Spraggs, the cook, "'as 'e gone on the way 'e 'as this evening."

"Well, 'e'll suffer for it, some day," replied Mrs. Spraggs.

But Mr. Rivers showed no immediate symptoms of suffering or sorrow. As a matter of fact, at that exact moment he was shaking his fist vindictively in the direction he vaguely believed Acton Manor lay from St. James's Street, which Spurgeon promptly reported.

"'E don't show no signs of it yet," he said.

Mrs. Spraggs sniffed scornfully. "Oh, e will jest as sure as I kin show you me marriage lines."

Which, of course, only went to prove the truth of that profound observation that no prophet is quite without any sort of honor except in her own kitchen.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Rivers was to discover the loss of Lady Viola's MS. to be a source of unexpected and particular regret.

Of course, the following morning he had regained a good deal of his suave serenity of manner; the misadventures of the previous day appeared to be a merely vague recollection of unpleasantness. Mr. Rivers—in an embroidered dressing gown—observed the leisurely traffic of St. James's Street through the fragrant haze of his morning cigar. Above the palace at the bottom of the street the sky was a warm, cerulean blue; the air was bright with unusual sunshine, and Spurgeon reported that Mr. Rivers's engagement book showed the fact that he was lunching with Mrs. Durlacher in Green Street at half past one.

Mr. Rivers liked lunching with Mrs. Durlacher; she was one of the Essex Durlachers, and an extremely amusing woman of the world. There would be no abominable verses to read there.

Rather dimly, as he surveyed St. James's Street and puffed contentedly at his cigar, the idea occurred to Mr. Rivers that he would really have to send Spurgeon to look up that confounded MS. of Lady Viola's.

After all, she was an immensely pretty girl. . . .

But the next day Mr. Rivers found errands of another description for Spurgeon to run. The day after that the repaired motor arrived back in town; that evening they ran down into Sussex for a few days; Mr. Rivers felt anxious to correct a few proofs, and of course he was unable to work anywhere quite so well as in his own library at Millinghurst Hall. It was a vast, high-ceilinged, book-lined room with a commanding view of the downs, and exactly the sort of place in which to engage in the engrossing, if congenial, business of saving English literature. It stood to reason that, immersed in such important matters, Mr. Rivers promptly and completely forgot all about so trivial a thing as a few miserable and missing lyrics.

And then there was a week-end with the Archie MacKenzies. There were a few days given up to the trying but somewhat necessary ordeal of Christmas shopping. And then there was another week-end in the country, and then a renewal of labor on the proofs of Mr. Rivers's new book.

It was no wonder, after all, that that affair of the missing MS. slipped entirely from his mind. In fact, even Lady Viola became a faint and misty figure in the preoccupations and pleasures of Mr. Rivers's rather cloistered and quietly ordered existence.

"Are there no letters this morning, Spurgeon?" demanded Mr. Rivers one morning, as he entered his library with the admirable intention of devoting the day wholly to literature.

"Nothing at all?"

It was extremely unusual for the eminent author's post to be composed simply of his copy of the *Times*, and, upon investigation, it appeared that that morning was by no means the exception to the rule. There was a letter, indeed only one, but then half a loaf's better than none.

Mr. Rivers scrutinized the handwriting of the address. The letter had been

forwarded on from the Sybarites Club; it had been posted in London two days before, but Mr. Rivers failed to remember the writing, and while he studied the envelope he kept up a leisurely conversation with Spurgeon on the subject.

"Meager sort of post this morning, Spurgeon."

"Yessir."

"Still, some—at least one—of our more gifted acquaintances seems to be able to write as well as read."

"Quite so, sir."

Mr. Rivers screwed his glass firmly in its place and continued to study the envelope.

"Writing," he remarked, after a thoughtful pause, "is rather more than an art in these days in which it happens to be our privilege to live, Spurgeon. It is a disease."

"Very good, sir."

There was an ironic silence of several moments.

"Good, Spurgeon? Good?"

"Well, sir, very bad, if I may say so, sir."

"Just so," observed Mr. Rivers. And then, "Damnation!"

There was a more strained silence, and Mr. Rivers again read the letter he had glanced through so casually.

THE MANOR,
ACTON REGIS, BUCKS,
Friday.

DEAR MR. RIVERS,—I am going to be in town next Friday and wonder if you could lunch with me at my aunt's house in Cadogan Gardens about one o'clock or thereabouts on that day?

I'm particularly anxious to learn your opinion of my verses, and especially so since I'm advised to publish them. It was so good of you to offer to read them. I can't tell you how much I appreciate such an honor.

Yours sincerely,

VIOLA MANNING.

As Spurgeon remarked to Mrs. Spraggs afterward, in the course of recounting the incident, it was "a pretty kettle o' fish."

"There 'e sat, starin' 'ard at the letter, an' swearin'. 'Blarst and damn,' 'e kep' repeatin', viciously like. And then he said to me, 'Spurgeon, 'ere's an infernal business.'"

It was indeed a very infernal business. In his irritation Mr. Rivers crumpled the letter up and threw it with some violence of manner into the waste-paper basket. He sat down in front of his writing table with a determined, resolute air, although, as a matter of fact, he speedily perceived that he was too disturbed for the task of saving English literature. This was going to be a singularly infernal business. Quite the worst sort of thing he had known since that

ridiculous story about the Greek dancing girl in the harem of the late Abdul Hamid. . . .

And what in the devil could he do about those ghastly verses?

Of course something had to be done, and that immediately. Mr. Rivers considered the ceiling. Then he scowled at the sedately arrayed ranks of books upon their shelves. He paced up and down the room, his hands clasped behind his back, his frown growing more and more formidable. What he really wanted was a good, stiff whisky and soda. He rang savagely for Spurgeon.

And then it occurred to him that it would appear singular (to say the least



HE WAS INDEFATIGABLE IN HIS ATTENTIONS



LADY VIOLA CUT HIM SHORT WITH AN IMPERIOUS GESTURE

of it) to demand a whisky and soda at ten o'clock of the morning. Servants gossiped so confoundedly.

There was that preposterous fable about the Grand Duchess Olga, and all that farrago about writing literature on the unused side of his bookmaker's bills. Of course, that must have been Spurgeon's chattering fault. Spurgeon had been in the room when he had unfortunately exhibited a few notes on the back of some bills and letters to Berwick Bending, with some silly sort of remark.

Servants were simply the devil

"Did you ring, sir?"

Mr. Rivers wheeled round with startled and vindictive vehemence. It was Spurgeon.

"Beg pardon, sir, but did you ring?"

"Ring? No, I didn't."

"Beg pardon, sir."

Spurgeon tactfully made for the door.

"Hi, Spurgeon!" suddenly shouted Mr. Rivers, just as the door closed upon

that astounded but discreet individual. "Spur-geon!"

Of course it was simply one of those literary rows, reflected Spurgeon, as he re-entered the room. They seemed to play the very dickens with the temper; probably that Gordon Jackson, or Prof. Handley Jones had written something silly about Shakespeare, or somebody like that; they were always writing silly things about things like that, and Spurgeon observed that Mr. Rivers invariably fell into a towering temper upon reading them.

Spurgeon failed to understand exactly why Mr. Rivers ever did read them. He knew beforehand that he would disagree violently with every word he read, and that he'd fly into a prodigious temper about halfway through.

Still, all literary men appeared to be like that. There was that Doctor Crossley. There was Mr. Mullet and Mr.

Percival and Sir Henry Bangs. They were all strangely violent about trifles.

Spurgeon presented a gravely inquiring face. "Was you a-callin' me, sir?" he asked, solemnly.

"Yes."

There was an unaccountable silence. It was the sixth that morning; Spurgeon counted them. Of course it must be that Prof. Handley Jones, after all. He was the worst of the lot.

"Er—Spurgeon, what's the time?"

"Just gone ten, sir."

Ten. Mr. Rivers waved agitated hands. Ten o'clock.

"Er—would it be possible for me to get to town by one, or half past—at the latest, Spurgeon?"

Spurgeon took the matter under consideration, and Mr. Rivers fidgeted, and frowned at the fire, and shuffled his slippered feet. It was infernally awkward, to say the least of it.

Spurgeon finally delivered a considered opinion. By starting immediately, and avoiding certain notorious traps, and all regard for the views of the Home Secretary in the matter, it would be just possible. Just possible, but no more.

Mr. Rivers started for the door and then stopped. He turned upon the astonished Spurgeon rather fiercely.

"Look here, Spurgeon, you must come, too," he said. "And as soon as we reach Cadogan Gardens the car must take you to Euston. . . . Go to the what-d'ye-call-'em office—you know, where you get things you've lost—"

"But I've never lost anything at Euston, sir," objected Spurgeon.

"Oh, never mind. Go to the place you would go if you had lost anything. Good God! use some sense."

"Certainly, sir."

"Certainly. Well, go there and by nook or crook see if you can't find a collection of er—verses I happened to lose a few weeks ago coming down by train from Acton Regis. The name," said Mr. Rivers, scowling tremendously, "of that bundle of typewritten drivel is

Etchings and Ecstasies. Etchings and Ecstasies, remember. Etchings and Ecstasies."

"*Etchin's an' Extersies,*" repeated Spurgeon.

"Take some money," continued Mr. Rivers. "Tip everybody. And bring back that stuff."

And he turned sharply and started again for the door. Spurgeon followed, with a scandalized expression on his face.

"You can't go in that dressing gown, sir," he called after the vanishing figure of his master, in a shocked and startled voice. "Not to London, sir!"

Lady Viola Manning was a remarkably self-possessed young lady, who entertained the highest possible respect and admiration for a person of Mr. Rivers's caliber, but she wanted the MS. of her verses. Mr. John Grainger, of the old-established firm of Grainger & Co., Publishers, had made certain flattering offers and certain even more flattering remarks about the book; and, while it was exceedingly pleasant to lunch with Mr. Rivers, and to have tea with him, and to stroll up Bond Street with so distinguished a figure in the field of English letters, there appeared to be no possible approach to the return of the only copy of *Etchings and Ecstasies* in existence.

There was always some excuse.

"Of course he's perfectly charming," said Lady Viola in her clear, candid voice, "and I think I might get him to write a sort of foreword, or introduction, you know, but . . ."

But, as Mr. Grainger pointed out, politeness butters no parsnips.

"Get him to buck up with it," advised that brisk man of business. "You see him every now and then, don't you?"

As a matter of fact, Lady Viola saw rather a good deal of Mr. Rivers. He was indefatigable in his attentions, and of course it *was* something of a triumph to have the immaculate and puissant person of Mr. Rivers limping urbanely at heel whenever she went out. It was

extremely pleasant to have roses from Millinghurst arrive every other morning, and luscious fruits; it was deliciously flattering to receive autographed copies of that eminent author's own works, and the jewels of his advice at tea, with the slow, glimmering London dusk darkening the tall windows of Mr. Rivers's rooms in St. James's Street; and it was particularly delightful to have it said that he lingered week after week through the London winter for the sake of her society.

But somehow or other, nothing appeared to have the slightest effect in the matter of those verses. Mr. Rivers simply would not return them. Even Lady Fane thought it odd.

"Although, with literary people," she said, significantly, "you never can tell. They're so tremendously clever."

It was, as a matter of fact, an opinion she shared with Mr. Rivers's valet. The harassed Spurgeon spent the greater part of the winter ransacking London in quest of the missing MS. Enormous sums of money had been doled out in bribes and tips. Practically the entire staff of the London & Northwestern Railway had been cynically debauched by Spurgeon or several other agents of Mr. Rivers; window cleaners, and people with brooms and mops who swept out the carriages, and innumerable guards and engine drivers had been lavishly and repeatedly feed and cross-examined, but the results in all amounted to merely two false clues and a large bundle of old newspapers.

And in the meantime Mr. Rivers redoubled his attentions.

Still, even the most inexhaustible fertility will eventually show signs of weakening in time, and by March Mr. Rivers's exceptional gift for mendacity began to wear thin and threatening. It was a very trying time for everybody concerned, especially for Mr. Rivers, who was long since at the end of his rather imperfect toleration and in no position to show it, except when he did not happen to be with Lady Viola, which

was not often; and for that young lady herself, who wanted her verses and could not get them. Extremely trying, too, for Lady Fane, since she had to live at least some part of the time with her niece. Mr. Fox and Lord Eastchester and Mr. Blake also found it a singularly unpleasant winter, and Spurgeon and Mrs. Spraggs commenced upon the startling business of serving Mr. Rivers daily with ultimatums of one sort and another.

Moreover, literature that winter suffered severely from neglect. . . .

And then the worst came to the worst.

Lady Viola demanded the MS. of *Etchings and Ecstasies*, and flatly and unreasonably refused to accept any denial. She spoke peremptorily to a man of letters of the standing of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson, as if she were speaking to a domestic delinquent. And what, exactly, could anybody say to such a piece of unparalleled impertinence?

There was actually suspicion in her voice as she went on, rather breathlessly, and in a peculiarly penetrating voice.

"You offered—of course most kindly and charmingly—to read them and give me the benefit of your criticism," Lady Viola said. "I didn't ask you—mind. You volunteered—volunteered to give me a hand up the slopes of Parnassus—"

The slopes of Parnassus!

Mr. Rivers felt suddenly and violently ill.

"You said you'd like to see my verses and to help me. I hardly expected that help to take the shape of secret burning, or borrowing!"

Borrowing! . . .

With some dexterity, and certain remarkable optimism, Mr. Rivers set out upon a series of rhetorical acrobatics in his more commanding manner, a performance which Lady Viola ruthlessly cut short.

"But where are they?" she demanded.

And then she produced one of the quarterly organs of the inmost English

intelligentsia. "Is it possible," she proceeded to ask, icily, and with a politeness Mr. Rivers found almost impossible to endure—"is it possible that so distinguished a man as Mr. Rivers could have helped himself . . ."

With which she pointed to a sonnet imposingly occupying the entire page; Mr. Rivers had written it in early youth, and it was rather vaguely about the loneliness of wind-swept skies, and the pointed, signpost properties of pines.

"No!" shouted Mr. Rivers, losing for the moment all semblance of self-control, and almost beside himself with guilty fury. "No; I help literature by *losing* 'em!"

"Do you?" said Lady Viola.

"Yes, I do. I'm sorry, profoundly sorry, but I've lost your verses. In the train. I've been trying to find 'em."

Lady Viola cut him short with an imperious gesture of one slim, petal-like white hand. It was an extremely effective gesture, and Mr. Rivers had recovered sufficiently from his collapsed toleration to find it even more than effective; it was admirable. But then, of course, Lady Viola *was* a singularly pretty girl. . . . Mr. Rivers paused, somewhat gratefully. Explanations are a humiliating business, anyway.

"I'm sorry, too," said Lady Viola, candidly, "because I'm afraid I can't believe you."

"Can't believe me!" gasped Mr. Rivers.

Lady Viola nodded. "I'm afraid, Mr. Rivers," she continued, with immense deliberation—"I'm afraid you have stolen some of my stuff!"

"Good God!" said Mr. Rivers.

"Stolen" her "stuff"!

Now, what under heaven could anybody say to *that*? And "stuff," too!

Lady Viola went on to state that since her aunt and all her friends considered it singular, to put it mildly, that Mr. Rivers simply refused to return her MS., and that Lord Eastchester, in looking through a copy of *The Yellow Review*

had seen, and actually shown her, a poem of Mr. Rivers's about daffodils which appeared to be inexplicably like one of her own, her suspicions had been gradually aroused.

"And, of course," she concluded, triumphantly, "when I saw this"—and she shook the stout, dignified quarterly at the distressed and inarticulate Mr. Rivers by way of emphasis—"I *knew* you'd been pilfering my stuff."

"My dear young lady—"

"Please, Mr. Rivers—"

Of course you simply could not reason with Lady Viola. Mr. Rivers turned a deeper shade of red about the gills, and regarded that self-possessed young lady with bent and threatening brows.

Mr. Rivers took his hat and his departure with immense and freezing haughtiness. He did not even take the trouble of inventing some prodigious lie. He promised nothing. He merely said, "Good afternoon," in his most commanding manner and stalked out of the room.

Pilfering! . . .

After all, what could he have said? Pilfering! A man of his standing! Good God! he demanded, as he climbed into a taxi in a state of suffocating and half-conscious rage, what was there to be said to such an idiot?

He hoped—with malignant intensity—that the abominable MS. would never be found. He would call a halt that very afternoon. Some illiterate porter, some confounded guard, anybody, could find the infernal "stuff," as she called it—and what an abominable expression!—and use it ignominiously as shaving paper. Or for anything they damn well pleased.

Pilfering! . . .

As Lady Fane and Spurgeon each—in their several ways, of course—said, one could never be sure about clever people, especially the tremendously clever ones. They were too clever. Even Mrs. Spraggs confessed to a certain haziness on the subject.

"It's that there Professor 'Andley

Jones, it is," declared Spurgeon, with enormous conviction. "'E's bin writin' about Shakespeare again. But it's probably a book this time. I 'ain't never seen 'im carry on so—no, not in all the years I've been with 'im. Not even when 'e 'eard about the dancin'-girl story."

It was indeed very bad, but there remained developments of a sort which were infinitely, unspeakably, worse.

The following morning Mr. Rivers rose in a not altogether unexpected evil temper some twenty minutes or so before his usual time. An ugly ringing of bells proclaimed this fact to whomever it concerned, which, from the violence and insistence of the ringing, appeared to be the whole of St. James's Street. He got out of bed and into his dressing gown with a vindictive, menacing silence, and stalked to the study. It stood to reason that there was no fire there. There never was, until the eminent author had sipped his early morning cup of tea and glanced leisurely through his letters and the *Times*, bathed, shaved, and, radiant inside and out, sauntered comfortably (some forty-five minutes after he first opened his eyes) into his study to breakfast, a cigar, and the business of literature. And that morning he simply pulled on his dressing gown and stalked immediately into the cold and cheerless room with a short command for tea to be sent there at once. Consequently there followed an altogether unreasonable display of temper.

"No breakfast," said Mr. Rivers. "Tea, and lots of it, when you've managed to get that damnable fire going. And why the devil there can't be fires here before midday I can't think. It's—it's outrageous!"

And then there was a renewed and even more violent onslaught upon the bells. Spurgeon dashed madly up the stairs, accomplishing inconceivable feats of legerdemain with the tea things, the *Times*, and the letters.

"No letters to-day, Spurgeon?"

There was a grieved, exasperated note about Mr. Rivers's voice which suggest-

ed little in the least pleasant for the day, but even at that Spurgeon hardly expected the outburst of savage indignation which filled the passages like the gusts of a tremendous storm a few minutes later. It was only upon looking through the torn and crumpled fragments of the morning's mail some hours later that the experienced Spurgeon discovered what he rightly supposed to be the cause of that startling outcry of breakfast time.

It was not, as a matter of fact, any communication from Prof. Handley Jones. A discreet, if thorough, search of the study failed to reveal the slightest traces of any contributions to any controversy from the prolific pens of Mr. Gordon Jackson or Sir Henry Bangs. But that discreet and exhaustive search did result in the discovery of a letter written on extremely stiff white paper which, pieced together immediately after Mr. Rivers stormed out of the place, appeared to be from some firm of solicitors.

4, NEW-SQUARE,
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

SIR,—We are instructed by our client, Lady Viola Manning, to demand the immediate return of her poems, which she, on your suggestion, intrusted to you for reasons which do not enter the case at this point. We are further instructed to inform you that unless the poems are received within twenty-four hours legal proceedings will be instituted at once to recover their possession. Damages will be asked for also.

Yours, etc.,

WRIGHT, THOMPSON, BELL & BARTLE.

To,
REGINALD RIVERS, ESQ.,
29b St. James's Street, S. W. 1.

As Spurgeon elegantly remarked to Mrs. Spraggs, "Well, 'ere's a pretty kettle o' fish, and no mistake."

It was, but light had come to Mr. Rivers. . . .

By half past ten, and rather hastily

dressed, that distinguished author was hurriedly making his way westward along the railings of Green Park. There was a soft, moist scent of lilac in the air; the trees were bursting into leaf, and the grass was a new and vivid green. Even the blackbirds sang as if they, too, shared the hope and happiness of Mr. Rivers's sudden inspiration.

Of course, it was astonishing that he had not thought of it before. It was simple and extremely satisfactory—extraordinarily satisfactory, in that it pointed out an escape from the very distasteful prospect of litigation. But, then, all great discoveries are simple, once they have been discovered.

And, after all, he *had* always admired Lady Viola excessively. . . .

No doubt it would be for the best. At any rate, it *was* the only way, and, on the whole, a really rather admirable way, out of the difficulty. Mr. Rivers even contrived to hum softly to himself as he limped lightheartedly along in the bright sunshine. He wondered that he had not thought of it before; indeed, it presented the most exquisite possibilities.

Mr. Rivers crossed Piccadilly at Hyde Park Corner. In Knightsbridge he caught a glimpse of his own reflection in a shop window, and he perceived, with a certain candid appreciation and critical appraisal, that he was still slender of figure and rather debonair of appearance. His hat was tilted slightly to one side. His limp, like his snowy, close-cut, crinkly hair, was really distinguished.

And then there were Millinghurst; the villa in the south of France; the box at the opera. There was practically everything; and Mr. Rivers smiled delicately to himself as he stopped at a florist's and bought a large bunch of violets for his buttonhole.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Rivers emerged from the shop in a state nearer tranquillity than he had been at any other moment during the previous four months. He quickened his pace as he thought of his Great Idea.

It was rather more than a Great Idea.

Mr. Rivers proposed to ask Lady Viola to marry him.

Of course a wife can't sue her husband. And of course he was tremendously fond of Lady Viola, really. And it stood to reason that, once he explained things, and apologized for having lost his temper, Lady Viola would simply jump at twenty thousand a year, Millinghurst, the villa in the south of France, the attractions of a distinguished name, and all the many and varied inducements he (thank God!) was in a position to offer. He supposed, as he turned briskly into Sloane Street, that Lady Viola would not insist upon writing any more poetry, especially after this almost disastrous experience. Besides, she could bask in the reflected splendor of his achievements in the arduous, but not unrewarded labors of saving English literature.

But anything at all rather than that confounded action. Mr. Rivers shuddered at the thought of it.

Still, there was a slight element of uncertainty about the Great Idea, and Mr. Rivers was somewhat conscious of the fact that his heart appeared to be performing its usual functions in a little accelerated fashion as he was ushered into the trim, green-and-white drawing-room of Lady Fane's house in Cadogan Gardens, S. W. And it was a somewhat ghastly business, waiting. . . .

Mr. Rivers listened for approaching footsteps. He turned the coins in his trousers pockets over and over again. He changed his seat several times. He stared at himself in the mirror above the fire. He cleared his throat once or twice.

And then he was aware of Lady Viola, with a bright, enigmatic, and rather amused smile, and a delicate scent of *chypre* about her, standing in the doorway.

"I say, have you come about those verses of mine?" she asked, crisply.

Mr. Rivers rose to his feet with a suave alacrity. "My dear Lady Viola," he began, in his most urbane voice, "I've—er—I've called really . . ."

He wished his voice would retain something of its old, bantering quality, and that Lady Viola would not continue to smile. But she was like that. Always rather perversely gay, and cool and collected. Really, rather odd sorts of things amused her, but she was an amazingly pretty girl.

He started to explain. *S'explique, s'implique*. It was a singularly delicate business. That of steering a discreetly middle course between Charybdis on the one hand and Scylla on the other occurred to Mr. Rivers to be a particularly trivial kind of a performance compared with it. It was exceptionally difficult.

"My dear Mr. Rivers, please don't bother about those stupid verses. I meant to write to you about them this morning, and so I'm so glad you've called."

"But, pray let me explain—"

"Oh, there's nothing really to explain—except that I *was* in rather a temper yesterday, and . . . And, anyway, everything is a good deal different to-day," she added, briskly.

"No, no," protested Mr. Rivers. "I must insist . . . really, I must make some amends. . . . My dear Lady Viola, of course you've known that I've really entertained the liveliest feelings of respect and admiration—"

"That's just it," interrupted Lady Viola, brightly. "That's it exactly. You see, I thought that in spite of our row yesterday—you were cross and so was I, so we're even on that score, anyway—you see, I thought you'd like to hear—"

"I'd rather like to finish what I was going to say, if I may," remarked Mr. Rivers.

There was a short, somewhat nervous pause.

"Well, you know— Look here, Viola, I've lost the verses you gave me to read, and I've come to say I'm sorry, and . . . and, I say, will you marry me?"

His subsequent remark that it was the best amends in the circumstances he could think of was lost in a peal of

helpless laughter. It was extraordinary, of course. But then she was like that. She treated a man of the caliber of the late Henry James as she would treat a younger brother.

"Still," he observed, rather stiffly, "I can't see anything especially funny in the fact that I ask you to marry me."

"It's simply excruciatingly funny!" sobbed Lady Viola between peals of astonishingly merry laughter. "That's exactly what I wanted to tell you . . . I *am* going to be married."

"Married? But to whom?"

"It's in the *Morning Post*. But of course you've met Lord Eastchester, haven't you? He asked me to marry him last night—at the Claverings' dance. I felt beastly about the verses, about people who write, and the whole thing. And Eastchester never seemed quite so marvelous as he did then. . . ."

"I suppose I can't explain."

"Still," she added again, smiling gayly, "it is jolly, isn't it? And won't you wish us luck? And forget all that I said yesterday?"

Mr. Rivers supposed that he did manage to wish Lady Viola luck, although, climbing into a taxi a few minutes after leaving Lady Fane's house, he found some difficulty in remembering exactly what he had said or done.

He lit a cigarette, and sank back upon the cushions with a faint, half-regretful sensation of relief.

Of course she was an extremely and startlingly pretty girl. But she wrote atrocious poetry.

Spurgeon—an uneasily expectant and alert Spurgeon—met him on his arrival at his rooms. He held a bulky package wrapped in curiously dirty newspapers, and an expression bordering upon a smirk rested fitfully on his face.

"Beg pardon, sir, but there's a man 'ere from Euston who says 'e wants that five-pun note you promised for those there *Retchings and Exercises*, sir."

And Spurgeon rather gently offered the parcel to Mr. Rivers.

After all, it was, as Spurgeon knew,

the only escape from the threatened suit, but he watched Mr. Rivers's face narrowly for squalls. That was the worst of clever people, especially clever literary people. One never could tell exactly how they'd take things.

But Mr. Rivers merely smiled and shook his head.

"Just take it round to Lady Viola Manning, in Cadogan Gardens, Spurgeon," he said. "But give the man his five-pound note first. And tell to whom-ever you deliver that—er—that parcel, Spurgeon, tell 'em to give my compliments to Lady Viola, with a wedding present from Parnassus."

KEATS

BY ANITA BRAGANÇA

THERE was a soul caught down into the earth
 From remote fields of quiet, from the calm
 Of ultimate attainment, the sad earth
 Took him upon her bosom, held him warm,
 And not a lyre was struck to hymn his birth.

From starry spheres of utter peace he came,
 Fettered into mortality, fast bound
 A little space to ills that crush and maim.
 A wistful pilgrim, humble-eyed, but crowned
 With immortality as with a flame.

The certain knowledge of the realms of light
 Lost to him for a little, but he knew
 Such whisperings and visions day and night
 Pervading all his being, shining through
 The yearning eyes that strove to see aright.

And haunting memories were ceaselessly
 About him, their dim hands upon his heart
 And solemn voices in his ear, thus he
 Gave tongue to the world's music, rapt apart,
 A sweet-voiced exile of eternity.

Exiled a space to make earth's music show
 A sweeter strain, but now the song is sung,
 And, as the lark's flight leaves in heaven a glow,
 Spirals of melody on high upflung
 That quiver in the summer air, even so

The joyous upward surging of the strong,
 Bright spirit cleaving swiftly through the spheres,
 Has left a trail of golden sound along
 The void, a path melodious that bears
 The ages upward on its wings of song.

IN ONE MAN'S LIFE

II.—THE RETURN TO POWER

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

The part played by Theodore N. Vail in the early history of the telephone was vividly narrated by Mr. Paine in the September number of the Magazine. In the present article he tells of Mr. Vail's return to power after his long absence in South America, and of how, little by little, he developed the vast organization which stands to-day a splendid monument to the memory of one of the greatest business organizers of modern times.

IN 1887 Theodore Vail retired from the telephone company and embarked in a variety of other business ventures, one of which—the construction of a central heating system in Boston—proved disastrous, while another—the electrification in Buenos Aires of La Capital and other street-railway lines—had restored his financial prestige, both in Europe and America. Vail, at the period of which this paper treats, had not been actively associated with the telephone company for nearly twenty years.

The year 1907 was an eventful one in the business world. For many it was a disastrous year. The early part of the new century had been a period of inflation, and the natural result was nearly due. Apparently not many foresaw trouble, and early in the year—in March, when flotations new and old were still riding at the top of the tide—a Belgian company in Buenos Aires proposed to buy out the La Capital interests. Whatever Vail thought of the future, his immediate judgment was to sell. He received something more than three million dollars for his holdings, and friends who had joined their fortunes with his profited accordingly. Whatever prestige he had lost in his earlier failures came back now increased manifold. As a builder and as a financier of international connections, he was vindicated. To the editor of this magazine he once declared:

“I never really started out to make money but once; that was the time I went to South America. I knew then I had to have money, and I went there after it”—a statement made sincerely enough, no doubt, but one which we need not accept at its face value. The financial feature alone would hardly have tempted him.

The sale of his South American interests at this particular time furnished additional evidence of Theodore Vail's foresight. The financial waters, however placid on the surface, were beginning to be troubled below. Men like J. Pierpont Morgan and George F. Baker, who directed the deeper currents of Wall Street, became watchful. Great corporations that had ventured too daringly were required to take protective measures. Among these the telephone company was a notable example.

It is necessary here to review briefly the history of this company during the twenty years since Vail had retired from active connection with its affairs. The parent company was no longer the American Bell, but the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Organized in 1885 for long-lines construction, the “A. T. & T.” had grown steadily more powerful, until in 1900, by an exchange of two of its shares for one of the Bell, it had absorbed the latter, and from being a subsidiary had become supreme. There had been changes also in telephone leadership. W. H. Forbes

had resigned the presidency in 1887, to be succeeded by John Howard Stockton, who, after a brief two years, was followed by John E. Hudson, who had succeeded Vail as general manager, in 1885. Hudson was already president of the long-lines company, and it was thought wiser to have the direction of both under one head.

For about eleven years President Hudson administered telephone affairs in a manner that accorded with his traditions. He was an able lawyer, a cultured, conservative man, who regarded the telephone business as a patent-owning concern—a monopoly with rights to be protected—an aristocrat like himself, whose service it was the privilege of the public to use and pay for without much voice as to its quality. His was not exactly “the-public-be-damned” policy, but it partook of that nature. The growth of the system under Hudson was gradual—very gradual, indeed; during the first seven years of his administration there was scarcely any increase in the number of exchanges from year to year. The long-wire extensions, however, had grown considerably. Chicago had been reached in 1892—the “thousand-mile talk” having thus become a fact. After that the general growth had been somewhat more rapid, and, with dividends regularly paid, both President Hudson and his stockholders would appear to have been well-enough satisfied.

But in the meantime trouble had begun to develop—at first a little, then a great deal. The Bell patents had expired, and everywhere—especially in the West—independent telephone companies sprang up, strung their wires, and set up an outcry that the Bell Company was an octopus, an enemy to the country's industrial life. Populism—a kind of mild Bolshevism—raged beyond the Mississippi, especially in Kansas, where stringing telephone wires to compete with the Bell system in the middle 'nineties became the popular outdoor sport. Promoters with apparatus to sell

swarmed. Service at a dollar a month was the rallying cry, and in the beginning, at least, it was pretty good service—quite as good as the Bell of that day, whose instruments in many places had become run down, whose exchanges were often badly managed. Every telephone user (of the independents) was a stockholder who had joined in saving the world from the iniquities of the Bell. Many of the lines were “farmer's lines”—single iron wires strung on rickety poles or nailed to trees, with as many as a dozen or twenty on a circuit, and these were well enough, really a benefaction as long as they kept in order. It was different in the towns: the so-called “home” telephone companies did not prove so great a boon as had been anticipated. They worked well enough, but they fell short in the matter of service. Their stockholding subscribers awoke to the fact that they could talk only to other subscribers of their own system, and that a very large number of persons in the community were still patrons of the Bell. Many, it is true, had cast out the Bell telephones and replaced them with home-company instruments, but also a great many, for one reason and another, had not done so. To communicate with a Bell subscriber meant putting aside other matters and walking to his home or place of business, as in the ancient days. Business men—the grocer and the butcher—eventually were obliged to put in both telephones, and were unhappy accordingly. The realization grew that the telephone is a natural monopoly, like the family circle: to have more than one is to lead a double life.

Admitting that the Bell system of that day was all that the most wild-eyed Populist charged it with being, it still gave better results than any two systems in one community could provide. The realization of the partial or complete failure of their movement for telephone reform—that the one dollar a month rental was but a delusion in the matter of upkeep, a snare of the pro-

moters—did not improve the feelings of stockholders toward the Bell system. They raged at it; the very sight of the time-darkened instrument still nailed to the wall beside one of their own bright new ones incited them, in some cases, to violence.

In the beginning, the Bell Company took little notice of these inroads on its territory. Hudson, scholarly and remote, making Greek memoranda in his Boston office, was not much concerned with threatened competition in Iola, Kansas, or even open warfare in Medicine Lodge. Suggestions of modified rates or the rehabilitation of exchanges and instruments did not greatly interest him. His attitude would seem to have been one of dignified independence—not altogether of indifference, perhaps, though certainly the “take-it-or-leave-it” policy was very generally prevalent in towns throughout the West. No effort was made to conciliate the independent companies—to “take them into camp,” after the later method. They were merely ignored and scorned, and in more than one instance where they were forced to the wall the Bell Company acquired for a song their wires and their telephones, and in truly mediæval fashion piled the instruments in the street and burned them, as a horrible example for the future. This was not the best way to promote good feeling, and in certain other towns where officers of the independent company had begun negotiations with the Bell, the stockholders, incensed at what they had heard, threatened their officials with violence if they dared to surrender. Charles S. Gleed, of Topeka, at one time president of the Missouri and Kansas Company, once told the writer of these pages that when he undertook to inaugurate a policy of conciliation his hardest job was to allay the wrath of individual stockholders. Gleed’s reputation for uprightness was very general, and managers were willing to negotiate when not cowed by their rabid subscribers.

In one city Gleed received a request

for an appointment at midnight in a room of an obscure hotel. He was on hand, and soon there came a knock at the door; a man entered, turned down a high coat collar, and took off a false beard. He was the president of the local telephone company—the independent company—and had come to discuss the situation. He had been mortally afraid to let his stockholders and subscribers know that he contemplated negotiations with the Bell. This sounds a good deal like the fourteenth century.

Perhaps President Hudson came to sanction more liberal policies, for the Bell system extended its usefulness more rapidly during the later years of his administration. By the beginning of 1900 it had something more than twelve hundred exchanges, with a million and a half miles of wire. The laws of Massachusetts were not favorable to a policy of expansion, and it was at this period that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, a New York corporation, in the manner already noted assumed supreme control. This was Hudson’s crowning work, and soon afterward his labors came to an end. In October of the same year he died—fell dead as he was stepping into a railway carriage. He was an upright gentleman, financially safe, lacking only a certain human breadth in his business policies.

His successor was not immediately chosen. One of the directors, Alexander Cochrane, became president *pro tem* until the right man should be found. Just what effort was made in that direction has not been recorded, but one day during the spring of the following year Theodore Vail, in South America, deep in financial and construction problems, received a cablegram offering him the presidency of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The temptation to accept was very strong. Through an old associate, Edward J. Hall, he had kept well in touch with the company’s affairs, and had hoped that one day he might return, as its president. His immediate business, however, was too criti-

cal, too urgent. He put aside the tempting offer, cabled his refusal, and Frederick P. Fish, a distinguished patent lawyer, and already a director of the company, was chosen for the place.

Fish had not sought the position, and accepted it, it is said, unwillingly—perhaps believing himself unsuited to its great problems and heavy responsibilities. He was a man of large capacity for work, conscientious, and of broadly human sympathies—in many ways just the opposite of his predecessor. His policy from the beginning was one of expansion and of personal contact with his lieutenants. Realizing that the independent companies had made great inroads in the West, he began almost immediately a series of extended trips to make the acquaintance of managers in the invaded territory and see what might be done to recover lost ground. On one of these excursions Gleed of Topeka said to him:

“Let us make the Bell Company a house of refuge for every telephone company and man in America—make their stockholders feel that our interests are theirs—that we have one great common interest: to serve the public best, at a supporting rate. When the independent company declines to sell, consolidate or connect with it. Don't burn the telephones, but use them.”

President Fish, who was for extending the system in every possible way, was quite in accord with this idea. He went much farther: consolidation with the independents was not enough; his policy was for general expansion—big business. He inaugurated an era of building and financing such as his company had not known before. New stock issues and bonds were sold and the returns flung into a campaign of development that started a network of wires spreading into every corner of the country, enveloping competition and covering the waste places. The half-inert organism was galvanized with new life.

Exchanges multiplied by the thousand, telephones by the million, bonded

debt by the hundred million. More and still more money was needed. In 1906 there was a bond issue of \$150,000,000—a hundred million for immediate use, the remainder subject to call, as required. But then the peak of the boom had been reached. The hundred million was presently exhausted, and the group of Wall Street bankers who had underwritten the bonds began to hesitate. A period of retrenchment and doubt had begun. Telephone bonds were no longer in sharp demand; the bankers complained they could not find market for them at the agreed price. Some concession must be made, and there must be a better understanding of the telephone company's present and future requirements. Nobody knew the exact facts, but its financial condition was suspected to be dangerous.

It was just at this time that Theodore Vail disposed of his South American interests and returned to America, probably permanently. He had acquired great prestige as a director of large affairs, with important financial connections abroad. It was believed by the Wall Street group responsible for the bond issues that he was the one man who might be able to guide the business through the storms gathering ahead. President Fish, on the verge of nervous prostration, was anxious to retire. He had put needed vigor into the business and inaugurated a new era of growth, but he had broken under the strain. He had not sought the place, had never felt suited to it.

The bankers recommended making Theodore Vail president and bringing the offices to New York. They acquired fifty thousand shares of telephone stock, and caused an investigating committee to be appointed, with Vail at its head. The result showed that the company's affairs were, in fact, involved. A large amount of money would be required for immediate use, and a still larger sum by the end of the year. There followed an auditor's conference, in Boston, and a dinner to which not only the commit-

tee, but a number of officials of both the Telephone and Western Electric companies were invited. President Fish presided, and Theodore Vail attended as a guest. His presence there created something of a sensation. To the young men he was more a tradition than a reality. Few of them had ever seen him before. It was not given out as yet that he had been invited to take the presidency, and there was a good deal of speculation as to why he was there.

On the following day Vail invited Vice-President Edward J. Hall, Harry B. Thayer—then vice-president of the Western Electric Company—and an old friend, Yost, of Omaha, by this time president of the Northwestern Telephone Company, to go with him to his farm at Lyndonville, Vermont. Assembled there, they discussed the situation in great detail. Hall and Thayer put in the greater part of a night answering questions. Vail explained to them that he had been invited to go on the executive committee, and was considering whether he should accept. He did not say that he had been asked to become the president of the company. Next day, however, he confided this fact to his sister, Mrs. Brainard, then at the head of his household. She thought that he had had enough of business cares, and urged him to decline. He answered:

"No, I must take it. It is the crowning thing of my life. I refused it six years ago; I am in a position to take it now. Besides, now they need me."

A week later, May 1, 1907, his election as president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was announced. The era of his greatest work had begun.

It was one thing to be elected president and another to justify the choice. Theodore Vail faced the situation with the same spirit of youth and confidence with which, twenty-nine years before, he had begun the fight. Something must be done, and with the uncertain prospects ahead it must be done quickly.

The bankers were not in a mood to offer any more bonds—they already had a good supply of them on hand. Baring's man came over from London greatly discouraged. His firm had a lot of the unsold bonds. President Vail said to him:

"Don't worry, you will get rid of those and want more of our bonds before the year is out."

The financial agent smiled feebly, remarking later to some of his associates:

"I am sorry Vail said that; it shows he doesn't realize the situation."

As a matter of fact, he was about the only one who did realize it—in all its bearings and relations. He foresaw the storm gathering less than half a year ahead, and while the bankers were wondering what he was going to do he did it. Telephone stock had been declining pretty steadily, along with other securities, but public confidence in it was still unshaken. By the end of May it was selling around 115. It was the moment to strike. President Vail announced a stock issue of about two hundred and twenty thousand shares, to be distributed among existing stockholders, each owner of six of the old shares being entitled to purchase one of the new ones at par.

To the amazement of his associates, the issue proved an astonishing success. More than two hundred thousand shares of the new stock were absorbed almost immediately. Rights for their purchase sold at a premium. Over twenty million dollars in cash was the result of this sudden piece of financing; the condition of the telephone company's treasury no longer gave cause for alarm.

The net result went much farther. It had a most stimulating and convincing effect upon the bankers who had the flotation of telephone bonds. Four months later, when the country's financial structure broke down in one of the worst panics in history—when trust companies, banks, and industrial corporations were closing their doors—the telephone company's credit remained unshaken. Its stock, with every other

stock on the list, declined, selling for a brief moment as low as 88 on the exchange, but it was one of the first to recover, and its advance steadily continued to par, and beyond, with a corresponding demand by the public and by the bankers for its bonds. When, in December, additional funds were required, and President Vail made a journey to London to negotiate an allotment of bonds, the agent for Baring Brothers was at the hotel before breakfast, to secure as liberal a share as possible.

The financial problem had not been the only one that confronted the new president. He had been obliged to bring order out of the executive and manufacturing confusion. A drastic policy of retrenchment was inaugurated—indiscriminate production of apparatus came to an end. In the Western Electric plant twelve thousand men were let go. The engineering department was also given prompt consideration. Here was a vast new empire to be regulated. Nearly everything but the Bell principle had changed during Vail's twenty years of absence, and from a dozen or more earnest young experimenters there had grown up a staff of inventors and scientists numbering more than five hundred—keen specialists in every branch, to whom the work of those earlier days was the merest A B C. But they were scattered and unorganized. Each of the operating companies had done more or less engineering work; the parent company had its Department of Development and Research, with a laboratory at Boston; the Western Electric Company had two laboratories, one in Chicago, another in New York. President Vail concentrated these various branches under the Western Electric Company, divided into three groups—at Chicago, Boston, and New York—with John Carty over all, as chief engineer. It was another and very important step in organization.

During the twenty years of Theodore Vail's absence the telephone business

had become like a new world, unbelievably vast in its proportions, inhabited by another race. Few, indeed, of his old associates were left. As to the system itself, its wires had multiplied more than thirty times, to a grand total of eight and a half million miles, nearly 50 per cent of which were underground. The subscribers had grown to a total of three millions, a larger number having been added in one year than there had existed in the entire country twenty years before. Vail had left the system in its lusty youth; he found it now a great, wallowing giant, needing only to be set on its feet. As in the beginning, it had turned to him in its hour of need.

His first report, made December 31, 1907, was characteristic in its frankness—too much so, some of his directors were inclined to believe. When it was mildly suggested that perhaps for the sake of the company's credit certain items might advantageously be omitted, he said:

"No, we will lay our cards on the table; there is never anything to be gained by concealment."

In the report itself he said that neither the parent company nor the associated companies had anything to conceal. He confessed that they had started the year with "rather an abnormal indebtedness," and told of the measures that had been taken "to bring this within the normal limits of current operations." The Western Electric Company, he said, showed a very small profit for the year. Substantially all of its 1907 dividends had been paid out of the surplus. These and a few other items did not make very cheerful reading, but he showed further that steps had been taken in the direction of retrenchment—that the cost of construction, which for three years had been steadily increasing, reaching in 1906 a total of nearly \$80,000,000, had been reduced to something more than fifty million during the year just closed. It was one of the clearest, most illuminating reports ever issued. Far from disturbing public confidence, it established this more firmly than ever.

A London friend, an important financial associate, wrote:

"I have read your splendid telephone report. It never was equaled and never will be surpassed."

In November, 1908, the publicity department of the telephone company prepared a statement setting forth the close relationship between the American Telephone and Telegraph and the associated Bell companies, amplifying, with display headlines, on the benefits of one policy, one system, universal service.

The statement was to appear as an advertisement in the November magazines. It was at the moment of a presidential election, and some of President Vail's advisers suggested that such a statement might be used as political capital—as evidence, in fact, that the Bell system had the characteristics of a trust. James D. Ellsworth, head of the publicity department, laid the situation before him. President Vail asked:

"Are the statements in the advertisement true?"

Mr. Ellsworth replied that they were.

"Very well, then; let's print it and beat them to it."

When lawsuits developed, as they were bound to, now and then, there was never any question as to what Theodore Vail would do on the witness stand. He would tell the truth—all of it, and his case would stand or fall, accordingly. Once he said:

"I have very little use for a man who has to win a lawsuit through a technicality—trickery—and I am opposed to concealment in trying a case. My idea of a lawsuit is to get out the facts, *all* of the facts, then see where the rights are. I am opposed to all forms of concealment in litigation."

He was a disconcerting witness to the lawyers of the other side. Edward E. Loomis, president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, once said to the writer:

"You should see Mr. Vail on the witness stand, with the lawyers trying to confuse him. He will listen to one of their misleading questions, and then an-

swer: 'What you want me to say is so and so, but that wouldn't be true; so I am not going to say it. What happened was this.' He then proceeds to give them a clear statement of the case that cannot be attacked from any point. To examine Mr. Vail is likely to give a lawyer a liberal education on the subject in hand, but it also, sometimes, almost gives him nervous prostration."

Theodore Vail's old policy of taking the enemy into camp was pushed as it had never been before. "Consolidation" was the watchword. The independent companies, that were still working damage, not only to the Bell system, but to the public which they undertook to serve, were invited to come in, practically on their own terms. When, as sometimes happened, they did not wish to lose their identity, they were permitted to connect with the Bell, a privilege likewise extended to the farmer lines. In fact, like the salvation that it was, consolidation was offered practically free to those who would accept it. During the year 1907, 450,000 independent telephones had been linked to the nearest Bell exchanges, to be followed in 1908 by 250,000 more. "One policy, one system, and universal service" was making great headway. The Bell was no longer regarded as an octopus to be destroyed. It had become a feather bed for tottering telephone companies.

The giant had been placed solidly on its feet, and its growth would continue. Not in the recent riotous fashion, but in a manner orderly and safe. The report made at the beginning of 1909 showed an increase for the year of nearly a million and a quarter miles of wire with half a million new subscribers, and connecting stations, while the cost of construction had been reduced to \$26,637,200—that is to say, about half that of the previous year, and one third of the sum spent in 1906. The great business was on a normal basis—had become, in fact, except in extent, what it is to-day, the nerve system of the nation's business and social life. . . .

In telephone achievement 1915 proved a banner year. In January of that year the opening of the Transcontinental Line (New York-San Francisco) united, almost as a neighborhood, communities of the East, West, North, and South; and now suddenly, in September, came the announcement of the success of the wireless telephone, that was to give universal service a new meaning by making a neighborhood of the entire world.

Ever since the invention of the wireless telegraph there had been much talk among inventors—particularly those of the promoting type—of the wireless telephone, which would presently be invented and revolutionize speech communication. All the millions of miles of wire were soon to become obsolete; each person would carry an individual telephone in his pocket, a small, inexpensive affair, by means of which he could communicate with almost anybody else, in almost any part of the world. Certainly that was a dream of universal service greater than anything that Bell, or Vail, or even Gardiner Hubbard, in his palmiest day of dreams, had ever conceived. The great telephone company would go out of business on these terms—its stock would have no value. This was the kind of thing the promoters talked—those who were about to organize companies and sell shares in their inventions.

President Vail was not much disturbed by these things, either by the inventions or by the wild statements concerning them. Nevertheless, they were not to be entirely ignored. The wireless telephone was quite within the range of possibilities, and if some one came into the market with a usable device—something that would talk across the Atlantic and dazzle the public—the Bell Company would immediately be placed on the defensive, required to explain why it had failed to achieve this miracle, and what it was going to do about it.

For the moral effect this must not be permitted. President Vail and Chief-Engineer Carty held consultations, and

Carty conferred with Assistant Chief-Engineer Frank B. Jewett, of the Western Electric Company, now chief engineer of that corporation, and his staff, men who knew all that was then to be known on the subject. They made figures as to the probable cost of experiments on a large scale, and Carty went before the telephone board with a definite statement. He said, in effect:

“With an appropriation of \$125,000 our engineers undertake to talk across the Atlantic Ocean. With double that amount we shall be able to accomplish a great deal more.”

Somewhat to Mr. Carty's surprise, the board, with hardly a moment's hesitation, voted the larger amount. He was beset with qualms at the size of his contract; he had agreed to do the hitherto unattempted. To his corps of engineers he said:

“Boys, they have given us what we asked. It is up to us to make good.”

The constructive problems were only a part of the undertaking. For one thing, there must be absolute secrecy; for another, the work must be carried on as expeditiously as possible, in order that no rival concern might by any chance be first to put speech across the Atlantic, the achievement which would most appeal to the public imagination. Finally, a great war was going on, and our government's policy of neutrality was still sacred. The erection of towers on either side of the ocean was likely to invite suspicion and require full explanation as to purpose, with probably prohibition as the result. Especially would it be difficult to do any construction work abroad.

Vail and Carty considered these matters deeply. They decided that the work must be done through the Navy Department, though without, at first, revealing their plans to department heads in Washington. The government was to co-operate, but it was to be kept in “official” ignorance of the undertaking. Even the lay reader will understand the difficulty of such a situation. Nevertheless, it was on this plan that the work

was carried out; and it may be said here, at once, of all of those whom it was necessary to make confidants—and they were many during this great adventure—that absolute secrecy was preserved.

Engineer Carty put the construction of the wireless apparatus into the hands of his most expert and scientific assistants; with the co-operation of the navy borrowed, or constructed, wireless stations at Montauk Point and Wilmington, Delaware, and by April (1915) talk was established between these two, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. Nothing like this had been done before, but it was only a beginning—a preliminary experiment.

The next step was to build a tower on St. Simon's Island, a thousand miles down the Atlantic shore, on the coast of Georgia. The building of this tower excited a good deal of talk. Its construction was attributed to Japanese spies, and what not. It was completed, however, without interference, and on May 18th talk was carried on with Montauk Point, not only by radio, but part way by wire, and the rest by wireless—something entirely new. Engineer Carty was, in fact, able to sit in his New York office and speak through an ordinary desk telephone, by wire, to Montauk, whence the speech vibration, without other human agency, sprang a thousand miles through the air to St. Simon's Island, thence back to New York by wire to a desk telephone in another office of the same building from which the message was sent.

Marvelous as this was, it did not fulfill the contract. Groups of engineers were sent to San Diego and Mare Island (San Francisco), California; to Darien, on the Isthmus of Panama; to Honolulu, and to Paris. Towers were erected, or arranged for, at these places. Through the secret co-operation of the French government, permission to use the radio telegraph station on the top of the Eiffel Tower was obtained. Finally—and this was most important and most astonishing—the naval station at Arlington

(Washington) was enlisted in the great experiment. When one remembers the watchfulness of newspaper men, and especially of the secret service—alive in wartime to every trick of communication—it seems now well-nigh incredible that secrecy could have been maintained. Such was the case, however, and at each of these points, and in their laboratories, Bell engineers, undisturbed, worked night and day, making and installing apparatus in preparation for the great test. There were no precedents to follow—everything was problematical, new in theory and construction.

The Panama station was equipped in August, and on the 27th messages were heard there, transmitted from Arlington—a most encouraging circumstance. By September all was ready, the installations at the various and widely distributed points were complete. Carty himself went to San Francisco, to the Mare Island station, and efforts to establish communication began.

A hundred difficulties were in the way. Some of the stations could be used only at certain hours that did not conflict with the government radio telegraph. It seemed at other times that atmospheric and electrical conditions were generally unfavorable. One must catch the right moment; it was like waiting for an ocean to be calm from side to side. Whenever it was possible the various receiving stations were notified by wire of the time that sending experiments would be made, but it was not certain that anyone would be listening, except, perhaps, at Honolulu, where Mr. Espenschied was always on the alert, whatever the hour. Carty, at Mare Island, listening with every nerve tense, could hear the clash and crash of "statics," those unexplained sounds of etheric space, the roar of artillery in France, as it might be, and the clatter of machine guns, but day after day passed without a syllable of human speech.

It should have been stated sooner, perhaps, that sending apparatus was installed only at Arlington, the others

being receiving stations. From Arlington, at every opportunity, the signals and messages went out, and at last these were picked up not only at Darien, but at San Diego, and Carty, at Mare Island, heard what seemed to him the sweetest music in the world—the spoken word, transmitted through the air a distance of nearly three thousand miles. Even Honolulu had caught something.

It was now arranged to give a formal demonstration to President Vail and his associates, in New York, at a fixed date and hour. September the 29th was chosen as the date, and noon, New York time, as the hour. This was a risky thing to do, for who could tell what conditions might prevail throughout the length of that great etheric circuit.

In his office at 15 Dey Street, President Vail and nine of his associates assembled. Advised over the wire that all was ready, President Vail, on the stroke of twelve, lifted the receiver on his desk and spoke into the transmitter:

"Hello, Mr. Carty! This is Mr. Vail!"

Instantly Engineer Carty's voice came back by wire:

"This is fine! This is wonderful!"

It was a great moment in telephone history, ranking in importance with that of thirty-nine years before, when Doctor Bell had said:

"Mr. Watson, please come here. I want you."

President Vail's words had traveled by wire from New York to Arlington, where the almost imperceptible vibrations created by his voice had been flung into the ether, to be registered not only at Mare Island, but at San Diego, Darien, and at Honolulu.

John Carty has since confessed that no sound to him was ever so delightful as President Vail's greeting, "Hello, Mr. Carty! This is Mr. Vail."

The messages of the 29th were not heard in Paris, probably because the apparatus there was not at the moment available, or because of atmos-

pheric conditions. But less than a month later, October 21st, when a test was made, the joyful news came that Paris also had received the messages, which at the same time had traveled westward to Mare Island, San Diego, Darien, and Honolulu—a major achievement in the world's history. The entire distance from Honolulu to Paris is more than eight thousand miles, a third of the way around the world.

President Vail, at Grand Cañon, Arizona, on his way home from California, where he had been attending the Panama-Pacific Exposition, was apprised of this great triumph. Of course, the work by this time had been made public property, and he gave the reporters a brief message, summarizing the achievement and what it meant to the world.

It was universal service, but it had its limitations. It was not what the voluble promoters had promised, and in all likelihood never would be. The wires were in no danger, and the busy agents of the embryonic radio companies lapsed into silence and were heard of no more. While they had been talking of what they proposed to do, the Bell engineers had done it, and so thoroughly that nothing more was to be said.

In his annual report that year President Vail spoke of the successful conclusion of the Transcontinental Line, and of the success of the wireless transmission of speech. Commenting on the latter, he said:

The true place of the wireless telephone, when further perfected, has been ascertained to be for uses supplementary to, and in co-operation with, the wire system, and not antagonistic to it or displacing it.

In the latest report (March 5, 1921) there is nothing to modify this conclusion. Many uses have been found for the wireless telephone: ships at sea, airplanes, islands unreached by cable employ it, but the same certainty and privacy given by the wire service have not yet been attained.

WHEN OLD CHESTER WONDERED

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART III

BY MARGARET DELAND

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.—Young Doctor Holden fell in love with Rose Knight, who taught the Old Chester school. They were made for each other, so Old Chester said, if Lucy Hayes "didn't catch him first." But Lyman preferred Rose's looks and quieter qualities. Being a stranger in town, he was unaware of Lucy's reputation as a flirt who, in addition to her conquests, had kept Harry Mack dangling for years. Lucy had become infatuated with Doctor Holden and, though she knew of his engagement to Rose, she was tempted by an opportune moment alone with him, and declared her love. Holden, out of pity for the girl weeping in his arms, kissed her. Then, dismayed at his involuntary disloyalty, he determined to confess to Rose. He did so, withholding Lucy's name, but Rose had no doubt regarding the identity or motive of the girl, and her forgiveness was an understanding and complete one. Then Lucy sent her an anonymous letter telling Rose that her fiancé was in love with another girl, and, driven by her infatuation for Holden, she went to his office, where he in a moment of weakness kissed her again. Now he knew that he had indeed lost Rose, but he stipulated to the triumphant Lucy that Rose must release him before he could be on with his new love. Knowing Rose's pride, he was amazed when after he had written her, asking for his freedom, she said that she could not let him go.

LYMAN HOLDEN gasped. The incredible unexpectedness of her words left him speechless. Then she began to talk, with a sort of breathless hurry:

"Lyman! I love you! I can make you happy—happier than *she* could,"—she caught at his arm, as if she would not let him escape; he *must* listen! Then she poured out explanatory arguments: "You would get tired of Lucy. You don't really love her. I know your love will come back to me!"

One wonders how even those astonishing women whom most of us know only through the newspapers—the women who figure in breach-of-promise cases—how even they can suppose that love can be "held"! But how a woman who is not a fool can think it worth while to clutch at withdrawing love, is inconceivable! It was staggering to Lyman Holden.

"I—I *can't* let you go!" she said; "I *can't* give you up!" Her voice broke here to a whisper; for a moment she hid

her face in her hands. "I love you," she said.

Doctor Holden had nothing to say.

"You won't leave me?" she said.

He said, huskily, "No, Rose."

"Promise me you won't see Lucy again!" she demanded, fiercely.

"You have my word," he said. His voice was shocked.

She looked at him dumbly for a moment. He drew a long breath and rose. She, dreadfully pale, got up, too; he waited for her in silence, his hand on the door knob, while she put out the lamp. In the darkness of the room he heard her say again, panting: "I love you. I *can't*"—he could hardly hear her voice—"give you up."

"I am not worth keeping," he warned her; "but of course I'm yours, if you want me."

"I want you," she said; then, in a whisper, "Lyman . . . will you kiss me?"

He said, stammering, "Why, of course!" and kissed her; he felt her lips cold on his cheek,

"I should like to go home, please," she said.

Without further words they went out of the school room and down the snowy road together. At Mrs. Ezra's door she said something about a headache, and he said he would say good-by now, because he must take the morning stage.

She nodded, and he left her. "I'll never break my word," he told himself as he plodded back through the snow to the tavern; but he was almost dizzy with astonishment.

The next morning he took the stage to Mercer. Being Sunday, he was the only passenger, and on all that long, cold ride he asked himself what he must do? The first thing, of course, was to write to Lucy, and tell her. But then what? She would try to see him! He knew Lucy well enough to know *that*. . . . So what must he do to guard against the assault of her love? He was intensely angry at Lucy. We are most of us apt to be angry at the person who even accidentally destroys an ideal! Because of Lucy, Lyman's ideal had been shattered. The mountain peak—silent, dawn-flushed, inaccessible, and coldly indifferent to such as he—was gone. Instead, was a woman who could dispute with another woman for the love of—"a—worthless fool like me!" he said to himself. And under the shock of this revelation of what Rose was, he disliked the revealing Lucy! But except to plan an escape from her, he did not think very much about her; he thought of Rose over and over: "How can she? How *can* she? Well, she *does*; that's all there is to it. I won't break my word." Then he tried to decide what he must do to keep his word.

By the time he reached Mercer he had made up his mind. He would go away and take a post-graduate course in something—anything! He didn't care what. He would have to go away because, though he was angry at Lucy, he did not dare to face her.

Lyman, cold and tired, jolting over the frozen wheel ruts of that long coach

ride to Mercer, had moments of absolute fright when he thought of Lucy. He knew that if she once got hold of him again—eyes, hands, breaking voice, lips perhaps (oh, Rose had *asked* him to kiss her!) he would forget the injury Lucy had done him in destroying his Rose, he would forgive her, and his word would break under the strain. His body, not his mind, would be lost! So he must run—cowardice being, of course, in this particular kind of temptation, courage.

If Rose had been incredible to Lyman, Lyman was equally incredible to Lucy. When she read his letter saying he was not free, and that he was going away without seeing her again, she was confused and bewildered to the point of tears; then came the rally of anger, and the quick wheeling to attack. She flew to Lyman's office—he was not there. She went, breathless, to his sister's house—he was not there. "When had he left Mercer?"—"On last night's train." . . . He must have mailed the letter to her on the way to the station! She wavered as to whether or not she would follow him—and save him from his crazy idea of keeping his word to Rose. But she was sufficiently of her generation to flinch at that. So she wrote him a little frantic appeal with "To be forwarded" on the envelope, and the quite futile "Haste! Haste!" in one corner, which some people still added to their letters in those days. And after she had written to him, she took up her weapon of revenge: she wrote to Old Chester! And instantly the truth began to leak out.

A *leak*? In a few days it was a torrent, not a leak. It began with Lucy's letter to Edith Welwood, which Edith, shocked and horrified (and delighted), quoted to Mrs. Ezra: "Lyman wished to break his engagement to Rose—but *she won't release him!*" The next minute poor Edith wished she had held her tongue. Never before, in all her leechlike existence under Aunt Maria's roof, had she encountered this kind of an Aunt Maria.

This new Aunt Maria, instead of being gentle and humble, was suddenly a great lady, very calm, very brief, very cold. Edith was (this terrible Aunt Maria said) a person of vulgar mind, who, if she wished to remain under Mrs. Ezra Barkley's roof, was never to speak of Miss Rose Knight except with respect.

"My cousin," said Mrs. Ezra, "is incapable of wishing to marry a gentleman who does not wish to marry her. We will not refer to it again, if you please."

Naturally, the quaking Edith did not refer to it again—to Aunt Maria.

The next leak appeared in the Dilworth family: "My sister Lucy writes me—"

This was at supper. When Mrs. Neddy finished quoting Sister Lucy there was a tingling pause. For once the blustering Thomas did not bluster; if he damned the leak, it was in silence; he didn't even say he would bet on Rose; he said, very quietly, that his daughter-in-law was mistaken. Doctor Holden might wish to break his engagement, but if he did, there was no one on earth who would assist him in his enterprise more promptly than Rose Knight.

When the leak trickled into Doctor Lavendar's study it was laughed at.

"Nonsense!" said Doctor Lavendar. "If Lyman wanted to be free, Rose would drop him like a hot potato! As they are still engaged, it is evident that he hasn't wanted to." Then he said to William King, "Of course it's a lie, Willy; but who do you suppose started it?"

"I'm afraid it isn't a lie," Doctor King said, with a troubled look; for by this time Lyman's letter to Lucy had, thanks to Mrs. Neddy, been passed around among a few horrified friends. Those laconic words, "Rose will not release me," left Old Chester dumb.

Then everybody began to talk at once. Two or three people were jocose, and said, "Miss Knight wants 'Mrs.' on her tombstone." And some one else said, with a shrug, "A *very* 'clinging vine.'"

Of course these were just the new people. The real Old Chester did not jest. It was silent, waiting for an explanation. But there was no explanation; just the fact—Doctor Holden had fallen in love with Lucy, *and Rose still wanted to marry him!* Nobody could understand; but only Mrs. Ezra had the courage to ask Rose what it meant. When she came into Rose's room one night and found her lying, wide-eyed, in the dark, the light from her candle gleamed on a wet streak on Rose's face. Mrs. Ezra's own cheeks were wet, too.

"My darling," she said, sitting down on the edge of the bed, "can you tell me about it?"

Rose looked at her speechlessly; then she got her voice steady. "It's only this, dear. I love Lyman."

"But, Rose, my darling—he isn't worthy of your affection!"

The candle shook so in old Mrs. Barkley's unsteady hands that Rose laughed, and blew the little wavering flame out; then, in the darkness, she said:

"Oh yes, dear, he is worthy and I can make him happier than Lucy could! I know I can! And I—I love him."

Poor old Cousin Maria went back to her own room as bewildered as when she left it. Rose refusing to release a man who wanted to marry another woman because she "loved him"? Where was her pride!

There were moments when Old Chester's confusion was so great that it was almost sympathy for Lyman. It was only Tom Dilworth who, holding on by his eyelids, so to speak, continued to say, "*I bet on Rose.*"

But Old Chester thought that Thomas had lost his bet. "Of course," we said to one another, "Rose knows that Lucy is not a girl of fine character; and she probably believes he would not be happy with her; Lucy is selfish and quick tempered and not always, I fear—(said Mrs. Dale) 'truthful.'"

"But if he wants such a wife," said the rich Mr. Smith, "why not let him go to the devil his own way?"

"Exactly!" said William King.

"If he *prefers* Lucy," said Mrs. Drayton, "Rose should merely say, 'Ephraim is joined to his idols! Let him alone!'"

So Old Chester tried to excuse Rose by saying that she wanted to keep Ephraim from idolatry. Which is all very well as an explanation, but it doesn't go far enough; she wasn't trying to save Ephraim; she was trying to save herself. *She loved Lyman!* She said she did! Even now, we who were young in Old Chester when it happened, still feel the shock of it, in spite of Mr. Dilworth's bet. Charles Welwood summed up the whole thing. He said that Rose's behavior was one of the signs of the times. "It is the outcome," said Charles, "of all this talk of the 'rights' of females—talk which will destroy the refinement of women and menace the very existence of the Home."

So that hot summer slipped away. Rose looked thin and tired, and Old Chester said, coldly, "No wonder!" We even became a little more sympathetic with Lucy, for poor Lucy was badly treated all round—Lyman returned two of her letters to him, *unread!* We knew this, thanks to sister Helen.

"It made Lucy furious," Helen confided to Edith Welwood; "but all the same, she's crying her eyes out, and pining away because he hasn't the courage to break with Rose."

"Crying her eyes out?" said Harry Mack. "I hope so." But he was afraid Rose cried, too. Harry, glum and irritable, said that Rose had done *him* a good turn, anyway. So, in his gratitude, he used to go to see her, and once he told her he would get Lucy yet! "And I guess that you will—will—" But even outspoken, good, clumsy old Harry never quite dared to finish that sentence; he just said, stammering, "Say, Rose; Sawbones ain't fit to tie your shoe-strings."

At which she laughed, and said, "Oh, Harry, you flatter me."

So Rose went on in the even tenor of

her way, and taught school, and took care of Edith and the seventh baby, and fought to regain Lyman's love by writing him gaily tender letters. Once, when Mrs. Drayton asked her when she and Lyman were going to be married, Rose said they hadn't decided; and once—just once—Doctor Lavendar ventured a remark. He came downstairs from the vestry and found her marking papers in the schoolroom with a little wet ball of a pocket handkerchief on her desk. Doctor Lavendar stood and looked at her a minute, then he spoke; he didn't say she must not love Lyman, because Lyman wasn't worthy; he did not appeal to that pride which she did not have; he did not even warn her that Love cannot be imprisoned by the bolts and bars of a promise; he only said:

"Rose, nobody can be made strong by somebody else's strength; nobody can be kept out of hell *against his will*, any more than he can be pushed into heaven against it! No strait-jacket ever saved a soul."

Rose looked at him, then put her face down on her desk. . . . One of Lyman's letters had just come, and through all its patient friendliness Rose read the shocked wonder that had spoken in his voice when she had told him she "couldn't give him up." Those letters of his, which came faithfully all that summer, were not intimate, they were only gentle. Lyman had sobered very much in those months of hard study, and he had learned many things besides the knowledge that comes from textbooks. One of those knowledges was that it was better for a plain, everyday man like himself to marry a woman like Rose—not, to be sure, the Rose he had fallen in love with, but a truly good Rose, a sensible, estimable Rose—than a little being like Lucy, all fire and water and earthquakes! Lucy would be no kind of a wife for a doctor; besides, added to his irritation with her because she had happened to open his eyes to Rose—he really, now that he was out of

the steamy jungle of her presence, didn't like her. So he thanked God (and Rose) for his escape from the jungle, and said to himself that probably there were no mountain peaks in the world. Once, in a letter, he told Rose how grateful he was to her for having saved him; and once he urged her to marry him in the early winter—but her cousin Maria was ill, so she couldn't, she said (reluctantly), leave Old Chester.

So they waited. And Old Chester settled down into cold disapproval of Rose, and real pity for Lucy. Some of the mothers said they would send their girls away to another school—if only there were another school! But there was nothing but the small, untidy public school; so Rose kept on teaching us the three R's.

Then the entirely unexpected happened. It was in October—eight months after Lyman's flight. . . . Lucy rarely came to Old Chester, so we thought she was "getting over" her disappointment; we did not, however, expect her to get over it in just the way she did.

Henry Mack got her!

The news came on the afternoon mail. Lucy's mother sent a distracted note to Neddy's wife. "They've eloped!" Lucy had retaliated. Lucy had said, in effect, "If he be not fair for me, what care I?"—and so forth."

"Of course he isn't in love with you," Harry told her; "and if he married you he'd be tired to death of you in six weeks. Besides, you don't really like him."

"I do—I do!"

"Be decent; let Rose have him. Look here. You are a wicked little thing—but I've never thought you were mean. If you were *mean*, I'd whistle you down the wind quicker 'n scat. Once I was afraid you'd write letters to Rose—that sort of skunk business. But I knew you wouldn't. I've stuck to you because I knew you weren't mean. So don't be a dog in the manger. Let Rose have him, and let's get married. Come on!"

"You're crazy! Besides, I hate freckles."

"Lucy, don't be silly. Honestly, you *may* go too far with me. I'm getting just the least little bit tired of this cat-and-mouse business. You can take me or leave me. This is the last time. I'll give you ten minutes to decide. Either I'll go and find another girl, and you can sit here and get wrinkled waiting for a man who can't (or won't—I don't know which; I rather think it's 'won't')—a man who won't take you, or you can marry me."

Harry took out his watch and snapped it open. Then he looked out of the window. After a while he said, "Five minutes, Lucy."

"Oh, I hate you!"

"Four minutes, my dear."

"Harry, you are a brute!"

"Well, you're an imp; so we'll be well mated for life. But we're neither of us fools, Lucy; we know we're made for each other. Three minutes, my dear."

"Harry, I—I won't—"

"Just as you please. One minute."

Silence.

Harry snapped his watch shut. "Well?"

"Oh—oh—oh—I don't know *why* I give in to you!"

"'Cause you love me, my dear. Come here and kiss me," he said, lazily—not stirring from his chair; it was almost as if he told her to pull off his boots for him! "Come—hurry up! Lucy, I *hope* I'll keep fond of you. But you'll have to work for it."

She stood quite still and looked at him; then her face twitched. "Harry, I—I *was* mean, once; I'd rather you knew it. I wrote . . . that kind of a letter."

Harry blinked hard, then he blew his nose. "Lucy," he said, huskily—and getting on to his feet with some alacrity—"I swear, you *are* worth working for! I'll come and kiss *you*, dear."

The day after the astounding news of Harry's success arrived in Old Chester, Rose Knight went away. She pinned up

a wonderful and delightful notice on the school door, which ran thus:

NO SCHOOL UNTIL NEXT MONDAY.

Every hour of her three days' absence was planned for—the stage journey to Mercer, the sleeping-car across the mountains, the hour with Lyman. . . . Hour? Five minutes would be enough! She would take a parlor at the Girard House, and he would come (she had telegraphed him to meet her), and she would say, "*Now you are free!*" The sound in her own ears of those releasing words was like balm upon some dreadful wound.

She did not sleep that night in the journey over the mountains. Her mind went back to the day of shock and confusion, when Lyman's letter had come telling her he must not marry her. She remembered how she had opened it carelessly, to read it as she walked up the street. She remembered how her head suddenly swam, and she stood still with her hand on somebody's gatepost, staring at the unbelievable words. . . . Then she had walked on home with a queer feeling in her knees, and with a cold thrill running up and down her back. "Thank Heaven, I didn't faint!" Rose thought, lying there in her berth, watching the green curtains sway with the swaying car. She had not fainted; on the contrary, she had gone down to supper, and talked and laughed with Mr. and Mrs. Ezra, and played with the little Charleses. And then she had gone up to her own room. . . .

Remembering those next few days, Rose wondered how she had kept on playing with the little Charleses. For while she played, she was learning—all her pride fighting against the knowledge—that love may be measured, not by the worthiness of the Beloved, but by his need. Rose's love was gauged by what she must give up to save Lyman's happiness; her cousin Maria's respect—in its place bewildered pity; Old Chester's respect—in its place shocked disapproval, yes, and disgust! Lyman's respect—and in its place anger, and

cruel disillusionment, and more than that, more terrible than that, a real justification of his wish to be released. Any man would wish to be released from the sort of woman who wouldn't want to release him! Rose pushed aside the window shade, and looked out at the flying landscape and the changeless stars. Yes, she had destroyed his ideal of her. She would have saved it, if she had let him marry Lucy; then she, Rose, would have remained, in his inevitable and enshrining remorse, forever lovely and forever proud. Now she was but a weak, selfish woman; oh, a vulgar woman! A woman who was capable of holding to the shadow of Love when the substance had gone!

She remembered how she had battled against this last temptation to save for Lyman his own belief in her. She knew the very minute when Love, wrestling with Pride (which had clutched at this frantic disguise of selfishness), finally conquered, and cast Pride out. She had been kneeling, her head on her arms, her hands clenched; and then, suddenly, assurance came.

"*I will save him. What does it matter what he thinks of me? If I were his wife, I would fight to save him from a woman like Lucy; I'll fight now.*"

She had risen from her knees, trembling and serene, and, going over to the window, stood for a few profoundly tired moments watching the winter dawn. She was too exhausted to think out ways and means in which she, a proud and generous woman, could "fight" a girl like Lucy—a pretty, shallow, common creature, of harmless lies and little tempers, and the cowardice of anonymous letter writing. She only knew that Lucy's bludgeon blows of passion must be parried by this subtle, invisible weapon of selflessness. To wield that two-edged sword successfully, no one must know that it was a sword—Lyman least of all! He must believe her entirely loving and repulsive. She must say, "*I cannot give you up.*" She must beg him to "promise" to be

true to her! She must *ask* him to kiss her. . . . Unless she did all these things, throwing herself into the fight without a single protecting shred of pride, he would suspect her sacrifice and refuse it.

And she had kept up this "love" in her letters. She thought of her letters now, and almost sobbed. . . . Doctor Lavendar, who had seen through it all, had told her that she ought not to save Lyman "overmuch." She thought of his warning now. He had implied that if Lyman had the *will* to choose unhappiness, he had better be unhappy. That hell might be his salvation. "Oh, he was *wrong!*" she said, "I was right!"

And now Lyman was saved, and here she was, hurrying—hurrying over the mountains, to say, "I will give you up." And what would he say when he knew that the "giving up" came too late? Her mind whirled with possibilities. Would he be furious with Lucy, or would he be heartbroken? He would, of course, be very terribly angry with Rose. She had heard that a drowning person struggles and strikes at his rescuer. Well, in all these months of humiliation Lyman's rescuer had been bruised and beaten! but he was saved—saved from unhappiness with Lucy. But that did not mean that he would have happiness without Lucy. He would always feel that but for Rose's interference he would have been happy. Yes, oh yes, he would be furiously angry at her. . . . Well, what difference did that make? He was saved ("Of course Doctor Lavendar was wrong!"). He was saved, and now he was free. . . .

And so was she.

The relief of it was so overwhelming to her that when she found him waiting for her in that small, dark, private parlor in the Girard House, Rose could hardly speak. He was standing at the window, between the dingy red rep curtains, looking down into the street for her, and as he turned and came toward her she began to pant.

"Lyman," she said, faintly. She stood with her back against the door, clutch-

ing at the door knob behind her, for she was trembling. "Oh, Lyman—"

For a minute, looking at her face—older, and sad and white—he himself was hardly able to speak. "I love her!" he thought, with a sudden wave of tenderness. . . . "Rose, dear! What is it?" He took her hand and led her to a sofa and sat down beside her, looking at her anxiously. "Rose! You are perfectly exhausted. What has happened?"

"Lyman, you will be angry at me. I—I am going to pain you. But I have to. Lyman, Lucy is married."

"*Married?*"

"She has married Harry Mack. I have come—oh, I have hurried, hurried, Lyman—to tell you you are free—from me. Now—*now* I can release you. Lyman, I give you up. You remember I said I 'couldn't give you up'? Now I *can*, I do! Oh, Lyman, indeed, indeed, it was better for me to save you from her. But I know you hate me for it. You will never want to hear my name again. But I don't care. Even if you hate me, I don't care. *I have saved you.*"

"But Rose—what do you mean? What are you talking about? Lucy married? What is that to me? As for being free—I'm engaged to you! I can't be 'free.'"

But she had broken. She dropped her face down on the arm of the old horse-hair-covered sofa, and tried not to sob. Her words came with long pauses:

"I don't . . . know how I've . . . lived through it!"

"Lived through what?"

"Holding you. . . . Everybody knew I held a man who didn't want me. I *asked* you to kiss me." There was a sudden rush of tears.

He was dumb. It came over him, in a surge of horrified understanding, just what she had done—and what he had done, too. He had taken her protection (and been increasingly grateful for it)! but he had never guessed the cost to her. "'Everybody knew?'" he said, under his breath. "How did they know? . . . You mean she *told*—? Good God!" His rage

at Lucy made him spring up and stride about the room. "She *told?* And nobody guessed you did it for me?" He stopped short and groaned—he had not guessed himself. "And nobody defended you?" He struck his clenched hand on his mouth—he had not defended her.

"Oh yes, yes," she said, eagerly. "Harry Mack came to see me, and Mr. Dilworth said once—Edith told me—that he'd 'bet on Rose'; you know he used to say that," she said, smiling, though her dark, humorous eyes shone with tears. "But Lyman, never mind that; that's nothing. You are safe . . . and you are free. Doctor Lavendar thought you had a right to be unhappy. He thought that hell—he called it hell; and of course an unhappy marriage *is* hell—might be best for you . . . if you wanted it. But oh, I knew he was wrong! I *couldn't* let you be unhappy! And now you'll marry somebody else, *and be happy!* You won't ever see me again."

He knelt down beside her in silence; he was saying to himself, passionately, "I can never make it up to her—never!" . . . His snowy mountain peak was back in his sky.

But she had raised her head and was smiling. "Perhaps, some day, you will forgive me. You hate me now. But, oh Lyman, if you had married her you would have been—"

"Rose—for God's sake, *stop!* Married her? If I'd married her, I should have got—what I deserved."

Involuntarily—not pausing to reflect that deserts will sometimes cure deep and fundamental defects—Rose sprang to Lucy's defense. "Don't say that! She's only selfish and shallow, and a little false; but I knew that after a while, when you found her out, you would be wretched; I knew— Why, Lyman! What is it, dear? Lyman!"

His face was on her knees, and his shoulders shook.

"Lyman?" she said, faintly. She did not understand.

"You *suffered,*" he said, hoarsely.

"What does that matter? I saved you."

"Rose"—he got up and sat beside her—"I wasn't worth saving, and of course you will never marry me, but—"

Her recoil of astonishment was like a stab.

"I knew you wouldn't," he said, humbly; "I wasn't asking you to—*yet;* but—" Her blank amazement silenced him.

"*I?* Marry *you?*" she said. "*Of course not!*"

They were both standing now, and he had caught her hands in his. "I know you can't, now. But give me another chance, Rose. You've saved me. You own me. You've paid a price for me. I'm not worth the price, but you own me. And oh, Rose, I really do believe you love me—worthless as I am—"

"Nothing would induce me—"

He was silent.

"I will never marry anybody, but you least of all." She pulled her veil down over her face with trembling fingers. "Good-by, Lyman," she said. Then the despair in his face was too much for her; she came back and put her hand on his arm. "*Don't* be unhappy. We'll always be friends."

He did not speak. He followed her to the door, and as she said again, "Good-by," he lifted her hand, and, though she tried to draw it away from him, held it hard against his lips. "You've bought me. Remember that. I'm yours . . . always." Then he went back and sat down on the sofa.

Down in the street the door of a waiting hack banged; then he heard the sound of wheels. She had gone. . . .

It was sometime in the next few weeks, just as Old Chester was getting its breath after the Harry and Lucy marriage, that things began to be said about Rose Knight and Lyman. It came out that Rose had "thrown Lyman over"—that Rose wanted to be "released," and Lyman wanted to hold her to her word.

"*What!*" said Old Chester. "What?"

It is Lyman who won't release Rose—not Rose who won't release Lyman? Upon my word!" said Old Chester, "what *is* the truth?"

Henry Mack said he knew, but he wouldn't tell. Henry Mack was, so far as we could make out, the source of this astonishing gossip; but Tom Dilworth backed him up. Mr. Dilworth said he had his information straight from poor Holden.

"I saw him in Mercer the other day," Mr. Dilworth said. "He's mad about Rose, but Rose," Tom said, "won't look at him—*of course!* I'm sorry for the poor devil," said Thomas, "but what can you expect? I bet on Rose!"

William King said, "Our Rose won't make any gray-mare-better-horse marriage!"

Mrs. Ezra said, "The young man has got his deserts; my cousin wouldn't think of marrying him."

Edith and Charles had their opinion. Edith said, "Why, the idea!"

And Charles said, "Rose has always seemed to me lacking in delicacy, but even she could not demean herself by marrying Doctor Holden."

Harry Mack, dribbling out information, said Holden had told him the whole story. Harry implied, in a burst of imagination, that the doctor had "gone down on his knees to Rose," who "gave him an icy mitten. But *I* said," Harry declared, "spit on your hands, man, and try again."

Lucy looked at him blackly when he said this, but she made no comment. (Their marriage really turned out very well; she was always afraid of her husband.)

"If the doctor gets her," Harry told Doctor Lavendar, "he'll be the luckiest man around—except me. If a fellow has to work like the devil to get a girl, you can bet they'll be happy. Holden will have to work like Sam Hill before Rose will take him on again, and maybe call a bluff—same as I did for Lucy. But he'll get her!"

"He may marry her," said Doctor Lavendar—"she's the stuff the martyrs are made of. But he'll never 'get her.'"

But this was too deep for dear old Harry, who scowled with perplexity and said, "Huh?"

(*The end*)

THE TURN IN THE ROAD

BY E. DORSET

MY wife and I had quarreled; 'twas my books,
 My distant walks, my solitary chess,
 And all that nourished my "damned laziness."
 I did not speak, of course; but then, black looks
 Hurt more than blows. If men, one day, were cooks
 And drudges, like all women, they'd confess
 What brutes they'd been, and ease the loneliness
 Of home, nor keep their wives on tenterhooks,
 Wondering what they'd do next. *I* sat on burrs.
 My liberty then given—with the house
 All paid for, and the half my income hers,
 I took my bag, as meek as any mouse.
 At the road's turn, my tragedy grew laughter
 To hear her cry, and mark her hurrying after.

WORKING WITH THE WORKING WOMAN

IV.—IN A DRESS FACTORY

BY CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

FINGERS poke through cold holes in the wool mittens; the old coat with two buttons gone flaps and blows about the knees; dirt and old papers spiral upward on the chill gusts of a raw winter day. Close your eyes, duck your head, and hurry on. Under one arm is clutched the paper bag filled with lunch and the blue-checked apron; under the other, the old brown leather bag. In the old brown leather bag is an old black purse. In the old black purse are fifty-five cents, a key, and a safety pin. In the old brown bag are also two sticks of chewing gum, a frayed handkerchief, and the crumpled list of possible jobs.

That list was copied from the *Sunday World*—"Female Help Wanted, Miscellaneous." On Sunday the future looked bright. Now, when four attempts to land jobs had ended in failure, the future did not look bright at all. Because, you understand, we were assuming that the old black purse in the old brown bag with fifty-five cents and a key and a safety pin was all that stood between us and—well, a number of dismal things. And this was fifty-five cents and a key and a safety pin more than some people had that Monday morning in New York.

You must know that in days of unemployment it is something of a catastrophe if you do not land the first job for which you apply on Monday morning. For by the time you reach the second place on the list, no matter how fast you may go, it is apt to have been filled from the group which was waiting there from 7.30 on, as you had waited at your first hope. The third chance

is slimmer still by far, and if you keep on until 10 or 11 it is practically wasted time.

And if you do not land a job Monday, that whole week is as good as lost. Of course, there is always a chance—the smallest sort of chance—that something can be found later on in the week. But you usually stake your all on the 7.30-to-8.30 wait Monday morning. Often it is 9 before the firm sees fit to announce that it needs no more help, and there you are with fifty-five cents and a key and a safety pin—or less—to do till Monday next.

It was strange what a cruel comfort one felt at the sight of the countless others hurrying about hopelessly, hopefully, that raw Monday morning. On every block where a firm had advertised for help were girls scanning their already worn lists, making sure of the address, hastening on. Nor were they deterred by the procession marching away—even if some one called "no use goin' up there—they don't want no more." Perhaps, after all, thought each girl to herself, the boss would want *her*. The boss did not.

First, early in the morning and full of anticipation, I made for the bindery on West Eighteenth Street, which had seemed the likeliest of the various possibilities. No need to get out the paper to make sure again of the number. It must be where the crowd stood on the sidewalk ahead, some thirty girls and as many men and boys. Everyone was pretty cheerful—it was twenty minutes to eight and most of us were young. Rather too many wanted the same job, but there were no worries to speak of.

Others might be unlucky—not we. So our little group talked. Bright girls they were, full of giggles and “gee’s.” Finally the prettiest and the brightest of the lot peered in through the street doors. “Say, w’at d’ye know—I see a bunch inside! Come on!”

In we shoved our way, and there in the dismal basement-like first floor waited as many girls and men as on the sidewalk. “Good night! A fat show those dead ones outside stand!” And we passed the time of day a bit longer. The pretty and smart one was not for such tactics long. “W’at d’ye say we go up to where the firm is and beat the rest of ’em to it!”—“You said it!” And we tore up the iron stairs. On the second flight we passed a janitor. “Where’s the bindery?”

“Eighth floor.”

“My Gawd!” And up eight flights we puffed in single file, conversation impossible for lack of wind.

The bright one opened the door and our group of nine surged in. There stood as many girls and men as down on the first floor and out on the sidewalk.

“My Gawd!” There was nothing else to say.

We edged our way through till we stood by the time clock. The bright one was right—that was the strategic point. For at 8.30 a forewoman appeared at that very spot, and in a pleasant tone of voice announced, “We don’t need any more help, male or female, this morning!” Two frightened looking girls just in front of me screwed up their courage and said, pleadingly, “But you told us Saturday we should come back this morning and you promised us work!”

“Oh, all right. Then you two go to the coatroom.”

Everyone looked a bit dazed. At least one hundred girls and more than that many men had hopes of finding a job at that bindery—and all they took were two girls from Saturday.

We uttered a few of our thoughts and

dashed for the iron stairs, down which we rushed pell-mell, calling all the way to the steady procession filing up, “No use; save your breath.” Some kept on, nevertheless.

From the bindery I rushed to a factory making muslin underwear. By the time I got there—only six blocks uptown—the boss looked incredulous that I should even be applying at such an advanced hour, although it was not yet 9. No, he needed no more. From there to the address of an “ad.” for “light factory work,” whatever it might turn out to be. A steady stream of girls coming and going. Upstairs a young woman without turning her head, her finger tracing down a column of figures, called out, “No more help wanted!”

A rush to a wholesale millinery shop just off Fifth Avenue—the only millinery establishment advertising for “learners.” The elevator was packed going up, the hallway was packed where we got out. The girls already there told us newcomers that we must write our names on certain cards. Also, we must state our last position, what sort of millinery jobs we expected to get, and what salary. The girl ahead of me wrote \$28. I wrote \$14. She must have been experienced in some branch of the trade. All the rest of us at our crowded end of the entry hall were “learners.” The “ad.” here had read “apply after 9.30.” It was not yet 9.30. A few moments after I got there, my card just filled out, the boss called from a little window: “No more learners. All I want is one experienced copyist. There was apparently but one experienced copyist in the whole lot. Everyone was indignant. Several girls spoke up: “What made you advertise learners if you don’t want none?”—“I did want some, but I got all I want.” We filled the elevator and went down.

As a last try I tore for the Subway and Park Place, down by the Woolworth Building. By the time I reached that bindery there were only two girls ahead of me. A man interviewed the

younger. She had had a good bit of bindery experience. The man was non-committal. The other, a very refined middle-aged woman had had years of experience. She had no sooner spoken of it than the man squinted his eyes at her and said: "You belong to the union, then, don't you?"—"Yes," the woman admitted with no hesitation, "I do, but that makes no difference; I'm perfectly willing to work with non-union girls. I'm a good worker and I don't see what difference it should make." The man turned abruptly to me, "What bindery experience have you had?" I had to admit I had had no bindery experience, but I made it clear I was a very experienced person in many other fields, and willing and quick to learn.

"Nothing doing for you."

But he had advertised for "learners."

"Yes, but why should I use learners when I turned away over seventy experienced girls this morning, ready to do any work for any old price?"

I was hoping to hear what else he might say to the union member, but the man left me no excuse for standing around.

I ate my lunch at home.

When the next Sunday morning came, the future again looked bright. I red-penciled eleven "ads."—jobs in three different dress factories, sewing buttons on shoes (you see I have to pick only such positions as require no previous experience—it is only among unskilled workers that I belong as yet), girls to pack tea and coffee, to work for an envelope company, in tobacco, in sample cards, girls to pack hair nets, "learners" on fancy feathers, and "learners" to operate book-sewing machines.

The rest of the newspaper chronicled much trouble in the garment trades. I decided to try the likeliest dress factory first. I was hopeful, but not enough so to take my lunch and apron.

Reaching the first dress factory before eight o'clock, I found about nine girls

ahead of me. We waited downstairs by the elevator, as the boss had not yet arrived. The "ad." I was answering read, "Wanted—Bright girls to make themselves useful around dress factory."

Upstairs in the hall we assembled to wait upon the pleasure of the boss. The woodwork was white, the floor pale blue—it was all very impressive.

Finally, second try, the boss fixed his eye on me. "Come in here." A white door closed behind us, and we stood in a little room which looked as if a small boy of twelve had knocked it together out of old scraps and odds and ends, unpainted.

"What experience you have had?"

He was a nice-looking, fairly-young Jew who spoke with a good deal of German accent.

"None in a dress factory, but . . . " and I regaled him with the vast amount of experience in other lines that was mine, adding that I'd done a good deal of "private dressmaking" off and on, and also assuring him almost tremblingly—I did so want to land a job—that I was the most willing of workers.

"What you expect to get?"

"What will you pay me?"

"No, I'm asking you. What you expect to get?"

"Fourteen dollars."

"All right. Go on in."

If the room where the boss had received me could have been the work of a twelve-year-old, the rest of the factory must have been designed and executed by a boy of eight. There wasn't a straight shelf. There wasn't a straight partition. Boards of various woods and sizes had been used and nothing had ever been painted. Such doors as existed had odd ways of opening and closing. The whole place looked as if it had cost about \$7.29 to throw together. But, ah! the white and pale blue of the showrooms!

The dress-factory job was like another world compared with the candy, brass, and the laundry jobs of which I have previously written. In each of those

places I had worked on one floor of a big plant doing one subdivided piece of labor among equally low-paid workers busy at the same sort of job as myself. Of what went on in the processes before and after the work we did, I knew or saw nothing. We packed finished chocolates; we punched slots in already-made lamp cones; we ironed already-washed, starched, and dampened clothes. Such work as we did took no particular skill, though a certain improvement in speed and quality of work came with practice. One's eyes could wander now and then, one's thoughts could wander often, and conversation with one's neighbors was always possible.

Behold the dress factory, a little complete world of its own on one small floor where every process of manufacture, and all of it skilled work, could be viewed from any spot. Not quite every process—the designer had a room of her own up front nearer to that place where the woodwork was white.

"Ready-made clothing!" It sounds so simple. Mrs. Fine Lady saunters into a shop, puts up her lorgnette and lisps, "I'd like to see something in a satin afternoon dress." A plump blonde in tight-fitting black with a marcel wave trips over to mirrored doors, slides one back, takes a dress off its hanger—and there you are! "So much simpler than bothering with a dressmaker."

But what had brought that dress to the place where the blonde could sell it? "Ready-made" indeed! There had to be a start somewhere before there was any "made" to it. It was at that point in our dress factory when the French designer first got a notion into her head—she who waved her arms and gesticulated and flew into French-English rages just the way they do on the stage. "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*"—gray-haired Madame would gasp at our staid and portly Mr. Rogers. Ada could say "My Gawd!" through her Russian nose to him and it had nothing like the same wilting effect.

Ready-made—yes, ready-made. But first Madame got her notion, and then she and her helpers concocted the dress itself. A finished article, it hung inside the wire inclosure where the nice young cutter kept himself and his long, high table.

The cutter took a look at the finished garment hanging on the side of his cage, measured a bit with his yard stick, and then proceeded to cut the pattern out of paper. Whereupon he laid flat yards and yards of silks and satins on his table and with an electric cutter sliced out his parts. All those pieces had to be sorted according to sizes and colors and tied and labeled. (Wanted—bright and useful girl right here.)

Next came the sewing-machine operators (electric power)—a long narrow table, nine machines at a side, but not more than fourteen operators were employed—thirteen girls and one lone young man. They said that on former piece rates this man used to make from \$90 to \$100 a week. The operators were all well paid, especially if compared with candy, brass, and laundry standards, but they were a skilled lot. A very fine-looking lot, too—some of the nicest-looking girls I've seen in New York. Everyone had a certain style and assurance. It was good for the eyes to look on them after the laundry thirteen-dollar-a-week type.

When the first operators had done their part the dresses were handed over to the drapers. There were two drapers, who were getting about \$50 a week before the hard times. No one appeared to know what anybody's wages really were at present. There seemed some reticence in discussing the subject. One of the drapers was as attractive a girl as I ever saw anywhere; bobbed hair, deep-set eyes, a Russian Jewess with features which made her look more like an Italian. She spoke English with hardly any accent. She dressed very quietly and in excellent taste. All day long the two draped dresses on forms, always pinning and pinning. The dra-

pers turned the dresses over to certain operators, who finished all the machine sewing. The next work fell to the finishers.

In that same end of the factory sat the four finishers, getting "about \$20 a week," but again no one seemed sure. Two were Italians who could speak little English. One was Gertie, four weeks married—"to a Socialist." Gertie was another of the well-dressed ones. If you could know these dress-factory girls you would realize how, unless gifted with the approach of a newspaper reporter—and I lack that approach—it was next to impossible to ask a girl herself what she was earning. No more than you could ask a lawyer what his fees amounted to. The girls themselves who had been working long together in the same shop did not seem to know what one another's wages were. It was a new state of affairs in my factory experience.

The finishers, after sewing on all hooks and eyes and fasteners and doing all the remaining hand work on the dresses, turned them over to the two pressers—sedate, assured Italians, who ironed all day long and looked prosperous and were very polite.

They brought the dresses back to Jean and her helper—two girls who put the last finishing touches on a garment before it went into the showroom—snipping here and there, rough edges all smoothed off. It was to Jean the boss called my second morning, very loud so all could hear, "If you find anything wrong mit a dress don't *look* at it, don't *bodder wid* it—jus' t'row it in dere faces and make 'em do it over again! It's not like the old days no more!" (whatever he meant by that). So—there was your dress, "ready-made. . . ."

This used to be the entire factory personnel, if we add the two office girls, the model, who was wont to run around our part of the world now and then in a superior fashion, clad in a scant pale pink-satin petticoat which came just below her knees and an old gray-and-

green sweater; plus various male personages, full of business and dressed in their best. Goodness knows what all they did do to keep the wheels of industry running—perhaps they were salesmen. They had the general appearance of earning at least ten to twenty thousand dollars a year. It may possibly have risen as high as two thousand.

And Peters—who was small, though grown, and black, and who cleaned up with a fearful dust and "snatched" lead pencils if you left them around.

At present, in addition, were the sixteen crochet beaders, because crochet beading is stylish in certain quarters—their "department" newly added just prior to my arrival. But before the beaders could begin work the goods had to be stamped, and before they could be stamped Mr. Rogers had to concoct a design. He worked in the cage at a raised end of the cutting table. He first pricked the pattern through paper with a machine at a small table outside by the beaders. That table was always piled high with a mess of everything from spools to dresses, which Mr. Rogers patiently removed each time to some spot where some one else found them on top of something she wanted, and less patiently removed them to some other spot, where still less patiently they were found in the way and dumped some place else. And Ada would call out still later:

"Mr. Rogers, did you see a pile of dresses on this table when you went to work?"

Whereat in abject politeness and dismay Mr. Rogers would dash out of his cage and explain in very broken English that there had been some things on the table but "*vairree carefully*" he had placed them—here. And to Mr. Rogers's startled gaze the pile had disappeared.

If a dress had to be beaded, Mr. Rogers took the goods after the cutter finished his job, and he and his helpers stamped the patterns on sleeves, front and back and skirt, by rubbing chalk

over the paper. Upon the scene at this psychological moment enters the bright girl to make herself useful. (In fact, she entered even earlier, by helping the cutter tie the bundles according to size and color.)

The bright girl "framed up" the goods for the beaders to work on. To "frame up" you take boards the proper length with broad tape tacked along one edge. First you pin the goods lengthwise, pins close together. Then you find side boards the desired length and pin the goods along the sides. Then with four iron clamps you fasten the corners together, making the goods as tight as a drum. There's a real knack to it, especially when it comes to queerly shaped pieces—odd backs or fronts or sleeves, or where you have a skirt some six or eight feet long and three broad. But I can frame! Ada said so.

The space I had in which to make myself useful was literally about 3x4 feet, just in front of the shelves where the thread and beads were kept. That is, I had it if no one wanted to get anything in the line of thread or beads, which they always did want to get. Whereupon I moved out—which meant my work might be knocked on the floor, or if it was bigger I had to move the work out with me. Or I crawled under it and got the thread or beads myself. If it were a skirt I was framing up I earned the curses, though friendly ones, of the assemblage. No one could pass in any direction. The beaders were shut in their quarters till I got through—or they crawled under. Or I poked people in the back with the frames while I was clamping them. I fought over every large frame I managed to get together, for the frame was larger than the space I had to work in. Until in compassion they finally moved me around the corner into the dressmaking quarters, which tried Joe's soul. Joe was the Italian foreman of that end of things. He was nice. But he saw no reason why I should be moved

up into his already crowded space. Indeed, I was only a little better off. The fact of the matter was that the more useful I became the more in everybody's way I got. Indeed, it can be taken as a tribute to human nature that everyone in that factory was not a crabbed, nervous wreck from having to work on top of everyone else. It was almost like attempting dressmaking in the Subway.

The boss at times gazed upon my own frantic efforts and declared, "Every time I look ad you the tears come in my eyes." And I told him, "Every time I think about myself the tears come in mine." About every other day he appeared with a hammer and some nails and would pound something somewhere with the assurance that his every effort spelled industrial progress and especial help to me.

"All I think on is your comfort, yes?"

"Don't get gray over it!"

So then I framed up. Nor was it merely that I worked under difficulties as to space. The boss's idea of scientific management seemed to be to employ as few bright and useful girls as possible. He started with three. He ended with just one. From dawn to dewy eve I tore. It was "Connie, come here!" (Ada, the beadwork forewoman) "Connie, come here!" (the cutter) "Connie, thread, thread, yes? There's a good girl!" (the beaders) "Connie, changeable beads, yes? That's the girl!" "Connie, unframe these two skirts quick as you can!" "Connie, never mind finishing those skirts; I got to get this 'special' framed up right away!" "Connie, didn't you finish unframing those skirts?" "Connie, tissue paper, yes? Thanks awfully." "Connie, did you see that tag I laid here? Look for it, will you?"

But the choice and rare moment of my bright and useful career was when the boss himself called, "Oh, Miss Connie, come *mal* here, yes?" And when I got *mal* there he said, "I want you should take my shoes to the cob-

blers *so fort*, yes? . . . And be sure you get a check . . . and go quick, yes." Whereupon he removed his shoes and shuffled about in a pair of galoshes.

I put on the green tam. I put on the old brown coat with now three buttons gone and the old fur collar, over my blue-checked apron, and with the boss's shoes under my arm out I fared, wishing to goodness I would run into some one I knew to chuckle with me. Half an hour later the boss called me again.

"I think it is time you should bring my shoes back, yes?" I went. The cobbler said it would be another five minutes. Five minutes to do what I would with in New York! It was a wonderful sensation. Next to the cobbler's a new building was going up. I have always envied those who had time to hang over a railing and watch a new building going up. At last—my own self, my green tam, my brown coat over the blue-checked apron, chewing a stick of gum, hung over the railing for five whole minutes and watched the men on the steel skeleton. All this time my salary was going on just the same.

I was hoping the boss would tip me—say, a dime—for running his errands. Otherwise I might never get a tip from anyone. He didn't. He thanked me, and after that he called me "dearie."

The first day in any new job seems strange, and I wondered if I should ever get acquainted. In the dress factory I felt that way for several days. Hitherto I had always worked with girls all round me, and it was no time before we were chatting back and forth. In the dress factory I worked by myself at chores no one else did. Also, the other girls had the sort of jobs which took concentration and attention—there was comparatively little talk. Also, the sewing machines inside and the riveting on that steel building outside made too much noise for easy conversation.

At lunch time most of the girls went out to eat at various restaurants near by. They looked so grand when they got

their coats and hats on that I could not imagine them letting me tag along in my old green tam and coat with buttons missing. My wardrobe had all fitted in appropriately to candy and brass and the laundry. But not to dress-making. So I ate my lunch out of a paper bag in the factory with such girls as stayed behind. They were mostly the beaders. And they were mostly "dead ones"—the sort who would not talk had they been given a bonus and share in the profits for it. They read the *Daily News*, a group of some five to one paper, and ate.

By Thursday of the first week I was desperate. How was I ever to "get next" to the dress-factory girls? During the lunch hour Friday I gulped down my food and tore for Gimbel's, where I bought five new buttons. Saturday I sewed them on my coat, and Monday and all the next week I ate lunch with Ada and Eva and Jean and Kate at a Yiddish restaurant, where the food had strange names and stranger tastes. But at least there was conversation.

Ada I loved—our forewoman in the bead work—young, good-looking, intelligent. She rather took me under her wing, in gratitude for which I showed almost immediate improvement in those lines along which she labored to improve me. My grammar, for instance. When I said "it ain't," Ada would say, "Connie, Connie, *ain't!*" Whereat I gulped and said "isn't," and Ada smiled approval. Within one week I had picked up wonderfully. At the end of that week Ada and I were quite chummy. She asked me one day if I was married. No. Was she? "You don't think I'd be working like this if I was, do you?" When I asked her what she would be doing if she didn't have to work, she answered, "Oh, lots of things." Nor could I pin her to details. She told me she'd get married to-morrow, only her "sweetheart" was a poor man. But she was crazy about him. Oh, she was. The very next day she flew over

to where I was framing up. "I've had a fight with my sweetheart!"

It was always difficult carrying on a conversation with Ada. She was continually being called for from every corner of the factory, and in the few seconds we might have had for talk I was called for. And such jumpiness is particularly detrimental to sharing affairs of the heart. I only know fragments of Ada's romance. The fight lasted all of four days. Then he appeared one evening, and next morning she beamingly informed me that "her sweetheart had made up. Oh, but he's *some* lover, I tell you."

Ada was born in Russia, but came to this country very young. She spoke English without an accent. Never had she earned less than \$20 a week, starting out as a bookkeeper. When crochet beading first became the rage, about five years ago, she went over to that and sometimes made \$50 and \$60 a week. Here as forewoman she made \$40; \$20 of that she gave each week to her mother for board and lodging. Often she had gone on summer vacations. For three years she had paid for a colored girl to do the housework at home. I despaired at first of having Ada so much as take notice of the fact that I was alive. What was my joy then at the end of the first week to have her come up and say to me: "Do you know what I want? I want you to come over to Brooklyn and live with me and my folks."

That same Saturday morning the boss said he wanted to see me after closing time. There seemed numerous others he wanted to see. Then I discovered, while waiting my turn with these others, that practically no one there knew her "prices." There was a good deal of resentment about it, too. He had hired these girls, and no word about pay. The other girls waiting that morning were beaders. I learned one trick of the trade which it appears is more or less universal. They had left their former jobs to come to this

factory in answer to an "ad." for crochet beaders. If after one week it was found they were getting less than they had at the old place, they would go back and say they had been sick for a week. Otherwise, they planned to stay on at this factory. Each girl was called in alone, and alone bargained with the boss. Monday, just for instance, Sadie, ahead of me in the Saturday line, reported the conversation she had had with the boss:

"Well, miss, what you expect to get here?"

"What I'm worth."

"Yes, yes—you're worth one hundred dollars but I'm talking just plain English. What you expect to get?"

"I tell you what I'm worth."

"All right, you're worth one hundred dollars, you think you'll get thirty dollars. I'll pay you twenty dollars."

(Sadie had previously told me under no consideration would she remain under \$25, but she remained for \$20.)

My turn. I thought there was no question about my "price." It was \$14. But, perhaps, seeing how I had run my legs almost off, and pinned my fingers almost off all week, the boss was going to raise me voluntarily.

"What wages you expect to get here?"

Oh, well, since he thus opened the question we would begin all new. I had worked so much harder than I had anticipated.

"Sixteen dollars a week."

"Ho—sixteen dollars!—and last Monday it was fourteen dollars. You're going up, yes?"

"But the work's much harder 'n I thought it 'u'd be."

"So you go from fourteen dollars to sixteen dollars, and I got you here to tell you you'd get twelve dollars."

Oh, but I was mad—just plain mad. "You let me work all week thinkin' I was getting fourteen dollars—it ain't fair!"

"Fair? I pay you what I can afford. Times are hard now, you know."

I could not speak for my upset feelings. To pay me \$12 for the endless labor of that week when he had allowed me to think I was getting \$14! To add insult to injury he said, "Next week I want you should work later than the other girls evenings and make no date for next Saturday (I had told him I was in a hurry to get off for lunch this Saturday) because I shall want you should work Saturday afternoon."

Such a state of affairs is indeed worth following up.

Monday morning he came around breezily—he really was a cordial, kindly soul—and said, "Well, dearie, how are you this morning?"

I went on pinning.

"Good as anybody can be on twelve dollars a week."

"Ach, forget it, forget it. Always money, money! Whether a person gets ten cents or three hundred dollars—it's not the money 'at counts"—his hands went up in the air—"it's the *service!*"

Yet employers tell labor managers they must not sentimentalize.

A bit later he came back. "I tell you what I'll do. You stay late every night this week and work Saturday afternoon, like I told you you should, and I'll pay you for it!"

To such extremes a sense of justice can carry one! Actually, he had expected that extra work of me gratis!

During the week I figured out that in his own heart that boss had figured out a moral equivalent for a living wage. There was nothing he would not do for me. Did he but come in my general direction, I was given a helping hand. He joked with me continually. The hammer and nails were always busy. I was not only "dearie," I was "sweet-heart." But \$14 a week—that was another story.

The second week I got closer to the girls. Or, more truthfully put, they got closer to me. At the other factories I had asked most of the questions and answered fewer. Here I could hardly

get a question in edgewise for the flood which was let loose on me. I explained in each factory that I lived with a widow who brought me from California to look after her children. I did some work for her evenings and Saturday afternoon and Sunday, to pay for my room and board. Not only was I asked every conceivable question about myself, but at the dress factory I had to answer uncountable questions about the lady I lived with; her "gentlemen friends," her clothes, her expenses. It was like pulling teeth for me to get any information out of these girls.

In such a matter as reading, for example, every girl I asked was fond of reading. What kind of books? Good books. Yes, but the names. I got *We Two* out of Sarah, and Jean was reading Ibsen's *Doll's House*. It was a swell book, a play. After hours one night she told me the story. Together with Ada's concern over my grammar, it can be seen that I left the dress factory more intellectually advanced than when I entered it.

The girls I had the opportunity of asking were not "movie" enthusiasts on the whole. Only now and then they went to "a show." Less frequently they spoke of going to the Jewish Theater. No one was particularly excited over dancing—in fact, Sarah, who looked the blond type of the dance-every-night variety, thought dancing "disgusting." Shows weren't her style. She liked reading. Whenever I got the chance I asked a girl what she did evenings. The answer usually was, "Oh, nothing much." One Friday I asked a group of girls at lunch if they weren't glad the next day was Saturday and the afternoon off. Four of them weren't glad at all, because they had to go home and clean house Saturday afternoons and do other household chores. "Gee! don't you hate workin' round the house?"

I wonder how much of the woman-in-industry movement is traceable to just that.

The first day I was at the dress factory a very dirty but pleasant-faced little Jewish girl said to me: "Ever try workin' at home? Ain't it just awful?" She had made \$32 a week beading at her last place—didn't know what she'd get here.

I had hoped to hear murmurings and discussions about the conditions of the garment trades and the unions—not a word the whole time. Papers were full of a strike to be called the next week throughout the city affecting thousands of waist and dress makers. It might as well have been in London. Not an echo of interest in it reached our factory. I asked Sarah if she had ever worked in a union shop. "Sure."—"Any different from this?"—"Different? You bet it's different. Boss wouldn't dare treat you the way you get treated here." But as usual I was called for and got no chance to pin Sarah to details.

A group of girls in the dressing room exploded one night: "Gee! they sure treat you like dogs here! No soap, no towels, nothing." The hours were good—8.30 to 12.15; 1.00 to 5.15. One Saturday Ada and the boss asked the beaders to work in the afternoon. Not one stayed. Too many had heard the tales of girls working overtime and not being paid anything extra.

On Wednesday I went back after my last week's pay. When the cashier caught sight of me she was full of interest. "I was writing you a letter this very day. The boss wants you back awful badly. He's out just now for lunch. Can't you wait?"

Just then the boss stepped from the elevator. "Ach, here you are! Now, dearie—if it's just a matter of a few dollars or so—"

I was leaving town. Much discussion. No, I couldn't stay on. Well, if I insisted—yes, he'd get my pay envelope. My, oh my! they missed me! Why so foolish as to leave New York? Now, as for my wages, they could easily be fixed to suit. . . . All

right, all right, he'd get my last pay envelope . . .

And there was my pay envelope with just \$12 again. "What about my overtime?"

Overtime? Who said anything about overtime? He did himself. He'd promised me if I worked every night that week late I'd get paid for it. Every single night I had stayed and where was pay for it?

He shook his finger at my time card.

Show him one hour of overtime on that card!

I showed him where every night the time clock registered overtime.

Yes, but not once was it a full hour. And didn't I know overtime never counted unless it was at least a full hour?

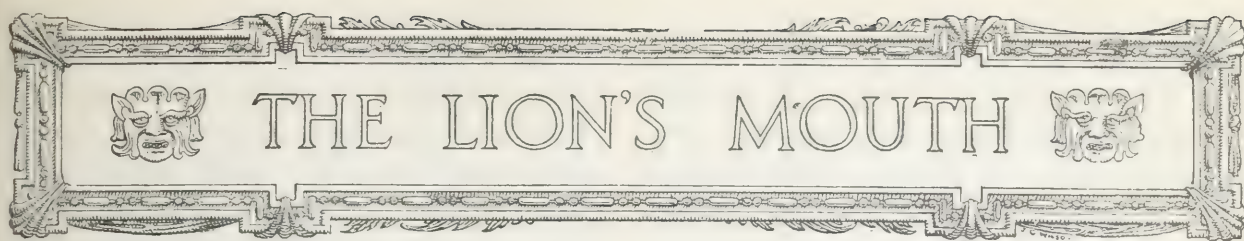
No, he had never explained anything about that. I'd worked each night until everything was done and I'd been told I could go.

Well, of course he didn't want to rob me. I really had nothing coming to me. Each night I'd stayed till only about six. But they would figure it out and see what they could pay me. They figured. I waited. At length majestically he handed out fifty-six cents.

The fat, older brother in the firm rode down in the elevator with me, he who used to move silently around the factory about four times a day, with a pleased air that bespoke one hundred per cent possession. He held his fat thumbs in the palms of his fat hands and benignly he was wont to survey his realm. Mine! Mine! Mine! his every inch of being said.

Going down in the elevator, he edged over to my corner. He pinched my arm, he pinched my cheeks. Ach, but he'd miss me bad. Nice girl I was.

Evidently he, too, had evolved a moral equivalent for a living wage. Little kindly personal attentions were his share for anything not adequately covered by twelve dollars and fifty-six cents.



THE LION'S MOUTH

CHARACTER IN SPIDERS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I AM no naturalist, yet I have learned something of creature life. This has been, usually, not from books, but from first-hand observation; and I once made an experiment that resulted in conclusions in which I still take pleasure and, I hope, profit.

I went, for a matter of unpacking, to a house in the country which had not been lived in by human mortals for some months. The parlors have long French windows that open inward. I went with the intention of opening one of these and found that one of the two large lower panes was usurped entirely by two spiders. They were not of imposing species either in size or in workmanship. They were small creatures and their web, separate at the top of the pane, but joined at the bottom, testified rather to industry than art. Here was no careful or geometrical construction, but rather a tiny crisscrossing of threads and fibers resulting in what, in the spider textile trade, if there be such, would be looked on as a fairly solid gossamer. Here and there long cables or tent ropes, or whatever you have a mind to call them, held the web taut on to the sides of the casement in a most precautionous and safe manner.

Presently you saw the object of all this care. In the upper right-hand corner and in the upper left-hand corner hung the treasure for which all this existed, bunches of those little nearly round paperlike sacks in which these Arachnes had carefully stowed away those tiny eggs which were warrant that this particular race of spiders in that locality should not perish from the earth.

For a long while I looked at them, and noted all the detail of their arrangement and security. For by strands and cables and weavings and cords they were indeed made as safe as spiders could spiderly make them. Here on their own scale, at least, was absolute security. Indeed, they were so secure that the spiders themselves had both traveled far from them, to the lower parts of the webs, and were giving them, I believe, not a single thought; off, bent on other things, and without a particle of anxiety for the young fry left suspended so neatly in those little prenatal cradles.

Then a giant thought came into my head as to these extremely diminutive people. Were they really capable of feeling secure as to these babies, or was it mere instinct to suspend them there in security and then go on about the other business of their lives?

I had a lead pencil in my hand. I bent over and with it touched the so fine silvery fabric of the web, ever so delicately; but even the most delicate touch shook it to its farthest limits.

Immediately both the mothers—for so I take them to have been—fled, sped, climbed, with startling swiftness to those upper chambers where swung the cradles, put themselves in defensive position before them, and remained so for what must have been, I think, by spider clocks, several hours.

Presently, when the swaying had ceased, they both ventured forth to inquire into and examine the damage of this earthquake, or whatever had threatened the safety of their progeny.

They found the spot where the pencil had slightly loosened and damaged the web; probably had a good deal to say

about it to each other; and began industriously to mend it.

It is not altogether pleasant to tell the rest of this tale, because my own part in it will no doubt appear to all but the scientific uncommendable. With the same intent of observation I repeated the earthquake, this time gently ("ah, gently! indeed!" I can hear one of them saying); yes, gently, tearing away one of the main cables.

Again they flew home, all anxiety and determination to defend those defenseless children. Again, after a longer interval this time, they left them to mend matters as best they could.

I experimented again. By this time my experiments were drawing nearer to the cradles. I thought once I detected in one of the mothers a hint of thought of herself. She turned and ran away from her cradles rather than toward them, then recovered herself, faced about, and flew once more to defend them. The other mother was of sturdier character. She did not swerve. At the slightest threat of disaster back she went, swifter each time, it seemed to me, as though danger made her only the more efficient.

But the nerve of the other was evidently being broken by renewed calamity. More and more she hesitated in her purpose; more and more thought of her own safety crept into her reactions to the strain. Not until the other one had been several seconds in her position of defense did the second one arrive at hers.

By and by she began definitely to fail.

Why draw out the story? It ended finally by the one mother clinging to the defense of her tiny cradles, while the world of spiderdom rocked about her; and by the other one abandoning hers and seeking safety for herself in escape up, up the casement and away.

Whether the one mother took charge of both broods after that I do not know, or whether the other came back restored and repentant; but I myself was perhaps not so repentant as I should have

been had I been less aware of the treasure which I had, at the expense of the temporary comfort of these little creatures, secured to myself and I may hope to others. For here beyond dispute, in this tiny and usually despised order of creation, was something answering to what we in our larger and more arrogant sphere have presumed to call character. So alike they were, these two tiny creatures, that probably even under the microscope no difference could have been detected in them; yet as different they were, nevertheless, as the two mothers who came before Solomon.

No doubt in their courts I might have been arraigned for a cruel creature; yet I came away a reverent and not less a humble one.

A great man has declared that two things forever struck him newly with awe—the starry heavens and the moral principle in man. How far, how far, I wonder, does the moral principle extend, and where are its remote beginnings? Personality, character, and infinite diversity, what are they? Whence are they called, and by what means attained? All that which adds flavor, variety, distinction, and a million, million treasures to the universe—what determines it? And who knows, remembering those two tiny creatures, the one faithful, the other not, how little and how small a thing is human blame in the midst of this vast variety.

There are many, many things I would not dare to call great; but yet many millions more I would not presume to think insignificant.

And you, neighbor?

THE MUCKER POSE

BY PHILIP CURTISS

WHEN Cervantes, in order to clear the atmosphere of the seventeenth century, "laughed Spain's chivalry away," and when, in order to perform the same service for the twenti-

eth century, Gelett Burgess identified and isolated that germ of dullness known as the "Bromide," each earned the gratitude of his age. Now a third niche in the Hall of Public Benefactors awaits the man or woman who can give the deathblow to that most contemptible of present-day affectations, "the mucker pose."

This term originated, I believe, with Charles Buchanan, the music critic, who applied it to a certain attitude in discussing art; but there is no phase of modern American social or artistic life in which it is not visible in some form or other.

The mucker pose is that curious state of mind which induces well-bred, intelligent people to disclaim superciliously any refinement, education, or natural good taste which heredity or opportunity may have given them, and to set themselves deliberately to the worship of the coarse or the commonplace. The mucker pose is the antonym of the "highbrow" pose. It is the "I-am-a-plain-blunt-man" sort of boast when used by a person who is really neither plain nor blunt. It is the modern survival of that perverted ambition which induced a Roman emperor to go down into the arena of the circus and, without any danger to himself, be it noted, pose as a gladiator.

I witnessed, the other evening, a most pathetic but singularly perfect example of a person suffering from the mucker pose. The *poseur* was a stout, middle-aged, unmarried woman who was a guest at a country house. As one could easily see, through her smoke-screen of affectations, she was, at heart, a rather nice and well-meaning person, a gentlewoman by birth and a scholar by instinct. She was a teacher of some sort of minor art in one of the semiendowed institutes of New York City. She was really an authority on a comparatively rare subject, and, from what our hostess was able to tell us, her private life had been the combination of bitter disappointments and precious, modest tri-

umphs which is common to women in such careers. When, in short, she could forget her pose, she was just the kind of amiable old New England lady that one would be glad to have for an aunt, but once let her loose in a mixed gathering, especially one which was fairly young and liberal in its habits, and she became simply a pathetic old cow capering on cider apples.

It was obvious that her main idea of social verve was to be daring, although she succeeded only in being revolting. It was not so much that she swore occasionally, with those unskillful, nerve-grating, near-oaths which are far more upsetting than outright profanity from accustomed lips. It was not that she smoked a cigarette held ponderously between her fat thumb and first finger. In her, the mucker pose displayed itself most abominably in the cheap, common ideas, totally false to her background and her profession, which she felt obliged to air boisterously in the frantic effort to be "popular."

At all the old classic standards, which, I am sure, had been the backbone of the many generations of Puritan clergymen who must have preceded her, she hooted contemptuously. She prattled easily in the catch phrases of the day. At all social niceties which make life agreeable for those who can afford them, such as evening dress in the country and the offices of a butler, she railed as pure "fla-fla." Gentlewomen of the sort which must have been very dear to her mother and grandmother she dismissed in a group as "stodgy." She even upheld jazz music, although, as she had a rather fine musical education herself, she must have had to struggle hard to enjoy it.

Where this old party had acquired this hideous and most unbecoming viewpoint it was not hard to discover. It seems that, as a professional woman, she had the usual "little apartment" in Greenwich Village. Her hostess, who had known her in a happier epoch, tried

to excuse her by explaining that, in New York, she was intimate with "a circle of artists, musicians, and writers."

One knew instinctively just what kind of "artists, musicians, and writers" would belong to such a "circle," but many artists, musicians, and writers who ought to know better have been woefully susceptible, of late years, to the mucker pose, either assuming it as part of their own professional armor or catering to it as one of the most profitable weaknesses of their public.

As a social manner, the mucker pose is not in itself alarming. If a man wishes to give, superficially, the impression that he is a tout or a bookmaker, or if a woman actually wishes to have people believe that she finds herself more at home among illiterates than among educated persons, that is his or her own affair. What is more insidious and more reprehensible is the manner in which the mucker pose has become a popular viewpoint in American art and intellectual life.

There are enough people in the world who really do enjoy bad music, bad art, and bad literature, without people who should know better studiously affecting to enjoy them. Yet that is what happens to-day. I, personally, do not enjoy jazz—the incessant, nerve-racking rhythms which make up a typical restaurant concert. I have no wish to abolish them. I do not object to others enjoying them. I simply do not like them myself and cannot pretend that I do, yet that is what the mucker pose requires that I must do. If I say that I do not like jazz I am, according to the popular pose, displaying an affectation. I am "just saying that in order to be 'different.'" The vilest manifestation of the mucker pose is that, in music as in the other arts, renegade critics, seeing that the mucker pose is the popular pose, debase their own erudition to support it. They pretend to see "the folk element" or the "spontaneous note" in music which is merely trite or, more often, stolen. They pretend

to see "brilliant technique" in plays which are merely perfect in their conventional inanity. They pretend to see "the born story-teller" in novelists who will halt at nothing in order to satisfy every popular misconception.

The mucker pose exercises its greatest tyranny in its attitude toward "the movies." According to the present popular viewpoint, it is heresy for anyone, no matter what his training or natural tastes, to say that he does not enjoy "the movies." *That* is affectation according to the practitioners of the mucker pose. That also is "putting it on" just to be "different." Again I do not refer to people who really do think that the movies are gripping. I refer to that mean and hypnotized state of mind which allows persons of superior intellect to say, in private or in print, that the motion pictures in their present state are "a great art," when they know perfectly well that they have never seen a motion picture which displayed one atom of art except good photography or possibly an honest intent to reproduce grandeur by prodigious pains and unlimited expense.

How would literature fare at the hands of the metropolitan critics if a leading publishing house should take Galsworthy's play, "Justice," and seriously put out a novelized version of it with a comic courthouse scene, a burlesque cop for a warden, and the whole under the "improved" title of "Jailed in the Jug, or The Forger's Revenge?" Even Gopher Prairie would rock with derision.

Yet, with no serious protest, the leading producers of the movies have been permitted to take Barrie's exquisite "Admirable Crichton," call it "Male and Female," and open it with a scene "in a great English country house" in which a page, in buttons, goes to each bedroom, looks through the keyhole, then turns and winks at the audience. And still we are seriously told that we are in the presence of a great art. I have heard many explanations of this

episode, all of which have been solemnly to the effect that the changes were necessary to give Barrie's story "a popular appeal." Shades of Charles Frohman! But there you are. There is no objection to satisfying a popular demand, but it is a rank case of the mucker pose to call it art with a straight face.

I believe that motion pictures can become a great art, but they are not at present. They will not be so long as it is more profitable for them to be a very bad art and especially so long as superior intelligence appears to pat them on the back and tell them that they are perfectly lovely. The motion pictures could be laughed into a better state in six months, when all the censoring and "reorganization" would not do this in ten years. The reprehensible state of mind is that which knows that it ought to laugh and yet finds it unfashionable to do so.

In American literature, happily, the mucker pose seems to be burning itself out, but only because, in every grade of fiction except the highest, it has been, for two full decades, the popular tone, not merely in style, but in subject.

Beginning twenty years ago with the swashbuckler, who was not so bad because he was generally remote in time or in country, the mucker, in some guise or other, has been the idol of popular American fiction. The illiterate, tobacco-chewing rustic who expressed his sage wisdom by being provincial and displayed his quaint wit by being insulting, followed the swashbuckler. Then came the third-rate prize fighter, the worst type of shop girl, the worst type of chorus girl, the smart-Alec salesman, the confidence man, the gambler, the tout, and, finally, the thief and the safe-cracker, each in turn as the ideal hero or heroine of American fiction. We were not called upon to admire these characters as types drawn true to life, in which form they might have been legitimate. We were not called upon to admire them for their daring, to

study them for their unfortunate estate, or for the completeness of their depravity, in any of which lights they might have been made exceedingly artistic. We were called upon to admire them for their sheer vulgarity, for their intentional distortion of English, for their contempt of anything superior to themselves, and especially for the flip insolence with which they could put "high-brows" (meaning by that people who spoke correctly and bathed regularly) in their places. There have been certain writers who were surely gentle, courteous people in their private lives, but who have seemed to believe that they would commit professional suicide if they should put a rich man or a well-bred man into a story except as a butt for some mucker. If a gentleman or a man of sensitive habits of thought were introduced as the hero it must be only to show how, at the climax of the story, he "found himself" by winning a street fight or by "making good" as a commercial traveler.

"Give the public what it wants, and let us want it too," is the artistic slogan of the mucker pose, but on his own ground the amateur mucker is no match for the genuine mucker. In life as in art no one is quicker to spot the amateur mucker than the genuine mucker and for no one has he more contempt. He has far more respect for the genuine highbrow. No college boy ever got very far in a barroom by trying to pose as a bearcat, and, on the other hand, no gentleman was ever molested in a barroom so long as he remained in his own character. The intellectual writer, or painter, or musician who courts popularity by deliberately debasing his artistic standards is only too apt to make an appearance very much like that of my poor old lady who tried so hard to be frivolous. What a silly thing it is to wish to exchange gold for brass, broadcloth for shoddy; to go down into an indiscriminate mass of muckerism and pat it on the back simply for being muckerism!

THE CASE OF BLUEBEARD

BY ALINE KILMER

IF Bluebeard had only married sister Anne she would never have gone snooping around among his secrets.

Not since I reached the age of reason have I sympathized with Bluebeard's wife. She was put on her honor, and she didn't have any. Of course her name was against her. Maeterlinck tried to make out a case for her, but, as it was clearly impossible to defend a lady named Fatima, he called her Ariane. But a lady named Ariane would do the same things as a lady named Fatima, only she would deceive herself into believing that she did them from the noblest motives. A most unpleasant person! Fatimas are really more endurable, because they never analyze their motives at all.

Now Anne was a different character entirely. Only her affection for Fatima—who had always been the black sheep of the family—led her to assist her in her difficulty, and it was with much the same feeling that the brothers slew Bluebeard and saved Fatima. "You don't deserve this protection," we can feel them thinking, "but the family must stand together." A very clannish family they were. Clannishness has its advantages, but in this case it always irritated me. I have thought that the brothers might well have done a clean job by finishing up both Bluebeard and Fatima. I hold no brief for Bluebeard, but certainly, if we have been given all the evidence, Fatima had, so far as she knew, no cause for complaint. She was a monster of ingratitude.

As for Bluebeard himself, while I cannot uphold his behavior, he has my sympathy. He was a well meaning enough gentleman, with an abnormally strong sense of honor. This sense of honor was his undoing. It was outraged by his first wife—we are not told what she discovered, but it was probably some quite innocent secret. After this tragedy the poor gentleman became

a monomaniac. He was always looking for a lady with a sense of honor. Alas! Why could he not have married sister Anne? How different the story would have been! But the Bluebeards are never attracted by the Sister Annes. They always "fall for" women named Fatima, or something equally pernicious, and go through life bearing a grudge against all women in consequence.

With the exception of this important truth, the whole story is psychologically bad, and probably the reason for this is that it is not a fairy story at all. It should be cast out of the society of fairy stories. Fairy tales are fundamentally right, and this story is wrong from beginning to end. It is not folklore but yellow journalism. The ugly story of the famous or infamous French Count was taken, in comparatively recent years, and poured into the mold of a fairy tale. But it never really fitted the mold. Only to the most superficial, is there any resemblance between Fatima and the genuine heroine of folklore.

Fairy-tale heroes and heroines are not necessarily creatures possessing all the virtues. Indeed, it is rarely that we find one who has not a redeeming vice. Often they are incurably lazy; sometimes their pride is inordinate; they are almost invariably heedless and absentminded. And occasionally you find one who is bad tempered or given to drink. In fact, they are a very weak lot; but we like them the better for their frailties. Does anyone like Fatima the better for hers?

Now in fairy tales sins are divided to a certain extent according to sex. It may be due to the chivalrous attitude of the transcriber, or it may be a fact that women steal less frequently than men. In a fairy story a man may steal and steal, and be a hero. But, on the other hand, women are credited with a greater fondness for playing with fire. This is such a delectable failing that it is hard to condemn it. It makes one

proud to be a woman to see how, when the lovely young girl sticks her finger into the shaft of golden light, she does it from an over-developed sporting instinct, while the king's third and favorite son puts the forbidden golden saddle on the horse merely from cupidity, entirely ignoring the excellent advice that had been given him beforehand, usually by a fox. But they both pay dearly for their crimes.

It may be argued that Fatima was only playing with fire. She was not. She was going through her husband's pockets—a miserable, low, contemptible trick. But even if we consent to view it as playing with fire, in a real fairy tale, far from being held up to us as a wronged and innocent woman gloriously righted by the abrupt death of her husband, she would have been obliged to wear out about seven pairs of iron shoes as a penance for that little game.

This is the heart of the difficulty. It is not because she sinned that Fatima is no true heroine. It is because she is never cleansed of her guilt. She never has a pang of remorse but goes cheerfully along her self-righteous way expecting, and doubtless receiving, admiring sympathy from all beholders. She is enviably free from any consciousness of sin. In fairy tales as in life the just man may sin seven times a day, but it is essential that there be sackcloth and ashes somewhere in the offing.

It is very sad that Mr. Thackeray is dead. How well he might have remodeled the story of Bluebeard as he did other tales, if he had only thought of it! It is pleasant to dream of how he would have done it. Fatima might have been killed, presumably by accident, by the brothers. Bluebeard, recognizing the folly of his first choice, would, after a suitable interval, marry Sister Anne and spend his life in a laudable effort to atone for his wild oats. They would have numerous offspring and rear them in the strictest

honor and integrity, always holding up before their awed young eyes the terrible picture of what happened to Aunt Fatima.

EXPLAINING RELATIVITY

BY J. W. MERRILL

"BLEVINS," said I, "do you understand all this talk about Einstein and relativity and all that nonsense?"

"Sure," said Blevins, unhesitatingly. "It isn't nonsense. It's good dope."

"Well," I said, "won't you just explain to me in your own way what relativity is?"

"Sure I will," said Blevins. "Let's see. You know what Newton's law is."

"Of course I do," I replied. "That is, I know it, of course, but suppose you restate it. It will make it clearer if we simplify things as we go along."

Blevins appeared, indeed, a trifle disconcerted. "Oh, well, it might take too long to do that," he said. "We know it all right, of course. The inverse square of the distance—just as you might say it was four times as hard to hole out from twenty yards as it is from ten yards. Maybe it isn't for *you*, for, of all lucky breaks I ever saw, that putt of yours on the sixteenth green—" He appeared to be wandering from the subject back to an episode of the afternoon's match—a really magnificent putt of mine the whole width of the green. It wasn't lucky; I had studied it out carefully. There was a little slope at the left of the hole, and a tiny patch of slippery clover just in line—but never mind now. Blevins *will* wander from the subject sometimes. I recalled him.

"That's the substance of it," he said. "The square of the distance. Now what is it you want to know?"

"Why," I hesitated, "I read something about time, and a man in a railway train and another man on the embankment, and a stroke of lightning—"

"Oh, *that*," he interrupted. "That's the simple part of it—just to amuse the public. You see, the man on the train and the man on the embankment haven't really the same time at all."

"Of course not," said I, feeling on safe ground here. "I know *that* catch. The train is on standard time and the man on the embankment is on daylight-saving time. If the man on the bank jumps on the train, he has a whole extra hour to loaf before it gets to be the time it was when he jumped on." I was a little pleased with myself for putting this so clearly.

"Well, that's not just it," said Blevins. "If lightning strikes the train—"

"The man on the bank wins if he hasn't yet jumped," I suggested.

"Don't be silly," said Blevins. "The man on the train says it happened at *one* moment and the man on the bank says at *another* moment."

"That's likely enough." I admitted having had some experience of the contradictory testimony of eye-witnesses in jury trials.

"But it might not really have happened at *either* moment," said Blevins.

"It doesn't seem that there could be any mistake about being struck by lightning," I argued. "When lightning really strikes anybody or anything, it usually leaves conclusive evidence of the fact, doesn't it?"

Blevins appeared to be annoyed. "It's not a question of *being* struck, stupid," he said, "but of the true time when struck."

"It seems silly to make a fuss about the exact time," I objected. "If Einstein was struck, *he* wouldn't know the time—and no one else would think much about it. They'd be too excited."

"How am I going to explain anything if you keep on talking like an ass?" Blevins cried.

"I'm sorry," said I.

"It's no use to try to explain it all," said Blevins, "but even you must see that if there be no absolute time—that is to say, that what time there is, is relative time to the other time, if there is any—and since the rays of gravitation are bent by the sun when eclipsed, as can be shown, and space being limited and possibly curved with holes in it, that would point directly to a fourth-dimensional space-time universe, wouldn't it? You must have sense enough to see that, or they wouldn't let you go down to your office."

"It sounds reasonable," I admitted.

"But is that all there is to it?"

"Well, no," said Blevins, "not exactly all. But the rest is higher mathematics and stuff like that you know."

"I think I get you."

"Sure you do," said Blevins.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE life of discussion is response. If there is going to be good talk, somebody must talk back. There has been a good deal of response to a discourse of the Easy Chair for July, and most of it brings approval, but one letter has come in that is so strong in objection and so specific in its reprobation that it really helps discussion. Here it is, nearly all of it, for the readers of the Easy Chair to consider:

"I beg your pardon, but I can't tell you how sad your article in the July *Harper's* has made me feel. It has filled me with a sense of hopelessness. What's the use of civilization if, as we just begin to get away from the credulity and superstition of the dark ages, we are to turn back to them for the answer of the problems they are making in civilization that has been promising so much? It is *faith and religion*, the superstitious and futile hopes growing out of them, that have brought all our troubles upon us.

"Why deplore the lack of faith when we have the Roman Church, still potent and growing in the world. What has it done for civilization? Never has there been a nation or individual that fell under its spell that did not degenerate. The Protestant Churches are very little better. They serve mainly at present as a powerful influence which the wealthy use to keep in subjection the poor and simple-minded. There is not a preacher in the world to-day that is not practically the tool, slave, voice, of some wealthy man or group of men. During the last ten years I have been in almost every town in six South-western states and incog. have studied preachers and churches first hand. And

what I have said is putting the truth mildly. I believe religion and the churches are the greatest drag to the progress of human development. Faith and religion never solved any problem. Facts and reason alone can answer. St. Paul said Christ was risen. But of what significance was that? His getting into the world and out didn't matter. His message alone counted. And the churches explain away all of it that doesn't fit their man-made dogmas or is unpleasant to the influential members upon whom their salary and success depend. A man to succeed in the ministry had better have the influence and good will of one wealthy man than a dozen Gods.

"The Bible is a wonderful book; but more wonderful for the untruth it contains. It doesn't make good; it can't make good because it is not facts or truth. No one takes it seriously, not even the preachers. Who turns the other cheek, who gives a cloak to the man who has stolen a coat, who loves his enemy, who returns good for evil? To be a Christian in the sense of living Christ's teachings is to be a mollicoddle. It's an ideal to preach, but foolishness to live. And to a really thoughtful person the Sermon on the Mount is not a wholesome ideal, because its teaching contradicts the best in human nature; more, it is inconsistent with itself, for God does not practice toward his subjects what he preaches for them to observe.

"No, by sticking to facts and sane reason man will solve his problems, not in crazy improved vaporings of a Lodge or Doyle, who turn their vaporings into good hard cash.

"One had as well talk of an immortal digestion as an immortal soul—both are simply functions of a physical organ. When the organ is dead the function can't function.

"For ten years I have been on my back, fighting for my life. I have made life, religion, soul (?), etc., a study. *I know*, as ignorant and superstitious people will say when you ask them for some proof of their faith. I know, is not a proof. It is simply an admission of ignorance. One doesn't have to say two and two make four because I know. They can prove it. There is no proof that I am not right. I have but a short time to live; the thing that makes me most sad in leaving the world is to see the tendency in the so-called educated to go backward."

The writer of the letter is, or was, a clergyman. He seems not to contemplate with much gayety of spirit either the prospects of human life while it lasts here, nor the complete extinction that he thinks will follow it. Why should he be made sad by an article that takes the opposite view—that suggests that religion is the hope of the world—that the Christian religion is sound and true and is likely to be revitalized by a new confidence in a future life that is already spreading among men? The only reason is that misery loves company, and we are comforted by agreement even with our melancholy moods.

The letter of the remonstrating correspondent is not true, but doubtless there is some truth in it. The churches are faulty enough without doubt and are a great problem, but they always have been faulty. The ministers always have been faulty. Doctor Hutton, of Scotland, said at Northfield the other day of the disciples of Christ who came to be Apostles:

They were not great men intellectually nor spiritually, and are never mentioned by the Master except for reproof. Many had

asked why they were selected. By any system of judgment known to man they were unfitted for their task.

That is probably true of most of them. They were not great men except as their faith and their message made them great. The same is doubtless true of the mass of the clergymen to-day in all communions. There are exceptional men, but it does not appear that the mass of them are any better in quality than the Apostles were when they began. If they become great it will be due to the faith that is in them and the message that they carry.

But our remonstrant charges that ministers nowadays cannot give their message—that they are subject to control of business men who run the churches and object to preaching that is bad for business. There is truth in that, but not so much as he thinks. Mr. Eastman, a Presbyterian clergyman, who is concerned with the home missions of that church and has been writing about its unfinished business, found that the great obstacles to the union of struggling churches in rural communities was that

one man "ran the church," as the people themselves expressed it. He controlled the elders or the governing board, and if by chance they ever got a minister who was too big a man to be bossed, the church got rid of him as soon as possible—found him "undesirable" or "unworthy."

That agrees with what we know of human nature. Churches have to be run and supported by people who will do it, and those people usually like to have some say about the teaching that shall come out of them. It is the same way in everything—the men that manage colleges, finding the money that keeps them going, are apt to want to know what is being taught, and, if the teaching seems to them bad for business, they are apt not to like it. It is the same thing in journalism. The men whose business it is to supply the money are

concerned about the doctrine, and if the doctrine interferes with their getting the money and makes trouble for them, they want to suppress it. That is how organization seems to be the enemy of truth. Organization is powerful and has a large appetite, and it must be fed. It involves more or less submission of individual opinion to the apparent welfare of the organization. When the opinions suppressed are matters of importance and deep conviction, of course that makes trouble. Organization, and a lot of it, seems indispensable to modern life. Without it you cannot have good roads, nor good farming, nor enough good housing, nor enough transportation, nor great cities, nor great newspapers, nor Ford cars, nor most of the things that we think we cannot get along without; but organization is not indispensable to truth. On the contrary, the boot is on the other leg—truth in the long run is indispensable to organization. An organization that does not square with what is true will perish in the end. A church whose organization suppresses truth will perish as a church. A university that misses truth, or sells it out and runs after business and financial support, will perish as a university. There must be truth. Whether things square with existing interests or not, they must in the long run square with truth, or down they come.

Let our complainant console himself, if he can, with these reflections. Truth is mighty and will prevail. It will prevail, if necessary, over the ruin of everything else that exists. If he is right, and faith and religion are the great obstacles to human progress, down they will go. If he is right and the soul is only as immortal as the digestion, it is a hard case for souls, but truth will prevail. If he is right and the Sermon on the Mount is unwholesome and will not work, the Sermon on the Mount will go by the board and surely truth will prevail. If he is right that rich men run the churches, so much the

worse for them. There are all sorts of rich men—some of them are quite as wise as other people. As a group they are hardly to be trusted with the discernment of all the truth there is in religion. But neither are the ministers. It is just as easy to imagine a minister preaching what he shouldn't as to imagine him inhibited by the control of business interests from preaching what he should.

And one recourse the ministers always have against all the church bosses: they can live the life they profess to preach. If they do that—if the spirit by which they profess to be guided—the spirit of Truth and of Love—shines out of them in their daily walk and conversation, they are unbeatable. They will win even their bosses; for church bosses, not invariably, but as a rule, are not in the business of running churches to deceive and control the simple, as our remonstrant says, but because in their way they believe in religion and want it, and if they see it in a minister they will not let him go so easily as one might think. Life is more than words, and words indeed are little worth unless they come from some one who lives them.

As a matter of fact there is ground for belief that the Sermon on the Mount never seemed so reasonable to so many people—never went quite so strong in affairs of the world since it was preached—as it is going at this moment. In the immense muddle of the nations which the war has left, the salvaging of the remnants of the world seems more and more to depend on the willingness of men to forget their enemies and indeed to love them.

Russia has been, or at least has harbored, the enemy of mankind. We have to turn about and feed her. Germany has tried to steal a coat and the thoughtful people, especially the financiers, are looking about to find a cloak for her. France and England and most of the other Allies want reparations from Germany and are racking their

brains not only to know how they can get them, but how they can receive them without being ruined. The problem is so difficult that they may have to forgive her out of pure self-interest. Ireland and England have had a quarrel and dare not fight it out for fear it will destroy them both. There never was a time when so many people had begun to realize that behind the Sermon on the Mount was by far the greatest mind, the most astute, the most merciful, and the most practical, that ever came to Earth. Do even individual men hate their enemies? Plenty do, of course, but anyone who is grounded in even the rudiments of wisdom knows that it is a sorrowful and stupid business which embitters life; that hate is a kind of poison which no wise man will permit to exist in him if he can possibly help it.

And then, there is the matter of immortality about which our complainant is so discouraged. How about that? Is belief in it diminishing, or the contrary? Doctor Osler discussed it in 1904 when he gave the Ingersoll lecture at Harvard on Science and Immortality. At that time he said that personal indifference about it was the prevailing attitude of minds—that we were Laodiceans—neither hot nor cold—that the average man had only two giant passions—to get and to beget—and that these satisfied him. He looked neither before nor after, but went about his business until evening without thought of whence or whither.

“And the eventide of life,” he said, “is not always hopeful; on the contrary, the older we grow, the less fixed, very often, is the belief in a future life. As Howells tells us of Lowell, ‘His hold upon a belief in a life after death weakened with his years.’ Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, ‘We may love the mystical and talk much of the shadows, but when it comes to going out among them and laying hold of them with the hand of faith, we are not of the excursion.’”

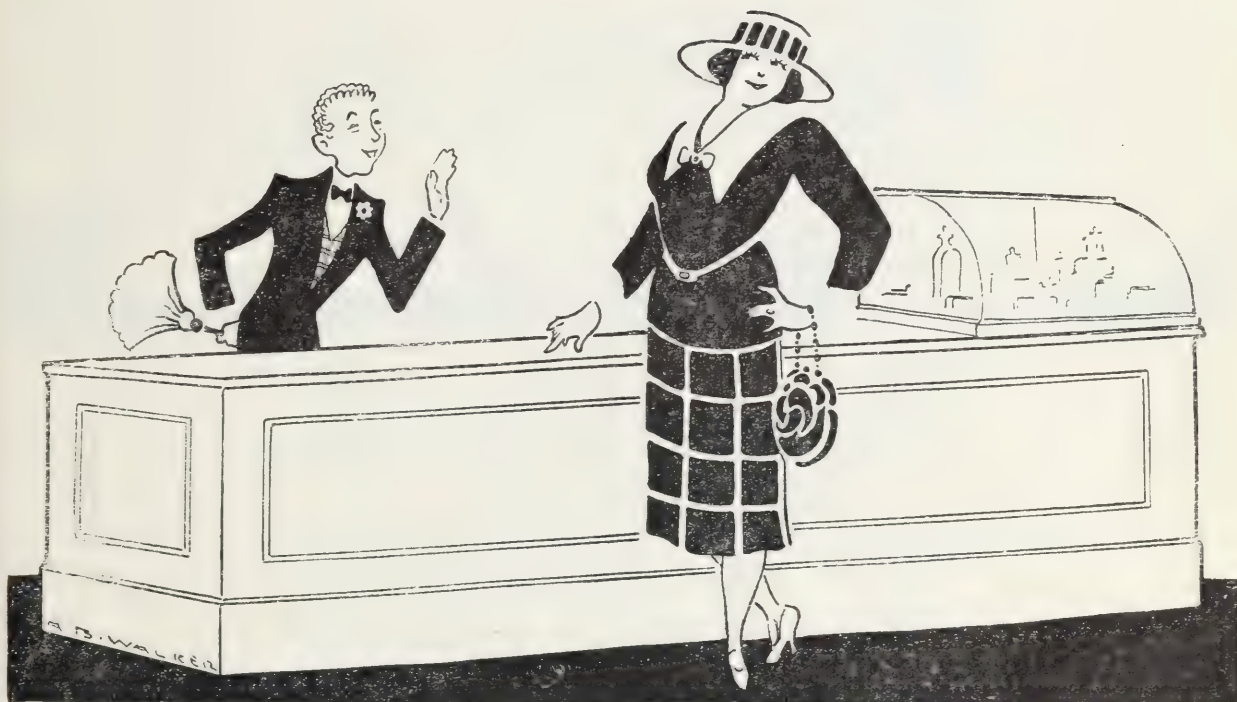
“If among individuals,” he said, “we find little but indifference to this great question, what shall we say to the national and public sentiment? Immortality, and all that it may mean, is a dead issue in the great movements of the world. In the social and political forces what account is taken by practical men of any eternal significance in life? Does it ever enter into the consideration of those controlling the destinies of their fellow creatures that this life is only a preparation for another? To raise the question is to raise a smile. I am not talking of our professions, but of the everyday condition which only serves to emphasize the contrast between the precepts of the gospel and the practice of the street. Without a peradventure it may be said that a living faith in a future existence has not the slightest influence in the settlement of the grave social and national problems which confront the race to-day.”

So it was less than twenty years ago—ten years before the war. Let our complainant think what he may about it, but how does it strike the readers of the *Easy Chair*? Is there more or less concern for immortality in 1921 than there was in 1904? Is the great mass of thoughtful and active people still so indifferent about it? Is immortality and all that it may mean still not an issue in the great movements of the world?

I think not—not by a very great deal; but that in so far as there has been change—and there has been great change—it has been in the direction of a great increase of interest in immortality and a great increase of confidence in it, and that nowadays, among those controlling the destinies of their fellow creatures, there are many who consider that this life is only a preparation for another, and among them are men at the very top of affairs and in the guidance of whose illuminated minds is the best political hope of the day.

After all, something did come out of the war besides destruction.

EDITOR'S DRAWER



"I DON'T THINK YOU NEED BEAUTIFYING!"

ROMANCE IN A PHARMACY

BY EDWARD ANTHONY

I SUPPOSE, on perusing my title, you said,
"Romance in a pharmacy? Tut!
The prospect is bleak; why, one might as well seek
For romance in an Eskimo hut."

Now, if that's what you said—I'm not saying you did—
But supposing you did, old dear,
It simply would show that you do not know
What happened in Sickie's last year.

One morning Lem Hackel, a clerk in the store,
Was brushing the counter, I think,
Or making some pills for to banish some ills,
Or preparing a strawberry drink,

When a maiden—her name was Lenora O'Shea—
 Approached and announced, "I desire
 A package or two of that wonderful new
 O'Hillery's Face Beautifier."

Now, Lem had a dozen assortments in stock—
 Rigardo's and Muller's and Brown's,
 O'Reilly's and Winkle's, Mezetti's and Finkle's,
 McFadden's, De Laney's and Town's—

But he had no O'Hillery's (that was the best),
 And fervently Lemuel swore,
 For the chap was afraid if he told her the maid
 Wouldn't think very well of the store.

So, inspired, he tells her, "O'Hillery's? Sure!"
 And adds (how the fellow was lying!),
 "But I'd like to observe, if you won't deem it nerve,
 That I don't think you need beautifying!"

"Now, really!" Lenora exclaims with a smile,
 "You surely can't mean what you say."
 Lies Lemuel, "Ma'am, you're the prettiest lamb
 I've encountered in many a day."

She throws him a kiss as she bids him farewell
 And leaves with a song in her heart,
 To tell father and mother and sister and brother
 Her scorn for cosmetrical art.

A year has elapsed. And Lenora, poor maid,
 Has discovered she isn't so pretty,
 For she comes to the store, as she did once before,
 For O'Hillery's. Gosh! what a pity



SHE BOXES HIS EARS TILL THE FELLOW, IN TEARS, CRIES "MERCY!"



BESTOWS ON HIS BRIDE A CASE OF O'HILLERY'S BEST

That Len, who has finally put in a stock
Of this article, should have forgot
The occurrence last year!—when he says to her, “Here,”
And sells her a box on the spot.

She cries, “I perceive that last summer you fibbed
When you said I was fair as a rose
And didn't require your old beautifier!”
And lo! she was tweaking his nose.

Oh, Lemuel's small and Lenora is tall,
And powerful muscles are hers.
She boxes his ears till the fellow, in tears,
Cries, “Mercy!” And then it occurs

To Lem that a maiden as sturdy as this
Would make him an excellent spouse.
He muses: “She'd wash all the clothes and, begosh!
Do all the work in the house!”

So he says to her, “Lady, I've fallen in love
With those sinewy muscles you own.
Stop beating my head, and let's go and be wed!”
And into his arms she has flown!

And soon they are married and Lemuel, still
With his passion for beauty possessed,
Bestows on his bride, with professional pride,
A case of O'Hillery's best!

And I hear, for good measure, he threw in a gross
Of Rigardo's and Muller's and Brown's,
O'Reilly's and Winkle's, Mezetti's and Finkle's,
McFadden's, De Laney's, and Town's!

An Added Affliction

AT the dinner table his elders had been discussing the State School for the Deaf, while seven-year-old Johnnie listened interestedly.

That evening, when preparing for bed, he looked earnestly into the face of his older sister and sighed.

"Wouldn't it be awful to be deaf, Titi?" he said. "Just think of having to wash your ears every day and never getting any good out of them at all!"

Forehanded

WHILE a certain association of Southern business men was in session a number of the members went to inspect a cotton mill. They were in the card room when the whistle blew for noon, and saw the card-room boys put up their work as if by magic, and disappear.

"Do all the boys drop their tools the instant the whistle blows?" asked one of the visitors.

"No, not all," said the foreman, grimly. "The more orderly have their tools all put away before that time."

The Pause of Emphasis

THE historic old church of St. Michael's, in Charleston, South Carolina—to be a member of which is the open sesame to Charleston society—had at one time a very

eccentric pastor, whose congregation never knew just what he would do next. One hot July afternoon he entered his pulpit, with the sounding board above, sat down and wiped the perspiration from his face, remarking, in a calm, unruffled tone:

"Damned hot day."

Of course the congregation was thunder-struck. With all his peculiarities, they had not dreamed of anything like this. So still was the audience that the drop of a pin could have been heard. After a long time, when the perspiration had been carefully wiped from cheek and brow, he concluded:

"That's what I heard an irreverent young man say as I came in."

Unlimited Pity

LITTLE six-year-old Louise had been busy for a week entertaining two little cousins, George and Mary Ellen, aged five and seven years, respectively. The last day of their visit had been particularly trying for Louise; she had been forced to see her favorite playthings thrown roughly about and illtreated and had been obliged to let her cousins have their own way constantly. That night as she was being put to bed she said:

"Mother, will George and Mary Ellen go to heaven when they die?"

"Certainly, dear. Why do you ask that?"

"Well," with a deep sigh, "I pity the Lord."

Always Supplied

THE son of a well-known physician loves to "play doctor."

The little fellow makes the rounds of neighboring houses, inquiring as to the health of the inmates. Usually he has with him an assortment of dolls—his "patients" in lieu of larger ones.

Recently he called at a home and asked, "Anybody sick here?"

He was answered in the negative.

"Oh, well," he said with professional nonchalance, producing two of his dolls, "guess I'll leave a couple of babies, anyway!"



TEACHER: "If a cat in a well climbs up two feet and falls back one, how long will it take her to get out?"

SON OF AN EFFICIENCY EXPERT: "I have little or no interest in such a cat."

Pot and Kettle

"YOU have such strange names for your towns," an Englishman remarked to one of his new American friends. "Weehawken, Hoboken, Poughkeepsie, and ever so many others."

"I suppose they do sound queer to English ears," said the American, thoughtfully. "Do you live in London all the time?"

"Oh no," said the unsuspecting Briton, "I spend a part of my time at Chipping Norton, and then I've a place at Pokestogg-on-the-Hike."

An Unforeseen Sequel

WILLIE had been instructed by his father to clean up the yard, and he had promised to do so to the best of his ability.

That evening, however, when his father returned from the office and took a look at the yard he became very angry.

"Willie," he called, "I thought I told you to clean up that yard!"

"Well, dad, I did," said Willie, virtuously, "I fired everything over the fence as soon as I could; but the kid next door threw everything back when I went downtown for mother."

The Hound At Law

A MAN in Missouri once sued a railway company for damages for the death of a hound killed on the track. The counsel for the company defended it upon the following points:

"Said dog was chasing a rabbit up defendant's track in violation of the game laws.

"Said rabbit lived on defendant's right of way, and was therefore the property of the defendant.

"Plaintiff's dog was a trespasser, and was hunting defendant's property without permission.

"Said deceased was not much of a dog, anyhow, or it could easily have kept out of the way of defendant's trains.

"And having fully answered, defendant prays to be discharged."



His Brother's Keeper

"G'wan home! Let me enjoy a fire in peace for onct in me life!"

Quick to Learn

A COUPLE of years ago Ted Winkley was an enthusiastic graduate from the School of Journalism at a Western university. He bought a country weekly and settled down to reform the county. The first issue of the paper brought out under his control flamed with promising announcements. The dean of the School of Journalism received a copy and read this editorial announcement:

"We aim to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Nearly a year later the dean received another copy of the boy's paper, with this proclamation circled with blue pencil:

"We aim to tell the truth—but not so blamed much of it as heretofore!"

His Pay Was Raised

GENIUS that may bring him to great things must have been born in the office boy of whom this story is told.

The "boss" was bending over a table, looking at the business directory. The new boy slipped up quietly and put the following note in his hand:

"Honored Sir: Your pants is ripped."

Old News is No News

RECENTLY a large part of a Southern town was burned and from various cities and towns newspaper men hastened to the scene. Only in the unburned office of a local weekly was there peace and contentment.

When the newspaper came out it was eagerly scanned by citizens and visitors, but there was no mention of the fire, the place of honor being given to a story of a fight between two deck hands on a river steamer.

"Look here, Henry," said a subscriber to the editor, "when are you-all going to give us something about the fire?"

"Why, William," replied the editor, "I didn't reckon to say anything about it. Every man, woman, child, and dog in this town knows that there was a fire, saw the fire, and was at the fire, and I reckon they're plumb tired of it. What I'm printing is news—and news is something nobody knows anything about until he reads the paper and finds out."

Not Guilty

"**N**OW, boys," said the patient Sunday-school teacher, "surely some one of you can tell me who carried off the gates of Gaza. Speak up, Henry."

"I never touched 'em!" said the in-

dignant Henry, with a suspicion of tears in his youthful voice. "I don't see why folks always think when things get carried off that I've had something to do with it!"

Grandma's Revolt

A WOMAN, whose married sons and daughters have a way of flitting off every summer to seashore or mountains, leaving their offspring in her loving care, was delicately approached by one of them as to her plans for the coming season.

"I suppose you will open the cottage as usual, won't you, mother? The children so enjoy being with you!"

"No, I shall not open the cottage," was the quiet but decided reply. "My grandchildren must be abandoned to the care of their parents this summer. I am going abroad."

A New Danger From Prohibition

ON a train from Boston bound 'way down East two old fellows, returning from a winter in Florida, regaled their fellow travelers with much wit and philosophy. Crossing the Saco River at Biddeford, Maine, where with the turbulence of a spring torrent it roared over the falls into the quiet pool, one of them observed:

"Saco's consider'ble of a river."

"Yaas," said the other, "Saco starts in a little spring up on the side of Mount Washington."

"It does?"

"Yaas. I've seen it and drunk out of it. Once I drunk it clean dry, so's for two or three days there wa'n't no river!"

Putting One Over

THE minister's little daughter was never forgetful of her formal prayers and had been allowed the privilege of adding any original remarks that she saw fit. One night in the very late fall, at the close of her prayer, she added:

"And, dear Lord, please send the beautiful snow to keep the little flowers warm through the winter." Climbing into bed, she confided: "That's the time I fooled Him. I want the snow so I can go sliding with my new sled!"



A Foolish Extravagance



GOLFER: "I notice young Doctor New on the links quite often."

GROUNDER: "Yes; I believe his patient is out of town."

A Beast That Incites to Wrath

LITTLE MARY: "Why do they keep lions at the central telephone office?"

TEACHER: "Why do you ask such a question, Mary?"

MARY: "Well, when I call my papa sometimes the central girl says, 'The lion is busy.'"

An Adaptable Conscience

CATHERINE, aged seven, is much addicted to mottoes, drawing her supply chiefly from the Sunday school and from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."

Recently, after playing marbles with Frederick "for keeps," she came to her mother in a rage of regret at her losses. The sinfulness of gambling was duly explained to her, and shortly afterward she was heard expounding the lesson to her well-beloved Teddy bear and applying to this particular form of wickedness the text, "The wages of sin is death."

On the following day, however, she played marbles again, but this time with a younger playmate, Margaret; and, unhappily for the

moral lesson, Catherine won her tiny opponent's entire supply. This new situation was not reported to mother, and it came to the parental notice only through the accidental overhearing of the following ethical discourse delivered to Teddy bear:

"You see, Teddy, when Frederick asks me to play marbles, I just think, 'The wages of sin is death,' and tell him I don't want to. But whenever Margaret asks me to, I'm going to say to myself, 'Let us then be up and doing, with a heart for any fate.'"

An Old Independent

REMARKABLY independent is an aged army officer, on the retired list, whose age is not less than ninety-one. For some years his family has been worried about his habit of traveling about alone. When he last proposed to go to Philadelphia to see some friends they urged him to let his daughter accompany him. But the old fighter would have none of her.

"A man of my age," said he, "has all he can do taking care of himself without having a woman tagging around with him."



Neglected Education

FIRST GARBAGE MAN (to second ditto): *"I tell you we should 've studied a little harder in school and now we mighta been piano movers."*

Complex

I HAVE a Freudian complex,
A funny little complex,
That's lurking in the hinterland
Of my subconscious brain;
It's frightfully perplexing,
And really rather vexing;
I half suspect, to tell the truth,
It's driving me insane.

It's not an inhibition,
Nor yet a prohibition,
But be assured it's troublesome
As either one could be.
Indeed it's so annoying
I know it is destroying
The very small intelligence
The gods vouchsafed to me.

Why I'm so much annoyed
Is, before I studied Freud,
I never knew a thing about
These complexes at all:
But since they are in season,
I'll have mine or know the reason,
Though the up-keep on a complex
Is a figure to appal.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

A Salute to the Aged

BROWN was a fine fellow, but he did have a weakness for trotting out jokes of an ancient vintage for the benefit of his friends until they hit upon a means of showing him that his jests were repeaters.

He was leaving the club with four of his cronies when he started a story that the four had heard in their early youth.

Each of his friends gravely lifted his hat.

Brown looked at them in surprise. "Why do you take your hats off?" he inquired.

To which Smith, the spokesman, answered, gravely, "Old fellow, one always raises his hat when he salutes an old friend!"

Deprived of His Equipment

WHEN woman became a factor in the last election a man who had made a reputation as a political exhorter was asked to talk to a gathering of the gentler sex.

"I'm afraid I can't do much good at it," he protested. "I have never talked to women, you know."

"Nonsense!" his friends replied. "You arouse the men. Why not the women?"

"I tell you I'm certain to make a failure of it," he insisted.

"Why are you so sure of that?" his friends demanded.

"Because I can't use more than about half my vocabulary if I talk to women!"

A Young Grammarian

ALTHOUGH Judge Jones's little daughter had talked several times through the telephone to her father, she had never gone through the formalities necessary in calling him up. The first time she tried it she took the receiver off the hook, as she had seen others do, placed her lips to the transmitter, and said:

"Hello! I want to talk to papa."

"Number, please?" said Central.

"Singular," she answered, surprised at the question, but proud that she knew something of the rudiments of grammar.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Herbert Adams Gibbons, who has lived much abroad, is a lecturer and writer of distinction on international affairs. Mr. Gibbons has recently been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor by the French government. He is at present living in Princeton, New Jersey. **Mary Heaton Vorse**, a frequent contributor of short stories and articles to *HARPER'S*, is now sojourning in Belgium. **Edith M. Thomas** is a member of the editorial staff of *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*. **Katharine Fullerton Gerould** has contributed numerous stories and essays to *HARPER'S* as well as to other magazines. A new novel from her pen, entitled *Lost Valley*, is to appear in the autumn.

Gilbert K. Chesterton continues to send from his home in England further detective adventures of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Upon completion of the series, these stories are to appear in book form. **Wilbur Daniel Steele**, at present in England, is preparing to return to Northern Africa for a protracted stay among the remote Moslem towns which he has recently visited. Several short stories by Mr. Steele, with Oriental backgrounds, are soon to appear in the Magazine.

The author of "What a Woman of Forty Thinks About Men" prefers to remain anonymous, but the Editors are prepared to vouch that the author is forty—and a woman. **Alexander Porterfield** is a young English author now resident in America. He has written several stories for the Magazine which are now in course of publication. **Albert Bigelow Paine** has completed the biography of Theodore N. Vail upon which he has been engaged for many months, and is now en route for Europe, accompanied by his motor car in which he will tour Southern France and Switzerland. **Edmund Dorset**, whose verse has previously appeared in *HARPER'S*, resides at Camden, N. J.

Cornelia Stratton Parker has concluded her series of incognito adventures,

"Working With the Working Woman," which will continue to be a feature of the Magazine for several issues yet to come. She has gone abroad with her family to make a study of certain industrial conditions in Switzerland. **Laura Spencer Portor** and **Philip Curtiss** have been frequently mentioned in these columns as contributors to the *Lion's Mouth*. **Aline Kilmer** (Mrs. Joyce Kilmer) also needs no introduction to the readers of this department. **J. W. Merrill**, a new contributor to *HARPER'S*, recounts an experience such as many of our readers may be familiar with.



Cornelia Stratton Parker's experiences while "Working with the Working Woman" have made a deep and widespread impression. The following letter, from Mrs. Parker herself, is of peculiar interest:

Already have the articles borne fruit! Which is doubly gratifying, since they were written with no idea of their bearing anything.

Soon after the laundry article appeared I received a letter from the owner of the laundry where I worked. As you know, there was never any mention made of the establishment by name. It seems some one sent him a marked copy of *HARPER'S*, and, naturally (at least in my egotism I should hope it would follow naturally), he recognized his property. The next day he wrote to ask if I would give him the honor of an interview. Would I! I went all the way in to New York for just that—a statement which will bear some qualifications. But I would have gone for just that!

And we interviewed—and certainly I, at least, derived much benefit therefrom. Allow me to inform you that he started in with the satisfying statement that he considered that I had given a perfect picture of his laundry, absolutely accurate in all details. That pleased me. But it was not to tell me this that he had asked for an interview. Please, would I tell him how to make his laundry a better place to work in. Wasn't that fun? For almost two hours we talked. We started in with the sixth floor and went on down to the time clock on the first. I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

It seems the very next day after he read my

article he called a meeting of all the heads of departments, and together they thrashed out many points the article brought up. So many of the suggestions I had to make he was already working on, due to the article. He wanted me back at the laundry as soon as I could spare the time, to see what could be done about improvements, but I told him I was sailing for Europe in less than a week. He is eager to read the book when it comes out. The most encouraging thing he said was that he thought my articles would do employers more good than anything else they could read on the subject of labor, as it was so evident I had not gone into factory work with a chip on my shoulder, as it were. It would be mighty encouraging to think he was a bit right. I wish the brass-works man would ask for an interview!

In the meantime I plan to poke my nose into every factory I can from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. Good-by till that is done!

Sincerely,

CORNELIA S. PARKER.



The following letter from a Brooklyn reader propounds some interesting queries which we submit to the readers of the MAGAZINE who have read Fleta Campbell Springer's story in the September issue:

BROOKLYN, September 8th.

DEAR HARPER'S,—If your department owned an Anxious Seat I would bring thereto for final judgment some impressions I have collected regarding an episode introduced in "The Role of Madame Ravelles," the very clever story of that title in your last number. I refer to the passage between Madame Ravelles and the "American poet." The passage is specified as being the lady's "one absurd and pathetic attempt to take things into her own hands . . . to change the course of the play for which she was cast." *Why did she do it?* is the form of the question by which I Edisonized certain of my acquaintances who had read the story. Here are some of the answers received:

1. She had fallen in love with the American poet. It was her first real experience, for it is evident that she never loved the Master.

2. She was tentative—she wished to test herself—to find out if she were capable of the "grand passion." She isn't yet in love, but would like to be. She is disappointed both in herself and the poet when he draws back and informs her that he is the "Master's friend."

3. I can't help thinking that the lady had a spice of the vampire in her, and wished to try out the "poet."

For myself, I am sure that so accomplished an artist in fiction as Mrs. Springer must have had a very definite purpose in this piece of psychics, and that we are all "far wide" in our conjectures, expecting categorical explanation where it should be inferential. Have we made a Lady-or-the-Tiger

dilemma where there is none, or do you think that we may deserve to have a little "kindly light" thrown on the inquiry by yourself, the author, or possibly by some correspondent equally interested?

Yours very truly,

J. F. PRENTWOOD.



An error has crept into the text of Edward Hungerford's article entitled, "In the Valley of the Genesee," in the August issue, for which the Editors wish to make amends to its Western readers, since Mr. Hungerford's absence in Europe prevents him from correcting what is obviously a misstatement. The following letter from the Seattle Chamber of Commerce fully sets forth the case:

In the August number of HARPER'S, page 299, there appears the following in an article written by Edward Hungerford:

"We have heard a good deal in recent years about the apples of Oregon and of Washington. The Western New York growers must be modest men indeed, for the fact remains that from three comparatively small railroad stations just northwest of Rochester enough apples are shipped in the course of an average year to more than equal the entire annual output of those two noisily prolific states of the Northwest put together."

The writer knows Mr. Hungerford personally and believes his typewriter must have slipped, because Mr. Hungerford's reputation for accuracy is nationally known, and he also knows this country. However, I quote below official figures from official government reports giving the July 1, 1921, estimates of the apple crop:

New York 16,000,911 boxes

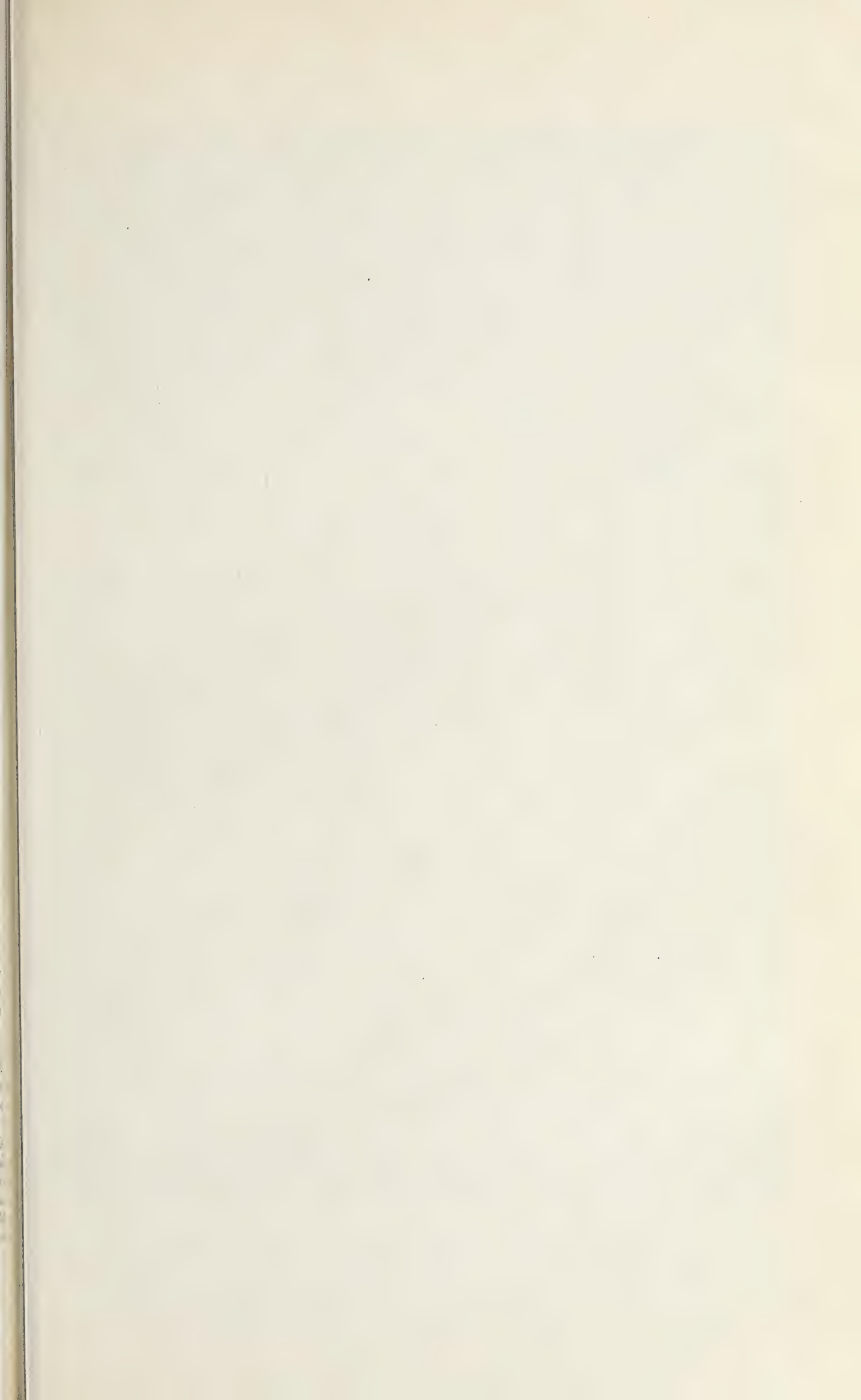
Washington 20,488,000 boxes

On June 26th the United States Agricultural Department in Washington, D. C., released official figures on the 1919 production. The report showed that Washington was first in the apple-producing states with 21,000,568, which was a 50% margin over New York and a three-to-one margin over California. Ten years ago the Washington apple output was one one-half of the California output and only one one-fourth of New York's output. In 1919 the state of Washington grew nearly 16% of all apples produced in the United States, and this year the state of Washington will market approximately one-fifth of all apples grown in the United States.

This showing is still more remarkable when it is considered that practically all these commercial apples are grown in two or three valleys—notably, those centering around Wenatchee and Yakima. Your readers in the state of Washington would undoubtedly welcome a correction of the statement referred to.

Yours very truly,

HAROLD CRARY.





Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The Poppies of Wu Fong"

SUDDENLY AT THE DOORWAY STOOD WU FONG

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BEHIND THE SCENES IN RED PETROGRAD

BY SIR PAUL DUKES

Paul Dukes, long a resident of Petrograd and attached to the British Foreign Office, was called to London in August, 1918, and offered a hazardous position in the British Secret Intelligence Service. Under the Bolshevik regime it was believed that Soviet Russia would not long continue open to foreigners, and it was desired that some one remain in Petrograd incognito and keep the British government privately informed of the march of events.

After some weeks of preparation Mr. Dukes, in disguise, sought to re-enter Russia through Finland. In these efforts he was aided by a Russian naval officer, Melnikoff, whose parents had been brutally murdered by the Bolsheviks. Melnikoff (who appears in the following narrative) preceded Mr. Dukes in crossing the Finnish frontier; the latter followed two days later, Melnikoff having arranged that the Finnish patrols should furnish Mr. Dukes with the necessary fraudulent "documents of identification."

For nearly a year Mr. Dukes's adventures were fraught with excitement and extreme peril, outranking the exploits of the master detectives of fiction. He was subsequently knighted for his services.

The following narrative takes up the story from the time of Mr. Dukes's arrival in Petrograd, disguised as a commercial traveler. All proper names are intentionally disguised by the author.

MY first destination was the house of an English gentleman, to whom I shall refer as Mr. Marsh. Marsh was a prominent business man in Petrograd. Melnikoff knew him and had promised to prepare him for my coming. I found the house and, after assuring myself that the street was clear and that I was not observed, I entered. In the hall I was confronted by an individual who might or might not have been the house porter. But I saw at once that he was not disposed to be friendly. He let me in, closed the door behind me, and promptly placed himself in front of it.

"Whom do you want?" he asked.

"I want Mr. Marsh," I said. "Can you tell me the number of his flat?" I knew the number perfectly well, but I could see from the man's manner that the less I knew about Marsh the better for me.

"Marsh is in prison," replied the man, "and his flat is sealed up. Do you know him?"

Devil take it! I thought. I suppose I shall be arrested, too, to see what I came here for! The idea occurred to me for a moment to flaunt my concocted passport in his face and make myself out to be an agent of the Extraordinary Commission, but as such I should have

known of Marsh's arrest, and I should still have to explain the reason of my visit.

"No, I don't know him," I replied. "I was sent to give him this little parcel." I held up the packet containing my *trousseau* of socks, biscuits, and handkerchiefs. "He left this in a house at Alexandrovsky the other night. I am an office clerk there. I will take it back."

The man eyed me closely. "You do not know Mr. Marsh?" he said again, slowly.

"I have never seen him in my life," I declared, emphatically.

"You had better leave the parcel, however," he said.

"Yes, yes, certainly," I agreed with alacrity, fearful at the same time lest my relief at this conclusion to the incident should be too noticeable.

I handed him over my parcel. "Good morning," I said, civilly. "I will say that Mr. Marsh is arrested."

The man moved away from the door, still looking hard at me as I passed out into the street.

Agitated by this misfortune, I turned my steps in the direction of the hospital where I hoped to find Melnikoff. The hospital in question was at the extreme end of the Kamenostrovsky Prospect. It was a good four-mile walk from Marsh's house. I tried to get on a street car, but there were very few running and they were so crowded that it was impossible to board them. People hung in bunches round the steps and even on the buffers. So, tired as I was after the night's adventure, I footed it.

Melnikoff, it appeared, was a relative of one of the doctors of this hospital, but I did not find him there. The old woman at the lodge said Melnikoff had been there one night and had not returned since. I began to think something untoward must have occurred, although doubtless he had several other night shelters besides this one. There was nothing to do but wait for the afternoon and go to the clandestine café to which he had directed me.

At three o'clock I set out to look for Melnikoff's café, a clandestine establishment in a private flat on the top floor of a house in one of the streets off the Nevsky Prospect. When I rang the bell the door was opened just a wee bit and I espied a keen and suspicious eye through the chink. Seeing the door was immediately about to close again, I slid one foot into the aperture and asked quickly for Melnikoff.

"Melnikoff?" said the voice accompanying the eagle eye. "What Melnikoff?"

"N——," I said, giving Melnikoff's real name. At this point the door was opened a little wider and I was confronted by two ladies, the one elderly and plump, the other young and good-looking.

"What is his first name and patronymic?" asked the younger lady.

"Nicolas Nicolævitch," I replied.

"It is all right," said the younger lady to the elder. "He said some one might be coming to meet him this afternoon. Come in," she went on, to me. "Nicolas Nicolævitch was here for a moment on Saturday and said he would be here yesterday, but did not come. I expect him any minute now."

I passed into a sitting room fitted with small tables, where the fair young lady, Vera Alexandrovna, served me, to my surprise, with delicious little cakes. The room was empty, but later about a dozen people came in, all of distinctly bourgeois stamp. A few of the young men looked like ex-officers of dubious type. They laughed loudly, and seemed to have plenty of money to spend, for the delicacies were extremely expensive. This café, I learned later, was a meeting place for conspirators, who were said to have received funds for counter-revolutionary purposes from representatives of the Allies.

Vera Alexandrovna came over to the table in the corner where I sat alone. "Nicolas Nicolævitch told me you were coming and that you were a friend of his—but I shall ask no questions. You

may feel yourself quite safe and at home here and nobody will notice you." But I saw four of the loud-voiced young officers at the next table looking at me very hard.

All at once one of the four young men rose and approached me. He was tall and thin, with sunken eyes, hair brushed straight up, and a black mustache. There was a curious crooked twitch about his mouth.

"Good afternoon," he said. "Allow me to introduce myself. Captain Zorinsky. You are waiting for Melnikoff, are you not? I am a friend of his."

I shook hands with Zorinsky, but gave him no encouragement to talk. Had this Zorinsky merely guessed that I was waiting for Melnikoff, or had Vera Alexandrovna told him?

"Melnikoff did not come here yesterday," Zorinsky continued, "but if I can do anything for you at any time I shall be glad."

I bowed and he returned to his table. Since it was already six, I resolved I would stay in this café no longer. The atmosphere of the place filled me with indefinable apprehension.

"I am so sorry you have missed Nicolas Nicolævitch," said Vera Alexandrovna as I took my leave. "Will you come in to-morrow?"

I said I would, fully determined that I would not.

"Come back at any time," said Vera Alexandrovna, with her pleasant smile; "and remember," she added, reassuringly in an undertone, "here you are perfectly safe."

Could anybody be more charming than Vera Alexandrovna? Birth, education, and refinement were manifested in every gesture. But as for her café, I had an ominous presentiment, and nothing would have induced me to re-enter it.

I resolved to resort to the flat of Ivan Sergeievitch, Melnikoff's friend who had seen me off at Viborg. His house was in a small street at the end of Kazanskaya, and, like Vera Alexandrovna's, his flat was on the top floor. My experience of

the morning had made me very cautious, and I was careful to enter the house as though I were making a mistake, the easier to effect an escape if necessary. But the house was as still as death. I met nobody on the stairs, and for a long time there was no reply to my ring. Finally I heard footsteps, and a female voice said, querulously, behind the door: "Who is there?"

"From Ivan Sergeievitch," I replied, speaking just loud enough to be heard through the door.

There was a pause. "From which Ivan Sergeievitch?" queried the voice.

I lowered my tone. I felt the other person was listening intently. "From *your* Ivan Sergeievitch, in Viborg," I said in a low voice at the keyhole.

There was another pause. "But who are you?" came the query.

"Do not be alarmed," I said, in the same tone. "I have a message to you from him."

The footsteps receded. I could hear voices conferring. Then two locks were undone, and the door was partially opened on a short chain. I saw a middle-aged woman peering at me with fear and suspicion through the chink.

I repeated what I had already said, adding in a whisper that I myself had just come from Finland and would perhaps be going back shortly. The chain was then removed and I passed in.

The woman who opened the door, and who proved to be the housekeeper spoken of by Ivan Sergeievitch, closed it again hastily, locked it securely, and stood before me, a trembling little figure with keen eyes that looked me up and down with uncertainty. A few paces away stood a girl, the nurse of Ivan Sergeievitch's children, who were in Finland.

"Ivan Sergeievitch is an old friend of mine," I said, not truthfully, but very anxious to calm the suspicions of my humble hostesses. "I knew him long ago and saw him again quite recently in Finland. He asked me, if I found it possible, to come round to see you."

"Come in, come in, please," said the housekeeper, whom I shall call Stepanovna, still very nervously. "Excuse our showing you into the kitchen, but it is the only room we have warmed. It is so difficult to get firewood nowadays."

I sat down in the kitchen, feeling very tired. "Ivan Sergeievitch is well and sends his greetings," I said. "So are his wife and the children. They hope you are well and not suffering. They would like you to join them, but it is impossible to get passports."

"Thank you, thank you," said Stepanovna. "I am glad they are well. We have not heard from them for so long. May we offer you something to eat—?"

"Ivan Pavlovitch is my name," I interpolated, catching her hesitation.

"May we offer you something to eat, Ivan Pavlovitch?" said Stepanovna, kindly, busying herself at the stove. Her hands still trembled.

"Thank you," I said, "but I am afraid you have not much yourself."

"We are going to have some soup for supper," she replied. "There will be enough for you, too."

Stepanovna left the kitchen for a moment, and the nursing maid, whose name was Varia, leaned over to me and said, in a low voice: "Stepanovna is frightened to-day. She nearly got arrested this morning at the market when the Reds came and took people buying and selling food."

I saw from Varia's manner that she was a self-possessed and intelligent girl and I resolved to speak to her first regarding my staying the night, lest I should terrify Stepanovna by the suggestion.

"When I went to my home this afternoon," I said, "I found it locked. I expect the housekeeper is out. It is very far, and I wonder if I may stay the night here. A sofa will do to lie on, or even the floor. I am dreadfully tired and my leg is aching from an old wound. Ivan Sergeievitch said I might use his flat whenever I liked."

"I will ask Stepanovna," said Varia.

"I do not think she will mind." Varia left the room and, returning, said Stepanovna agreed—for one night.

The soup was soon ready—cabbage soup, and very good. I ate two big platefuls of it, though conscience pricked me in accepting a second. But I was very hungry. During supper a man in soldier's uniform came in by the kitchen door and sat down on a box against the wall. He said nothing at all, but he had a good-natured, round, plump face, with rosy cheeks and twinkling eyes. With a jackknife he hewed square chunks off a loaf of black bread, one of which chunks was handed to me.

"This is my nephew Dmitri," said Stepanovna. "He has just become a volunteer so as to get Red army rations, so we are better off now."

Dmitri smiled at being mentioned, but said nothing. After two platefuls of soup I could scarcely keep my eyes open. So I asked where I might spend the night and was shown into the study, where I threw myself on the couch and fell fast asleep.

In the morning Stepanovna had quite got over her fright, and when I came into the kitchen to wash, and drink another glass of tea, she greeted me kindly. Dmitri sat on his box in stolid silence, munching a crust of bread.

"Been in the Red army long?" I asked him, by way of conversation.

"Three weeks," he replied.

"Well, and do you like it?"

Dmitri pouted and shrugged his shoulders disparagingly.

"Do you have to do much service?" I persisted.

"Done none yet."

Dmitri typified the mass of the unthinking proletariat at this time, who regarded the Bolshevik government as an accidental, inexplicable, and merely temporary phenomenon which was destined at an early date to decay and disappear.

Varia accompanied me to the door as I departed. "If you want to come back," she said, "I don't think Stepanovna will

mind." I insisted on paying for the food I had eaten and set out to look again for Melnikoff.

The morning was raw and snow began to fall. People hurried along the streets huddling bundles and small parcels. Queues, mostly of working women, were waiting outside small stores with notices printed on canvas over the lintel, "First Communal Booth," "Second Communal Booth," and so on, where bread was being distributed in small quantities against food cards. There was rarely enough to go round, so people came and stood early, shivering in the biting wind.

Again I tracked across the river and up the long Kamenostrovsky Prospect to Melnikoff's hospital, but again he had not returned and they knew nothing of him. Wandering irresolutely about the city, I drifted into the district where I had formerly lived, and here in a side street I came unexpectedly upon a window on which a slip of paper was pasted with the word "Dinners," written in pencil.

[Dukes finds the place to be a small temporary restaurant catering to people without food cards. Considerations of space necessitate several abridgments of the text.—THE EDITORS.]

Purchasing three small white loaves to take with me, I returned in the afternoon to Stepanovna's. My humble friends were delighted at my simple contribution to the family fare, for they did not know white bread was still procurable. I telephoned to Vera Alexandrovna, but Melnikoff was not there and nothing was known of him. So with Stepanovna's consent to stay another night, I sat in the kitchen sipping Dmitri's tea and listening to their talk. It was a prevalent belief of the populace at this time that the Allies, and particularly the British, were planning to invade Russia and relieve the stricken country. Hearing them discussing the probability of such an event, and the part their master Ivan Sergeievitch might take in it, I told them straight out that I was an Englishman, a disclosure the effect of which was elec-

tric. For a time they would not credit it, for in appearance I might be any nationality but English. When we sat down about nine I found quite a good supper with meat and potatoes, prepared evidently chiefly for me, for their own dinner was at midday.

"However did you get the meat?" I exclaimed as Stepanovna bustled about to serve me.

"That is Dmitri's army ration," she said, simply.

Dmitri sat still on his box against the kitchen wall, but the smile never departed from his face.

That night I found Varia had made up for me the best bed in the flat, and, lying in this unexpected luxury, I tried to sum up my impressions of the first two days of adventure. Hope and fear had alternated with such frequency, mingled with a thousand conflicting emotions and memories of past associations, that I found it difficult to recall with precision all I had seen and heard. One thing, though, was clear. For two days I had wandered round the city, living from minute to minute and hour to hour, unnoticed. I no longer saw eyes in every wall. I felt that I really passed with the crowd. Only now and again some one would glance curiously, and perhaps enviously, at my black-leather breeches. I resolved I would smear my breeches with dirt before sallying forth on the morrow, so that they would not look so new. I nestled cozily into the blankets and passed into the silent land of no dreams.

I was awakened rudely by a loud ring at the bell, and sprang up, all alert. It was quarter to eight. Who, I asked myself, could the callers be? A search? Had the House Committee heard of the unregistered lodger? What should I say? I began dressing hastily. I could hear Stepanovna and Varia conferring in the kitchen. Then they both shuffled along the passage to the door. I heard the door opened, first on the chain, and there was a moment's silence. Then the chain

was removed. Some one was admitted and the door closed. I heard men's voices and boots tramping along the passage. Convinced now that a search was to be made, I fished feverishly in my pockets to get out my passport for demonstration, when into the room burst Melnikoff! Behind him entered a huge fellow whose stubble-covered face brimmed over with smiles beaming good nature and jollity. This giant was dressed in a rough and ragged brown suit and in his hand he squeezed a dirty hat.

"Marsh," observed Melnikoff, curtly, by way of introduction, smiling at my incredulity. We shook hands heartily all round while I still fumbled my passport.

"I was about to defy you with that!" I laughed, showing them the paper. "Tell me. I thought you were in prison!"

"Not quite!" Marsh exclaimed, dropping into English at once. "I had a larky get-away! Slithered down a drain-pipe outside the kitchen window into the next yard as the Reds came in at the front door. Shaved my beard at once." He rubbed his chin. "About time, by the way, I saw the barber again. The blighters are looking for me everywhere. I was held up one evening by one of their damned spies under a lamp-post. I screwed my face into a freak and asked him for a light. Then I knocked him down. And yesterday evening I was going into a yard on Sadovaya Street when under the arch I heard some one behind me say, 'Marsh!' I sprang round, just about to administer the same medicine, when I saw it was Melnikoff!"

"But how did you find me here?" I said.

"Sheer luck," Melnikoff replied. "I guessed you might possibly be in Sergeievitch's flat. But listen; I can't stay here long. I'm being looked for, too. You can meet me safely at three this afternoon at the fifteenth communal eating house in the Nevsky. You don't need a ticket to enter. I'll tell you everything then.

Don't stay more than two nights in one place."

"All right," I said; "three o'clock at the fifteenth eating house."

"And don't go to Vera's any more," he added as he hurried away. "Something is wrong there. Good-by."

"Get dressed," said Marsh when Melnikoff had gone, "and I'll take you straight along to a place you can go to regularly. But rely mainly on Melnikoff; he's the cleverest card I ever saw."

Marsh had been assisting Allied subjects who were refused passports to escape from the country secretly. So well had he organized this enterprise that over a hundred people, mostly English, French, and Americans, had been safely got away. Finns were employed as guides, and there were two or three points along the frontier where the fugitives could at certain times cross unobserved. The Bolsheviks had unearthed this organization, and Marsh had had a hairbreadth escape. But his wife had been seized in his stead as hostage, and this calamity filled him with concern.

Mrs. Marsh was imprisoned at the notorious No. 2 Goróhovaya Street, and Marsh was awaiting the report of a man who had connections with the Commission as to the possibilities of effecting her escape. "This man," explained Marsh, "was, I believe, an official of the Tsar's personal secret police before the revolution, and is doing some sort of clerical work in a soviet institution now. The Bolsheviks are re-engaging Tsarist police agents for the Extraordinary Commission; so he has close connections there and knows most of what goes on. He is a liar and it is difficult to believe what he says, but"—Marsh paused and rubbed his forefinger and thumb together to indicate that finance entered into the transaction—"if you outbid the Bolsheviks, this fellow can do things. Understand?"

"Perfectly," I said.

Marsh put me up to the latest position of everything in Petrograd. He

also said he would be able to find me lodging for a few nights until I had some settled mode of living. He had wide acquaintanceship in the city and many of his friends lived in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, working for a living in soviet offices.

"Better be moving along now," he said, when we had finished tea. "I'll go ahead because we mustn't walk together. Follow me in about five minutes, and you'll find me standing by the hoarding round the Kazan Cathedral. Follow me as far behind as you can."

I let Marsh out and heard his steps re-echoing down the stone staircase.

"I shall not be back to-night, Stepanovna," I said, preparing to follow him. "I can't tell you how grateful—"

"Oh, but Ivan Pavlovitch," exclaimed the good woman, "you can come here any time you like. If anything happens," she added, in a lower tone, "we'll say you belong to us. No one need know."

While Stepanovna and Varia let me out I had a vision of Dmitri standing at the kitchen door, stolidly munching a crust of black bread.

Outside the hoarding of the Kazan Cathedral, I espied the huge figure of Marsh sitting on a stone. When he saw me over the way he rose and, crouching to conceal his height, slouched along with his collar turned up, diving into side streets and avoiding the main thoroughfares. I followed at a distance. Eventually we came out to the Siennaya market, crossed it, and plunged into the maze of streets to the south. Marsh disappeared under an arch, and, following his steps, I found myself in a dark, filthy, reeking yard with a back-stair entrance on either hand. Marsh stood at the stairway on the left. "Flat number five on the second floor," he said. "We can go up together."

The stairway was narrow and littered with rubbish. At a door with "5" chalked on it Marsh banged loudly three times with his fist, and it was opened by a woman, dressed plainly in

black, who greeted Marsh with exclamations of welcome and relief.

"Aha, Maria!" he shouted, boisterously. "Here we are, you see—not got me yet. And *won't* get me, unless I've got a pumpkin on my shoulders instead of a head!"

Maria set the samovar and produced some black bread and butter.

"This flat," said Marsh, with his mouth full, "belonged to a business colleague of mine. The Reds seized him by mistake for some one else. Sat in choky three days and was told he was to be shot, when luckily for him the right man was collared. Then they let him out and I shipped him over the frontier. They'll forget all about him. In the daytime this is one of the safest places in town."

Marsh sat and talked. For weeks this fellow had been saving people's lives at constant risk to his own, and with no motive except that if he didn't do it no one else would. His country farm had been seized and pillaged, his city business was ruined, he had long been under suspicion, and yet he refused to leave. That very afternoon he was planning to dispatch two Englishmen and a French lady by the most difficult but least dangerous of his routes across the frontier.

But the arrest of his wife bore constantly on his mind. From time to time his boisterous flow of talk would suddenly cease. He would pass his hand over his brow, a far-away, troubled look coming into his eyes.

"If only it were an ordinary prison," he would say, "if only they were human beings. But these—" and he never found a word. "By the way, will you come with me to see the Policeman? I am going to meet him in half an hour." The "Policeman" was the nickname by which we referred to the Tsarist official of whom Marsh had spoken in the morning. I reflected for a moment. Perhaps the Policeman might be useful to me later. I consented.

Telling Maria to look out for us both

about that time next morning, we left the flat by the back entrance as we had entered it. Again Marsh walked ahead and I followed his slouching figure at a distance as he wound in and out of side streets. The dwelling we were going to, he told me, was that of an ex-journalist, who was now engaged as a scribe in the Department of Public Works, and it was at the journalist's that he had arranged to meet the Policeman.

The journalist lived all alone in a flat in the Liteiny Prospect. I watched Marsh disappear into the entrance, and waited a moment to convince myself he was not being tracked. From the opposite sidewalk I saw him look back through the glass door, signaling that all was well within, and, giving him time to mount the stairs, I followed.

He rang the bell at a door covered with oilcloth and felt. After a moment's silence there was a shuffling of slippers, an inner door opened, and a voice said:

"Who's there?"

"He expects me to say who's here, the silly fool," growled Marsh under his breath, adding, just loud enough to be heard through the door, "I."

"Who?" persisted the voice.

"I, Peter Sergeievitch" (aloud), "blithering idiot!" (undertone) said Marsh.

There was much undoing of bars and bolts, and finally, the door opening slightly on the chain, a pair of nervous, twinkling eyes peered through the chink.

"Ah!" said the nervous face, breaking into a smile. "Ivan Petrovitch!"

The door closed again and the chain was removed. Then it reopened and we passed in.

"Why the devil couldn't you open at once?" grumbled Marsh. "You knew I was coming. 'Who's there,' indeed! Do you want me to bawl 'Marsh' at the top of my voice outside your door?"

At this the nervous man looked terrified.

"Well, then why don't you open? 'Ivan Petrovitch' or 'Peter Sergeievitch'—can't anyone be Ivan Petro-

vitch? Isn't that just why I am 'Ivan Petrovitch'?"

"Yes, yes," answered the nervous man, "but nowadays one never knows who may be at the door."

"Well, then, open and look, or next time I *will* shout 'Marsh.'"

The nervous man looked more terrified than ever. "Well, well," laughed Marsh, "I am only joking. This is my friend—er—"

"Michael Mihailovitch," I put in.

"Very glad to see you, Michael Mihailovitch," said the nervous man, looking anything but glad.

The journalist was a man of thirty-five years of age, though his thin and pale features, disheveled hair, and ragged beard gave him the appearance of being nearly fifty. He was attired in an old greenish overcoat with the collar turned up, and dragged his feet about in a pair of worn-out carpet slippers.

"Well, how go things, Dmitri Konstantinovitch?" asked Marsh.

"Poorly, poorly, Ivan Petrovitch," said the journalist, coughing. "This is the third day I have not been to work. You will excuse my proceeding with business. I'm having lunch. Come into the kitchen; it is the least cold of all the rooms."

The journalist, preparing his noonday meal, was engaged in boiling a few potatoes over a stick fire in a tiny portable oven.

"Two days' rations," he remarked, ironically, holding up a salt herring. "How do they expect us to live, indeed? If you toil to your own advantage, then it is called 'speculation,' and you get shot. Ugh!"

Continuing in this strain, the journalist scraped his smelly herring and began eating it with his potatoes ravenously and yet gingerly, knowing that the quicker he finished the scanty repast the sooner he would realize there was nothing more. Picking the skeleton clean, he sucked the tail and dug his fork into the head for the last scraps of meat.

From his overcoat pocket Marsh produced half a pound of bread. "Here,

Dmitri Konstantinovitch," he said, thrusting it toward him. "Your health!"

The journalist's face became transfigured. Its haggard look vanished. He glanced up, his mouth fixed in a half laugh of delight and incredulity, his sunken eyes sparkling with childlike pleasure and gratitude.

"For me?" he exclaimed, scarcely believing his eyes. "But what about yourself? Surely you do not get sufficient, especially since—"

"Don't worry about me," said Marsh, with his good-natured smile. "But listen. I'm expecting a visitor here soon, the same man as the day before yesterday. I will take him into the other room, so that he need not see you."

The journalist, I could see, was overcome with fear at being obliged to receive Marsh's unwelcome visitor, but he said nothing. He wrapped the bread carefully up in paper and put it away in a cupboard. A moment later there were three sharp rings at the bell. Marsh hurried to the door, admitted his visitor, and led him into the journalist's cabinet.

"You may as well come in, too," he said to me, looking into the kitchen.

"Michael Ivanitch," I whispered, pointing at myself, as we passed in.

Marsh introduced me. "My friend, Michael Ivanitch Schmit," he said.

My first impulse when I saw the individual Marsh nicknamed "the Policeman" was to laugh, for anyone less like a policeman than the little man who rose and bowed I have seldom seen. I will not describe him too precisely, but he was short, red-faced, and insignificant-looking. In spite of this, however, his manner showed that he had a very high opinion of his own importance. He shook hands and reseated himself with comical dignity.

"Go on, Alexei Fomitch," said Marsh. "I want my friend to know how matters stand. He may be able to help."

"Madame Marsh, as I was saying," proceeded the Policeman, "is incarcerated in chamber number forty-two with thirty-eight other women of various

station, including titled personages, servant girls, and prostitutes. The chamber is not a large one and I fear the conditions are far from pleasant. My informants tell me she is cross-examined several hours every day with the object of eliciting the hiding place of Monsieur Marsh, which they believe she knows. Unfortunately, her case is complicated by the confused replies she has given, for after several hours' interrogation it often becomes difficult to retain clarity of mind. Confused or incoherent replies, even though accidental, lead to further and still more exacting interpellation."

Marsh followed every word with concern. "But can we not get round the interrogators?" he said. "They all have their price, damn it!"

"Yes, that is often so," continued the Policeman, in a tone of feigned consolation. "The Investigator can frequently be induced to turn the evidence in favor of the accused. But in this case it is useless to offer the usual bribe, for even if Madame Marsh's innocence is proven she will still be detained as a hostage until the discovery of Monsieur Marsh."

Marsh's face twinged. "I feared so," he said, in a dull voice. "What are the chances of flight?"

"I am already making inquiries on the subject," said the Policeman, "but it will take some days to arrange. The assistance of more than one person will have to be enlisted. And I hesitate," he added, in unctuous tones of regret, "to refer to such a matter, but I am afraid this method may be a little more—er—costly."

"Money?" cried Marsh. "Damn it all, man! Don't you realize it is my wife? How much do you want?"

"Oh, Monsieur Marsh," expostulated the Policeman, "you are well aware that I take nothing for myself. I do this out of friendship to you—and our gallant Allies. But there is a prison janitor. I must give him five thousand; two warders, ten thousand; a go-between, two thousand; odd expenses—"

"Stop!" put in Marsh, abruptly. "Tell me how much it will cost."

The Policeman's face assumed a pained expression. "It may cost," he said, "twenty-five, possibly thirty, thousand roubles."

"Thirty thousand. You shall have it. I gave you ten thousand; here are another ten thousand; you shall have the third ten thousand the day my wife leaves prison."

The Policeman took the notes, and with a look of offended dignity, as though the handling of money were altogether beneath him, hid them in an inner pocket.

When he had gone Marsh explained that he was a "private detective or something." "What he's after is money. He'll pocket most of that thirty thousand. But he's afraid of us, too. He's cocksure the Allies are coming into Petrograd, so if you have anything to do with him tell him you're an Englishman and he'll grovel. By the way, we had better let Dmitri Konstantinovitch into the secret, too, because you will find this flat very useful. The journalist is a damned old coward, but buy him some grub or, still better, pay for his fuel and he will let you use the flat as much as you like."

So the nervous ex-journalist was told that I was in the service of the British government, and when Marsh said, "You don't mind if he comes in occasionally to sleep on the sofa, do you?" Dmitri Konstantinovitch nearly died with fear. His thin lips vibrated, and, clearer than any words, his twitching smile and tear-filled eyes implored, "Oh, for God's sake, leave me alone!" until I said, boldly: "But I don't like sleeping in the cold, Dmitri Konstantinovitch. Perhaps you could get some wood in for me. Here is the price of a *sazhen* of logs; we shall share the wood, of course." Then his careworn, troubled face became suddenly transfigured.

"Ah, splendid, splendid!" he cried, in delight, his fears completely obliterated by the anticipation of coming warmth. "I will get the wood in this very afternoon, and you shall have sheets and

blankets and I will make you comfortable."

It was now time for me to be thinking of keeping my appointment with Melnikoff at the Communal eating house. So I left Marsh, arranging to meet him at the empty flat, "No. 5," next morning.

As I rounded the corner of the Nevsky Prospect I noticed a concourse of people outside the Communal eating house. At the entrance to the eating house stood two sailors on guard with fixed bayonets, while people were being filed out of the building singly, led by militiamen. In the dark lobby within one could dimly see individuals being searched.

I waited to see if Melnikoff would emerge from the building. After a moment I felt a tap on my arm and, looking round, I was confronted by Zorinsky, the officer who had accosted me in the café of Vera Alexandrovna on the day of my arrival. Zorinsky signaled to me to move aside with him.

"Were you to meet Melnikoff here?" he asked. "It is lucky you did not enter the restaurant. The place is being raided. I was about to go in myself, but came a little late, thank God! Melnikoff was one of the first to be arrested and has already been taken away."

"What is the cause of the raid?" I asked, dismayed by this news.

"Who knows?" replied Zorinsky. "These things are done spasmodically. Melnikoff has been tracked for some days, I believe, and it may have been on his account. Anyway, it is serious, for he is well known."

People were beginning to move away and the search was clearly nearing its end.

"We must begin to think of some way of getting him out," Zorinsky said. "Melnikoff was a great friend of mine, but you are, I expect, as interested in his release as I am."

"Is there any chance?" I exclaimed. "Of course I am interested."

"Then I suggest you come home with me and we will talk it over. I live quite near."

Anxious to learn of any possibility of saving Melnikoff, I consented. We passed into the Troitzkaya Street and entered a large house on the right.

"How do you wish me to call you?" asked Zorinsky as we mounted the staircase.

I was struck by the considerateness of his question and replied, "Pavel Ivanitch."

The flat in which Zorinsky lived was large and luxuriously furnished, and showed no signs of molestation.

"You live comfortably," I remarked, sinking into a deep leather armchair.

"Yes, we do pretty well," he replied.

"My wife, you see, is an actress. She receives as many provisions as she wants, and our flat is immune from requisition of furniture or the obtrusion of workmen. As for me, my wife has registered me as a submanager of the theater so that I receive additional rations also. These things, you know, are not difficult to arrange. Thus I am really a gentleman at large, and living like many others at the expense of a generous proletarian regime. My hobby," he added, idly, "is *contre-espionage*."

"What?" I cried, the exclamation escaping me inadvertently.

"*Contre-espionage*," he repeated, smiling. "Why should you be surprised? *Tout le monde est contre-revolutionnaire*—it is merely a question of whether one is actively or passively so." He took from a drawer a typewritten sheet of paper and handed it to me. "Does that by any chance interest you?"

[Zorinsky shows Dukes a confidential report of negotiations of the Bolshevik government with non-Bolshevik factions—a paper of great importance and undoubtedly authentic.]

"You may as well keep it," said Zorinsky. "I should have given it to Melnikoff and he would doubtless have given it to you. I am expecting a further report shortly. Yes," he added, nonchalantly, tapping the arm of the desk chair in which he sat, "it is an amusing game—*contre-espionage*. I used to pro-

vide your Captain Crombie¹ with quite a lot of information. But I'm not surprised you have not heard of me, for I always preferred to keep in the background."

He produced a large box of cigarettes and, ringing a bell, ordered tea.

"I don't know what you Allies propose doing with regard to Russia," he observed, offering me a light. "It seems to me you might as well leave us alone as bungle about in the way you are doing. Meanwhile all sorts of people are conducting, or think they are conducting, espionage underground in Russia, or planning to overthrow the Reds."

Zorinsky launched into an exposition of the internal counter-revolutionary movement, of which he appeared to know extensive details. There existed, he said, belligerent "groups," planning to seize army stores, blow up bridges, or raid treasuries.

The maid, neatly attired in a clean white apron, brought in tea, served with biscuits, sugar, and lemon. Zorinsky talked on, displaying a remarkable knowledge of everybody's movements and actions.

"Crombie was a fine fellow," he said, referring to the British. "Pity he got killed. Things went to pieces. The fellows who stayed after him had a hard time. Marsh had hard luck, didn't he?"

"Marsh?" I put in. "So you know him, too?"

"Of him," corrected Zorinsky. All at once he seemed to become interested and leaned over the arm of his chair toward me. "By the way," he said, in a curious tone, "you don't happen to know where Marsh is, do you?"

For a moment I hesitated. Perhaps this man, who seemed to know so much, might be able to help Marsh. But I checked myself. I felt it wiser to say nothing.

"I have no idea," I said.

"Then how do you know about him?"

"I heard in Finland of his arrest."

¹ British naval attaché at Petrograd, murdered by the Bolsheviks.

Zorinsky leaned back again in his chair and his eyes wandered out of the window.

"I should have thought," I observed, after a pause, "that, knowing all you do, you would have followed his movements."

"Aha!" he exclaimed, "but there is one place I avoid, and that is number two Goróhovaya! When anyone gets arrested I leave him alone. I am wiser than to attempt to probe the mysteries of that institution."

"But you spoke of the possibility of saving Melnikoff," I said. "Is he not in the hands of number two Goróhovaya?"

He turned round and looked me full in the face. "Yes," he said, seriously. "With Melnikoff it is different. We must act at once and leave no stone unturned. I know a man who will be able to investigate and I'll get him on the job to-night. Will you not stay to dinner? My wife will be delighted to meet you, and she understands discretion."

Seeing no special reason to refuse, I accepted the invitation. Zorinsky went to the telephone and I heard him ask some one to call about nine o'clock "on an urgent matter."

His wife, Elena Ivanovna, a jolly little creature, but very much of a spoiled child, appeared at dinner dressed in a pink Japanese kimono. The table was daintily set and decked in flowers.

"Your health, Pavel Ivanitch," said Zorinsky, lifting a glass of vodka. "Ah!" he exclaimed, with relish, smacking his lips. "There are places worse than Bolshevia, I declare."

"You get plenty of vodka?" I asked.

"You get plenty of everything if you keep your wits about you," said Zorinsky. "Even without joining the Communist party."

The dinner was a sumptuous banquet for the Petrograd of the period. Coffee was served in the drawing-room, while Zorinsky kept up an unceasing flow of strange but entertaining conversation.

I waited till nearly ten for the call from Zorinsky's friend with regard to

Melnikoff, and then, in view of my uncertainty as to whether the journalist's house would still be open, I accepted Zorinsky's invitation to stay overnight.

"There is no reason," he said, "why you should not come in here whenever you like. We dine every day at six and you are welcome."

Just as I was retiring Zorinsky was called to the telephone, and, returning, explained that he would only be able to begin the investigation of Melnikoff's case next day. I was shown to the spare bedroom, where I found everything provided for me. Zorinsky apologized that he could not offer me a hot bath. "That rascal dvornik downstairs," he said, referring to the yardkeeper whose duty it was to procure wood for the occupants, "allowed an extra stock of fuel that I had my eyes on to be requisitioned for somebody else, but next week I think I shall be able to get a good supply from the theater. Good night—and don't dream of number two Goróhovaya!"

The Extraordinary Commission, spoken of with abhorrence by Zorinsky, is the most notorious of all Bolshevik institutions. It is an instrument of terror and inquisition designed forcibly to uproot all anti-Bolshevik sentiment throughout Lenin's dominions. Its full title is the Extraordinary Commission for the Suppression of the Counter-Revolution and Speculation, "speculation" being every form of private commerce—the bugbear of communism. The headquarters of the Commission in Petrograd are situated at No. 2 of the street named Goróhovaya, the seat of the Prefecture of Police during the Tsar's regime, so that the popular mode of appellation of the Prefecture by its address—"No. 2 Goróhovaya"—has stuck to the Extraordinary Commission and will go down as a byword in Russian history.

At the head of No. 2 Goróhovaya there sits a soviet, or council, of some half dozen revolutionary fanatics of the most vehement type. With these lies the final word as to the fate of prisoners.

Recommendations are submitted to this soviet by "investigators" whose duty it is to examine the accused, collect the evidence, and report upon it. It is thus in the hands of the "investigators" that power over prisoners' lives actually lies, since they are in a position to turn the evidence one way or the other, as they choose.

Every responsible official of the Extraordinary Commission must be a member of the Communist party. The lower staff, however, is composed of hirelings, many of them re-engaged agents of the Tsarist police. The latter, who lost their jobs as the result of the revolution, have been re-enlisted as specialists by the Bolsheviks, and find congenial occupation in spying, eavesdropping, and hounding down rebellious and suspected workmen just as they did when the government was the Tsar's instead of Lenin's. It is this fact which renders it almost impossible for the Russian workers to organize a revolt against their new taskmasters. The faintest signs of sedition are immediately reported to the Commission by its secret agents disguised as workers, the ringleaders are then "eliminated" from the factory under pretext of being conscripted elsewhere, and they are frequently never heard of afterward.

One of the most diabolic of the methods copied from Tsarist days and employed by the Extraordinary Commission against non-Bolsheviks is that known in Russia as *provocation*. Provocation consisted formerly in the deliberate fomentation, by agents who were known as *agents-provocateurs*, of revolutionary sedition and plots. Such movements would attract to themselves ardent revolutionaries, and when a conspiracy had matured and was about to culminate in some act of terrorism it would be betrayed at the last moment by the *agent-provocateur*, who frequently had succeeded in making himself the most trusted member of the revolutionary group.

As under the Tsar, every invention of

exquisite villainy is practiced to extract from captives the secret of accomplices or sympathizers. Not without reason was Marsh haunted with fears that his wife, nerve-racked and doubtless underfed, if fed at all, might be subjected to treatment that would test her self-control to the extreme. She did not know where he was, but she knew all his friends and acquaintances, an exhaustive list of whom would be insistently demanded.

[The following morning Dukes goes to the empty flat, "No. 5." Marsh presently comes in disguised.]

It was a strange Marsh that emerged from the folds of the black shawl. The invincible smile struggled against heavy odds to maintain itself, but his eyes were bleared and wandered aimlessly, and he shook with agitation despite his efforts to maintain self-control.

"My wife—" he stammered, half coherently, dropping into a chair and fumbling feverishly for his handkerchief. "She was subjected yesterday—seven hours' cross-examination—uninterruptedly—no food—not even allowed to sit down—until finally she swooned. She has said something—I don't know what." He rose and strode up and down, mumbling so that I could scarcely understand, but I caught the word "indiscretion"—and understood all he wished to say.

After a few moments he calmed and sat down again. "The Policeman came home at midnight," he said, "and told me all about it. The Bolsheviks believe she was part of my organization, so they made her write three autobiographies, and" (he paused) "they—are all different. Now—she is being compelled to explain discrepancies, but she can't remember anything and her mind seems to be giving way. Meanwhile the Bolsheviks are resolved to eradicate, once and for all, all 'English machinations,' as they call it. They know I've shaved and changed my appearance, and a special detachment of spies is on the

hunt for me, with a big reward offered to the finder."

He paused and swallowed at a gulp the glassful of tea Maria had placed beside him.

"Look here, old man," he said, suddenly, "I am going to ask you to help me out. The Policeman says it is worse for her that I should be here than if I go. So I'm going to Finland. Once they know I've fled, the Policeman says, they will cease plaguing her, and it may be easier to effect an escape. Tell me, will you take the job over for me?"

"My dear fellow," I said, "I had already resolved that I would attempt nothing else until we had safely got your wife out of prison. That shall be my one aim, and the day she gets out I will escort her over the frontier myself. I shall have to go to Finland to report, anyway."

He was going to thank me, but I shut him up.

"When will you go?" I asked.

"To-morrow. There are a number of things to be done. Have you got much money?"

"Enough for myself, but no reserve."

"I will leave you all I have," he said, "and to-day I'll go to see a business friend of mine who may be able to get some more. He is a Jew, but is absolutely trustworthy."

Marsh went off to his business friend, saying he would premonish him of my possible visit, and stayed there all day. I remained at "No. 5" and wrote up in minute handwriting on tracing paper a preliminary report on the general situation in Petrograd, which I intended to ask Marsh to take with him. To be prepared for all contingencies, I gave the little scroll of paper to Marie when it was finished and she hid it at the bottom of a pail of ashes.

Next morning Marsh turned up at "No. 5" dressed in a huge sheepskin coat with a fur collar half engulfing his face. This was the disguise in which he was going to escape across the frontier. As passport he had procured the "docu-

ment of identification" of his coachman, who had come into Petrograd from the expropriated farm to see Maria. With his face purposely dirtied, and decorated with three days' growth of reddish beard, a driver's cap that covered his ears, and a big sack on his back to add a peasant touch to his get-up, Marsh looked—well, like nothing on earth, to use the colloquial expression. It was a get-up that defied description, yet in a crowd of peasants would not attract particular attention.

Confident that he was doing the right thing by quitting, Marsh had completely recovered his former good spirits and joked boisterously as he put a finishing touch here and there to his disguise. I gave him my report, and, folding it flat into a packet about two inches square, he removed one of his top boots and hid it inside the sole of his sock.

"The population of hell will be increased by several new arrivals before the Bolsheviks find that," he said, pulling on his boot again and slipping a heavy revolver inside his trousers.

With trembling hands Maria placed a rough meal on the table, while Marsh repeated to me final details of the route he was taking and by which I should follow with his wife.

At last it was time to start. Marsh and I shook hands and wished each other good luck. I went out first. I walked rapidly to the street-car terminal in the Mihailovsky Square, and wandered round and round it till Marsh appeared. We made no sign of recognition. He jumped on one of the cars and I scrambled onto the next.

It was dark by the time we reached the distant Okhta railway station, a straggling wooden structure on the outskirts of the town. But, standing on the wooden boards of the rough platform, I easily discerned Marsh's massive figure, pushing and scrambling amid a horde of peasants toward the already overcrowded coaches.

[Marsh succeeds in boarding the train, which finally pulls out. Dukes returns to town.]

A day or two later the journalist was sufficiently well to return to work, and, taking the spare key of his flat, I let myself in whenever I liked. Here I met some of the people mentioned by Marsh. The journalist was very loath to invite them, but in a week or so I had so firm a hold over him that by the mere hint of not returning any more I could reduce him to complete submission.

Marsh had prepared the way, so that at the Policeman's I was received with profuse demonstrations of regard. He said his agents were busily at work studying the ground and the possibilities of Mrs. Marsh's escape. The whole town, he stated, was being searched for Marsh, and the inability to unearth him had already given rise to the suspicion that he had fled. In a day or two the news would be confirmed by Bolshevik agents in Finland. He foresaw an alleviation of Mrs. Marsh's lot owing to the probable cessation of cross-examinations. It only remained to see whether she would be transferred to another cell or prison, and then plans for escape might be laid.

Zorinsky was enthusiastic when I called next day and stayed to dinner. "We'll have Melnikoff out in no time," he exclaimed. "They are holding his case over for further evidence. He will be taken either to the Shpalernaya or Deriabinskaya prison, where we shall be allowed to send him food. Then we'll communicate by hiding notes in the food and let him know our plan of escape. Meanwhile all's well with ourselves, so come and have a glass of vodka."

Elena Ivanovna, his wife, was in a bad mood, because a lot of sugar that had been promised to her and her colleagues had failed to arrive and she had been unable to make cakes for two days.

"Your health, Pavel Ivanitch!" said Zorinsky, undismayed by the prospect of no third course at dinner. "Here we

have something better even than chocolate pudding, haven't we?"

He talked on volubly in his usual strain, harping back again to pre-war days and the pleasures of regimental life.

"By the way," he asked, abruptly, "you haven't heard anything of Marsh, have you?"

"Oh yes," I said; "he is in Finland."

"What!" he cried, half rising from the table. He was livid.

"In Finland," I repeated, regarding him with some astonishment. "He got away the day before yesterday."

"He got away—ha! ha! ha!" Zorinsky dropped back into his seat. His momentary expression changed as suddenly as it had appeared, and he burst into uproarious laughter. "My God! won't they be wild! Damned clever! Don't you know they've been turning the place upside down to find him? Ha, ha, ha! Now that really is good news, upon my soul!"

"Why should *you* be so glad about it?" I inquired. "You seemed at first to—"

"I was astounded." He spoke rapidly and a little excitedly. "Don't you know Marsh was regarded as chief of Allied organizations and a most dangerous man? But for some reason they were dead certain of catching him. Haven't they got his wife, or his mother, or somebody, as hostage?"

"His wife."

"It'll go badly with her," he laughed, cruelly.

It was my turn to be startled. "What do you mean?" I said, striving to appear indifferent.

"They will shoot her."

It was with difficulty that I maintained a tone of mere casual interest.

"Do you really think they will shoot her?" I said, incredulously.

"Sure to," he replied, emphatically. "What else do they take hostages for?"

[Sir Paul Dukes's narrative, to be continued in next month's issue, will describe the escape of Mrs. Marsh from prison and the showing-up of Zorinsky in his true colors.]

YOUTH WILL BE SERVED

BY ALEXANDER PORTERFIELD

SYLVIA was having breakfast with Mr. Stanton. . . .

Mr. Stanton was a rather silent and ridiculously rich young man with crinkly black hair, absurdly blue, abstracted eyes, and a singular passion for engines, ships of all sorts, and the sea. When he was not cruising in the *Sea-Queen* with Mr. Triggers somewhere off the south coast, or in the Bay of Biscay, he occupied rooms in St. James's Street and entertained Sylvia at breakfast every morning at ten exactly.

Sylvia was sixteen, and she adored Mr. Stanton—which was probably the reason she found breakfasting with him so unfailingly pleasant a business. It had not occurred to her to adore anyone except her rabbits, her father and mother, and a few books in a fashion more or less perfunctory, until she met Mr. Stanton; indeed, up to that time one meal seemed uninterestingly like another; but to be able to gaze at Mr. Stanton's godlike Greek profile made an enormous difference, even in breakfast.

In contrast with Egbert, Mr. Stanton presented a doubly impressive and princely figure. Egbert was Sylvia's cousin, a fair-headed, clear-eyed, and earnest young Briton with his shoulder to the wheel, who pulled an industrious oar for his university and danced rather atrociously. He also wore extraordinary clothes—jackets of a singularly shapeless and smelly tweed, and baggy flannel trousers—and he, too, was subject to sudden and unaccountable silences, although he lacked the casual magnificence of Mr. Stanton's manner.

Still, comparisons are odious, and no one quite equaled Mr. Stanton in anything, and Sylvia tried to be charitable.

But, while Mr. Stanton was apt to be more intensely silent than Egbert, in even that young man's most bashful moments, he never failed to call her darling.

Altogether, breakfasting with him was a particularly pleasant sort of affair. . . .

"I think," Sylvia remarked in a clear, dispassionate voice as the disappearance of the marmalade marked the end of the leisurely and elaborate ceremony of breakfast that morning—"I *think* you'd really better give me a ring."

"A ring?" said Mr. Stanton, vaguely.

"Yes; an emerald ring. It's a good deal more unusual than a diamond—Angelica has a diamond engagement ring, anyway—and it's a great deal jollier."

It was obvious that the jolliness of emeralds had not yet suggested itself to Mr. Stanton's imagination. As a matter of fact, he remembered just at that moment that he needed a new kind of spanner for a certain delicate operation he had in mind on the Armstrong-Siddeley car he had only recently acquired. His answering smile was in consequence slightly more vague than usual.

His hands slithered down his sides in quest of pockets, but, since he had elected that morning to wear a sailor's woolen jersey instead of a coat, he succeeded merely in making a downward gesture of what appeared to be some impatience, although it wasn't. Mr. Stanton often wore such clothes, especially if he happened to be going motoring, as he was that morning; they were, he said, not only comfortable, but convenient; and there was a great deal of truth in what he said because motoring more frequently than not—at least, as



"WELL, WE ARE ENGAGED, AREN'T WE?"

far as Mr. Stanton was concerned—meant a day spent underneath the car, tinkering with the mechanism, at the side of some strangely uneventful thoroughfare.

Having given up all hope of pockets, and therefore a pipe, Mr. Stanton smiled at Sylvia again and accepted the cigarette Mr. Triggers rather thoughtfully offered him.

"An emerald—in a perfectly plain setting," Sylvia said, when Mr. Triggers supplied a light for Mr. Stanton's cigarette.

Mr. Triggers—reputed late Royal Navy—had side whiskers, an air of im-

mense importance, and a number of mystic emblems tattooed over his arms and shoulders. He was nominally the master of the *Sea-Queen*, and Mr. Stanton's principal aide-de-camp ashore, but he was not referred to as a valet. Nor, indeed, was he, strictly speaking. . . .

"An emerald—in a perfectly plain setting—" repeated Mr. Stanton, suddenly. "Why, whatever for, darling?"

"Well, we *are* engaged, aren't we?"

"Of course we are."

"And when a man's engaged to a girl he always gives her a ring, doesn't he?"

"I think so," replied Mr. Stanton.

"Then," exclaimed Sylvia, trium-

phantly, "of course you ought to give me a ring!"

Mr. Stanton studied the smoke curling upward from his cigarette, fadedly blue in the soft sunshine that filled the room, and Sylvia stared at him in rapt and adoring anxiety.

"But your mother might not like it," Mr. Stanton said, finally. "Remember the fuss she made about that wrist watch?"

Mr. Stanton would have given Sylvia anything which that young lady had taken it into her fair head to demand, except for Mrs. Lovell. Mr. Stanton entertained the liveliest respect for Mrs. Lovell's views in this, and he was perfectly aware of those views. There was not the least ambiguity about them. In the matter of her daughter's devotion to Mr. Stanton, Mrs. Lovell was inclined to be severe, if somewhat unsuccessful, and there had been other occasions than that of the wrist watch for plain speaking. It was ridiculous giving a child expensive presents. It was unwise, if nothing worse.

But, while Mr. Stanton stood in no little awe of Mrs. Lovell, that lady's youngest daughter did not.

"Oh, *mother!* . . . and, anyway, she let that silly Ernest give Angelica a ring."

Angelica was a sister, a slim, languidly graceful girl to whom—after two years of well-bred and unwavering attention—Ernest had been permitted to become sedately and ceremoniously engaged.

"Still," said Mr. Stanton, when he had reflected upon these things carefully—"still, I'm jolly certain she wouldn't like it if I gave you a ring. . . . In fact," he added, rather ruefully, "I think she'd raise the dickens of a row."

Sylvia frowned slightly at the model of a racing cutter as she played an abstracted variation of cat's cradle with her fingers. She was a small, straight-backed, slim-legged young lady of immense independence and self-possession, and she always knew exactly what she wanted. In her private opinion, the clothes her mother selected for her were

absurdly unbecoming and childish, but, since she was secretly proud of her legs, she entered only a formal word of protest in the matter. She had candid gray eyes and usually her own way, and her father simply worshiped the ground she walked on. . . .

She continued to stare at the model of the racing cutter and think of the ring. Of course she'd simply have to have that ring; but, after all, there wouldn't be a great deal of difficulty. Mr. Stanton's reluctance was very easily overcome, providing that she remembered it herself at the propitious time. . . . She glanced at Mr. Stanton; he was engrossed in the congenial problem of that new spanner he wanted, and had recalled the fact that there were two shops where he could get exactly the thing he needed; but a visit to either meant a morning spent in London, and Mr. Stanton felt it to be vaguely imperative just then to leave London as rapidly as the big yellow car waiting at the door below and the Home Secretary would permit him to leave. . . . Those confounded police traps!

Mr. Triggers remained at the window, whistling quietly to himself. The air happened to have neither beginning nor end so far as he could remember, but that hardly mattered, since he was really counting the number of taxicabs that went up St. James's Street as opposed to those going down. And Mr. Stanton was thinking about a policeman at Godalming who had a most curious motor bicycle, and Sylvia was thinking about Mr. Stanton.

And then a clock chimed eleven.

Mr. Stanton jumped to his feet with extraordinary alacrity.

"Come on, darling," he cried, briskly. "Let's go out in the Rolls."

He tilted the small, delicate oval of her face up to his and kissed her hurriedly; there was always a casual quality about Mr. Stanton's kisses. But Sylvia beamed in beatific satisfaction.

Mr. Triggers followed them down the stairs and into the street. As the most

practical member of the triumvirate, he carried a rug and a large hamper, because motoring with Mr. Stanton was at best an uncertain affair. He also happened to be the most decorative in his yachting cap and blue reefer jacket. Mr. Stanton forgot—as he frequently did—to wear a cap at all. And quite a number of people not unnaturally took Mr. Triggers for the owner of the car rather than Mr. Stanton, whom they were apt to consider a mechanic from the shops. A few even supposed him to be the chauffeur, but then that didn't matter, either, as Sylvia thought he resembled the late Cesare Borgia in anything, from a dressing gown to a dinner jacket.

As she climbed into the big, slippery leather seat beside Mr. Stanton she glanced up proudly at his grave, godlike profile. Mr. Triggers mounted to the boxlike seat immediately behind them; there was a series of startling explosions, and then the mighty yellow motor glided smoothly and silently down St. James's Street.

Motoring with Mr. Stanton was extremely likely to be a very uncertain sort of business indeed.

Sometimes an immense, low-lying, allegedly haunted, old stone house in Sussex was reached, where Mr. Stanton's sister provided luncheon, or tea, as the



HER FATHER WOULD STORM AND HER MOTHER SIGH

hour might be. Again, they would arrive at some remote and rambling inn where bread and milk could be procured for Sylvia, and bread and cheese and bitter beer in tankards for Mr. Stanton and Mr. Triggers. But as a matter of fact, more frequently they would spend the entire day at the edge of some road while Mr. Stanton indulged his passion for performing operations of one kind and another on the car's cylinders, and Sylvia and Mr. Triggers investigated the contents of the hamper.

It was, in any event, a delightful way of passing an afternoon as well as a morning, but their return was invariably late and further protracted and complicated, owing to Sylvia's insistence upon supper at Mr. Stanton's rooms before she could be persuaded to continue her journey homeward to No. 27 Swan Walk, Chelsea, where, at least nominally, she lived with her father and mother.

"It's all very fine," her father would say, with some not entirely unnatural impatience, "but, dash it all! she merely sleeps here!"

Mrs. Lovell would glance icily at the clock. "*Sleeps!* One could hardly say even that."

She considered that her father spoiled Sylvia, but she had her own manner of expressing that opinion.

Lovell, K.C., who was an ornament of the Bar, and of a certain austerity of temperament his juniors found trying, would frown at his watch and then at his wife.

A bell would be rung violently—the exact procedure never varied much. A maid would put in an appearance by way of reply. There were the same questions asked every evening.

"Is Miss Sylvia back yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

There would be a tremendous silence.

"Look here, Mary, this has simply got to be stopped!" Lovell, K.C., would exclaim. "It's— Dash it all! It's scandalous!"

And then Sylvia, rapt in the memories of the day, and rather calmly, would

stroll into the room. Of course there would be a scene. Her father would storm and her mother sigh, and everybody would talk excitedly at once, but in the end some sort of explanation would be made, and accepted, and Sylvia would be packed off to bed leniently enough. Somehow or other, this never seemed to lose a certain charm and freshness, although it happened with unfailing regularity every evening for two or three weeks at a stretch. And then Mr. Stanton, attended by the ubiquitous Mr. Triggers, would depart for Southampton and a cruise in the *Sea-Queen*. There would be a telegram or two, some almost equally laconic letters from Ushant, or Flushing, or Cadiz, and for her family a week or ten days of Sylvia's society.

It would be in many ways a rather difficult time, and, as a matter of fact, after two or three days of Sylvia's presence in and about the house, the return of Mr. Stanton would be hopefully, if discreetly, desired by everybody. It was tacitly felt that with Mr. Stanton in London again life was a little more worth while.

Still, something had to be done about it. It was impossible to allow a child of sixteen to engross herself with a young man who seemed chiefly concerned with motor cars requiring constant attention, the sea, and the most extraordinary clothes—and, rather incidentally, Sylvia herself—or have the whole household unsettled. And it was nothing short of scandalous the way Sylvia received, and demanded, the absent-minded affections of Mr. Stanton; she was so frank and unblushing about it that even her sisters were shocked; and as for Mrs. Lovell, she was daily more horrified.

October had followed September, and the leaves were falling on the Embankment. In the sunshine the thin, lacelike branches of the trees were exquisitely graceful. But for Sylvia the days were wonderful in that Mr. Stanton had come back from a cruise somewhat more prolonged than usual, and, while her mother



IT WAS A DISTURBING SPOT TO DISCUSS THE CHOICE OF EMERALDS

conferred at No. 27 Swan Walk with her sister, Mrs. Makeley, on just what exactly ought to be done, that young lady and Mr. Stanton were walking briskly down Bond Street, with Mr. Triggers bringing up the rear.

It had been a triumphant day in every respect. They had lunched at the Berkeley Grill and Sylvia had *bisque homard*, which she held to be the most heavenly of all heavenly things—or one of them, at any rate—and some vanilla soufflé. And they had not only seen, but actually tried out, a new car he thought of buying. Sylvia smiled as she remembered all these things.

And then she suddenly noticed the window of a jeweler's shop. . . .

"I say, what about that ring?"

Mr. Stanton stalked ahead, staring hard into space.

"I say, what about that ring?"

Mr. Stanton stopped abruptly and looked down at Sylvia in some astonishment.

"Ring?" he repeated. "What ring?"

"That engagement ring."

"What engagement ring, darling?"

"Why, that emerald engagement ring you were going to give me. I'd—I'd almost forgotten it," she added, smiling.

They had, of course, passed the particular jeweler's shop Sylvia happened to notice, and Mr. Stanton looked about somewhat helplessly. They were at the corner of Stafford Street; all Piccadilly roared past the foot of Bond Street, merely a few yards away, and it was a disturbing spot to discuss the choice of such things as emeralds—or anything else, if it came to that.

Fortunately, Mr. Stanton's erratic

gaze happened to rest on the window of a florist's shop, and his face lit up immediately.

"Come on, darling," he said, eagerly; "let's go and get some flowers—I want one for my buttonhole and you want some, too."

"Violets," specified Sylvia, promptly.

They hurried into the shop to order a bouquet made up of violets while Mr. Stanton selected a bright pink carnation for himself.

"And now for tea," he said. "I'm hungry as a wolf, darling."

"We fix up that ring business later," he went on to say, as they turned into Piccadilly, "but I'm jolly certain your mother will be very angry indeed about it."

At No. 27 Swan Walk, Mrs. Lovell was continuing her tale of woe and Mrs. Makeley bearing up under it very bravely indeed. She was a large, languid woman who suffered the misfortunes of others with remarkable fortitude, especially those of her sister. And, after all, a refractory niece is not quite the same sort of thing as a refractory daughter.

"Some more tea? . . . My dear," Mrs. Lovell went on, feelingly, as she took Mrs. Makeley's cup, "that dreadfully wet afternoon two weeks ago—do you remember?—he came out here in a car—it was," added Mrs. Lovell, with a generous air of concession, as of one giving the devil his due, "a closed car—and took Sylvia out for a drive. They returned about nine, if you please."

"Certainly something must be done, and at once," agreed Mrs. Makeley.

"She is out with him every day and all day," said Mrs. Lovell, "and when she can't be life is simply not worth living."

Mrs. Makeley sighed and glanced about the drawing-room with a plaintive eye. It was an extraordinary pleasant room, providing Sylvia had not transferred the rabbits from their perhaps more suitable quarters in the garden to a hastily improvised, but luxurious, hutch on the sofa.

The following night Sylvia did not come home at all. . . .

On his way westward from his chambers in Garden Court, Lovell, K.C., interrupted his journey for a rubber of bridge or two at his club, and as a result dinner was slightly delayed. In the subsequent confusion of that occasion—which was a rare one at No. 27 Swan Walk—the fact was somehow overlooked that Sylvia had not yet returned. It was only afterward, in the library, as he lit a cigar, that Lovell, K.C., happened to think of it.

"Where's Sylvia?" he asked.

But, since his question was simply rhetorical, Mrs. Lovell went on with her knitting without any pretense of answering.

"Out still with that damned Stanton fella, I suppose," he said, in an injured and irritable voice. "She's too young to be out like this night after night—or any night, if it comes to that . . . and, besides, a man likes to see his own daughter once in a while."

At ten o'clock there was still no sign of Sylvia, and at eleven—in a towering temper and the wrong kind of hat—Lovell, K.C., issued forth on the errand of bringing her home. He also intended giving Mr. Stanton a few words of advice by way of a warning.

Mr. Lovell took a taxi—after considerable delay in Hospital Road first, and then in the King's Road—and it was hardly to be wondered that his indignation was not sensibly diminished by the time he reached St. James's Street. In fact, he was in more of a temper than when he had set out, which was saying a great deal.

Mr. Stanton lived in rooms over a rather superior kind of shop which had been established in 1773 apparently for the purpose of supplying Charles James Fox, and that enterprising nobleman who was later and rather notoriously known as Old Q., with hats. Mr. Lovell rang the bell of the shop several times imperiously before he discovered his mistake. It by no means smoothed a mood

already ruffled when he did. And then he found Mr. Stanton's bell and rang it mightily.

By that time the clock over St. James's Palace pointed to ten minutes of midnight. There was no reply to the bell, and Mr. Lovell rang again, even more commandingly than before. The hands of the clock pointed out the lapse of five minutes.

Lovell, K.C., rang furiously. . . .

Eventually a woman answered the bell. In the vagueness of the turned-down light Lovell, K.C., perceived that she was fat, and sketchily attired, and rather out of breath.

"I want to see Mr. Stanton," he demanded, shortly, "immediately."

"Mr. Stanton 'as gone to Birming'am, sir, and 'asn't yet returned, sir."

"Birmingham!" echoed Mr. Lovell, in a horrified, helpless voice.

"Well, it mi' 'ave bin Little Hinnington, now as 'ow I come to think of it," continued the woman, confidentially, "although 'e wuz a-goin' to Birming'am. . . ."

She was Mr. Stanton's cook, and of extreme respectability and the mother of five children, but of course Mr. Lovell did not know that. For the moment he was tempted to commit a violent assault upon her person, although, as a matter of fact, he simply stared at her in a dazed and impotent astonishment.

"'Is sister, sir, lives at Little Hinnington. . . ." Mr. Stanton's cook leaned affably against one side of the doorway and went on, with great volubility. "I know 'e 'as gone there because 'e said it was very himportant to see 'ow 'is new autermobile was a-goin', and if you don't believe me I kin show you me marriage lines."

"But, dash it all—"

"So 'e, and 'is man, Mr. Triggers, and the young lidy all went off—"

"But, dash it all!" said Mr. Lovell, somewhat fatuously, "that young lady's my daughter!"

"'Is she now, sir? Well, a very prity, pleasunt young lidy she is, too—as I was a only syin' to Mr. Triggers this mornin'—an' 'e's mortal fond o' her, which is



"THE NEXT TRAIN FOR LUNNON 'S TO-MORROW MARNIN'—SEVEN FIFTY-THREE"

strange like, seein' as 'ow 'e's a silor and not a married man, an' no childrun of 'is own, although that prob'bly accounts for it," she went on, cheerfully. "They wuz to 'ave come back to-night, early like, as the young lidy 'ad to be 'ome."

Had to be home!

"But—but what the devil does he mean, carting my daughter round the country like that?" shouted Lovell, K.C., suddenly, at the top of his voice, and several people strolling sedately up St. James's Street, and a police constable, stopped to stare at him, rather shocked.

"What the devil does he mean?" shouted Lovell, K.C., again, and then it occurred to him that he was making a conspicuous ass of himself and that, after all, the affable if illiterate person in the doorway had nothing whatever to do with the matter. There was an abrupt silence, and the policeman, after another suspicious stare at Mr. Lovell, passed on. And that eminent counsel fumbled hastily in his pockets for a shilling and found a half crown, which he presented to the woman.

Of course he'd have to go to Scotland Yard. . . .

"'Oo shall I sy called, sir?" Mr. Stanton's cook screamed after him. "The young lidy's fayther?"

But Mr. Lovell was striding tremendously toward Pall Mall in the search of a taxi and his daughter. . . .

It was outrageous, although that fact did not happen to occur to Sylvia or to Mr. Stanton, who, after a most delightful and exciting day, were sleeping the deep and dreamless sleep of the very tired in that immense, low-lying, al-

legedly haunted, old stone house in Sussex where Mr. Stanton's sister lived. Nor had it occurred to them either to telegraph the trivial intelligence that, since the car had broken down, they had missed the last train for Victoria; that they would not be able to return until the following morning. There had been too many other things to think about.

Of course it stood to reason that the whole affair was entirely unexpected and impromptu. And of course they arranged to return that afternoon as usual,

since, as Sylvia pointed out, if they did no one would even suspect that they had been out of London; naturally, that particular aspect had cropped up during the discussion which followed Mr. Stanton's sudden announcement that he was going to Birmingham for the day, and not unnaturally Sylvia immediately proposed that she should accompany him. The source of Mr. Stanton's income hap-



SHE HELD HIM AT ARM'S LENGTH AND LOOKED AT HIM ANXIOUSLY

pened to be some works just outside Birmingham, and there were necessarily solicitors and people of that sort to be seen every once in a while.

"Rotten, darling, isn't it?" said Mr. Stanton.

There had been a solemn, reproachful silence.

"Er—have some more sole?" Mr. Stanton asked. "I say, darling, do you love me?"

"I simply adore you," replied Sylvia, frankly and with immense conviction. "And I think I'd rather like to go to Birmingham with you."

"Top-hole . . . but what about your mother?"

"Well, if we get back to-night—"

"Which we're jolly well goin' to do," interpolated Mr. Stanton. "I want to try out the new Sunbeam to-morrow."

"No one will even know that we've been out of town," concluded Sylvia, calmly.

"All right, darling."

"Won't it be exciting?"

Mr. Stanton nodded, and groped for his pockets and a pipe, which he filled and lit serenely.

"We might get that ring in Birmingham, too," observed Sylvia, thoughtfully. "Have they got decent shops in Birmingham?"

"Fairly decent. I know a place where they repair cars better than any place in London. Much better."

But, as a matter of fact, they did not get the ring, after all, very probably since they did not happen to get to Birmingham. The attractions of the bright, autumn morning and the potentialities of the new Sunbeam proved to be irresistible in the end, at least for Mr. Stanton, and of course Sylvia and Mr. Triggers instantly agreed that motoring in Sussex on such a day would be infinitely more pleasant and profitable than any expedition to Birmingham. And, besides, as Mr. Stanton remarked, business was a blithering sort of way to spend the day, anyway. . . .

"Who on earth wants to buzz off to a

place like Birmingham?" demanded Mr. Stanton, in a manner rather scornfully Ciceronian. "Triggers, send for the Sunbeam. We'll jolly well try it out."

The new Sunbeam ran perfectly, and a few miles outside Arundel Mr. Stanton was able to conduct a series of the most satisfactory operations upon the interior of the engine without one interruption. By two they reached Chichester and lunched at the Dolphin. And then they decided to pay a visit to Mr. Stanton's sister on the way home.

But it turned out to be a somewhat unfortunate decision. Lady Ashley was extremely pleasant and provided an immense tea—there were sugar buns, and strawberry jam, and delicious Devonshire cream, and a number of other delicacies—but when Mr. Stanton remembered to make a start homeward, and twilight was coming on, the car obstinately refused to start. At seven o'clock it was obvious that it would be necessary to use the London and South Coast Railway.

"We'll dine on the train—most of these trains have restaurant cars," remarked Mr. Stanton, loftily. "They all come from Brighton."

The Ashley pony cart was commandeered, Sir Henry being out in the Ashley motor on some unspecified, but apparently interminable, business. The nearest station was six miles off. Twilight turned into a dark mistiness of rain. Progress, in consequence, was slow and somewhat exciting. And it was after eight when the station was finally reached.

"The next train for Lunnun?" repeated an individual in a dilapidated uniform who appeared to combine in his person the duties and privileges of station master, porter, and train dispatcher. "The next train for Lunnun's to-morrow marnin'—seven fifty-three."

And of course there was nothing else to do. They had to drive back to Ashley for the night.

A rather strange, gracefully slender

and grown-up Sylvia sat in the window of her room at No. 27 Swan Walk, languidly reading a new work of fiction and waiting for Egbert to arrive; Egbert was reading for the Bar in the chambers of Lovell, K.C. The pale sunshine of another October lay in little pools on the floor. A year had passed since that delicious, disastrous journey into Sussex, and Mr. Stanton was still somewhere out of England, cruising from port to port in the *Sea-Queen* with the faithful Mr. Triggers. He had left somewhat hurriedly a day or two after they had returned to London, and left with a vague idea that it would be for the best if he were to sail immediately for the South Sea Islands. The interview with Lovell, K.C., had been particularly painful, although at the end Lovell, K.C., was faintly conscious that he had made a great deal of fuss about nothing, as matters turned out . . . but he carefully concealed that impression from Mrs. Lovell.

Of course Sylvia had been expressly forbidden to see Mr. Stanton again.

The following day Mr. Stanton, with Mr. Triggers and a mountainous amount of luggage, left for Southampton, and the South Sea Islands in the *Sea-Queen*; but it so happened that when he reached Gibraltar he met a man he had known at Cambridge, who suggested that it would be slightly more pleasant to cruise along the north coast of the Mediterranean, and proposed himself for the trip; and Mr. Stanton readily concurred. At Cairo they lingered late into the spring, and very nearly got into serious trouble later running up into the Dardanelles for a glimpse of the Bosphorus and the Black Sea. At about this point of the voyage Mr. Stanton's letters to Sylvia—which had been, indeed, few and of a fine brevity and far between—stopped altogether. And in the meantime Sylvia was growing up.

She had her hair bobbed, instead of putting it up like her sisters, and in spite of the protests of Lovell, K.C., and her mother. She took a new and obstinate hand in the business of ordering her

clothes—they must be exactly what she wanted, she declared, firmly, or she'd refuse to wear them. She was even nice to Egbert, who came up from Oxford for the Christmas holidays, a triple blue and a tremendous swell, and Mrs. Lovell felt that everything had happened for the best.

And it was the unanimous verdict of the family that Sylvia was becoming more ridiculously beautiful every day. She was becoming tall, and her manner briskly debonair, and it was observed that she read more cheerful contributions to literature than those of the late Ernest Dowson and some of our unhappier novelists. And by Easter Sylvia began to think less of Mr. Stanton and more about other young men—to the somewhat unreasonable dismay of Lovell, K.C.

Now she let her gaze wander from the pages of the book lying in her lap. She looked about the room slowly, her eyes resting finally upon the large and impressively framed photograph of Mr. Stanton upon her dressing table, but she had not peeped into the past for more than a moment or two when there was a discreet tapping at the door, and upon the heels of the tapping a maid came into the room.

"A gentleman to see you, miss."

"A gentleman?"

"Yes, miss . . . tall, very good looking, and dark. Didn't give no name, miss."

Tall, good looking, and dark. . . .

Sylvia felt immediately a suffocating sense of a rather riotous excitement which seemed to make the matter of breathing a matter of some difficulty.

Tall, good looking, and dark?

But, of course, that was impossible.

"Say I'll be down presently," directed Sylvia, powdering her nose in order to conceal her confusion.

But it was not impossible at all, as she discovered the instant she entered her mother's drawing-room. There was Mr. Stanton in the flesh and more incongruously godlike than ever in ex-

quisitely fitting but very modern clothes. He, too, displayed a certain nervousness of manner and rose from a precarious seat on the edge of a Louis XV chair with the strange and somewhat noticeable alacrity of extreme agitation.

Sylvia turned very pale, and felt—for the first time in her young, self-possessed career—that she was going to faint.

"Why, darling, you *are* upset," she heard him saying, and then she was conscious of his arms round her.

It was precisely as if she were in a dream. Rather unaccountably, she noticed through an open window that the big yellow car stood at the gate, and that Mr. Triggers sat in his accustomed seat in the back of it. There seemed to be a deliciously unending silence.

"Well, come on, darling," remarked Mr. Stanton, finally. "Let's go out for a drive."

But she stood quite still, one hand pressed against her breast, and her clear, candid eyes fixed upon his face, incredulously.

Of course, it must be a dream.

And then she gave a little, delighted, unbelieving gasp and flung her arms round his neck.

"Oh, darling Stanton!" she cried, softly. "Darling Stanton!"

Dreams did come true, after all. And yet, somehow or other . . .

She held him at arm's length and looked at him anxiously.

"Have you changed? Are you thinner?—or what is it?"

"I haven't changed; you've changed, though, frightfully. You're taller . . . you've bobbed your hair. . . . Why, darling, you're all grown up!"

"Am I?"

But so long a speech had left Mr. Stanton more or less breathless, for the moment, at any rate, and he merely nodded.

Sylvia glanced at him shyly, rather wonderingly, as he stared out of the window at the yellow car.

"When did you get back?"

Mr. Stanton ran his fingers abstract-

edly through his crinkly hair. "What? . . . Oh, to-day; this morning."

"Darling Stanton!" exclaimed Sylvia.

Mr. Stanton kissed her. "Do come on," he said, shortly, and led the way to the door in much of his old masterful manner. Sylvia picked up a hat as she followed him through the hall.

"It *is* good to see you agen, miss," observed Mr. Triggers, warmly, with a tug at the peak of his yachting cap; "more 'n good for sore eyes like, miss."

They shook hands, and Sylvia climbed into the front seat beside Mr. Stanton, and in another moment they were rolling smoothly down the Embankment. It was all extraordinarily as it had been a year ago, and yet, in some vague, inexplicable way, very different.

Sylvia looked again at Mr. Stanton's profile. It was as godlike and imperious as ever; certainly there was nothing new nor particularly notable in his silence, and yet, somehow or other . . . It was at this point of her rather disquieting reflections that Sylvia became aware of a marked deviation from precedent. Mr. Stanton had actually turned to look at her.

"Glad to see me back?" he asked.

Sylvia managed to nod.

"Very glad?"

She nodded again. "Glad? Of course; more than glad; much, much more. . . ."

But there was a note of listlessness in her voice. Mr. Stanton frowned faintly at the road. And then he groped in the pockets of his coat.

"I've got that ring," he said at last, and produced a small shagreen box.

"The ring? What ring?"

"That emerald ring you wanted. Don't you remember, darling?"

"Oh, of course. . . . Let me see it."

It was a large emerald and platinum ring, exquisitely set, and the stone was of a clear, vivid, sea-green color without a flaw and very beautiful.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed as she slipped it on a slim white finger. "It's—it's just what I wanted—"

"Wanted?" interrupted Mr. Stanton.
 "A year ago."

There was another pause. Sylvia turned the ring round on her finger and studied the stone critically; she was conscious of a sudden, aching, absurdly impossible suspicion. Mr. Stanton stopped the car.

Far away, and so faintly it was almost inaudible, a train was whistling. A murmur of voices came up delicately in the quiet, sun-steeped air with a softly sharp scent of wet earth and burning leaves. And rather delicately suspicion became a certainty; and, slowly drawing off the ring, she looked at Mr. Stanton.

"I think we'd better go home now," she said. "It's getting late."

She buried the ring in the cool, white plush of its case and snapped the cover shut.

"It must be very late," she amended.

"You don't love me as you used to," said Mr. Stanton, gloomily.

"You shouldn't have gone away—it's all so different now."

Mr. Triggers coughed ostentatiously.

"You should have come back to me," Sylvia went on, candidly. "I wanted you then . . . but now . . ."

"Oh, darling . . ."

There was another prolonged silence.

"Now it's all different."

It was indeed very different, for at the end of that preoccupied drive back it was obvious that Sylvia no longer adored Mr. Stanton; even Mr. Triggers privately entertained no doubt on the subject, although he preserved an aspect of neutral nonchalance outwardly; and at the gate of No. 27 Swan Walk the formal and unusual ceremony of shaking hands was undergone by all three.

"If you'd only come back before. . . ."

She let her clear, discerning gaze rest again on Mr. Stanton's godlike features. It was, of course, extraordinary, but he seemed suddenly to be of a sedate and serious age.

"You see," she went on, nervously, "I've become used to being without you. It is different now. . . ."

She watched Mr. Stanton climb dejectedly into the car, and the car disappear at the end of the curve that was Swan Walk. Street lights were already beginning to glimmer mistily in the gathering haze of twilight; overhead, the sky was a pale primrose yellow, and there was a slight chill in the air. Sylvia shivered delicately, and hurried up the path past the old sun dial to the house with a gay but rather guilty feeling.

Because, of course, Egbert must have been waiting there for almost half an hour. . . .

THEIR SECRET

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS

WHAT have we lost that those old masters knew,
 Whose "science" was so beggarly by ours?
 We smile at rondel of "rose-scented bowers":

Yet exquisite the blush-face peeping through!
 Divine, the girl-Madonnas that they drew—

Unreal, and yet as natural as flowers!

We may not paint such, we who vaunt our powers—
 Craftsmen, not artists, who have lost the clue.

For we are driven madly in the wind

Of frenzied living. We who from our birth

Are speeded over desecrated ground,

Past unseen treasures of the leisured mind,

Till we are shoveled hastily in earth—

How may we seek it, or, how seeking, find?

ANGLOMANIA

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I REMEMBER a talk in Dublin with an Irish writer whose English prose has adorned our period. It was 1918, and the eve of forced conscription, and his indignation with English policy was intense. "I will give up their language," he said, "all except Shakespeare. I will write only Gaelic." Unfortunately, he could read Gaelic much better than he could write it. In his heart, indeed, he knew how mad he would have been to give up the only literary tradition which, thanks to language, could be his own; and in a calmer mood since he has enriched that tradition with admirable translations from the Irish. He was suffering from a mild case of Anglomania.

Who is the real Anglomaniac in America? Not the now sufficiently discredited individual with a monocle and a pseudo-Oxford accent, who tries to be more English than the English. Not the more subtly dangerous American who refers his tastes, his enthusiasms, his culture, and the prestige of his compatriots to an English test before he dare assert them. The real Anglomaniac is the American who tries to be less English than his own American tradition. He is the man who is obsessed with the fear of "Anglo-Saxon domination."

How many Anglomaniacs by this definition are at large in America each reader may judge for himself. Personally, I find them extraordinarily numerous, and of so many varieties, from the mere borrower of opinions to the deeply convinced zealot, that it seems wiser to analyze Anglomania than to discuss the various types that possess it. And in this analysis let us exclude from the beginning such very

real, but temporary, grievances against the English as spring from Irish oppressions, trade rivalries, or the provocations which always arise between allies in war. All such causes of anti-English and anti-"Anglo-Saxon" sentiment belong in a different category from the underlying motives which I propose to discuss.

These Anglomaniacs, with their talk of Anglo-Saxon domination, cannot mean English domination. That would be absurd, although even absurdities are current coin in restless years like these. At least one Irishman of my acquaintance *knows* that King George cabled Wilson to bring America into the war, and that until that cable came Wilson dared not act. I can conceive of an English influence upon literature that is worth attacking, and also worth defending. I can conceive of a far less important English influence upon our social customs. But in neither case, domination. That England dominates our finance, our industry, our politics, is just now, especially, the suspicion of a paranoiac, or the idea of an ignoramus.

"Anglo-Saxon domination," even in an anti-British meeting, cannot and does not mean English domination; it can mean only control of America by the so-called Anglo-Saxon element in our population. The quarrel is local, not international. The "Anglo-Saxon" three thousand miles away who cannot hit back is a scapegoat, a whipping boy for the so-called "Anglo-Saxon" American at home.

What is an "Anglo-Saxon" American? Presumably he is the person familiar in "want" advertisements: "American family wants boarders for the summer.

References exchanged." But this does not help us much. He is certainly not English. Nothing is better established than the admixture of bloods since the earliest days of our nationality. That I, myself, for example, have ancestral portions of French, German, Welsh, and Scotch, as well as English blood in my veins, makes me, by any historical test, characteristically more rather than less American. Race, indeed, within very broad limits, is utterly different from nationality, and it is usually many, many centuries before the two become even approximately identical. The culture I have inherited, the political ideals I live by, the literature which is my own, most of all the language that I speak, are far more important than the ultimate race or races I stem from, obviously more important, since in thousands of good Americans it is impossible to determine what races have gone to their making. There is no such thing as an Anglo-Saxon American—and so few English Americans that they are nationally insignificant.

An American with a strong national individuality there certainly is, and it is true that his traditions, irrespective of the race of his forbears, are mainly English; from England he drew his political and social habits, his moral ideas, his literature, and his language. This does not make him a "slave to England," as our most recent propagandists would have it; it does not put him in England's debt. We owe no debt to England. Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and ourselves are deeply in debt to our intellectual, our spiritual, our esthetic ancestors who were the molders of English history and English thought, the interpreters of English emotion, the masters of the developing English *mores* that became our *mores*, and have since continued evolution with a difference. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton, Wycliffe, Bunyan, Fox, and Wesley, Elizabeth, Cromwell, and the great Whigs, these made the only tra-

dition that can be called Anglo-Saxon, and if we have an American tradition, as we assuredly have, here are its roots. This is our "Anglo-Saxon domination."

But if the roots of this tradition are English, its trunk is thoroughly American, seasoned and developed through two centuries of specifically American history. As we know it to-day it is no longer "Anglo-Saxon," it is as American as our cities, our soil, our accent upon English. If we are going to discuss "domination" let us be accurate and speak of the domination of American tradition. It is against the American tradition that the new Anglomaniac actually protests.

Dominating this American tradition is, dominating, almost tyrannical, for one reason only, but that a strong one, a fact not a convention, a factor, not a mere influence—dominating because of the English language.

In our century language has become once again as powerful as in the Roman Empire—and its effects, thanks to printing and easy transportation, are far more quickly attained. Hordes from all over Europe have swarmed into the domain of English. They have come to a country where the new language was indispensable. They have learned it, or their children have learned it. English has become their means of communication with their neighbors, with business, with the state. Sooner or later even the news of Europe has come to them through English, and sometimes unwillingly, but more often unconsciously, they have come under the American, the real "Anglo-Saxon" domination.

For a language, of course, is more than words. It is a body of literature, it is a method of thinking, it is a definition of emotions, it is the exponent and the symbol of a civilization. You cannot adopt English without adapting yourself in some measure to the English, or the Anglo-American tradition. You cannot adopt English political words, English literary words, English religious

words, the terms of sport or ethics, without in some measure remaking your mind on a new model. If you fail or refuse, your child will not. He is forcibly made an American, in ideas at least, and chiefly by language.

I submit that it is impossible for an alien *thoroughly* to absorb and understand Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech or Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* without working a slight but perceptible transformation in the brain, without making himself an heir of a measure of English tradition. And the impact of English as a spoken tongue, and the influence of its literature as the only read literature, are great beyond ordinary conception. Communities where a foreign language is read or spoken only delay the process, they cannot stop it.

The foreigner, it is true, has modified the English language precisely as he has modified the American tradition. Continental Europe is audible in the American tongue, as it is evident in the American mind; but it is like the English or the Spanish touch upon the Gothic style in architecture—there is modification, but not fundamental change.

Many a foreign-born American has been restless under this domination. The letters and memoirs of the French immigrants from revolutionary France express discomfort freely. The Germans of '48, themselves the bearers of a high civilization, have often confessed an unwilling assimilation. The Germans of earlier migrations herded apart like the later Scandinavians, in part to avoid the tyranny of tongue.

Imagine a German coming here in early manhood. His tradition is not English; he owes nothing to a contemporary England that he but dimly knows. Speaking English, perhaps only English, he grows impatient with a tongue every concept of which has an English coloring. The dominance of the language, and especially of its literature, irks him. He no longer wants to think as a German; he wants to think as an American; but the medium

of his thought must be English. His anger often enough goes out against English history, English literature. He is easily irritated by England. But it is the American past that binds and is converting him. Such consciousness of the power of environment is perhaps rare, but the fact is common. In our few centuries of history millions have been broken into English, with all that implies. Millions have experienced the inevitable discomfort of a foreign tradition which makes alien their fatherlands, and strangers of their children. This is an "Anglo-Saxon" domination. But it is useless to struggle against it.

There is a similar discomfort among certain American authors, especially just now, when, for the first time since the Civil War and the materialism that succeeded it, we are finding our national self once again in literature. Mr. Mencken and Mr. Dreiser have vigorously expressed this annoyance with American tradition. They wish to break with it—at least Mr. Dreiser does—break with it morally, spiritually, esthetically. Let the dotards, he says, bury their dead.

Mr. Mencken wishes to drive us out of Colonialism. He says that Longfellow has had his day, and that it is time to stop imitating Addison, time to be ashamed of aping Stevenson, Kipling, or John Masefield. He is right.

But when it comes to disowning English literature and the past of American literature (as many a writer directly or by implication would have us) in order to become 100 per cent American, let us first take breath long enough to reflect that, first, such a madcap career is eminently undesirable, and, second, utterly impossible. It is a literature which by general admission is now the richest and most liberal in the world of living speech. English is a tongue less sonorous than Italian, less fine than French, less homely than German, but more expressive, more flexible, than these and all others. Its syntax imposes no burdens, its traditions are weighty

only upon the vulgar and the bizarre. Without its literary history, American literature in general, and usually in particular, is not to be understood. That we have sprung from a Puritanical loin, and been nourished in the past from the breast of Victorianism, is obvious. In this we have been not too much, but too narrowly, English. We have read Tennyson when it might have been better to have read Shakespeare or Chaucer. But to wish to break with English literature in order to become altogether American is like desiring to invent an entirely new kind of clothes. I shall not give up trousers because my fourth great-grandfather, who was a Yorkshireman, wore them, and his pattern no longer fits my different contour. I shall make me a pair better suiting my own shanks—yet they shall still be trousers. But in any case, language binds us.

Indeed, in this welter of newcomers here in America, whose children learn, read, write only English, the tradition of Anglo-American literature is all that holds us by a thread above chaos. If we could all be made to speak German, or Italian, or Spanish, there would be cause, but no excuse, for an attempted revolution. But English is dominant here and will remain so. Could we hope to make an American literary language without dependence on English literature, a protective tariff on home-made writing, or an embargo against books more than a year old, or imported from across the Atlantic, would be worth trying; but the attempts so far are not encouraging. This has not been the way in the past by which original literatures have been made. They have sucked nourishment where it could best be found, and grown great from the strength that good food gave them.

One can sympathize with the desire to nationalize our literature at all costs; and can understand lashings out at the tyranny of literature prestige which England still exercises. But the real question is: shall the English of Amer-

icans be good English or bad English; shall a good tradition stiffen change and experiment, or shall we have chaotic vulgarity like the Low Latin of the late Roman Empire?

The truth is that our language is tradition, for it holds tradition in solution like iron in wine. And here lie the secret and the power of American, "Anglo-Saxon" domination.

What is to be done about it? Shall anything be done about it? The Anglo-maniac is helpless before the fact of language. The most he can do is to attack, and uproot if he can, the American tradition.

There is nothing sacrosanct in this American tradition. Like all traditions it is stiff, it will clasp, if we allow it, the future in the dead hand of precedent. It can be used by the designing to block progress. But as traditions go it is not conservative. Radicalism, indeed, is its child. Political and religious radicalism brought the Pilgrims to New England, the Quakers to Pennsylvania; political and economic radicalism made the Revolution against the will of American conservatives; political and social radicalism made the Civil War inevitable and gave it moral earnestness. Radicalism, whether you like it or not, is much more American than what some people mean by "Americanism" to-day. And its bitterest opponents in our times would quite certainly have become Nova Scotian exiles if they had been alive and likeminded in 1783.

Nor is this American tradition impeccable in the political ideas, the literary ideals, the social customs it has given us. We must admit a rampant individualism in our political practices which is in the very best Anglo-American tradition, and yet by no means favorable to co-operative government. We admit also more Puritanism in our standard literature than art can well digest; and more sentiment than is good for us; nor is it probable that the traditions and the conventions which govern American family life are superior to their

European equivalents. We should welcome (I do not say that we do) liberalizing, broadening, enriching influences from other traditions. And whether we have welcomed them or not, they have come, and to our great benefit. But to graft upon the plant is different from trying to pull up the roots.

We want better arguments than the fear of Anglo-Saxon domination before the root pulling begins. We wish to know what is to be planted. We desire to be convinced that the virtue has gone out of the old stock. We want examples of civilized nations that have profited by borrowing traditions wholesale, or by inventing them. We wish to know if a cultural, a literary sans-cullotism is possible, except with chaos as a goal. Most of all, we expect to fight for and to hold our Anglo-American heritage.

It is not surprising that discontent with our own ultimately English tradition has expressed itself by a kind of Freudian transformation in anti-English sentiment. Every vigorous nation strains and struggles with its tradition, like a growing boy with his clothes, and this is particularly true of new nations with old traditions behind them. Our pains are growing pains—a malady we have suffered from since the early eighteenth century at the latest. Tradition, our own tradition, pinches us; but you cannot punch tradition for pinching you, or call it names to its face, especially if it proves to be your father's tradition, or your next-door neighbor's. Therefore, since that now dim day when the Colonies acquired a self-consciousness of their own, many good Americans have chosen England and the English to symbolize whatever irked them in their own tradition. It is from England and the English that we have felt ourselves growing away, from which we had to grow away in order to be ourselves and not a shadow—imitators, second-bests, Colonials. England and the English have had our vituperation whenever the need to be American has been greatest. And when

an English government like Palmerston's, or Salisbury's, or Lloyd George's, offends some group or race among us, a lurking need to assert our individuality, or prove that we are not Colonials, leads thousands more to join in giving the lion's tail an extra twist.

This may be unfortunate, but it argues curiously enough respect and affection rather than the reverse, and it is very human. It is a fact, like growing, and is likely to continue until we are fully grown. It will reassert itself vehemently until upon our English tradition we shall have built an American civilization as definitely crystallized, a literature as rich and self-sufficing, as that of France and England to-day. Three-quarters of our national genius went into the creating of our political system. Three-quarters of our national genius since has gone into the erecting of our economic system. Here we are independent—and thick skinned. But a national civilization and a national literature take more time to complete.

Cool minds were prepared for a little tail-twisting after the great war, even though they could not foresee the unfortunate Irish situation in which a British government seemed determined to make itself as un-English as possible. If there had not been the patriotic urge to assert our essential Americanism more strongly than ever, there still would have been a reaction against all the pledging and the handshaking, the pother about blood and water, the purple patches in every newspaper asserting Anglo-Saxonism against the world. I remember my own nervousness when, in 1918, after the best part of a year in England, in England's darkest days, I came back full of admiration for the pluck of all England and the enlightenment of her best minds in the great struggle, to hear men who knew little of England orating of enduring friendship, and to read writers who had merely read of England, descanting of her virtues. I felt, and many felt, that excess of ignorant laudation which spells cer-

tain reaction into ignorant dispraise. No wonder that Americans whose parents happened to be Germans, Italians, Jews, or Irish grew weary of hearing of the essential virtues of the Anglo-Saxon race. There never was such a race. It was not even English blood, but English institutions that created America; but Liberty Loan orators had no time to make fine distinctions of that kind. They talked, and even while the cheers were ringing and the money rolled in dissent raised its tiny head.

Dissent was to be expected; antagonism against a tradition made by English minds and perpetuated in English was natural after a war in which not merely nationalism, but also every racial instinct, has been quickened and made sensitive. But *tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*, is only partly true in this instance. We should understand, and be tolerant with, the strainings against tradition of folk to whom it is still partly alien; we should diagnose our own growing pains and not take them too seriously. Nevertheless, the better more violent movements of race and national prejudice are understood, the less readily can they be pardoned, if by pardon one means easy tolerance.

It is not inconceivable that we shall have to face squarely a split between those who prefer the American tradition and those who do not, although where the cleavage line would run, whether between races or classes, is past guessing. There are among us apparently men and women who would risk wars, external or internal, in order to hasten the discordant day; although just what they expect as a result, whether an Irish-German state organized by German efficiency and officered by graduates of Tammany Hall, or a pseudo-Russian communism, is not yet clear. In any case, the time is near when who-

ever calls himself American will have to take his stand and do more thinking, perhaps, than was necessary in 1917. He needs to know what tradition is, what his own consists of, and what he would do without it. He needs especially to rid himself of such simple and fallacious ideas as that what was good enough for his grandfather is good enough for him; or that, as some of our more reputable newspapers profess to think, the Constitution has taken the place once held by the Bible, and contains the whole duty of man and all that is necessary for his welfare. He needs to think less of 100 per cent Americanism, which, as it is commonly used, means not to think at all, and more of how he himself is molding American tradition for the generation that is to follow. If he is not to be a pawn merely in the struggle for American unity, he must think more clearly and deeply than has been his habit in the past.

But whatever happens in America (and after the sad experiences of prophets in the period of war and reconstruction, who would prophesy), let us cease abusing England whenever we have indigestion in our own body politic. It is seemingly inevitable that the writers of vindictive editorials should know little more of England as she is to-day than of Russia or the Chinese Republic; inevitable, apparently, that for them the Irish policy of the Tory group in Parliament, Indian unrest, and Lloyd George, are all that one needs to know about a country whose liberal experiments in industrial democracy since the war, and whose courage in reconstruction, may well make us hesitate in dispraise. But it is not inevitable that Americans who are neither headline and editorial writers, nor impassioned orators, regardless of facts, should continue to damn the English because their ancestors and ours founded America.

THE NEEDLESS SERPENT

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

THERE was such genuine surprise and delight in the Prefect's oath that it was a pleasure to hear it.

It was the 15th of November, and he was dining with de Sade, who, in his search for any novelty that would lighten the burden of existence, had discovered the excellent cellar and cuisine of The Fountain of Health. The occasion of the Prefect's exclamation came with the coffee. Also beset with the cares of life, he was explaining over the Burgundy the problem the solution of which was taxing the united wits of the Prefecture.

"You know our naval attaché at Berlin, Foucquet—a charming fellow with the engaging manners and open-hearted nature of men who follow the sea. It seems that some ten days ago he left Berlin for Paris on leave of absence, and that our ambassador confided to him despatches for the Foreign Office—despatches of a highly confidential character, containing information and observations for the minister's private ear. With these official papers were also certain heirlooms, family jewels, for Madame de Caraman who, you recollect, is of German descent. Owing to the recent death of her mother and the settlement of the estate, these heirlooms reverted to Madame de Caraman, and advantage was taken of this opportunity to convey them to her in the embassy pouch—a practice in my opinion much abused.

"Well, at the station in Berlin Foucquet makes the acquaintance of a lady—oh, a lady to the tips of her pink fingernails!—in distress over the non-appearance of her maid, and takes that chivalrous first step which costs. A fascinating

young person adrift on the sea of life naturally appeals to a sailor. Chance"—the Prefect's shoulders lifted—"ordains that they occupy adjacent compartments, a circumstance which relieves the monotony of a journey. At the frontier a new complication arises. The missing maid has the key to her mistress's trunk, and to rescue his protégée from the clutches of the customs Foucquet extends over her the cloak of his diplomatic immunity."

"A modern St. Martin," laughed de Sade.

"You should hear him describe her," continued the Prefect, disdainfully. "An adventuress? Impossible! Of perfect breeding, modestly yet exquisitely dressed—in short, a woman of his world. They even discovered mutual friends."

"And exchanged cards," interjected de Sade again.

The Prefect shook his head scornfully.

"Delicacy prevents one from asking a lady for what she does not choose to reveal. He was forced to be content with a glimpse of a monogram in diamonds on her gold cigarette-case. You know those interlaced letters, so graceful and so difficult to decipher."

De Sade's languid attention suddenly quickened.

"Really," he exclaimed, "a monogram in diamonds! How interesting!"

"Well, toward midnight Foucquet offers to withdraw. But madame, being, after all, human, is hungry. They were approaching Verdun. Would he not make a raid on the buffet for their mutual benefit? Our hero was delighted. As the train enters the station he rushes to the buffet. While making his purchases he remembers that he has left the

precious despatch-box in the compartment of—ah, but such a charming woman! Nevertheless, ill at ease, he hastens his purchases and hurries back. The door of the compartment is closed. He knocks—no answer. For a moment he hesitates. Fear at last triumphs over discretion and he turns the handle. The door is locked. Thoroughly alarmed, he calls the porter, who explains that, seeing madame had gone to the buffet, he had locked the door in her absence. Momentarily reassured, Foucquet waits nervously in the corridor. But his fears return. Travelers are resuming their places; the train is about to start. Resolved at all events to secure the despatch-box, he orders the porter to open the door. The porter demurs. It is not the gentleman's compartment. He must consult the conductor. All this requires time; the train is now in motion. At last, after an argument, the door is opened—nobody, nothing!

"Foucquet is distracted. Quite beside himself, he accuses the porter. The carriage is searched. Every one passes a disagreeable quarter-hour. Obsessed by the belief that madame has been left behind accidentally and that his treasure is safe in her keeping, he persuades the conductor to stop the train at the first way-station and returns to Verdun. There a sleepy porter deposes to seeing a lady enter a motor waiting beside the platform."

"To what do you attribute madame's interest," inquired de Sade, holding up the Burgundy to the luster, "the despatches or the heirlooms?"

"Let us see," said the Prefect, checking off the facts on his fingers; "a maid who, failing to accompany her mistress, also misses the train and has the key to a trunk—which proves to be empty! a lady who has a ticket for Paris, yet who abandons the train to continue her journey in a motor opportunely arriving precisely when she plays her little trick of the buffet. Evidently, then, a plan, carefully prepared in advance, which presupposes a knowledge of the contents

of the despatch-box. It is true this knowledge, howsoever obtained, applies equally to the jewels and the despatches, and undoubtedly Madame de Caraman's heirlooms justify envy. But think a moment! No ordinary thief is in a position to obtain this knowledge, or has at his disposal a charming confederate with a cigarette-case initialed in diamonds. It is conceivable that a person interested in the despatches should be aware of their possession by Foucquet, but it is not so easy to believe that a bandit envious of Madame de Caraman's heirlooms should know the means taken by the embassy to restore them to her. No; all the circumstances point to a trail leading to that bit of foreign soil in the heart of Paris called the German embassy. And here begins the comedy. Imagine the embarrassment of his Excellency, who finds himself like a common thief in possession of Madame de Caraman's jewels! One steals despatches—it is diplomacy, a province, the right of conquest; but diamonds—it is a crime! Ah," he sighed, "if in this affair, which requires the discretion of a master—if in this affair I had Joly!"

"Joly?" queried de Sade.

"Money earned by honest toil fortifies the soul," pursued the Prefect, following his own reflections, "but a legacy is fatal. That is what happened to Joly. His wife had the misfortune to fall heir to one, and he retired. I promoted Pichon in his place. But Pichon!" The Prefect sighed again contemptuously. "A head gets no wiser when its owner mounts upon a stool! If I had Joly I would give—"

Here mine host of The Fountain of Health—who was chef as well as proprietor, and in the pride of office never failed to serve the coffee in person in order to receive the compliments due to the masterpieces which preceded it—intervened.

"It is very easy, Monsieur le Préfet. Monsieur Joly is dining in the next room."

It was at this juncture that the Pre-

fect gave utterance to the famous oath of Henry IV.

"Bring him in," snapped the Prefect.

"But," objected mine host, "there is a difficulty. Monsieur Joly always dines here with madame on the fifteenth of November. It is an anniversary, the date of their marriage."

"A woman," laughed de Sade, "always in evidence. But if she also is charming—"

"Worse," said mine host. "She's an angel."

Pichon had once remarked, on contemplating Madame Joly, "Think of it! that with such a woman there should also be a legacy!"

M. de Sade reversed the order.

"Imagine," he said, "that with a legacy there should also be an angel!"

The Prefect took out his card.

"Ask monsieur and madame to do us the honor of taking their coffee with us. And, in that case, another bottle."

"What do you say, Marie?" asked M. Joly, glancing up from the Prefect's card.

Madame Joly smiled. Her husband had retired of his own free will. It had been the dream of earlier strenuous days. But she was far too wise to fasten a leash to the golden collar of a legacy.

"By all means," she said, gathering up her furs. . . .

When settling himself that evening in the corner of the limousine at the door of The Fountain of Health, the Prefect closed his eyes with a deep sigh of satisfaction. "Now," he said, "we shall make progress."

De Sade made no reply, but after a silence, throwing his finished cigar into the street, he said, casually:

"What a vulgar thing is mere beauty! But charm— Aristotle was right—it is a letter of introduction."

The Prefect yawned wearily. He was doubtful to which of two women the remark applied. But why lug in Aristotle?

When bidding his companion good night, he raised his finger to his lips.

"Be tranquil," nodded de Sade.

Meanwhile, in the cab on the way to Passy, M. Joly was saying, "It seems I am the specialist who is called in when the patient is dying."

Promptly the following morning M. Joly, immersed in documents, was sitting at the desk which, once his own, had descended to Pichon ascending.

Standing before an open trunk, Pichon was lamenting:

"Absolutely nothing to indicate its origin. Not a maker in Paris will own it. Look! Even the maker's label has been removed." He pointed to the space plainly revealing the spot it had occupied on the inside of the cover.

"A square label," observed M. Joly. "Measure it, Pichon."

Pichon produced a rule and M. Joly entered the figures in his note-book. Turning to his desk again, he selected from among the documents released from the paper-weight the photographic copy of a letter. It consisted of a single sentence, unaddressed and unsigned:

Do not judge me unkindly. Wait.

"A prayer and a promise," he mused. "'Wait.' What an eloquent little word! I see you have been tampering with private correspondence, Pichon."

Pichon shrugged his shoulders.

"You forwarded the original?"

"Why not?"

Folding the paper with the eloquent little word, without replying, M. Joly tucked it carefully in an inner pocket and took out his watch.

"Eleven. The hour set by the Prefect," he said, buttoning up his coat.

On entering the Prefect's room he waited in silence for the moment when his presence should be recognized. To keep him thus waiting was a habit of his chief which he bore with patience, for it had frequently afforded him precious time for reflection.

Taking at length an envelope from the papers littering the desk, the Prefect extended his hand: "A letter for you,

Monsieur Joly. Read it, read it," he said, testily.

After observing the foreign postmark on the envelope, M. Joly extracted its contents and put on his spectacles.

Thursday, at nine in the evening, if your windows are dark, I will prove to you that I am not what I seem.

"Thursday— That is to-day. You will take your precautions accordingly. You have no observation to make?"

"None, Monsieur le Préfet."

"But you must think as I do, that a distinguished person I do not name is anxious to be rid of what he did not foresee would come into his possession—a possession which is embarrassing."

"It is possible."

"Why only possible?"

"Because, if your theory is correct, it is for the interest of the person you do not name that you should believe in a common thief, whereas to return Madame de Caraman's jewels would be a confession."

The Prefect went to the window. "I had thought of that also." (M. Joly smiled—under his skin.) "However that may be—whether we have to do with a thief who has the good luck to secure more than he bargained for—what is more marketable than heirlooms—or—" He broke off abruptly. "There must be no scandal, no publicity."

"There will be none, Monsieur le Préfet."

"Have your way, Monsieur Joly: I do not forget your aversion for theories. You know I have confidence in you."

Reading on the Prefect's back the sign of dismissal, M. Joly retired softly and, descending the gloomy stairway, stepped out into the November sun.

It was a pleasure to be alive. It was a pleasure, too, to be in harness again. "In the stream one enjoys the landscape even better than on the bank," he said to himself. He made an assenting gesture to the lifted whip on the cab at the head of the line and gave the address of Foucquet to the driver.

At Foucquet's apartment a valet informed him that his master was breakfasting at the club. "A previous engagement, with Monsieur de Sade," he added, loftily, seeing his visitor disposed to linger.

M. Joly re-entered his cab. Why should de Sade not breakfast with Foucquet? "We shall be three instead of two," he said, giving the new address to the coachman.

For reasons of his own, M. de Sade had ordered breakfast in a private room.

"I learned only yesterday," he was saying when the doorkeeper brought in M. Joly's card, "you were in town—on leave, I suppose."

"I go back to my ship," replied Foucquet, moodily. "Joly—Joly—" looking up from the card. "I do not know him. Say I am engaged."

"On the contrary," interposed de Sade, quietly, "ask the gentleman to come in. Pardon me," he said, laying his hand on Foucquet's sleeve, "I know Monsieur Joly. He is from the Prefecture, and I counsel you to receive him."

Foucquet stared at him in astonishment. "You know!" he gasped.

"My dear friend, I dined last night with the Prefect. In the life of every secret there is a moment when, like the chick, it cracks its shell. If I am breakfasting with you this morning it is because I have an idea—that I may be of service to you. I assure you, on my honor, this visit of Monsieur Joly is a complete surprise, a pure coincidence. But, since he is here, receive him. You may have every confidence in his discretion. If you wish me to retire—"

"Sit down," murmured Foucquet, grasping his arm—for M. Joly stood in the doorway.

"Gentlemen," he said, affably, "I ask your indulgence. As Monsieur de Sade is aware, the Prefect has done me the honor to place this affair in my hands." Then, to Foucquet, "I have come to place myself in yours."

"What do you wish of me?" asked Foucquet. He was pacing the floor ner-

vously, a prey to the eternal struggle between reason and passion. He had been tricked, fooled, by a woman. To deny it was futile, to confess it humiliating, and the empire of this woman persisted. Memories pleaded for her.

"Frankness, in return for frankness," replied M. Joly.

"But I have made my deposition. I have absolutely nothing to add."

"True, but persons are more illuminating than documents. Reflect a moment. You are not a criminal. No one accuses you, but you are a material witness who has committed, let us say, an indiscretion. I remind you also that in the partnership circumstances have forced upon us our interests are the same."

Foucquet made a gesture of revolt. "So be it, since you insist. I first met madame at the Berlin station. She was distressed because her maid did not appear. Seeing she was in trouble, I accosted her. 'Madame,' I said, 'if I can be of service, command me.' She thanked me and we entered the train, which was about to start. The door of her compartment was closed and I saw no more of her till we reached the frontier. Having diplomatic immunity, I did not enter the customs. I was walking on the platform when she appealed to me. They wished to examine her trunk. Her maid had the key. One of those official brutes who fear to use authority was obstinate. He threatened to detain her. I made myself known. 'Does this lady also belong to the embassy?' he asked. 'No,' I replied, 'but I know her.'"

"I should have answered the idiot 'yes,'" said de Sade.

"They were closing the doors of the carriages. 'It is of no importance,' she said. 'Rather than be delayed I will abandon it.' We took our places and the train moved on. Naturally, her compartment being next to mine, we fell into conversation. We discovered mutual acquaintances, in Berlin, in Vienna, in Paris, and I observed on her cigarette-case a monogram in diamonds—"

"And emeralds." It was de Sade who spoke.

Foucquet, mystified, stopped short.

"Continue, if you please," said M. Joly, ignoring the interruption.

"I begged permission to examine it. 'It is a souvenir,' she replied, laughingly, 'which, like the box on your knees, is never out of my possession.' One does not insist when a lady—"

"Foucquet," broke in de Sade again, "do you mind if I describe this lady for the benefit of Monsieur Joly, who is wondering why, after dining last night with the Prefect, I am breakfasting with you this morning? I will tell you why—because of a coincidence. Last spring, returning from the Riviera, I passed a few days at Aix and strolled one evening into the Casino. The usual crowd surrounded the green table where the bourgeois were stupidly losing their francs. It always amazes me that people of intelligence should disregard in gambling the prudence which governs them in other pursuits of money. Obviously, the chances are against them. It is the green table which pays for the luxury of their surroundings. But why not take the best chance offered? That was precisely what one of the players was doing—losing her francs intelligently.

"What first attracted me was her fascinating personality—the hair of Titian, like burnished copper, the complexion of a sea-shell, and a spirit, a charm—like wine. To see her" (this to Foucquet) "is to understand everything. She was playing single francs persistently on the same number, increasing her stake exactly at the point where, if winning, she recovered previous losses and something besides. Whenever winning, she began again with her single franc. If there were no limit she would never lose. All this you say is simplicity itself—yes, except madame.

"The odds were eight to one and the limit twenty francs. I took out my pencil. By a simple calculation I found that before reaching it she had twenty-seven chances, which is not so bad. Luck was

against her. Twenty-six times she lost—a total of one hundred and fifty-nine francs. Without hesitation she laid down the limit—and won.

“‘One franc to the good!’ I exclaimed, involuntarily. She looked up at the sound of my voice, smiled understandingly, and, gathering up the eight napoleons pushed toward her by the rake of the croupier, passed into the music-room.

“What interested me then was a charming woman amusing herself intelligently. What interests me now is that on the green cloth beside her purse and gloves was a cigarette-case with a monogram in diamonds and emeralds.”

The Prefect had done M. Joly an injustice. His active brain was alive with fluid hypotheses. It was only when hardening into theories that he became suspicious of them.

He had not forgotten Madame de Caraman's German descent. She had been notified that her treasure was to be sent through the embassy. It was quite possible for her to have anticipated its delivery, acquiring at the same time the despatches. It happened that he knew Madame de Caraman well, for he had been concerned in the recovery of a necklace with which, under the influence of suggestion, she had in her sleep adorned a statue of Venus in the park of her residence in Bourg-la-Reine. But, admitting that she knew of the despatches intrusted to Foucquet, it was incredible that a neurotic, to whom nothing in the world mattered but her “feelings,” should be capable of a *coup de main* so daring.

Pichon, to whom the word “German” was a red rag, was of another opinion. Such a woman was a fitting tool for a master-hand. True, she had offered, with the Prefect's consent, a vaguely worded reward of one hundred thousand francs for “jewels lost between Berlin and Paris.” Pichon maintained it was quite safe to offer a reward for what one had already. To his suggestion that the

house in Bourg-la-Reine should be searched, the Prefect, who was a friend of Madame de Caraman, had exploded so violently that Pichon trembled for his official head. Moreover, careful inquiry gave no support to his theory. Madame de Caraman had no relations with the German embassy. Her husband, an archeologist, was in Egypt. Her only visitors were intimates above suspicion.

What interested M. Joly more than all these vagaries was the missing label of the empty trunk. It danced continually before his eyes, a rectangle ten by twenty centimeters, on which his fertile imagination had written the word “Luxembourg”—the postmark of the letter in his pocket.

He had intended to deal frankly with Foucquet, to lay the intercepted correspondence openly on the table. Foucquet, however, had not responded to his invitation for frankness. He had made no reference to the message with the eloquent little word. Was he then still suffering from that malady to which “a prayer and a promise” is a stimulant instead of an antidote? For this reason and because of de Sade's interruption, M. Joly had remained silent.

From the interview at the club he returned to the Prefecture.

“Pichon,” he said, “you will see that this letter goes to its address. If you are curious, read it. This evening, at half past eight, you will station yourself, invisibly, near Foucquet's apartment. If before nine the windows become dark you will know a visitor is expected. Do nothing to alarm this visitor, but on no account lose sight of it—for the present the gender is doubtful. I am about to make a little journey.”

Curious! Pichon was on edge. A journey! Where? What was his idea?

“Ideas! Who knows where they come from, Pichon? Has a dog ideas? They would bother him enormously. I am an old dog who follows his nose.”

He spent the afternoon sleeping, as dogs sleep, in the Luxembourg express, and the following morning in the ex-

ploration of the city, for all the world a bourgeois contemplating travel, but captious in the selection of luggage. Trunks with oval or diamond-shaped labels, though warranted to last a lifetime, failed to please him. He was losing time and patience. At the end of both, no sooner was a lid lifted than he closed it and turned away.

"But monsieur has not examined it," expostulated the irate shopkeeper.

"In selecting a trunk," replied M. Joly, "I am governed by the maker's label. It must be a rectangle. Yours is round."

"Oh," exclaimed the astounded shopman, thinking he had to do with a madman whom it was well to be rid of, "if monsieur is so particular he may find what he desires in the shop across the street."

To his amazement, while watching to see how his rival would deal with this eccentric customer, M. Joly seemed to be disposing of trunks instead of acquiring them, for shortly after his disappearance the trunk on the cab followed him into the rival establishment.

The return of an article once paid for and delivered is a test of human nature. Between offending a customer and losing a profit, the choice is difficult. M. Joly was apologetic. He had no complaint to make. He did not represent the purchaser. The trunk had gone astray in the customs. He was seeking its owner. Restoration was his benevolent object. With this explanation, after consultation with assistants and ledger, the desired address was forthcoming and M. Joly, 17 Rue du Rempart engraved on his memory, resumed his travels, delighted and perplexed. That a woman capable of the ingenuity which had despoiled Foucquet should openly purchase an incriminating accessory from a near-by dealer and brazenly post a letter from the place of her residence was an incredible stupidity. The trail was too plain. Frequently, indeed, in his experience stupidity or desperation had put him on the track. How often, for a mo-

ment of gratification, passion had risked the discovery of the crime it had incited!

At No. 17 Rue du Rempart he noted that its windows overlooked the park, a fashionable quarter. The buttons on the coat of the concierge were shining, a spotless carpet covered the stairway. With every step surmounted perplexity increased. Ushered into a *salon* whose furnishings were as irreproachable as the costume described by Foucquet, he was gazing thoughtfully about him when a woman drew aside the curtains screening the adjoining room.

She stood with an expression of wonder on her face, of amused expectancy, the eyes untroubled, the brow under the hair, so correctly designated by de Sade, unclouded. For once in his life M. Joly experienced a difficulty in opening a conversation.

"Madame," he began, "if what I am about to say proves painful to you, rest assured I regret it."

A smile broke on the parted lips. "Really? I have a presentiment that you come from the Prefecture and are going to make me pay for a folly."

"Follies, madame, interest only the fools who commit them. With crimes, it is otherwise."

The genuine laugh which greeted this statement completed M. Joly's discomfiture.

"Crime! What a horrible word! For folly I pay cheerfully, but for crimes not on my conscience—never! You are laboring under a delusion, monsieur—"

"Joly, madame."

"—Monsieur Joly. Let us hear about this crime which torments you. Afterward I promise to interest you in follies, though you do not commit them. But first be seated."

M. Joly assumed his official manner. "Some two weeks ago you took the Paris express in Berlin, where your maid failed—"

"Ah, but that was Franchette's crime, not mine."

"In the train you made the acquaintance of Monsieur Foucquet—"

"A charming fellow—an indiscretion, perhaps, but not a crime."

"At the frontier you had difficulties with the customs."

"Always at frontiers I have difficulties with the customs. Is not that also your experience?"

"And abandoned a trunk, purchased of Bottin—"

"Well, why not? Would you have me pass a miserable night at the frontier for a trunk which is empty? Listen, Monsieur Joly. You get on so badly with your crime, allow me to try my hand with a folly. Certainly I bought a trunk of Bottin, a cheap one, for Franchette, who always insists that at the last minute there will not be room for everything."

Such levity! and such assurance!

"Will you kindly explain to me why, of all your luggage, only this empty trunk accompanied you?"

"Really, Monsieur Joly, your curiosity is insatiable. When I have satisfied it I shall have paid for folly in full measure. Because I always register luggage through to my destination, and because this bothersome trunk was in Franchette's room when the porter came and was forgotten. We come now to Verdun, do we not? where I confess to the crime of hunger. Monsieur Foucquet was so amiable! To gratify it he offered to go to the buffet. In his absence they moved the carriage. He was gone so unconscionably long that I thought, like Franchette, he could not find it. I became nervous and descended to the platform. But before doing so I rang for the porter, to lock the compartment, for I had noticed on the seat the leather box of which Monsieur Foucquet was so careful. I had teased him about it. If not under his arm it was on his knees. As the porter did not appear I took the box with me. Was not that nice of me? for I assure you it was frightfully heavy. There was another train proceeding in the opposite direction. Foucquet—nowhere to be seen! Among all those rooms and people I became confused, going out on

the wrong side. Nowhere could I discover our carriage. I inquired of a gentleman who was less polite than Monsieur Foucquet. 'Ah, madame,' he said, brutally, slamming the door, 'your train has gone. This is the express for Germany.' It was true. I crossed to the other side. The red light of my train was vanishing. '*Mon Dieu!* What an adventure!' I cried.

"Beside the platform a motor was standing, a private one, but I was desperate. You are interested?"

"Immoderately," said M. Joly.

The silvery laugh was repeated.

"Wait. There is more coming. The chauffeur was reasonable. His patron was in the train for Paris. He saw a chance to pocket something. For a preposterous sum he agreed to bring me here. Naturally my first thought was to restore to Monsieur Foucquet what belonged to him. How? not even knowing his name. Would you have me advertise for an amiable gentleman in the personal column? It was necessary to open the box of Pandora. At last, with the assistance of a locksmith, we succeeded. To discover Monsieur Foucquet's address it was also necessary to examine its contents. I wrote him at once. The problem was a difficult one. There are limits to my folly. If I converse with a stranger when traveling I do not penetrate to his apartment, even as a penitent. Franchette had returned. 'Franchette,' I said, 'you are going to Paris, to No. 12 Rue Bassano. At nine in the evening you will inquire for a certain Foucquet. It is important to deliver to him these papers, alone, in person. You will know he is alone if his windows are dark.' Franchette is a clever girl to whom I do not confide everything. These papers are no longer on my conscience. Franchette returned to-day. Would you like to question her?"

"First—"

"Oh, as many as you please."

"In Monsieur Foucquet's box were also—"

"Yes, a wonderful collection. They

repose now in the vault of the Bank of Luxembourg. Here is the receipt"—she went to the desk by the window. "I did not think it wise to trust Franchette with such a responsibility. Though clever, she also is capable of follies. I have instructed the bank to communicate with Madame de Caraman, whose advertisement I saw in the paper."

"One question more. Will you explain to me why you removed the label of Bottin from your purchase?"

"I? How absurd! That must be one of Franchette's follies. We will ask her."

An exceedingly pretty maid with an intelligent face answered the bell.

"Franchette, this gentleman wishes to know why you destroyed the label on the trunk we bought of Bottin."

"Oh, madame, such a vulgar trunk! And such a ridiculous name! It annoyed me."

"Tell monsieur your adventures in Paris."

The speaking eyes opened wide. "Adventures? There were none. I delivered the papers, just as madame directed."

"That will do, Franchette. You see, monsieur, a clever girl, who has her prejudices. Now are you satisfied? I wrote Monsieur Fouquet I was not what I seemed. Well, am I?"

"Madame," said M. Joly, rising, "do you happen to remember playing one evening in the Casino at Aix?"

"I? Certainly. Another crime, I suppose."

"A gentleman who observed you that evening still preserves the recollection of a charming woman amusing herself intelligently. I wish to subscribe to his opinion."

"You are a gallant man, Monsieur Joly. Say to your friend that if he had spoken his thought I might have remembered him."

"And to Monsieur Fouquet?"

The pink of the sea-shell deepened.

"Nothing."

At the door of No. 17 Rue du Rempart M. Joly ran into the arms of Pichon.

Listening the following evening to the recital of her husband's adventures in Luxembourg, Madame Joly laughed softly.

"I thought so all the time," she said, when he had finished.

There was nothing exactly humiliating in this remark. It was only inconsequential, and for some minutes M. Joly, in a search for its premises, was silent.

"Then you were not concerned for the peace of Europe?"

"Not seriously."

"Nor for Madame de Caraman's heirlooms?"

"Not really."

M. Joly was lost in thought. So, "all the time," while he was pursuing the missing label among the trunk-makers of Luxembourg, she had "thought so"!

"It is true," he said, a little bitterly, "all's well that ends well. Madame de Caraman recovers her heirlooms without paying the reward. There is joy at the Ministry. Fouquet is triumphant. Every one is satisfied."

"Except Pichon."

"Pichon!"

"Certainly, since there is no criminal."

M. Joly relaxed. Pichon had indeed been disappointed. An investigation which failed to produce a criminal was a travesty of justice.

"But, Marie," he persisted, "why did you 'think so'?"

"I really cannot tell you," she said, innocently.

For the thousandth time the same answer! Consequences without antecedents—effects without causes! What an amazing thing a woman was! He saw again the woman of the Berlin-Paris express who "amused herself intelligently"—then, by memory's magical transformation, Marie, where he first saw her, by the fountain in the Medici gardens—the Garden of Eden! There was a woman there also.

"What a pity," he said to himself, "to spoil so charming a fable by introducing a serpent—and so needless!"

AMERICA AT THE EASTERN CROSSROADS

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

WE are an inconsistent and contradictory people. Though we boast of being a world power, with interests as alien and far afield as Vladivostok and Peking, Danzig and Fiume, our national horizons in reality are Sandy Hook and the Golden Gate, the Great Lakes and the Rio Grande. Though the most altruistic motives which ever animated a nation have led us to assume the white man's burden for fifteen millions of people in the Philippines, Guam, Samoa, Hawaii, Alaska, the Canal Zone, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, Haiti, the Virgin Islands, and Porto Rico, we know and care far less about their needs and their problems than we do about those of many countries in which we have only the most vicarious interest. Though our colonial responsibilities have gradually expanded until they stretch from the Caribbean to the China Sea, we have neither a colonial office nor a colonial policy.

Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since George Dewey, his commodore's pennant flaunting from the *Olympia's* masthead, blazed his way into Manila Bay, sank the Spanish fleet, and gave to the United States a colonial empire. It would seem that this was ample time for the American people to become tolerably familiar with the politics, problems, and potentialities of the great archipelago of which, through the fortunes of war, we unexpectedly found ourselves the guardians; yet the discouraging fact remains that, in spite of all that has been said and written on the subject, the average American knows far less about the Philippine Islands, over which floats the American flag, than he knows about Mexico or Ireland or Germany or Russia.

The land area of the archipelago is considerably greater than that of England, Scotland, and Ireland put together, and its population is larger than that of the state of New York. Were you aware that the distance from Cape Bojeador, in northern Luzon, to Tawi Tawi, in the Sulu group, is equal to the entire width of the United States from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico? Your imagination doubtless draws for you a picture of a group of low-lying islands, like those depicted in the geographies of our school days, densely covered with jungle; so it may be something of a revelation to learn that the Philippines have no less than half a dozen mountains which are higher than any peaks in the United States east of the Rockies, that they have at least three rivers which are as long as the Hudson, and that two-thirds of their surface is covered not with jungle, but with splendid forests in which hard woods abound and with the mountains often clothed with pines. You think of the Philippines as being in the tropics, as they are; yet I imagine that you will be surprised to learn that the average maximum summer heat of Manila is considerably lower than that of New York. If you have read the accounts of the voyages of the early explorers you are aware that Cebu was a flourishing city when the only settlement on Manhattan Island was an Indian village, and that Manila had been founded for half a century when the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock.

Now, in considering the question of the Philippines, one should never lose sight of the fact that the Filipinos are not a people. They belong, it is true, to the great Malay race, as do the natives of

the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, Java, and Borneo; just as the Irish belong to the Celtic race, the French to the Latin race, and the Cubans to the Latin and African races. But that does not make them a people in the generally accepted sense of the word. As Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, in *The Mastery of the Pacific*, says: "No Malay nation has ever emerged from the hordes of that race, which has spread over the islands of the Pacific. Wherever they are found they have certain marked characteristics, and of these the most remarkable is their lack of that spirit which goes to form a homogeneous people, to weld them together. The Malay is always a provincial; more, he rarely rises outside the interests of his own town or village." The truth is that the Filipinos, instead of being a people, are a congeries of peoples which have come to the Philippines at various periods, in successive waves of immigration. Although, as the result of four centuries of white man's rule, they have gradually come to resemble one another more and more and to have more and more in common, they are still as distinct in their genealogies, their languages, and their characteristics, as the Chinooks, the Zuñis, the Iroquois, and the Sioux.

There are many methods of classifying the races of mankind and their subdivisions, but that which measures them by their speech is sanctioned both by long usage and by logic. Now, one of the first things that impressed the early explorers, as well as the missionaries who came after them, was the amazing multiplicity of languages among the inhabitants of the Philippines. And what was true in Magellan's time is equally true to-day, the only common medium of communication between the various peoples being the alien tongues which they have learned from their Spanish and American rulers, there being, in fact, more sharply distinct dialects than there are tribes in the islands. Though English is the official language, being a compulsory subject in the schools, the

proceedings of both the Philippine Senate and the House of Representatives are conducted in Spanish. Ability to read and write English or Spanish entitles a male citizen of the Philippines, who is twenty-three or more years of age, to vote. Yet out of the total of more than two million Filipinos of voting age in the islands in 1919, barely one third possessed this qualification. Though the Philippines were ruled from Madrid for more than three hundred and seventy-five years, the use of Spanish never became common, a knowledge of that language being limited to the educated few. It is a striking commentary on the efficiency of our educational methods that, after less than a quarter of a century of American rule, English is far more widely spoken than Spanish ever was.

There is another reason than the lingual one why the inhabitants of the Philippines cannot truthfully be called a people. I refer to the barriers of mutual dislike and prejudice which have separated the various island races ever since the dawn of their recorded history. Political power in the Philippines is at present about equally divided between the Visayans, most of whom live in the Visaya group, in the center of the archipelago, and comprise more than 40 per cent of the total population, and the Tagalogs, who dwell mainly in central Luzon and have less than half the numerical strength of their southern neighbors. The only other element which really counts politically is the Ilocanos, also from Luzon, who, though they form only about 20 per cent of the total population, are quite capable of holding their own. Though the Tagalogs, who are pre-eminently politicians, in which respect they might aptly be compared to the French-Canadians, have heretofore been the dominating Filipino people of the islands, their political supremacy has been successfully challenged in recent years by the Visayans.

Of all the Christian races, the Tagalogs are the most intelligent, the most progressive, and, it is usually conceded,

the least reliable. The Visayans, though in many respects less capable, are generally more docile and law-abiding. The Ilocanos have a well-deserved reputation for industry and for real ability which both of the others lack. These three peoples, which among them control the governmental machinery of the islands, are at heart about as mutually friendly as the South Irish and the Ulstermen, though it must be admitted, in all fairness, that they have to a great extent buried their animosities for political reasons. But whether these mutual animosities would be permitted to remain buried were the islanders granted complete independence is quite another question.

The Visayans, the Tagalogs, and the Ilocanos, together with the Bicol, the Pañgasinans, the Cagayans, and the Zambalans, comprise the seven Christian peoples generally referred to as Filipinos and form approximately seven eighths of the total population of the islands. In addition to the racial divisions just enumerated, there are some twenty-seven non-Christian, or pagan, tribes, such as the Igorots, the Ifugaos, and the Kalingas, all from the mountain districts of Luzon and all until quite recently addicted to the exciting pastime of head-hunting; and the Mandayas and Monobos, two large tribes inhabiting Mindanao. Another of the pagan tribes is the Negritos, black dwarfs, numbering only some twenty-five thousand, who are the aborigines and the original owners of the Philippines. The Negritos had been in undisturbed possession of the islands for centuries when there came a stronger and more advanced race, the Igorots, who conquered the aborigines and appropriated their lands, precisely as we appropriated the lands of the Indians. Later came the wave of Malays we now know as Filipinos and took from the Igorots what they had gained. Though several of the pagan tribes have attained to quite the same level of civilization as the Christians, the latter, nevertheless, treat them, both

socially and politically, with undisguised contempt, exploiting them mercilessly whenever the opportunity offers and superciliously referring to them as "wild men." Finally we find, far to the southward, in the Sulu Archipelago, something over a quarter of a million Moros, intensely warlike and fanatical Mohammedans, whom the Christian Filipinos profess to despise, but of whose fighting qualities they have in reality an inherited and well-grounded fear.

Even more significant, however, than the differences which separate the Christians, the Mohammedans, and the pagans, or the dissensions which disunite the Tagalogs, the Ilocanos, and the Visayans, are those which divide the individuals themselves. I refer to the covert but none the less existent antagonism of the great brown mass of the people for the *mestizos*, or half-castes. For it must be kept in mind that very few of the political leaders are of pure, or anywhere near pure, Malayan blood. One has only to trace their ancestry back a very little way to find indubitable evidence of the admixture of European or Mongolian blood.

Having already pointed out the differences which exist between the various Christian races, between the *mestizos* and those of undiluted Malay blood, and between the Christians, the Mohammedans, and the pagans, it is obviously unsafe to indulge in generalizations. Yet the Filipinos, taken as a whole, possess certain characteristics which are so outstanding that they are admitted by both their critics and their champions. Were I asked to name those of their qualities which most impressed me I should say, without hesitation, their hospitality, their good nature, their innate courtesy, their love for their children, and their passion for education. No matter how poor a Filipino may be, no matter how scanty his food and how wretched his dwelling, he may always be relied upon to offer a stranger the best that his house affords. American soldiers have repeatedly told me of the hospitality

shown them in remote Filipino villages in which they happened to find themselves at nightfall, the natives frequently sleeping out of doors in order that their guests might have shelter. Among no people that I know—and I can claim familiarity with something over a hundred countries—have I met with such universal courtesy as in the Philippines, the native character combining the politeness of the Latin with the easy complaisance of the Malay. They are passionately devoted to their children and will make any sacrifice in order to educate them, a quality which offers great encouragement for their future. The family bonds among the Filipinos are much closer than with us. In fact, a Filipino will make no decision without first consulting with his family. This love of family is carried to an extreme, however, in the so-called *pariente* system, which is almost universal in the islands; that is, when a man begins to make money, or when he obtains an even moderately profitable position, he is expected, as a matter of course, to support all those members of his family and of his wife's family who cannot support themselves, even to first and second cousins, his poorer relatives not infrequently moving to his home, bag and baggage, and proceeding to make it their own. This is family affection carried to the *n*th degree, but it has the obvious disadvantage of inflicting a penalty on any effort to better one's condition. "Why should I work any harder?" argues the Filipino peasant. "If I make any more money I shall be expected to support my mother-in-law and my sisters and my cousins and my aunts."

Though the Filipinos still suffer among foreigners from the evil reputation which they gained as a result of their cruel and inhuman treatment of Spanish and American captives, and though they are certainly callous of the pain suffered by others, they are not, under ordinary circumstances, treacherous. In fact, when they are well disciplined and led by American officers, they make faithful

and dependable troops, as has been proved on a hundred occasions by the Philippine Scouts and the Philippine Constabulary.

And now we come to one of the gravest, if not, indeed, the gravest of the numerous problems which go to make up "the Philippine Question"—the Moro. Though these warlike Mohammedans of the south embrace five different tribes—Sulu, Yakan, Samal, Magindanao, Tanao—they may be considered, for the purpose of this article, as one people. They were the last of the Malays to migrate to the Philippines, having at one period overrun the islands as far northward as Manila, just as the Moors—from whom, by the way, the Moros derive their name—overran Spain, and, like the Moors, they have never been completely subjugated. Though they comprise less than a third of the total non-Christian population—there are only about three hundred thousand of them in all—their relative numerical insignificance is very far from being a criterion of their military strength and ability. Not only have the Filipinos been unable to protect themselves against these bloodthirsty fanatics, but the Spaniards for nearly two centuries and a half were unable to give them adequate protection, the shores of northern Luzon being dotted to-day with the forts which were built for defense against the Moros.

The bulk of the Moro population is found within the limits of the recently created Department of Mindanao and Sulu, though a few thousand of them inhabit the southern districts of Palawan. Until very recently their chief pursuits were piracy, brigandage, murder and arson, in which they still indulge when a safe and favorable opportunity offers, though of late, thanks to the patience and tact of American officials, they have made surprising progress in agriculture. Though they are cruel, haughty, and often treacherous, they are at the same time exceedingly courte-

ous, observing their own code of manners rigidly. They are inordinately fond of brilliant colors, blacken their lips and teeth with betel-nut, and are justly proud of their skill with their characteristic weapons—the serpentine-bladed Malay *kris* and the terrible Moro *barong*. The Moro usually carries his *barong*, which is a knife with an exceptionally broad and heavy blade, slung over his left shoulder in a scabbard consisting of two thin pieces of board held together with string. When he goes into action he wastes no time in freeing the weapon from its sheath, but sweeps it down, sheath and all, on the head of his enemy, the razor-sharp blade cutting the strings of the scabbard as it whistles through the air. The Moros are, curiously enough, fine horsemen and magnificent boatmen. Mounted on their wiry island ponies, they hunt the native stags over incredibly rough country, tiring them out and killing them with spears. In their slim *vintas*, dugouts equipped with double outriggers, they jeer at the roughest seas, it being for this reason virtually impossible to suppress the smuggling which forms one of their chief pursuits. Though they proudly profess themselves followers of the Prophet, theirs is not the Mohammedanism one finds in Turkey or North Africa, but a brand of religion peculiarly their own.

The Filipinos are afraid of the Moros, and they have the best of reasons to be, for the Moro is not only a desperate fighter, a dangerous and resourceful enemy, but he goes into battle with the conviction that he is certain of gaining Paradise if he kills a Christian. The fighting record of the Moros is written large in the history of the Philippines. Not only did they successfully defy for two centuries and a half the best troops that Spain could bring against them, but it was only by turning Moroland into an armed camp that we were ourselves able to subjugate them. Let me add, parenthetically, that the Moros took no part in the Filipino insurrection against the United States, being deaf to the appeals

made to them by Aguinaldo. The guerilla warfare which they waged against us for several years was due to much the same reasons which inspired the various outbreaks among the Indians. Though the Filipinos are by no means lacking in courage under ordinary circumstances, no American, familiar with the facts, with whom I talked, believes for a moment that these could impose their rule on the Moros, or that they could even keep them at home. Let the Moro be ruled with justice and unyielding firmness, and, though he will still be far from making an ideal citizen, he will not be a troublesome one. A striking example of what can be accomplished with the Moros when properly handled is provided by the Moro battalions of the Philippine Scouts, which are fully the equal of the Pathans and the Ghurkas, the best troops in the Indian army. But I am convinced, from what I have seen and heard of both races, that Filipino rule in Moroland would be neither just nor firm, first, because the Filipinos hate the Moros too bitterly to give them a square deal; and secondly, because they are in too great fear of them to rule them with the necessary firmness. In spite of the fact that the Moros fought us desperately for years, they have become, of all the peoples in the archipelago, save only the Igorots and the little group of mercenaries known as Maccabebes, our staunchest friends. They still occasionally indulge in outbursts of lawlessness, it is true, just as a party of cow-punchers occasionally shoots up a cattle town, but these are wholly without political significance. As long as they are permitted to continue under American rule they will remain as peaceable as their naturally turbulent natures permit, but once attempt to replace the American troops and officials with Filipinos and there will be an outburst that will shake the archipelago. That their suspicion and distrust of Americans has been replaced by confidence and liking is very largely due to the extraordinary tact and ability in handling them shown by the Hon.



FILIPINOS THRESHING RICE

The grain is separated from the chaff by the family and neighbors who put in several not over-strenuous days leaning against a revolving rail, smoking, gossiping, and singing as they work.

Frank W. Carpenter, until recently Governor of the Department of Mindanao and Sulu. Carpenter is of the stuff from which sirdars and viceroys are made.

The Filipino officials at Manila complacently assert that the Moros are now completely disarmed, and therefore powerless; and, in order to lend color to their assertion, they cabled Governor Rogers last winter that the magnificent collection of blade weapons, which he had borrowed from the local chieftains, must not be included in the Moro exhibit at the 1920 Manila exposition. Not only are the Moros very far from being disarmed, but I was told by officials in British North Borneo that arms and ammunition in small quantities are constantly being run across the Sulu Sea from the Dutch islands in swift-sailing *prahaus*, it being openly asserted by the Moro leaders that, though they like American rule, they will resist any attempt to impose Filipino domination upon them as long as there is a Moro left alive. I discussed the question of dis-

armament with Governor Rogers, who told me that, though a few *datos* and *panglimas* had been granted permission to carry *barongs* or *kris*es as emblems of authority, it was an open secret that there were blade weapons in every house, and that the official who attempted to deprive the Moros of these would precipitate an insurrection.

Another official who knows how to handle the natives is Captain Link, the provincial treasurer, a lean, lithe South-Carolinian who has spent fourteen years in Moroland. Captain Link is what is known in the cattle country as a "go-gitter." It is told of him that he once nearly lost his commission, while an officer of constabulary, by sending to the governor, as a Christmas present, a package which, upon being opened, was found to contain the head of a much-wanted outlaw. Atop of the bookcase in his study—the bookcase, by the way, contains Burton's *Thousand and One Nights* and President Eliot's tabloid classics—is a grinning skull surmounted

by a Moro fez. Both skull and fez once belonged to a notorious Moro brigand. Across the front of the fez is printed this significant legend:

THIS IS JOHN HENRY
JOHN HENRY DISOBEYED CAPTAIN LINK
Sic Transit Gloria Mundi

The return to power in 1913 of the Democratic party was the signal for a complete reversal of American policy toward the Philippines. Though, during both the Roosevelt and Taft administrations, the Filipinos had been granted a steadily increasing measure of autonomy, certain departments of the insular government, particularly those which related to public security, public instruction, and public health, had been kept under American control. But with the inauguration of President Wilson the so-called "Filipinization" of the Philippines—by which is meant the appointment of Filipinos to government positions—which had begun with the American occupation of the islands in 1898 and had made steady progress under Governors-General Taft and Forbes, was suddenly expanded to a degree which those best acquainted with the Filipino and his limitations believed to be unwise and inimical to the best interests of the natives themselves. Whereas Taft and Forbes began to Filipinize the insular government from the bottom up, cautiously feeling their way and placing natives at first only in the lower positions, the Democratic administration

jumped in and Filipinized the highest positions in the government, appointing natives of little or no experience as judges, chiefs of bureaus, and secretaries of departments, many of these appointments being based on political considerations rather than on merit, as had been the case theretofore. That, and the establishment of an elective Senate in the place of the appointed commis-

sion which had acted as a Senate, comprise the principal measures of Filipinization effected under the Wilson administration. As a result of this policy of wholesale Filipinization, the executive departments of the insular government, with the sole exception of the Department of Public Instruction, the portfolio of which is held, according to law, by the American Vice-Governor, are now in Filipino hands.

Of the school system in general it may be said that American teachers

have been almost entirely supplanted by natives in the lower and intermediate grades, and that higher education is rapidly being turned over to the latter, there now being upward of eleven thousand Filipino teachers and less than four hundred American ones in the islands, though recently the government has attempted to obtain additional teachers from the United States. I am not sufficiently familiar with educational conditions in the Philippines to discuss them intelligently, but my observations convinced me that, though the wholesale elimination of American teachers has unquestionably resulted in a marked



A BAGOBO YOUTH FROM MINDANAO

The garments of this picturesque pagan tribe are beautiful specimens of embroidery with beads and shells.

lowering of educational standards, the native teachers are, everything considered, doing surprisingly well. One of the regrettable results of the Filipinization of the schools—regrettable from the point of view of Americans, at least—is the movement which has as its object the substitution of Spanish for English in their curricula. This may be, changed, however, when the young Filipinos who are being sent in steadily increasing numbers to the United States to be educated begin to make themselves felt in the public life of the Philippines.

One of the most important accomplishments of the Philippine Commission was the establishment in Manila of the great Bureau of Science, for the purpose of co-ordinating, in one building and under one head, all the agencies of scientific research, such as geology, zoology, botany, mineralogy, forestry, ethnology, and medicine. When it was completed we were able to say that the opportunities offered at Manila for tropical research work were probably unequaled

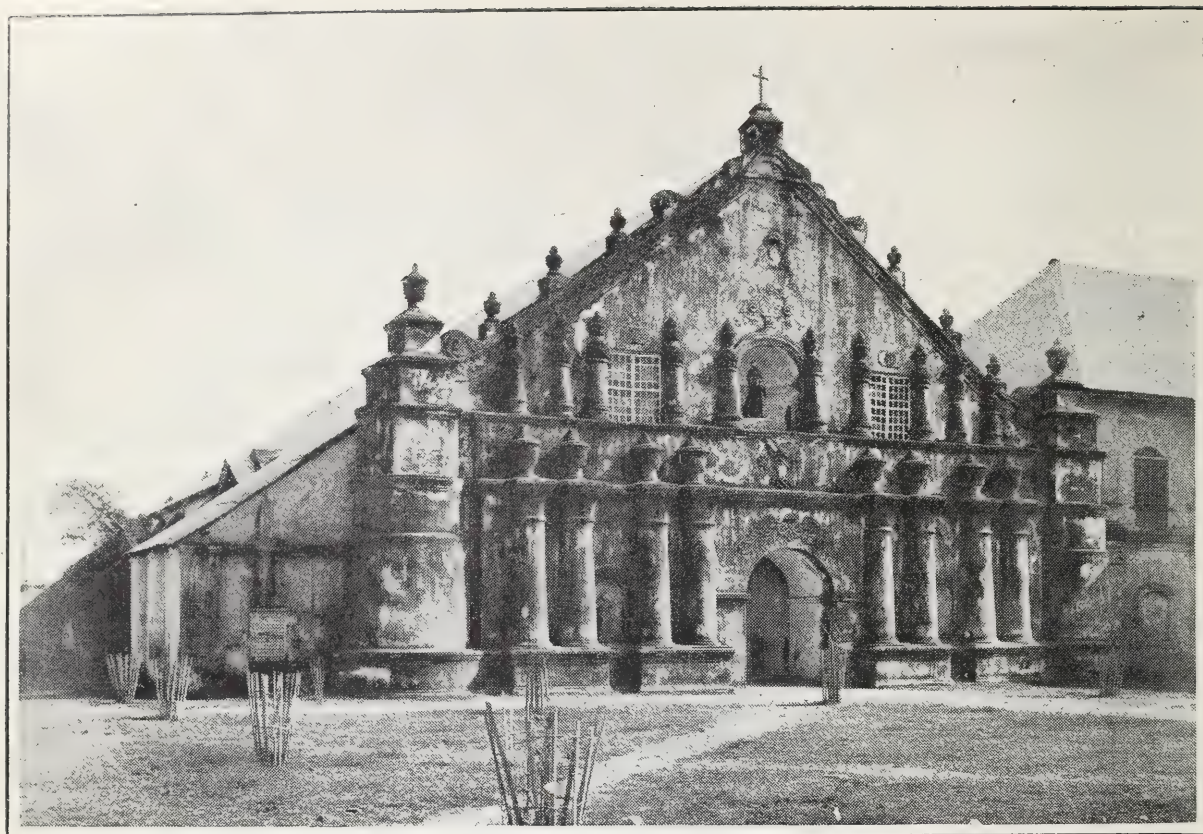
anywhere in the world. Yet this remarkable institution, at one time the best staffed, most completely equipped, and most efficient of its kind in the entire Orient, is now a veritable morgue, its once busy corridors comparatively deserted, much of its costly and delicate apparatus unused and covered with dust. Before its Filipinization the Bureau of Science boasted a staff of truly remarkable men, who were employed solely on the strength of their qualifications and regardless of their nationality. But today, as a result of the policy of filling every lucrative post with a Filipino, only a handful of Europeans remain.

Far-reaching in its ultimate effect on the progress of the islands as the Filipinization of the educational system will be, equally serious and far more immediate developments are almost certain to result from the Filipinization of the Health Service. In fact, its director, Dr. J. B. Long, resigned in January, 1919, in spite of the remonstrances of the Governor-General, because he as-



PREPARING THE LAND FOR PLANTING

The peasants do their plowing by means of a pointed wooden snag, sometimes iron-tipped, which is drawn by a leisurely carabao.



CHURCH AND BELL TOWER AT LAOAG, LUZON

Erected at the time when Manhattan Island had no churches but Indian wigwams.

serted that his organization was falling to pieces as a result of the wholesale replacement of Americans by Filipinos, so that he could no longer assume responsibility for the maintenance of public health in the islands. When the Americans landed in the Philippines in 1898, smallpox and cholera stalked almost unchecked throughout the archipelago, and bubonic plague was always at the islands' gates, but, with the establishment of the Health Service all three of these diseases were stamped out, making the Philippines the healthiest tropical country in the world. But within the past two years, due, it was asserted by those American physicians with whom I talked, to the impaired efficiency of the Filipinized Health Service, both cholera and smallpox have reappeared in virulent form. As the Quarantine Service remains under American control, there has been no plague in the islands for nearly fifteen years.

Public order is maintained throughout the islands by the police forces of the

various municipalities and by the Philippine Constabulary, which has long had an enviable reputation for discipline and efficiency. The Constabulary, which was organized and trained by officers of the American army, at present consists of about three hundred and sixty officers and nearly six thousand men. At the height of its efficiency the Constabulary had three hundred and seventy-five American officers, most of whom had been drawn from our volunteer forces in the war with Spain; but, as a result of the Filipinization of the service, only twenty American officers remain. Though the present Chief of Constabulary, Brigadier-General Crame, is ostensibly a Filipino, he is, both by blood and training, far more European than Asiatic, being three quarters Spanish and having received his military education in Spain. He has displayed such marked energy in the pursuit and punishment of malefactors, and has in his secret files so much embarrassing information in regard to many influential Filipinos, that he is said to

have remarked that he would leave the islands the day the American flag was hauled down, because his life would not be safe were he to remain.

No nation was ever more faithfully served by its public servants than the Philippines have been served by the American officers of its Constabulary. They have given their best years and the best that was in them to the service of the islanders. Most of the handful of Americans remaining in the Constabulary have worn the scarlet-trimmed khaki of the service for close on twenty years; several of them bear on their breasts the bit of red ribbon sprinkled with silver stars which is the badge of the Philippine Medal of Honor; one of them irretrievably ruined his health while caring for the refugees during the eruption of Taal Volcano; others still carry on their bodies the marks of bullet, spear, and knife wounds which they received while making the Moro islands safe for the Filipino. Yet the Filipino politicians, recognizing how powerful a weapon the Constabulary offers to the faction which controls it, have almost completely eliminated the men who brought the famous force to its present standard of efficiency. The politicians succeeded in getting rid of most of the American officers in the lower grades by the enactment of a bill cutting off their fogies—that is, their increases in pay for long service—yet, after all but the senior officers, who were too old to embark on new careers, had been forced out of the service, the fogies were restored in order that the Filipino officers might have the benefit of them. Just as military men of experience predicted, the Filipinization of the Constabulary

is resulting in the steady deterioration of the force's morale, discipline, and efficiency; for the enlisted men, particularly those recruited from the non-Christian tribes, will not accord to their Filipino officers the same respect and obedience which they did to the Americans.

The Philippine Question naturally divides itself into two distinct problems. First, how would the granting of independence to the Philippines affect our own constantly increasing interests in the Far East? And, second, would in-



A SCENE IN ZAMBOANGA

Zamboanga, the capital of Mindanao and Sulu, is not only the most beautiful city in the Philippines, but is one of the most attractively kept municipalities in the world.

dependence be best for the Filipinos themselves? The Filipinos assert, and with truth, that the former is a purely selfish consideration, but the lessons of the Great War have taught us that national considerations, selfish though they may be, cannot safely be disregarded. England did not remain in military occupation of Egypt for forty years through any desire to exploit the Egyptians, or because she was financially benefited by her hold on the Valley of the Nile—on the contrary, the occupation of Egypt added enormously to the burdens borne by the British taxpayer—but because, in controlling Egypt, she was insuring the safety of the Suez Canal, which is the gateway through which passes Britain's enormous commerce with the Farther East. Our own position in the Philippines is somewhat analogous to England's position in Egypt. And, as surely as darkness follows the day, as smoke goes upward, our commerce with the Orient, now growing by leaps and bounds, will, in a considerable measure at least, be won away from us by those nations which are better situated geographically to push their commercial interests—England through Hongkong and Tientsin, France through Hai Fong and her concessions in Yunnan, Japan through Korea and the Shantung Peninsula—if our flag comes down in the Philippines.

Though, prior to our entry into the Great War, certain Japanese militarists and jingo politicians unquestionably looked with favor on an attempt to gain the mastery of the Pacific by force of arms, the illustration which we gave to the world in 1917-18 of our ability to raise and equip and transport overseas an army of staggering dimensions had a profound effect on public opinion in Tokyo. As a result of this sudden awakening to what a trial of strength with the United States would mean, I consider it unlikely in the extreme that we shall ever be forced to resort to arms in defense of our interests in the Pacific, but that does not mean that there is no

possibility of such a contingency arising. As this possibility, remote though it may be, always exists, let me call your attention to the immense military and naval advantages afforded us by the Philippines, which are within easy striking distance of every Asiatic port between Yokohama and Singapore and lie squarely athwart every trade route between the Far East and Europe, Australia, South America and Mexico. With a powerful fleet having its base in Subig Bay, we could not only guarantee our own coasts, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Canal Zone against enemy attack, but we should hold the commerce of the Pacific at our mercy. Deprived of the Philippines as a base of operations, in any struggle in which we might become involved in the Pacific we should be forced to fight on the defensive, which, as most naval experts agree, is usually doubtful strategy.

"The Philippines are more trouble than they are worth. Let's get rid of them," has long been a popular slogan with the uninformed in America. Let me call the attention of those who hold this view to the fact that the Philippines are not costing the American taxpayer a single penny, the insular finances, for several years past, having shown a surplus instead of a deficit. In making this statement I do not include, of course, the cost of maintaining our naval and military forces in the islands, for it is to be assumed that, should we grant the Filipinos independence, these forces would not be disbanded, but would merely be stationed elsewhere, so that the expense of their maintenance would be, if anything, increased. The Philippines, as I have attempted to show you, constitute America's military and commercial outpost in the Orient. Whether, in view of the present condition of world affairs, it is high patriotism, sound strategy, good business, to abandon such an outpost, with the possibility that it might fall into unfriendly hands, is a question which the American people must decide for themselves.



A BUSY SCENE ON THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA
Where eastern small craft and western steamers anchor side by side.

In considering the question of whether independence would be best for the Filipinos themselves, it must be kept in mind that very few educated Filipinos expect, or really want, *complete* autonomy. What they seek, rather, is a form of independence which will insure them complete security without expense or anxiety. While vociferously demanding the assets of the business, they are unwilling to assume its responsibilities. The fact that their legislative measures are subject to the veto of the American governor-general, that their finances are under the control of an American auditor, that a few positions in the Constabulary, the Health Service, and the Department of Public Instruction are still held by Americans, makes the Filipinos almost childishly resentful; yet they would instantly become panic-stricken were we to announce that we intended to withdraw immediately from the islands, taking our troops and our warships with us. The Filipinos bitterly resent the suggestion of an American protectorate, yet naïvely assert in the next breath that in the event of their becoming involved in hostilities

with another Power they would expect us to protect them. Let me remark here, for the benefit of those Filipinos who may read this article, that, if they seriously believe that the American people, once our flag was hauled down and our troops withdrawn, would ever consent to engage in a foreign war in order to defend the Philippines against external aggression, then they are only deceiving themselves. The sentiment of the majority of the American people is, I believe, that, if the Filipinos insist on cutting themselves adrift, then they must paddle their own canoe and need not look to the United States for assistance if a storm arises.

Though I am convinced, from my conversations with a large number of prominent Filipinos, that they would view with the gravest apprehensions a complete evacuation of the islands by the Americans, the politicians have harped so long on the theme of "*la independencia*" that the great ignorant mass of the people have been led to believe that only in complete independence will they find their national salvation and happiness. It should always be kept in mind that

the Filipinos have no political parties as we have in the United States for the reason that there is no question of sufficient importance to divide public opinion. Hence, the only political parties are the "Ins" and the "Outs," both of which, in lieu of any other national issue, such as taxation or the tariff or the League of Nations, insistently clamor for immediate independence. Though the "Ins" are, I imagine, quite contented with present conditions, they do not dare to drop the demand for independence for fear that the "Outs" would seize on the issue and use it as an excuse for ousting them. The whole hullabaloo for independence has been instigated and fostered by the politicians; the ignorant *tao* has only the haziest idea of what independence would mean.

The average Filipino's conception of independence is well illustrated by a story which was told me in Manila. A provincial political boss, who had been a candidate, but had been overwhelmingly defeated at the polls, burst into his party headquarters, shortly after the

results of the election had been announced, livid with rage. "I'm for independence!" he bellowed. "I'm for independence at once! If only these cursed Americanos were out of here, I'd come into town with a thousand of my bolo men and wipe out the gang that defeated me and get the governership. It's all the fault of the damned interfering Americanos. They're always insisting on law and order! *Viva la independencia!*" Now that man, *opéra bouffe* as he may seem, represents the sentiments of a by no means inconsiderable number of Filipino politicians. Such men, in order to attain their selfish ends, would prefer to see the Philippines saddled with the brand of "independence" that Mexico enjoyed under the rule of Carranza, or that Russia is enjoying today under Lenin and Trotzky, to the reign of decency, justice, and security which Lord Cromer gave to the Egyptians. As a matter of fact, the Filipinos are already as free, under the existing form of government, as the peoples of Canada and South Africa and Australia, and they enjoy what experienced and



THE SUNDAY MORNING DOG-MARKET AT BAGUIO

Hundreds of dogs bought or stolen in the villages of the plain, are sold here for food.

impartial observers have declared to be the most just, the most honest, and the most advanced government in the world, but to this truth they stubbornly close their eyes, insisting that they must have independence in name as well as in substance.

Much of the unrest, uncertainty, and discontent which exists in the Philippines to-day is directly traceable to certain American politicians, who, eager to obtain cheap publicity and to make political capital, have espoused the cause of Filipino independence, regarding which few of them possess first-hand knowledge and which still fewer are qualified intelligently to discuss. What we need for a just and intelligent solution of the Philippine Question are not the philippics of politicians or the appeals of impractical sentimentalists, but the reasoned advice of men with long experience in colonial administration, men of the stamp of Clive and Hastings, of Cromer, Milner, and Curzon, men who serve neither personal nor party interests. Until we abolish our present system of selecting our colonial officials on the strength of their political records and affiliations instead of for their actual qualifications for the duties to be performed; until the government at Washington will give heed to the disinterested advice of men who know through long experience whereof they speak, and who have the best interests of the Filipinos themselves genuinely at heart; until we adopt and adhere to a definite colonial policy, regardless of the political party which may be in power, the Philippines will not know enduring tranquillity or prosperity. In forest, mineral, and agricultural resources they are enormously rich, but for the proper development of these resources great quantities of capital are required, and nothing is more certain than that foreign investors will not risk their capital in islands whose future is so cloudy and uncertain.

If the Filipinos could present more convincing proofs than they have yet done that they are really fitted for the

independence which they covet; if they could show, beyond all peradventure, that they are prepared to take care of themselves without further assistance or protection from the United States, then, I believe, the majority of the American people would say: "Here is your independence. Take it, and God be with you." But before that happy state of affairs could be realized, we should have to ask ourselves, in all seriousness, certain questions. If we were to grant the Filipinos their independence, to which of the various races should we hand over the machinery of government—to the Tagalogs, the Ilocanos, the Visayans, to name only three of them? Then, again, should we intrust the reins of power to the great brown mass of people who are the real natives of the islands, or should we give them to the little group of half-caste politicians and agitators who are at present in the saddle? Should we deliver the pagan tribes—the Igorots, Ifugaos, Kalingas, Mandayas, Monobos, and the rest—to the Christians, to be exploited and oppressed as they were before the American occupation? Should we attempt to compel the Moros to submit to the rule of the Filipinos, whom they despise and hate, and, if we did make such an attempt and they revolted, as they almost certainly would, should we send troops to the islands to aid the Filipinos in subjugating them? If the Republic of the Philippines should become, as the result of internal jealousies and dissensions, another Haiti, should we intervene and restore order, as we have done in the black republic? Should Japan, or China, or both, insist on the unrestricted admission of their nationals to the rich lands of the Philippines, and should the Filipinos refuse them such admission, would we be prepared to back the refusal of the Filipinos with men and guns, or would we stand aloof and see the archipelago overrun by yellow men? And, finally, if we guaranteed the independence of the young republic, and that independence should be menaced by a covetous and warlike

neighbor, would we be prepared to spend thousands of lives and billions of dollars in rescuing the Filipinos and setting them on their feet and starting them in business all over again? In stating these hypothetical questions, nothing is further from my purpose than to embarrass the Filipinos, whom I frankly like, or to belittle their very real abilities, or to prejudice my readers against them. But, embarrassing or not, these are questions which the American people must answer, and answer in the affirmative, before they can conscientiously turn adrift the ten million "little brown brothers" whom they so lightheartedly adopted nearly a quarter of a century ago.

The Filipinos should think twice before insisting on independence. What the Philippines most need is the investment of the outside capital which is essential to the proper development of the great natural resources of the islands. And one reason—perhaps the chief reason—why capitalists hesitate to make investments in the archipelago is this very talk of independence. It is entirely possible that the islanders, if given independence, might succeed in establishing and maintaining a just, stable, and progressive government. But those who

have money to invest have not yet confidence in the stability of character of the mass of the Filipinos, so that independence would almost certainly mean an emigration rather than an immigration of capital. Nor would the markets of the United States remain open to the Filipinos as at present. In that respect a Philippine republic would stand in exactly the same position as other foreign countries. These are considerations which those Filipino leaders who have the best interests of their country genuinely at heart would do well to think over.

But, in any event, nothing is to be gained by further drifting. The present policy of uncertainty and procrastination irritates the Filipinos, works hardship on Americans having interests in the islands, and greatly retards the economic development of the archipelago. If we are convinced that the best interests of the Filipinos and ourselves would be realized by granting the islanders independence, let us do it without further delay or argument. Otherwise, let us have the courage to solve "the Philippine Question" for good and all by declaring that the flag which was raised by Dewey shall not be hauled down.

A CHILD QUESTIONS ME

BY JACK BURROUGHS

HE broke the fragile bit of painted wood
That was his favored toy. Though confident
In my maturer wisdom, as I bent
Down close to him in playtime's brotherhood,
To mend the treasured bit of trash, he stood
And marveled, while he voiced his wonderment
At my strange skill. It was a life event,
And I was numbered with the great and good.

"Tell me"—a child's irrelevance found word,
Voicing a new-born reverence for me—
"Who made the hills and every tree and bird,
And all the world?" I answered, musingly:
"Ask me to mend your toys, dear. I have heard
The World ask vainly who that One may be."

THE POPPIES OF WU FONG

BY LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

WU FONG had graduated from Yale at the head of his class, but it was impossible to divine, in his case, whether Western ideas and culture had been taken to heart or held merely in the head—with reservations. In the diplomatic service, during the years that followed, he had made brilliant use of his Occidental training—although here one suspects the wisdom of Confucius may have played a subtle part. In more than one capital of Europe he was remembered as a model counselor, silent, courteous, astute. Ripe in years, and in experience as well, he was at last appointed to Washington, where he seemed to have achieved a fixed and lustrous niche; but when the Manchu dynasty fell and China declared herself a republic, Wu Fong, without visible emotion of any sort, forthright resigned his post. He was an aristocrat to the very end. He gave out no statement, denied himself to all interviewers, and, choosing to remain in the country of his adoption, he went into dignified retirement.

When not at his country place, it was his custom, about eleven in the morning, to issue sedately from his city house and stroll through the Square which faced it. Seemingly, he had a fondness for that corner of the little park where stood the Jesson Fountain—acclaimed in its slender grace and beauty one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Mortimer Jesson's art—and sometimes he would seat himself near by, his hands folded upon the ivory head of his walking stick in profound meditation. But it was impossible to say whether his thoughts were upon the eclipse of dynasties or upon the frowsy sparrows splashing in the marble pool.

For a fortnight the Jesson Fountain

had been draped in purple, and from his bench Wu Fong contemplated, with the inscrutable emotions of the Oriental, a wreath of withering bay leaves—mute testimony to the uncertainty of life and to the passing respect of the living for the dead. The sudden death of Mortimer Jesson, of the great architectural firm of Jesson, Alexander & McBride, had been a shock to the community and a loss to the nation as well.

It was a bright June morning, and the sparrows spluttered vociferously in the fountain, quite unmindful of Wu Fong's meditative contemplation. He seemed to regard their incessant darts and chatter with a benign composure, and when he presently resumed his stroll along the crowded sidewalks and across the avenues choked with fretting motor cars, it was as if he moved in a world of his own thoughts, wholly unaware of the feverish turmoil that swirled about him. Only when he stepped into the elevator that was to shoot him twenty stories skyward—in half as many seconds—to the offices of Jesson, Alexander & McBride did he perforce submit himself to Occidental speed of locomotion.

His card, taken in to Howard McBride's private room, secured him immediate admittance. Wu Fong had been a classmate of McBride's father at Yale, where the latter had rendered the diffident and bewildered young Chinaman some friendly service long since forgotten. But in spite of the lapse of more than forty years it had remained an ineffaceable memory in the heart of Wu Fong, attested at intervals by some quaint gift proffered with profound Oriental courtesy. And, in accordance with strict Chinese custom, upon the

death of the elder McBride the gratitude of Wu Fong had been transferred to the son.

Howard McBride was always a little puzzled by these ceremonial invasions of his office. He was fearful lest his careless American manners might give unintended offense to the grave and punctilious Oriental, under whose skin it was impossible to get and in whose mind all play of thought and emotion went on forever masked. The fact that within those unfathomable depths there endured a friendship which had been his father's never ceased to fill McBride with wonder and awe.

"I venture to intrude when you must be very busy," Wu Fong apologized from the doorway, where he had gravely halted.

But the young man swung away from his desk, frankly glad of the interruption.

"Busy! Well, you can imagine! Mr. Jesson's death has naturally upset everything. But I'm awfully glad you came in, and you must sit down."

He dropped back into his own seat, and his fingers began to beat a nervous tattoo upon the arms of the chair. In spite of his athletic physique, McBride was high-strung, and given to driving himself under business pressure at high tension—a fact to which he was now abruptly recalled.

"You are always a welcome reminder that we are all going it too fast—our national vice."

"Some races are still in their childhood," Wu Fong mused aloud. "But wisdom comes . . . with the centuries."

There was silence for a long moment—a silence which always seemed to fall after one of Wu Fong's sententious remarks and to be part of it.

Suddenly McBride spoke. "I had no idea that you were still in town. I rather imagined you out at Glenview, dreaming among your poppy fields."

"I am taking my departure to-day, as I have come to announce." And then, as if he were already envisaging the felicity in store for him among his

flowers, he added, "You should come out and see my poppies."

"I wish I could," sighed the young man. "If this infernal business didn't have me completely tied down—"

"Business endures; the poppies bloom and are gone."

McBride was pondering the logic of this Oriental rebuke when the telephone at his elbow rang stridently. He snatched up the receiver, listened a moment, and then his brow clouded with annoyance.

"Ask him to wait," he said, shortly.

Wu Fong meanwhile had risen to his feet.

"Don't go—I beg of you! Not just yet!"

It was as if the distracted young man suddenly wished to cling to the opportune presence of his visitor as a refuge from whatever impended. The lines of worry and fatigue upon his face had sharpened.

Wu Fong bowed gravely and resumed his seat, while McBride gloomed uneasily at the window and his fingers began again their fretful tattoo upon the arms of his chair.

"It's a rotten world!" he flung out, bitterly. "Your Excellency can have no idea—away from it all, out at Glenview among your poppies—"

McBride checked himself. It was a childish outburst, he reflected, before this aged diplomat, who had been schooled to cope with the most intricate forms of guile and trickery which human cunning could contrive. It came over the young architect at that moment what those many years of statecraft must have been, which yet had left no visible impress upon that benign and placid face. He suddenly thought of Wu Fong as a deep well into which for nearly half a century the secrets of courts and embassies had been flung.

"If there were only more poppy fields like mine . . ." Wu Fong propounded, cryptically.

But the young man was struck by his thought of the deep well. He was

tempted to drop into it his own secret concern, reflecting that it would be buried there as in a grave.

"It's Kilgore—of the Board of Estimate—waiting outside," he said, aloud. In municipal politics Kilgore was recognized as a subtle, maleficent power, and as such was both feared and respected.

"No background—no breeding—no morals," McBride epitomized him harshly. "And yet his morals are not much worse than some other persons'." He smiled bitterly at the inkstand. "I never thought to find myself in his clutches, but there I am. Confronted with a dilemma that would stump the wisdom of your great Confucius. I wonder . . . would you be willing to listen?" He looked almost wistfully across at his visitor. "If it wouldn't be detaining you—"

Wu Fong made a disclaiming gesture with one hand, then folded it again within the other. "Time is less than nothing. I should feel honored."

McBride swiftly began to sketch the situation in terse and unequivocal words.

The designing of the new municipal building, which was to be the crowning architectural glory of the city, had been awarded to Jesson, Alexander & McBride. The negotiations had been conducted by Mortimer Jesson alone, and the plans, in so far as they had been tentatively drafted, had been under his sole personal supervision. His reputation, nation-wide, was ample assurance that the city would one day look with pride upon a masterpiece of design. Then, suddenly, had intervened the death of the great architect.

But the shock of that calamity upon McBride was to be succeeded, a week later, by a more appalling discovery. Kilgore, of the Board of Estimate, had called upon him. McBride, who as yet knew nothing of the details of the municipal building contract, was wholly unprepared for the revelation that followed. He had remained closeted with Kilgore for an hour and a half, during which the young architect passed from

incredulity and hot indignation to stunned bewilderment and shame. With a patience and caution born of long experience at this sort of game Kilgore had faced his cards, one by one, until his whole hand lay revealed, and with the same masterful craft had kept his grip upon the outraged and recalcitrant young man. With a sinking heart, it was borne in upon McBride that the meshes were too intricate and too deftly woven to be broken from now. Contracts had been signed, subsequent to secret understandings; bonds had been filed; and through it all was a deliberate and cunning graft, brazen and despicable.

But the outstanding and incredible fact to Howard McBride had been that Mortimer Jesson had consented to foul his hands with it. McBride could find excuse for him only on the supposition that the great architect, always disdainful of costs and his own personal profit, and inwardly contemptuous of dealing with politicians in the only way they could be dealt with, had yielded his scruples under the temptation which the great work offered to his eager, impatient hands. He sought nothing for himself, but in the largeness of his own soul he had been lax to the sordid greed of others. Therein had lain the artist's weakness, his moral indifference. He had visioned only the artistic masterpiece which he would create for the city, shutting his eyes to the thievery incident to its becoming an actuality.

"It's nothing less than barefaced robbery of the city treasury," concluded McBride, hotly. "As a firm we are committed to it—a sort of silent partner in the crime. We can't back out; and to divulge it . . . well, you can imagine the scandal that would follow, and how it would smirch the great name of Mortimer Jesson. No one would believe that he stood to make nothing out of it himself."

McBride plunged his hands desperately into his trousers pockets. "In the name of all that's just and decent, it

ought to be exposed, even at the sacrifice of Mr. Jesson's reputation. But I can't do it because—because of Hilda. I love my wife too much to deliberately bring disgrace upon her father's name."

He looked across at Wu Fong, eager for some sign of sympathetic understanding, but his visitor listened as if unmoved, thoughtfully stroking the ivory head of his walking stick.

"I'm stalling with Kilgore, but I've got to give in and accept the situation on his own terms. I'd like to see the city get a square deal, but—damn it all!—I'm only human, and I think a lot of my wife!" McBride dropped his aching forehead into his hands, with elbows planted upon the desk. "As I said before, it's a rotten world. Your Excellency is well out of it. I really envy you the peaceful leisure of your poppy fields."

"You should come and share my meditations there."

McBride laughed bitterly. "And leave Kilgore in the outer office, waiting to deliver his ultimatum."

Wu Fong looked up like a bland and innocent child. "He should come out and see the poppies, too."

McBride smiled at what he considered to be an ironic thrust. Kilgore, born of the spawn of tenements and grown to invincible power on the South Side, probably did not know a poppy from a rhododendron.

"You say that O'Rourke is a party to this affair?" Wu Fong inquired, thoughtfully.

"Yes, with Swayne, and also Weinkoop. They are the contractors . . . the participating contractors, you understand," McBride added, bitterly.

Wu Fong slowly nodded his head. "In an altercation such as this it might be well for all of you to forget your differences . . . for a little while . . . among my poppies."

McBride could make nothing of this Chinese humor, or whatever it might be. For a moment he tried to picture such a gathering at Wu Fong's summer home—O'Rourke, who, like Kilgore, had sat

chiefly at barroom tables until elevated to the dignity of alderman; Weinkoop and Swayne, who would sit at no table unless each had access to the other's foot and could exert a discreet pressure at crucial moments. . . . It was grotesque, impossible.

"I invite all five of you to come out and spend the week-end," Wu Fong announced, calmly.

McBride, caught out of his cynical reflections, was bewildered. "Surely, Your Excellency is joking?"

But it seemed that Wu Fong, who never indulged in humor, at least of a kind intelligible to Western understanding, was in earnest.

"You should all come out and see my poppies," he placidly insisted. "Just now they are in full bloom."

The young architect reflected that one must treat indulgently an old man's pride in his flowers. At the same time it was, of course, an absurd proposal.

"Your Excellency will pardon me. Personally I should accept with the greatest pleasure. But O'Rourke, Kilgore—"

"I venture to think Mr. Kilgore would not decline a social courtesy. I perhaps have some influence in that quarter."

The words caused McBride to look up and wonder anew.

". . . Influence sufficient, I trust, to persuade him to prevail upon the others—whom I do not know—to be my guests."

Here was an abrupt and bewildering revelation of Wu Fong's subtle power reaching out into unimaginable places. Kilgore, of all persons! McBride was speechless at the thought.

"On my way out I shall at least invite him," Wu Fong announced, rising to depart. "Perhaps he may be fond of poppies. In any case, I shall look forward to the pleasure of having you and Mrs. McBride at Glenview. Be so good as to lay my respectful compliments at her feet."

The surface of the dinner table shimmered like a great white pool under the

soft light of the candles, and around it, pricked sharply out from the shadowy depths of the room, the faces of Wu Fong's guests confronted one another in a truce of wonder and mistrust. At the head of the table sat the host, resplendent in ceremonial robes of black silk emblazoned with gold embroidery of intricate design. Gracious and urbane to his guests, yet, in his patriarchal dignity, he seemed a detached and solitary figure, holding himself curiously aloof, like one of the inanimate images of bronze or carved jade ranged along the walls, which looked down upon the feast with a strange, immobile fixity.

A bewildering progression of Oriental delicacies had come and gone from the table. Coffee—a concession to Western taste—had been served last; and the five men at the table, ill at ease and fiddling with their cups, welcomed the servant's advent with cigars as a release from the austere formality which had held them almost taciturn for the last hour.

Mrs. McBride, slender, pale, and exquisite—seated at Wu Fong's right, and the only woman at the table—rose to withdraw.

"I know you men wish to smoke and talk by yourselves," she announced, and her smile swept the circle of stolid faces. Only her husband and Wu Fong had risen to their feet. Accepting the arm of the latter, she permitted Wu Fong to escort her from the room, while the others at once relaxed into more comfortable attitudes.

With the lighting of cigars the formality of the occasion fell away, but a significant tension supervened. The men silently exchanged glances and waited for some one bolder than the others to break the ice, for, obviously, since they had McBride alone, it was a golden opportunity. O'Rourke looked meaningfully across at his colleague, Kilgore, as much as to say, "Now for it!" while Weinkoop furtively caught Swayne's heavy eye and was answered by the slightest perceptible shrug of the other's shoulders.

McBride, the object of these veiled exchanges, tried to appear oblivious, but no one of the five was more sensitively alive to the play of psychological forces at that moment. As against the other four, secretly enlisted in a deliberately fraudulent enterprise, he felt himself marked as the recalcitrant and unwilling member. They sensed his disloyalty and waited—waited for some open declaration of rebellion before they took measures to subdue him. He could easily surmise what weapons of intimidation and coercion they held ready to bludgeon him with.

He had already regretted as a tactical mistake his too compliant assent to Wu Fong's bizarre proposal. And yet, in accepting the invitation for the weekend, it had seemed incredible that the Chinese diplomat had really intended to gather these men under his roof. His purpose remained, like the impassive yellow mask of his countenance, wholly unfathomable. Now, too late, McBride realized that the collective presence of his adversaries would speedily force his submission.

All this had flashed through his mind immediately upon coming to Glenview. He and Mrs. McBride had arrived late, having motored out from the city leisurely in their car. Then he had had a brief but unmistakable glimpse of Kilgore's big yellow roadster standing outside the garage, and as he and his wife mounted the stairs to their room he had caught sight of O'Rourke's burly figure crossing the lower hall to the billiard room.

Then it was that the harassing problem which he had gladly put aside for a day or two of much needed rest rose menacingly before him. Without giving his wife any inkling of what really impended, he informed her briefly as to the other guests while dressing for dinner.

"You must be prepared to be bored, my dear," he had announced, addressing the mirror before which he was arranging his tie. "You know what Kilgore is like, at least from a distance. O'Rourke is

his henchman, a raw Irishman who has come up through the crust—now a power on the South Side. Weinkoop is a big contractor, shrewd, slippery, and vulgar, and Swayne is cut pretty much to the same pattern, only he's not a Jew. They are the last people one would dream of meeting out here. I can't imagine what's got into Wu Fong, unless he's taken it into his head to exhibit our theory of democracy pushed to the extreme limit."

Hilda McBride, coming up to her husband, smoothed the ends of his tie into place and then put her hands soothingly on his shoulders. "I sha'n't mind," she said, looking fondly up at him. "You know I love to be out here among all the wonderful flowers. And I don't believe these men are half such boors as you think I'm going to find them. Besides, in America we are all democrats and equal, aren't we?"

He smiled down at her. She was inexpressibly dear to him in her almost girlish innocence of the world, with a like unconsciousness of much that was rare and exquisite in herself.

"I suppose so," he was forced to admit. "Just the same, it's this vaunted democracy of ours that—"

He frowned and broke off. He was thinking of the municipal building contract.

"That does what? Brings about situations like this?" queried Hilda. Then she smiled at his worried air and drew his lips down to hers. "Now don't be a silly aristocrat and spoil my good time."

And she had managed admirably at dinner among Wu Fong's oddly chosen guests. As if unaware of any incongruity, all her social grace and skill had been rallied to cleave the heavy constraint that had overhung the table like a pall. With secret thrills of pride, McBride had watched her waging that unequal and hopeless battle, but now that she was gone, and likewise Wu Fong, he faced four determined, hard-visaged men of the world who held his own code in contempt and with whom he shared no

common ground. Ruthless to the core in the pursuit of their sordid, selfish ends, he knew that there could be no appeal to their civic pride or personal honor.

Weinkoop, twisting his cigar between short, thick fingers, on one of which a diamond of unpleasant magnificence glistened, could no longer resist the lucky chance of four against one. And yet he shrank from open attack; his approach was made from covert. He spoke of Mortimer Jesson's recent death and wondered how, at the Jesson offices, "things were getting on."

The young architect ignored the real inquiry implicit in the casual words. Under the cold probing of four pairs of eyes now centered upon him, his answer was evasive, and he went on to speak of the irreparable loss to American art occasioned by the death of the great master of design. There was no one competent to take up his pencil. . . . McBride's worship of the departed genius was kindling anew when O'Rourke broke in, impatiently:

"How about the new municipal building? Ain't that your job now?"

McBride flushed under the insolence of the thrust. "In a sense—yes," he answered.

"How d'ye mean—in a sense?" demanded O'Rourke, planting both elbows belligerently upon the table and leaning ponderously forward to confront the architect. He was not given to mincing words, and there was flame now in his small, piglike eyes. "You're under contract, ain't you?"

"The firm is under contract—"

"Well, ain't you the firm, now that old Jesson's cashed in? It's time a little plain speaking put an end to this stalling—"

Suddenly the French windows opening upon the veranda were thrown wide by unseen hands, and there, against the background of the June night, stood the glittering figure of Wu Fong. It was like the sudden parting of the curtains on a stage, and the aged Oriental in his

strange vestments looked in upon them with folded arms, sardonic and inscrutable, as if some mysterious drama were about to begin.

A hush fell upon the five men at the table. They stared as if at an apparition in black and gold, and then, slowly, Wu Fong lifted his arm to indicate the mistlike whiteness of the poppy fields that stretched afar under the star-strewn sky. At the same moment a faint stir of air touched their faces, as if the earth had sighed in its sleep. The candles wavered gently under the ghostlike caress, which bore with it a faint, peculiar odor.

"You must come out and see the poppies asleep under the stars," said Wu Fong.

For a long moment no one stirred. The five men gathered about the table sat as immobile as the figures of jade and bronze which looked down upon them. From cigars, held arrested in the hand, there streamed upward thin, wavering spirals of smoke, while on the air was borne an emanation, stealthy, mysterious, exotic. It began to fill the room, baffling to the nostrils in its fugitive lightness. Instinctively one drank it in, and breathed again. . . .

At length O'Rourke's cigar dropped into his coffee cup with a sharp hiss. The big fellow rose heavily to his feet, hesitated, and then walked slowly out to the veranda. For a moment no one followed. They sat in an awed, rigid silence. Presently Weinkoop stirred uneasily in his chair. When he got up it was to steal across the floor with an almost catlike tread. Kilgore was the next to break from the spell that held them. He looked furtively at the other two, laid down his cigar, and went softly out. As if timed to the observance of the same interval, Swayne followed.

To McBride, riveted to his chair, it was like some slow, absurd processional which, one by one, they were moved involuntarily to join. Suddenly, drawn to his feet by the same mysterious impulse, he, too, sought the veranda.

The gardens of Wu Fong lay like a shimmering, rumpled quilt over the dark earth, stretching away in gentle undulations toward the hills. As far as the eye could reach, by some horticultural magic, the earth had burst into a burden of bloom. Even under the faint light of the stars the massed acres of poppies were mistily aglow. In countless myriads they merged into the distance until the whole landscape seemed but a froth of beaten foam. And the almost imperceptible breath of the summer night, passing over the drowsing flowers, bore afar a strange infiltration, as if distilled through a web of dreams.

Kilgore sniffed the air. "What is it? The flowers?" There was a bated accent in his words.

No one answered for a moment. No one moved. Then a voice from among the group, as if detached from the speaker, answered:

"I thought poppies had no odor."

"But is it an odor, exactly?"

"Damned if I can tell."

The strange, impersonal dialogue broke off. Silence fell again, intimate and profound, while the stars blinked down upon the sleeping poppy fields.

"There must be millions of them," a voice took up again, hushed and impressed.

To McBride, coming out from the smoke-filled room to the open spaces of the sky above and to the massed fecundity of the earth below, strangely redolent, it was like a phantasmal world in which the voices of the group sounded hollow and far off. A spell seemed to have fallen over everyone. It was as if at the sudden appearance of Wu Fong, beckoning them out into the night, they had gone forth not themselves, sloughing off their hostility and distrust. Some necromancy was at work. Some element, subtle, pervasive, all powerful, born of infinitesimal offgivings from countless myriads of blooms and spirited afar in the soft air, now cloyed the working of his own brain.

He caught himself up sharply out of

this fanciful dream. The others, a little distance off, were now a shadowy group of forms, gathered about the veranda steps, attentive to Wu Fong. McBride heard vaguely the drone of his voice, watched the slow rise and fall of his arms, the glitter of his embroidered vestments. He was conscious of words borne to him like the intoned phrases of a priest, which he heard without sensing their import. They floated off and out into the night. . . .

There followed another silence. Then again the voices, remote, indistinguishable. McBride had lost all sense of time. Suddenly some one yawned and stretched his arms.

"I'm for bed. I feel as if I could sleep for a thousand years."

There was a murmur of assent from the others.

"Good night, Swayne."

"Night, Kilgore."

"Oh! You there, McBride? . . . Pleasant dreams."

The group was breaking up and returning into the house. Wu Fong alone remained. He turned at last and slowly descended the steps leading to the garden.

It was not until then that McBride descried at the far end of the veranda a white, familiar figure standing by the railing in the shadows.

"You, Hilda!" He advanced to join his wife. "Have you been here long?"

Without answering, she slipped her arm through his, and together they stood looking out upon the sleeping poppy fields.

"It's like a land of dreams," she said at length, softly.

The benediction of the night lay upon a world sunk in a profound and eternal peace. To McBride the city with its stress and turmoil seemed infinitely remote. It was, indeed, a land of enchantment. He wondered anew. . . .

Presently, a little distance off, he observed the solitary figure of Wu Fong pacing slowfootedly in the garden and

smoking a long, curious pipe under the stars. . . .

Breakfast at Glenview was served informally on the veranda. The country air had manifestly agreed with the sleepers, with the result that appetites were equal to the array of dishes which the Chinese servants handed about. In the absence of the host Mrs. McBride sat at the coffee urn, where she learned that Weinkoop liked his coffee without sugar and with very little cream. Swayne, on the other hand, broke from his heavy silence to inform her that he took four lumps but drank his coffee black.

He was morose and formidable to the outward eye, with a bull-like neck and jaws of iron that shut belligerently after each brief speech. Grimness and tenacity were written deep in every line of his face, which years of material prosperity had done nothing to soften. He had once been a day laborer like any one of the hundreds now in his employ.

He was moved to apologize for his weakness in regard to sweets. "I hardly knew the taste of candy when I was a kid," he confessed to Mrs. McBride in grim recollection of that past, "so I'm making up for lost time."

Hilda McBride was touched to instant sympathy by the words. She threw him a quick look of comprehension as she added a fourth generous-sized lump to the cup, which Swayne accepted awkwardly from her hands.

"You've got to hand it to the Chinks when it comes to knowing how to cook," O'Rourke was exclaiming over some exotic but savory dish. "Some appetite you're showing, too, Kilgore, I'll say."

McBride, who had come late to the table, ignored the crude badinage around him while his thoughts roved elsewhere. The truce of the night before still held, but the long, idle day loomed before him ominously. It would offer ample opportunity to his four adversaries, who would turn upon him with the same hearty ruthlessness which they now dis-

played in attacking the food. He could hope for no quarter.

And presently Kilgore, as spokesman for the other three, gave notice of their purpose. He had finished eating and was laboriously folding his napkin when he caught sight of Wu Fong strolling in the garden.

"I understand the old boy never eats breakfast," he announced. "However, I see that he smokes. I think I'll join him." Then, lighting a cigar, he eyed McBride over the flaming match. "It's been decided that we are to have a little business talk later on—just the five of us—somewhere where we won't be disturbed."

Weinkoop, who had taken up the morning paper, interpreted the words as a temporary dismissal. He threw the printed sheets aside, and, getting up from the table, strolled off down the veranda steps.

"Would you like to walk around a bit and have a look at all these flowers?"

To McBride's surprise it was the morose Swayne who had ventured to address the question to his wife. Upon Hilda's quick assent, O'Rourke rose, too.

"I think maybe I'd better go along as a shaperoon," he said, jocosely.

Ignoring the crudeness of the sally, the girl turned with a quick, flashing smile, and a cordial, "Do come!"

McBride was left to finish his breakfast alone. Then he lighted a cigar and began to reflect. He could not again escape the issue as he had done the night before, thanks to Wu Fong's timely intervention. There was no alternative but abject and ignominious surrender. He might as well give in and have done with it all. Planting his elbows on the table, he gazed out moodily upon the gardens.

The earth lay like a thing of voluptuous beauty, warm and redolent in the sunlight. The poppy fields were aflame with color. They smote the eye in bewildering splendor . . . gleaming whites and yellows, soft-toned blues, flaring scarlets, intermingled with magentas

and dull ochres, delicate pinks and flamboyant purples, pied and mottled shades of orange . . . ran the gamut of bloom.

The breeze had died away. There was no stir. A vast immobility lay upon the iridescent fields steeping in the slowly increasing heat. It poured down out of the high-arched sky, silently, persistently, until the air began to blur under the excess of light. The poppies shimmered as if in the depths of some luminous and translucent sea. Only the butterflies fluttering from flower to flower, like golden motes in the sunlight, marred the spell of strange fixity that held the earth.

McBride continued to brood, looking out upon a world exuberant with life yet strangely inanimate in its languor. It began to soothe him like a profound dream. He drank in the faintly odorous air; the tang of it was upon his lips, seductive and lulling to the senses. Something of his wrath and disheartenment relaxed, slowly fell away. In its place there crept a subtle urge. A desire to dream, to do—he knew not what—stole upon him, vague but compelling.

In the distance, beyond the feathery stream of the fountain, glittering like a crystal plume in the air, stood the cool retreat of a summerhouse. Fashioned after a Chinese pagoda, it gave an Oriental touch to the gardens. McBride suddenly bethought himself of the portfolio of unfinished sketches he had brought with him from the city, and presently, taking it under his arm, he sought the summerhouse.

In one crimson-bordered alley he caught sight of Wu Fong and Kilgore. It struck him oddly that the latter had fallen into unconscious imitation of Wu Fong's philosophic and slow-footed stride. The smoke of their cigars hung in the air about them. In another direction Hilda, in company with Swayne and O'Rourke, seemed wading in a sea of variegated color, the men hatless, and all three, like children, intent upon the pied splendor at their feet.

Then, abruptly, he came upon Wein-

koop, sitting alone upon the stone coping of the fountain. The short, stocky little Jew, filling to tightness a dapper suit of blue serge, looked up blinking from a profound contemplation of his manicured finger nails.

"Going to get in some work, eh?" he queried, noting the portfolio.

"Just a little sketching while I'm in the mood," answered McBride, shortly. But he lingered a moment, lulled by the soft splash of the fountain in the still, somnolent air. The hours were slowly mounting toward noon.

Weinkoop, squint-eyed in the dazzling light, was staring off at the flowers.

"Don't they get opium from poppies?"

"From one or two varieties, I believe. I'm not certain."

"Opium . . . morphine," mused Weinkoop. "I was just thinking about that."

He waved a hand toward the orgy of color that stretched off into the shimmering haze. The poppies near the fountain stood up from the dark earth on slender, pliant shafts of green, their yellow cups open to the white downpour of the sun. Black and tawny bees hovered among them, crawling industriously in and out of the flaming petals, their legs thick with the pollen of their spoils.

"Opium . . . morphine," repeated Weinkoop, solemnly. "It's kind of queer, but it came over me all of a sudden what an acre of these flowers could mean, figured in terms of saving human pain."

McBride was almost startled at the words. Weinkoop's cogitations were usually of a hard, practical cast, and dealt chiefly with steel and cement. But the latter went on without noticing:

"When you think of all the pain and agony in the world, going on at this very minute. People mashed up under trains, caught in machinery, dying in hospitals, and all that sort of thing. Where would they get off if it wasn't for fields of flowers like these, crushed into some merciful juice? Good night! Eh? Makes you think some Mercy in

heaven planted them purposely on earth."

McBride nodded amazed assent. There must indeed be some strange magic abroad in the air to have turned Weinkoop's thoughts into this novel channel.

"I never thought much about flowers," went on Weinkoop in a kind of dazed confession. "But it's queer, sitting out here. These poppies somehow get you. Muddle up your thoughts. Make you want to yawn and stretch out in a hammock. Let your brain run down. I'll swear mine has stopped."

There fell a silence, in which the bees hummed drowsily and the fountain softly plashed in its ancient marble bowl. Weinkoop, with his chin cupped in his hands, seemed to address the distant horizon:

"There's another side to it—dope, you know. Pills and pipe dreams. Well, the human race isn't a bunch of saints yet. And there's something about dreams. . . . Ever dream, McBride? Maybe I'm talking foolish. I tell you there's something queer about this place. There's something hidden under the glimmer of all these flowers, lurking there like—like fever in a swamp. Only this gets into your brain and softens it, soothes it. . . ."

A fugitive bit of breeze, stirring the warm, sluggish air, laid its ghostlike caress upon their faces.

"There! Do you get that?" Weinkoop drew a long breath and expelled it in a sort of sigh. The poppies nodded drowsily.

"My first thought last night was, what a shame for all this rich land to be wasted on flowers, with wheat selling for more than a dollar a bushel. But, after all, I don't know. . . ." He turned and spat perplexedly into the fountain. "Say, don't let me keep you if you want to work. Try the summerhouse."

Something had indeed affected Weinkoop's brain, McBride reflected as he started off. He wondered if he really knew the little fellow as well as he

thought he did. His contact with him in business had not been frequent, but occasionally as builder and architect they had been brought together on the same piece of work. He had mentally pigeonholed Weinkoop as efficient, shrewd, and slippery. He would perform—up to the letter of a contract. But contracts were not always without flaws.

McBride halted and looked back. Weinkoop had suddenly called after him. He had something further to divulge about the poppies. The seeds had been imported from remote quarters of the world—from Egypt and Greece, from the valley of the Euphrates, from India and Turkestan.

"And these yellow ones here by the fountain—Wu Fong says they come from the hills of Palestine."

In the summerhouse McBride threw down his portfolio and looked out upon the flaming stretches of the garden. Weinkoop's words were still echoing in his ears. "Egypt . . . Greece . . . Babylon." His thoughts drifted back to fallen monarchies and ancient civilizations. He pictured poppies such as these once checkering the fields around the walls of Babylon or scattered in their starlike beauty beneath the Acropolis when it was Athens' pride—where still they bloomed among the scattered stones of cities fallen from their glory, brightening to-day those waste and tragic places of the earth. A vision of vanished splendor rose before him, wrought in an immortal art which still lived in countless repetitions in the architecture of his own day. Column and pilaster, arch and architrave, corbels, groins, and vaultings—all the minutiae of his craft—were but a sacred heritage from the past. His task was to combine and recombine them in new forms of beauty. The impulse was upon him now, to dream, to create, to fashion out of the old that new beauty which one never perfectly achieved.

Opening the portfolio, he discovered

that it contained Mortimer Jesson's unfinished sketches for the municipal building. By some mistake they were there, under his hand, instead of his own work. But that error did not concern him now. The artist in him was awake. In his brain floated nebulous forms, the shimmer of an uncaptured beauty but half revealed, which urged him on. He snatched up a pencil and began to draw—where the pencil of the great Mortimer Jesson had left off. . . .

"Somehow it takes me back to my boyhood days," said O'Rourke to Mrs. McBride. The political overlord of the South Side had dropped down at full length among the poppies, and was basking in comfortable, lethargic ease. There was a far-away look in his eyes. Noisome tenements, grimy bars, dens of political intrigue or worse—all the slow steps of that deliberate struggle to power seemed forgotten in the remembrance of an ancestral isle, green and remote.

"I can almost see the fields of flax and the mist on the fen lands. Nothing like these poppy fields, and yet they make me think of them . . . me naught but a brat of a boy on the moors, a-trampin' after the sheep. It's a rare picture, if I could but make you see it," he added, regretfully.

"But I know the Donegal Hills, and the Shannon, and the Lakes of Killarney," said Hilda.

O'Rourke beamed upon her. "Then you know, and I needn't be after tryin' to tell you. 'Twas a clean air that ye breathed, but a hard day's toil with not often a full stomach to face it on. But a clean air and a brave land. . . ."

The ghost of a breeze stealing across the poppies fanned O'Rourke's florid cheek. Swayne had come up and stood listening to the conversation, biting morosely upon the stem of a scarlet poppy which he had plucked.

"'Tis a land to long for and to dream of seein' again," declared O'Rourke. He looked up at Swayne, whose face was overcast with thought. "And I'll bet

it's dreams you're havin' yourself," he challenged him.

Swayne's lips shut grimly. The memory of his own early days was heavy upon him. There had been a son born when Swayne was still carrying a hod, and the little fellow had sickened and died. The golden tide of prosperity that had set in later could never efface the memory of that unlived life thwarted by poverty.

Now, with Hilda McBride's eyes softly and sympathetically upon him, he was suddenly moved to blurt aloud:

"If my boy had lived . . . he'd be twenty-four now . . . and wearing a gold service stripe, most likely."

In a crimson-bordered alley Kilgore sighed and tossed away the stump of his third cigar.

"I don't know how I got to telling you this, and at such length," he confessed to Wu Fong. For nearly an hour the latter had been a silent, attentive listener to the other as they paced back and forth in the garden.

A little shamefaced, Kilgore laughed shortly and shrugged his shoulders. "That summerhouse over there must have started me off, or these flowers, or something peculiar in the air. It's like a picture out of a book—one of those books that I was always reading when a kid—just like I've been telling you—that set me to dreaming of the day I'd sail off myself to those Eastern seas and all round the world, the captain of the biggest ship afloat between here and China."

Kilgore renounced his boyish ambition with a sigh, and gave a tug to the white waistcoat which stretched expansive over his portly abdomen.

"Well, at least I've worked my way up—at something. And now I'm fifty-five, and never once have I had a taste of salt air or a glimpse of the sea. But I guess that most of us stick along, living one kind of life when all the time we're secretly hankering for and dreaming of another. . . ."

In the summerhouse McBride worked feverishly on, aware only of the pencil

in his hands, which seemed guided by some force outside himself. With swift strokes the vision that filled his thoughts was taking form upon the paper. Where Mortimer Jesson had hesitated or halted in doubtful outline, McBride boldly drew in, altered and shaped anew. A sense of mastery and growing accomplishment surged within him. Lines grouped themselves in structural harmony as if of their own accord. Problems of balance, and mass, of thrust and support, seemed to solve themselves. Details of treatment and ornamentation flowered spontaneously forth. All count of the hours had been forgotten. . . .

There were footsteps on the gravel walk, and then a hesitant form at the entrance of the summerhouse. McBride looked up blinking at the servant come to announce that luncheon was waiting. He could hardly believe that it was two o'clock. He stared blankly at the servant's ceremonial dumb show, shook his head in curt refusal, and bent again to his task. Nothing could drag him from it now. In the feverish joy of creation he had no desire for food. . . .

The shadows of the afternoon began to creep and lengthen across the garden. In the slanting sunlight the poppies glowed with a softened radiance, a subdued splendor. A drooping, immobile beauty now lay upon them. Even the drone of the bees was hushed, and the air hung languid and heavy with its secret impregnations. It stole into the summerhouse and eddied about McBride. . . .

It was nearly five o'clock. At the entrance of the summerhouse there had gathered a group that looked in curiously upon the absorbed draftsman. Without looking up, he grew aware of their presence like blurred figures hovering on the outskirts of a dream. Suddenly his head lifted, and the spell was broken. They were awaiting him—Kilgore and the others, their purpose abruptly recalled to his mind. The pencil dropped

from his cramped fingers, rolled and fell to the floor.

Caught back out of the hours in which he had worked as if in a dream, this moment of realization was like the swift, sharp stab of a knife. He started up, clutching at the drawings, as if to shield them from his four adversaries. They had eyes which could not see, nor could they understand, the vision of beauty which had been revealed to him. Instead, they confronted him, a sinister phalanx, determined now to bend him to their will.

But the glow of his achievement flamed within him in that bitter moment when he knew it to have been in vain. He would make them look, if only with eyes of stone, upon his triumph which should be their shame. He thrust the heavy sheets toward Kilgore. Swayne came forward to glance over his shoulder. O'Rourke and Weinkoop gathered round.

The drawings went from hand to hand in silence, while McBride, in the weariness of defeat, dropped down into his chair, pressing his hands to his strained eyes. Then he bethought himself of one detail in which he had taken special pride. He started up to point it out to the four taciturn men thumbing the drawings. Then he indicated another. In spite of the futility of it all, he began to describe and explain. As his enthusiasm kindled again, he forgot all else. He spoke as a prophet must, unto whom a vision has been revealed, proclaiming it even to indifferent ears and hardened hearts.

"My guess is that it would cost nothing short of a cool two million."

It was Kilgore who had spoken, and to McBride's surprise the words were uttered with a slow and thoughtful calculation. He was stroking his chin reflectively. Something of the beauty of McBride's vision seemed to have touched him. His face still wore that softened look which had come upon it in the garden while he walked with Wu Fong among the poppies and confessed his boyhood dreams.

"What do you think, Swayne?" He turned to the heavy-jowled contractor.

He, too, seemed no longer the hard and merciless master of labor gangs. His voice, when he replied, had something of the subdued huskiness which had marked it that morning when he had spoken to Mrs. McBride of his dream of a soldier son.

"I'll say this," he answered in his terse, blunt way. "It's a beauty. It's immense. Old Jesson himself, I'm thinking, couldn't have done it better."

"Nor as well," chimed in O'Rourke.

Weinkoop, with his hands in his pockets, and his lips puckered in a silent whistle, turned from the drawings now scattered upon the table to stare out at the garden with a puzzled look in his eyes.

"I guess we've all been seeing things to-day. Seeing things in a different light. There's something queer about these damned poppies. I tell you they're in the very air."

Kilgore, who was pacing back and forth in silent debate with himself, halted and looked off at the garden as if some mystery indeed lay there unexplained. He shrugged his shoulders, came back to the table, and picked up one of the sketches. A queer smile was on his lips, as if he were tempted to some quixotic purpose.

"What do you think, O'Rourke? Would the city stand for an additional building appropriation?"

O'Rourke looked at his chief in a puzzled way. "I imagine that's for you to say. It would be a pity, though"—he shot a thumb toward the sketch—"to scrap all that."

The queer smile on Kilgore's face suddenly vanished, and a look of set purpose took its place. He struck the table in sudden decision. "I'm for giving McBride his own way and a free hand." He turned to face the others. "Gentlemen, I propose we do the city a good turn, give it something to be proud of for years to come. It's our city—our home. Its public buildings are prac-

tically in our hands. They'll be as good or as bad as we choose to make them, and they'll stand for years after we are dead and gone. We've all fared pretty well in our different ways. I'm for a new deal. Let's put through this proposition of McBride's."

"I'm with you there," said Swayne, shortly. "I've done pretty well in my day. Let profits go hang for once."

"Do you really mean—" McBride struggled with his bewilderment.

"I mean just that. Every stone laid at cost—cost plus nothing. Just cost."

Weinkoop broke into a slithering laugh. "Same here, then," he chimed in. "Give the old burg something that will dazzle the whole nation. Why not?"

McBride wonderingly gazed from one to another. There was a half-shamed look upon their faces, born of this unwonted, generous prompting of their hearts. They were not changed—these shrewd and hardened men of limited vision and unclean hands. But for once something deep within the heart of each had been touched, and a latent sense of civic pride and gratitude had been stirred, bizarre and passing though it might be. For once they would labor manfully and without reward.

"Then it's a bargain among us all?" Kilgore looked round the circle. "McBride's plan goes?"

"Aye," said Swayne, and the others echoed hearty assent.

Suddenly, as if materializing out of nowhere, at the doorway stood Wu Fong in his glittering robes, bowing with grave ceremony.

"Gentlemen, pardon my intrusion. But if Mr. Swayne and Mr. O'Rourke insist that they must take the train back

to the city, there is little time to spare, and my motor car is waiting."

To-day there stands in the heart of the city, where a great square is formed by four congested avenues, a vast edifice of marble for the delight and wonder of generations yet unborn. Its four façades rise in Doric dignity and strength and then achieve a subtle transformation upward into comely airiness and grace. Above roof and cornice spring the great arcs of the dome, with tiny enclustering colonnades, and still higher, the soaring reach of the lantern, crowning all.

In the throngs that fill the four avenues and swirl and eddy about the mighty edifice, the pride of a great municipality, there may be occasionally observed the slow, impressive figure of Wu Fong. He is a little bent with years now, and his face more deeply lined. But upon his countenance there still play those shifting lights of expression unfathomable to our Western race.

He walks with a slow and measured pace, his eyes meditatively upon the ground, serenely undisturbed by the surge of hurrying people and throbbing motor cars. Sometimes, lifting his glance to the Doric columns and sculptured pediments towering above him in eternal majesty and strength, his eye will pause to wander over carved capitals and entablatures, noting the decorative motif skillfully carried out everywhere from base to cornice. The motif is that of a half-blown poppy.

And then his glance falls again to the pavement, unmoved, inscrutable, betraying no inkling of the emotions within his heart. He passes on and is lost in the crowd, and one is left with the reflection that it is impossible to fathom the thoughts of a Chinaman.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN

BY ALEXANDER BLACK

“WHEN I have one foot in the grave,” said Tolstoy to Maxim Gorky, “I will tell the truth about women. I shall tell it, jump into my coffin, pull the lid over me, and say, ‘Do what you like now.’” That the threat was not merely whimsical is more than suggested by Gorky’s comment: “The look he gave us was so wild, so terrifying, that we all fell silent for a time.”

Gorky, who, on his own account, seldom gives us occasion to suspect him of being a postponing commentator, makes it plain enough in the narration of his talks with the awesome compatriot that Tolstoy was usually ready with the ultimate word, that he was willing to call a spade something just as bad. Yet in this matter of the truth about women there is the effect of pause before the unspeakable. We are, indeed, left with a feeling that, after saying so much about women in one way or another, Tolstoy, impatient of codes, excoriatingly contemptuous of trimmed opinion, tolerated the pressure of one reserve—that one complex was to be the last to die.

Any theory that his deferred analysis was simply something ungentlemanly is, of course, scarcely tenable, since he had been unquotably candid on many an occasion which seemed to establish clearly enough a fact of no reserve whatever. If he had been a devout feminist all his life, the last-moment declaration might have been, for example, a simple recantation, a leering or passionate confession of hatred long concealed, a defiance of all cowardly conveniences. Having published his disenchantment, having grinned at the puerilities of romance, having stripped sex of its glamour, having rivaled St. Chrysostom in

scathing description of the female, what could remain to be spilled at the brink of the grave? Certainly that “terrifying” look could not promise anything sensationally sweet.

Aside from the foolishness of planning for a one-foot-in-the-grave crisis, it is to be noted that even a Tolstoy would, with the best or worst of intentions, or the keenest of expectations, find himself to be Tolstoy to the end. And being Tolstoy to the end, Tolstoy habits were likely to hold.

A marked Tolstoy habit was that of promising to be more violent if not more conclusive. Probably this habit is always likely to be present in those whose business is expression. The best that may be said will leave art in debt to the thought and the emotion. Only one who is greater than anything he does is ever likely to do anything great. Thus margins of the unexpressed are inevitable. And what is true of the artist is doubtless true, in some degree, of all of us. Indeed, it is quite evident that it was not the artist side of Tolstoy that recognized, or lamented, or threatened as to things unspoken. The grizzled seer who raged before Gorky was starkly human in his ways, and was never more male than after he had long accustomed himself to maleness as a reminiscence, and to femaleness as a spectacle. Old age, even of the mellow kind, seldom fails to secrete some acrid distillation. A theory, a prejudice, a rebellion, can acquire in the fermentation of years a bitterness of savor that is often shockingly in contrast to perhaps conspicuous urbanities which accompany them.

Amid all such survivals sex hostilities present a sharp effect. Perhaps the

effect is accentuated by fading signs of sex. We do not need the support of Mr. Freud to believe, for instance, that old maids of both sexes (for I speak of a state of mind) are often the most acrimonious critics of the drama of sex. Simple old age, whatever its history, naturally recruits the non-participating gallery, and we often have occasion to suspect the making of common cause between those who have always been aloof from the drama and those who are aloof at last—between irritated non-participants and disenchanted survivors. Naturally, too, a Tolstoy, confessing a history, would claim to speak with special authority. A participant is always the more dogmatic. If he has seen the folly of a thing, he feels superior in authority to one who has only guessed it, or reasoned it, or has lacked the enterprise to reach the limits of folly.

In this matter Tolstoy would have admitted or insisted that he knew what he was talking about. His disciples unite in revealing his definitive style of speech. Coleridge wished that he might be as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay was of everything. Gorky and the rest found that it was better to let Tolstoy keep the floor when he chose to take it. Johan Bojer said to me of a certain eminent British literary man he had met, "I wondered why he was so *angry* about things." Evidently one never wondered about Tolstoy. His angers had a sublimity. He could be Messianic, and he could slash like a Hebrew prophet. His denunciations were appalling. They were more likely to make his hearers "silent for a time" than to loosen contradictory talk; so that Gorky was following the practice in leaving as it fell this mystery of a promised last cry. Yet it would have been appropriate, I am sure, for some one to suggest that Tolstoy write the tremendous thing and leave it with his codicils, marked, "The Truth About Women."

Men have always exhibited an anxiety as to this matter of the truth about

women. Sometimes the anxiety has shown in an eagerness to tell it themselves. Again it has appeared in the tone of their welcome to some one else's disclosure. The great thing, we might gather, was recognized as having the truth told somehow, this with the implication that the truth had hitherto been withheld, or perhaps merely mislaid. The very young or the very old have been most conspicuous in the field of revelation. Male creatures of, say, seventeen, have been known to acquire a sudden and absolutely conclusive insight into all womenkind. Beginning without bias, perhaps (and quite usually), with a special disposition of favor, these very young investigators have been known to emerge with a conviction of having been grossly deceived. No later sureness can hope quite to equal this first sureness. In its passion of resentment, in its squirming humiliation at being fooled, in its bitter betrayal, as at the altar of all hope, adolescent conviction can reach a suicidal intensity. The soured adoration of a boy does not say, "You know how women are." In the midst of the cataclysm a boy believes that no one hitherto has known how women are. He is the appointed Columbus on the sea of sex.

Where the young cynic is indignant, the old cynic is progressively contemptuous. He perhaps recovered from that first indignation, and passed through a long mid-period of mature and judicial investigation. Then he knew. He has not merely a belief. He has a knowledge. In the presence of a cross section of feminine psychology, with all of its revolting revelatory detail, he intrenches himself at last in a settled exasperation or in a complacent disillusionment capable of sitting up, under challenge, to be witheringly final. The old cynic may have preferred, or may think he has preferred, the meek, "womanly" type. He may, on the other hand, have had a dream of a woman who would be not only easily inflammable, but gorgeously explosive, and of himself as carrying the

only flame. He may have looked for violet eyes, or for some one named Iseult, for a woman superbly stupid or for one as sophisticated as a blonde stenographer. It does not matter, once he has reached the stage of well-ripened disappointment. He acquires a rich store of citations. He backs contemporary testimony with classical examples. He points to a history reeking with evidences of the awful truth about women. He is ready to indorse the report of the Preacher, who found one sought-for man among a thousand, "but a woman among all those have I not found."

Possibly there was a time, in the youth of the world, when the truth about women was less a discovery, less something flashed in an apocalyptic moment, and more a brazen fact of common understanding. Yet this seems doubtful. Some truths are essentially of the hiding kind. It may be that men have intuitively aided the hiding of this one. They have claimed as much. They have seemed to drape woman with what they have wished her to be, then exulted in tearing off the covering. They have set her up like a graven image, then hurled missiles at her because she did not answer their prayers.

Literature is rich in anthologies of disenchantment. As a subject, woman has been as necessary to pessimism as to romance. She has been the goddess, and she has been the goat. *Cherchez la femme*. Something has always been wrong with the world. Nothing could be clearer in the records than that it has been convenient to find woman as the explanation. If any era gets ready to decline and fall, track down the odor of musk. When a man or a civilization is "successful" there is a rush to woman. When there is failure, it is toward woman that the accusing finger is pointed. The Bible begins with the sad story of woman's culpability, and it ends with a scathing allegory that sets the image of her erring body in a high and horrible prominence. The devil is male, as befits his large functions, but no literature

conceals his chief weapon. The sacrifice of the anchorite is an escape from women. The mind hates abstractions. Even the male mind, that alone is supposed to be capable of abstractions, has preferred to personify. Having decided that angels are male, it fixed the images of Life and Death. For Temptation it made a digression. Woman is Temptation, *vide* Genesis and all the epics. Having envisaged Woman as Temptation, it has been easy, under the spell of antithesis, to envisage Man as the eternal St. Anthony, with the supreme preoccupation of not succumbing. He is the searcher for the Holy Grail. She is the vampire. He is pictured as persistently aspiring, she as persistently vamping.

The truth about her, then, would be assumed to point toward unmasking some secret whose betrayal would destroy her power, or at least, and at last, fortify men against the danger. Man has felt compelled to go on marrying her and, by the promptings of a dogged optimism, even to go on pretending that she is what she ought to be. But he has always found something pleasurable in confessing the pretense at the right moment; and he has never ceased to hope that the coming of the truth, something more than the superficial truth with which everybody is familiar—the penetrating, ultimate truth—might do its great work. In a large literature of exasperation there are countless signs of a feeling that illusion should be dispelled for good and all; that, as in the matter of some dog ordinance, women should be tied up, muzzled, or otherwise subjected to a safe restraint, and that the sex hitherto victimized should be educated to a new caution, a new severity, and especially to a new sense of custodian responsibility.

This sense of a custodian responsibility doubtless explains much that has happened and much that has been said. A ruling that women shall not smoke in some place where men are freely permitted to smoke, is no more indicative of this sense of custodianship than ten

thousand acts and opinions which have gone before. The past is littered with eloquent indications of man's intention to take care of women. His peculiar methods of taking care of them are often hard to read at a distance, but these methods have been steadfastly maintained. The need to take care of them was predicated upon theories which he was at some trouble to invent. And he was continually forced to do fresh inventing, for new considerations came up. His ingenuity never waned. Even when social rearrangements introduced extraordinary complications, he was ready. He still worked on a basic premise. He was in charge.

I knew a man who had not done any real work for twenty years. His wife was the wage earner. He let her add to this the cooking and the mending of his clothes. But he remained the head of the house, took her money, and made a tight allowance to her for lunches and carfare. He was not original or peculiar. He had the basic philosophy to go on. He was a perfect example of a tenacious tradition. Once the world had its formulas beautifully arranged.

There came a time, however, when the basic philosophy began to look frayed. The whole theory of taking care of woman involved her occupying a "place," so that one who played the part of a showman exhibiting the world might be free to say that over there, in a cage, were the women. But the women broke out of the cage. They roved over the whole picture. This made it exceedingly difficult to go on thinking about taking care of them. And conditions that made it difficult to take care of them made it not less difficult to know the truth about them. The first condition of taking care of children, for example, is knowing just where they are. When women stopped knowing that their proper place is in the kitchen the trouble began.

Then some one announced that there was a sex war. A sex war, like any other war, must have an original lie back of it.

The original lie back of a sex war would be that the sexes are essentially antagonistic. There are people who believe that. Such a belief can breed a state of mind in which there arises a yearning to tell the truth about women. Some people have a passion for discovering antagonisms. They would like to build an inverted monism that revealed the universe as an extension of the Kilkenny cats. To tell them that the antagonism was not in sex but in interests growing out of sex, that these interests had grown to a great extent under a one-sided pressure, and that they were subject to change with world change, would be to take away a certain comfortable misery. Moreover, it would to an awkward extent interfere with, or, at all events, take some of the zest from the attainment of that great ideal of revealing the truth about women.

The tendency to believe that there is a special and sinister "truth" about women, in whatever types of mind it may appear, and in whatever states of age or youth it may manifest itself, was nourished by conditions that quite plainly have begun to disappear. No supplanting conditions can be quite so favorable to a successful attitude of male supervision or privileged male analysis. Womankind will never again be an incidental element of mankind. As civilization advances it will grow harder to indicate women as representing one of the minor appointments, harder to think of them as a creature group. They have smashed the tradition of "place." They have overrun the forbidden industries and professions. They are doing all the things they are unfitted for. They occupy judgeships. They sit in legislatures. They have accepted fusion in the melting pot of world effort.

This ought to prove, I suppose, that the truth about women must now be much more complicated than it used to be. It ought to prove that a vision of the truth about women must become a vastly more subtle matter. It might

turn out to be a more annoying truth than it ever was before. Yet there is a better hope. If maleness can no longer be put on one side of the picture, and femaleness on the other, where each group may glare at and accuse the other; if the blending of effort in affairs means anything; if there is any wisdom in saying that there is no sex in science or in art; if religion may revise its bisecting dogmas; if women themselves may join the preachers and prophets, the obliterations must do something to traditions of antipathy, must at some point begin to suggest, even to stodgy or senile minds, the oneness of mankind.

A new Tolstoy who should threaten that, when he had one foot in the grave, he would tell the truth about humanity, would not be credited with a superior impudence. He would be credited with

an inferior humor. The notion of a separable truth about women will begin to wear the same complexion. The real truth about women will be known when the real truth about men is known. To have read one will be to have read the other. The aspiration to do the reading will always be praiseworthy. Such an aspiration is indeed inevitable. It has always existed. It has always been defeated. But it would be a misfortune if frustration enfeebled the wish. This supreme curiosity is indicative of mankind's desire to be a participating creator. So long as man wants to know, his power will increase. If he ever really knows, he may be awed. He may indeed find the truth terrifying. Yet he will by then have lost some of his fears, perhaps even his fear of women and of words.

MAGIC

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

THE year is weary, its boughs are bare.
 It has borne such sorrow! known such care!
 It is old, old, old! It cannot see
 Save disillusion and vanity;
 Nor a moment so fleet it would bid it stay;
 Nor a day so sweet it were worth delay.
 Its veins are cooled, and its life blood runs
 Low, like the splendor of setting suns
 Soon to be gone. O Faust-like year!
 Your dreams are fallen; your hopes are sere.
 You have only to die and end it all,
 And rest you under the snow's white pall.

But lo, came one, and her still hand held
 A magic chalice chased of eld;
 I could have sworn 'twas the spring moon, slim,
 That she, murmuring, stooped and offered him;
 I could have sworn that I saw her tip
 The spring moon to his aged, complaining lip;
 I could have sworn that he drank of it deep.
 But it did not bring him peace nor sleep;
 Nay, rather, a marvelous thing occurred—
 I swear to you solemnly, give you my word—
 I saw him lose, suddenly, age and pain;
 Faust-like, the year was young again.

DEPTHS UNSOUNDED

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

IT was after the carnival. There had been all the climax and surfeit which had been dreamed of by its indefatigable promoters. The usual bets, flirtations, quarrels, and heart-burnings had been furthered, discussed, registered. It now remained but to stretch the wrinkles out of dazzling canvas, to call into play elaborate and new-fangled block and tackle, and to sail away. One by one, yachts fired their emphatic salutes and showed their green and brown keels on the close-hauled tack past the harbor buoys. The carnival was over. There was now nothing to do but sail elsewhere, the better to review it, the better to criticize.

Meanwhile, the season grew steadily beautiful. There were winds and tides of unwonted favor. The witchery of days so blue-skied, so emerald-watered, crept even into that fluid which courses through the veins of the leisure classes, a fluid which, by tradition or for the romantic flavor of the thing, is still being called "blood."

Men and women accustomed at home conventionally to ignore the growing popularity of getting a special summons from the "wild," now began to admit that there was something in nature. It grew to be a fad to find beauty along the stern New England coast; quite a pose to note how many ways an unsophisticated American landscape can picturesquely arrange itself.

Under awnings, from the depths of comfortable wicker chairs, it was proposed to do a little exploring. Why not get away from the usual course, sail around Heather Island, and put into Gray Harbor? It might be a bore, there might be bad weather, but—and

even these painstaking blasé ones permitted themselves a thrill at the idea of this—it would kill time.

Therefore, the summer cottagers of Gray Harbor woke from their afternoon torpor to see the misty lunette of their horizon broken by leaning towers of sail, to hear the whistles of small steam yachts rounding the harbor lighthouse, and to marvel at the beautiful lines and rigging of larger craft waiting outside the bar for high water.

"Twelve yachts from the carnival fleet," was the yawning comment of the cottagers. The energetic separated themselves sufficiently from hammock and novel to level a glass, penetrate the mystery of club pennant and private signal, and to moralize upon the amount of money it takes to "run" a yacht. Then they lost interest.

But not so with the hotel guests, the Arachnida, whose endeavors are in the restless places. Here prevailed interest more robust, curiosity unsated. In the presence of the twelve, white-sailed, bright-brassed, immaculately-jackied, the Arachnida discovered fine web stuffs to their weavings. One by one airy tissues were hung to the conversational breeze.

"That black schooner yacht *Spirit* is full of fast people. Nobodies. The kind of people who charter yachts and tag around at fashionable resorts to see the fun, whose life philosophy (that of the tentmaker) usually demonstrates in a residuum of seventy-five empty champagne bottles washed upon the sanctity of private beaches. A reporter told Mr. Arachne . . ."

"That big beauty of a steam yacht is the *Norseman*, owned by Judge Har-

beck. The judge just now passed the hotel—the man with the bushy eyebrows. The lady with him is his sister. The Bishop of I—— is his guest.”

Round and round, over and over, the Arachnida worked their delicate patterns. The judge was a terribly severe old man except where the happiness of his only daughter was concerned. Her youth, her beauty, her wealth—but the piazza weavers are no mean artists; when they speak of wealth they know better than to limit by mere signs and wonders. Whether they wish to imply the overwhelming presence of it or the lamentable absence of it, they simply pause in their spinning, hold on by a single thread, and, like their daring furtive prototypes, swing off into space!

While the webs increased in number night came down on Gray Harbor. The shops and bazaars spread their snares, the band began its uncouth yearnings. Then the summer crowd, that airy transient froth which luxuriates in its own negative bubble, which is as sweet and effervescent as its own glass of strawberry and chocolate flavor, began to foam out in starry-eyed flirtation, in mothy fluttering. Up and down street it spread, loitering, laughing, savoring itself. And as the night breeze bore out to the harbor something of its sibilance, something of its wistful mystery, came inevitable response. One by one, launch, gig, and dinghy skimmed shoreward; one by one, landed parties, mostly bored, mostly stiff in the legs, mostly overdressed in the last gasp of expensive carelessness.

The bishop knew that the sort of moon that rose out of the sea and floated over the masts of the harbor was not the sort of moon little Miss Harbeck liked. She preferred moons rather bent and broken, aged moons shivering up their windy stairs of cloud. It amused him, coming to join her on the after-deck, to see her head disappointedly

turned away from the round red face ogling her. It occurred to him that just in that way had he seen her turn away from one untasted sweet to order another. Of the age, of the tolerance that finds charm in the ultra fastidious, he smiled sympathetically, drawing up a chair.

“Is this the scenery you arranged?” He loved whimsically to find fault with her. “Are we to sit staring at the hickory-dickory-dock moon and see our noble thoughts run up and down it like the mercurial mouse in the rhyme?”

He bent to move her a little farther out of the draught, remarking that he could see the *Norseman's* gig returning empty except for the Swede in charge.

“That means that your father and Miss Penelope have fallen into the pits digged for them ashore and will come back to us penniless, laden with old crockery and fond representations of antique.”

He smiled at the thought. “What a night it is—except, of course, for your very inferior moon.”

He busied himself tucking in her rug, meanwhile stealing keen glances at the half-averted face.

“If only your father's sailors would not so Procrusteanize that helpless accordion, if only that black schooner *Spirit* did not persist in shutting off our view of the town lights—” He broke off with a laugh at his own carping.

The bishop had developed a regular method previous to the confessional. His small talk, like the perforated screen between priest and penitent, was a mere patter of punctuations. Having tactfully raised it between him and a diffidence he was tender of, he went directly to the point.

“Well—how about our council of war?”

The girl shook her head. Immediately, against the moon, now expanded into a disk of rice-paper whiteness, he caught the glitter of tears. It also struck him anew, the faylike charm of the face, the dreaming expression of a

character that had not yet guessed at itself. As she plunged enthusiastically into the stating of her case he told himself that the judge and Miss Penelope were unalterably right. True, in a weak moment he had pledged himself to two young people to disagree with them, to use his influence—nonsense! Gilbert himself was only a strong-jawed, cavern-eyed soldier boy, and she? A little flower-faced thing that sat in the dark and cried—picked a quarrel with a rice-paper moon. It was in an attitude fixed not so much in attention as in musing that the bishop sat and listened.

"And they ended by saying that we must wait two years," Miss Harbeck concluded with the effect of climax. "They calmly invited Gilbert to run home, as if we had been children." (He thought how absurdly undeveloped was her small scorn.) "It is the first time father has ever been ridiculous." (She meant that it was the first time he had ever denied her.) "Aunty, of course, was not quite so bad, but they were both stupid about it."

The bishop smiled. She paused, looking at him with the air of telling a grand secret before she confessed. "I don't mean to be disrespectful—and, anyway, you don't count—you are different." The man of experience luxuriated in this allowance for him! "But older people are the greatest disappointment of my life—why"—as her companion lifted his eyebrows—"they're so material, they think only of the world; they have lost their ideals, they—you know what I mean," she nodded at him urgently.

Though he bowed his head in mock humility, it was evident that the bishop himself set store by her belief in his ability to understand.

"Two years," she went on, wistfully, intent upon her grievance. "Can't you see how they must have forgotten—if they ever knew? They act exactly as if it were two eggs at breakfast, two blocks of ice in the *Norseman's* refrig-

erator, not two"—a depth of voice unusual to his ears broke like a wave in her throat—"two petals from a flower that grows only once."

The bishop opened his eyes. Well! The child had certainly learned something. If falling in love did that kind of thing—he experienced distinct approval of the two-petal idea. Out of his childless, widowed experience he endeavored to form a correct estimate of what it signified. The judge had held to it inexorably that she was "too young."

What constituted age? The bishop had seen very young girls of thirty, very old ones of sixteen. Was a young woman who could understand about fallen petals—? After all, the bishop felt he was not yet ready to talk. He drew the rug from his feet and got up to walk back and forth. He stopped at the stern, staring out over the water. It seemed that he looked into some darkness of forgotten things. What constituted age? How many fallen petals made a man or a woman old? Suddenly, and most unmanfully, he felt a great impatience with his friends, the judge and Miss Penelope.

When he returned, Miss Harbeck had a great deal more to tell him. It grew easy, under the mingling night noises of the harbor, to be confidential. There was the rattling of hoisted or dropped mainsail, the occasional slap of oars thrown on a landing stage, the short, nervous stroke of a lobsterman rowing by in his dory. From the town floated strains from the band, bursting with such emotion as swells the bosom of an honest seaside band. And there was one other sound.

From the suggestive darkness of the schooner *Spirit* came the ring of a clear tenor singing, with the flippant cynicism that has somehow appropriated the profound sadness of Omar Khayyám, "Myself When Young." Soon this voice was joined by that of a woman, a high shaky soprano, piercing the night air with another song, persistently sus-



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

SHE WAS SO GLORIOUSLY SURE OF THE FUTURE

taining it against the first. The two voices ended in a wanton discord that brought shrieks of laughter from an audience evidently not hypersensitive. The bishop, wincing, thoughtfully gnawed his lip. At the carnival this yacht, the *Spirit*, had fortunately anchored farther off, not so far, however,

but that one might surmise as to the caliber of its party. He glanced at the delicate profile near him, expecting to see it jarred, at least annoyed, curious.

But Miss Harbeck was absorbed in a chain she had drawn up from the fluffiness of her dinner blouse. Suspended from it were two rings that

glittered. The girl leaned over, the better to allow him to examine one, an exquisitely carved sardonyx, whose dark dignity and Greek inscription might better have befitted the firm austerity of his own hand than the slender one laid on his arm. That the same thought was Miss Harbeck's was signified by the dubious way she turned it over and over.

"Do you think it's too solemn for an engagement ring?" She was alluding to the motto—"Depths Unsounded." "Aunt Penelope says it makes her shudder; even father said it was a little crawly and mysterious, but"—her face lighted—"you can't think how Gilbert loves it. He hopes I will prefer it; he wants me to learn to care for such things."

All the same, the bishop noticed that it was the diamond hoop she thoughtfully slipped upon her finger.

"I've never worn diamonds, you know." She might have been a child apologizing for having picked a flower. "Most girls have diamond engagement rings." He could see how she nerved herself to look with favor on the sard. "Depths Unsounded." She murmured it wistfully. "Does it sound to you a little cold, unlike—?" Her face took on the visionary look of habitual dreaming. What she was about to say was lost in her thought of it.

The bishop, on his last holiday but one, had been fishing with the judge and this soldier Gilbert of the solemn ring. The unpleasant duty of putting the salmon out of their gasping by one decided knock on the head—it had invariably been Gilbert who had attended to that. The bishop recalled his readiness, his dark mastery as a creature of superior endowment, over the struggling silver life he stilled. Somehow was it not all of the same piece, his bestowing a foreboding ring like this on a little creature of untried wing, unexpanded aura—this Psyche calyxed, crescent, unrealizing? The everlasting conceit of the boy, demanding that she put aside

her natural preferences, her illusions, even to the point of her engagement tokens! It was a curious analogy; but the bright smile, the cool philosophy of the man who had so obligingly done his duty by the salmon was haunting. So, the bishop could see it; this young Gilbert would cheerfully do his duty, taking her silver dreams, her pretty innocencies, knocking them one by one on their heads. He fitted his delicate hands together.

Entirely contrary to Miss Harbeck's expectation, her friend suddenly found himself of the same opinion as her father. He could not, he judiciously pointed out, come between her and her guardians against his own personal conviction, and that conviction was— He shook his head smiling ruefully at her. He dwelt upon the peculiar political work to which Gilbert had devoted his life; that sort of work made a machine of a man, it left a man little time for— The bishop suddenly stopped. As an interesting experiment it occurred to him to get Miss Harbeck to set forth her views as to the felicities of married life.

As she leaned forward, giving with impressment her mature summing-up, her listener's attention was for a minute diverted. A launch had just put off from the *Spirit*. It passed close under the lee of the *Norseman*, near enough to distinguish the faces of men and women. The party was evidently out of sorts, noisy, quarrelsome, faces and voices thickened with the coarseness of frank dissipation. Even in the spiritualizing moonlight was revealed a brazen tawdriness. The bishop wondered that these things never roused even the interest of displeasure in the girl at his side. For a moment he wondered if it was selfishness, this apparent lack of perception as to the outside world and its irregularities. The thought, however, faded out as he looked at her sitting in the moonlight, drawing out for him the fairy strands of her dream.

After she ended, pausing with a lightly caught breath—"Do you know

how it sounds to me?" The interruption was gently humorous. "It sounds like Scott's novels, a composite Gibson picture, the matinée, and large and riotous quaffings of Tennyson, and it is beautiful my dear, very, very beautiful, but—" his slightly quizzical tone was none the less reverent—"have you thought of other things?"

"Other things?" Miss Harbeck took to mean financial considerations. She disposed of the matter with the calm business ability of those who have never wanted. There was her money. There was Gilbert's money. There would never be any worries.

Indeed! Her adviser smiled his congratulation. And had she, he pursued, any definite plan of life. Should they keep house? Should they travel? Were they to live alone or would her father and Miss Penelope—it was all asked to get at some doubt or hesitancy in her. She was so gloriously sure (she who had not seen the salmon provided for).

It appeared that, like Andromache, she expected to combine all old relationships in this new one, daring to believe of it, "Thou art to me father and lady mother, yea, and even brother, even as thou art my goodly husband."

The bishop stared. Wonderingly, he listened to the old world-dream of perfect companionship. They two, Miss Harbeck averred, had been born for each other. Gilbert had told her that. They would fly directly out of a world of reservations and restraints as out of a chrysalis they needed no more. They would be forever happy, floating down rivers, sitting on rocks, watching lanterns swinging under trees, stars hanging in the sky. On Dream Sea their ships would never founder. On Soap-bubble Tree their trembling spheres were iridescent. The road wound on and on and on, for them.

The man who listened closed his eyes. The belief of it, the happy, happy belief of it—he could have put down his head and wept.

A tall sail loomed up suddenly, shut-

ting off the moon, a catboat with spectral bow light came sliding along the night. In the cockpit and up to windward were clustered dark heads; a chorus of youthful voices were raised in the robust pathos of "Seeing Nellie Home," and "Way Down Yonder in de Cornfield." The sailboat passed close by and the gay young faces looking up to the *Norseman* decks seemed to the bishop witnesses to the responsibility he felt. Also, they suggested something. He had never been particularly impressed with the modern girls who added their measure to the adulation his world accorded him; even their enthusiasms, it seemed to him, were touched with a pertness unlovely, unconvincing. But, if it were a case of having to say "no" to a frank damsel, eager for reasons, with a bright, curious eye, a fighting tongue, and a compact little shoulder nicely adapted to the wearing of chips—well, the bishop acknowledged that for this moment he would prefer that kind of girl.

Inside the cock crew, but it did not penetrate the calm of the bishop's face, now professionally cryptic. In his worldly mind he evolved a precious sanity of counsel; in his unworldly soul he tried to bury his doubts. Two years, he said, would change the girl he was talking to into a richer, more gloriously endowed character; what—he hated himself for the desecration of it—what if this stronger, more developed woman should demand fuller, deeper companionship than that of the irrevocably chosen yoke-fellow? He explored deserts she had not imagined, dipped out of bitter seas, and bore doggedly on. . . . It was characteristic of him, his attitude, the sophistication of his advice, the abrupt ending, pushing back his chair and walking away.

To the bishop came suddenly a vision of one of the temples at Pæstum where a priest sacrificed to some powerful deity; he wondered how a lamb would look being put to death—if it would turn and bleat and have frightened eyes.

Curiously overrun with the incidental is existence. Who, testing his big cudgel, ever needed more than a grass blade? Who, girding himself for the tragedy, ever failed of being slapped on the back by the joke? When at last he turned, braced to meet his doom of tears and reproaches, the bishop was not prepared to find his young friend out of her chair, standing by the rail, peering down into the darkness.

From where he stood—"Sssh!" The eager gesture surprised him. She beckoned again mysteriously. "I knew I heard them letting down the companion ladder," she whispered. "Someone has come to call—the Pentleys, from the *Butterfly*, I suppose." Her tone was injured, her eyebrows pathetically lifted.

Her companion smiled.

"Oh, you don't realize what it means," she retorted, "sitting up and listening to their dreadful motor talk!" She leaned over, still peering into the darkness. "Why, it's a girl—alone!" She bent over a minute longer, then turned, her hand laid impulsively on his arm. "Would you mind," shyly, "if I ran away a minute—just a little minute?"

True, there was light enough on the after deck to see by—but the light from the companionway revealed the broken little face, the proud little hostess's face, wet with tears.

"Why—it's only a question of damp lashes." He said it gently, but her answer was a dangerous trembling of the lips. He kindly turned her toward the saloon door, himself turning away to do her bidding. As he walked to the companionway he smiled to think how she would return calm, composed, a miracle of correct little surfaces. He pondered upon what he had seen of rosebud facsimiles of the old familiar society mask. That mask! He wondered if any man or woman could say when he or she had first assumed it.

There appeared to be some difficulty in bringing the visiting gig alongside, and the girl who mounted the companion steps did so breathlessly, as with

the hurry of sudden arrival. She paused, hatless, wrapped in a dark cape, on the top step. She raised her eyes questioningly to the figure waiting to receive her.

"You are Bishop Farwell?" she gasped.

He was puzzled at this diffidence. Meeting the bishop's eyes many seasoned men and women found no small matter; but as lightly, talking, he led the way aft, he was thinking that eyes seldom met his with the dilation of hysteria, a widening as of something trapped. As he paused for his guest to precede him he was impressed by some other things. A carelessness in her attire, that roughness of the dark hair. He drew up chairs, lightly framing his pleasant suppositions, prophesying the immediate appearance of Miss Harbeck. Already he had the intuition that this caller on the *Norseman* had come to see him and him alone.

"I met a great many of Miss Harbeck's guests at her carnival luncheon" (he was rapidly forecasting a possible situation), "have I your forgiveness for saying that it is easier for me to remember the names of the Merovingian kings than it is to recall the names of those charming young ladies?"

He spoke lightly, frivolously, with the half-British accent which is the petted mannerism of the less Puritan American; but his smile was guarded, his eyes a little wary.

The visitor did not smile. She sat back in her chair in a relaxed position, suggesting fatigue. Her cape fell away from her shoulder and he observed that her yachting attire was damp, crumpled. Clearly, this visitor could not be from the *Butterfly*. In turn, he could see that his guest seemed furtively to study details of his own appearance. He felt uncomfortably that she measured him, that she found him wanting. He saw her watching in vain for some expected quality, now in his voice, now in his face.

There is so much jungle in us all, that it takes the tiniest crackling of the twig

to make the most nonchalant spring to guard. The bishop went on speaking of the weather, of the carnival, of whatever topic suggested itself, his eyes meanwhile coldly regardful, the eyes of one making an inventory. It was not, therefore, with the feeling of shock, so much as with the strengthening of conviction, that his gaze was suddenly arrested by a ribbon tied around his visitor's sleeve. A ribbon band, tied loosely and carelessly as he had seen them on the sleeves of one or two girls at the carnival—a ribbon that bore in stamped gold letters the name "*Spirit*."

"But we have not yet solved our mystery, and I see that you are not going to help me. May I try again, since Miss Harbeck has not appeared?"

"You are Miss Weston of the *Brigand*? But, no, the *Brigand* is not in harbor. There, you see?" He shrugged his shoulders with the sure aplomb of privileged helplessness. His eyes, however, never moved. They were fixed upon the white face under the electric lights.

With a kind of rude contempt, an effect as of pushing away tentative delicacies, the girl before him raised her head. She looked at him intently; when she answered it was as if trying to hide sudden distrust and dislike. "No," she said, slowly, "I am no one you know. I have heard of you often." He gathered at once that what she had heard of him was very different from what she saw in him. "I live in the town where the carnival was held," She waited a minute, then added. "I came in to-night on—on one of these yachts."

"Oh!" He glanced at the gold-lettered band on her arm.

"Yes." She stirred, hesitated, then suddenly, the words seeming to come in a rush against her better judgment, against her lips trembling to stem them—"I am in great trouble. Will you help me? You can. Will you?" She asked it slowly, feverishly, and again throbbed into her eyes the hysteria he had noticed before.

"You are a guest," the bishop questioned her slowly, "on the schooner yacht *Spirit*?" He saw that under the trouble of the face turned to his lay qualities of recklessness, headlong, defiant. As they faced each other he knew she could not lie with that gold-lettered band on her arm; but, he considered, was it a truthful face that tried to dare his penetration? Was it a truthful voice that caught in her throat as she answered shortly, "Yes."

There was a pause. Did the visitor suddenly discern something pitiless in the searching gaze fixed upon her that she suddenly shrank back and shivered? In the short silence the woman miserably dropped her head, the bishop nervously listened for the sound of a returning footstep.

A party of men rowing out to their knockabout floated by. One of them, lying back in the stern, took his pipe from his mouth, knocked out the ashes, and began to sing, accompanied by his companions with the singular and not unlovely melodies of the campus "swipe" chords. As the boat fell into the night beyond, the first voice was left singing alone. On the night air the words hung poignantly, yearningly:

"Beloved, it is morn.

A redder berry on the thorn, a deeper yellow on the corn;

Pray, Love, for me, that I may be faithful to God and thee."

In the silence following, the stranger lifted her head.

"I see"—she tried for calmness—"I see that you know about that yacht—about the *Spirit*. It was at the carnival, anchored near you, I believe. But you never saw me on it. I never knew what they were."

He scrutinized her sharply. Was the indignation in her voice genuine? "One of them is—was—a man I cared for. I worked at a hotel where he used to see me. We often walked together. He asked me aboard to supper. I did not know how—" she faltered—"to refuse

him. When we were at supper, when I did not know it—they got up anchor. He promised to return to-night. I have asked him—I begged him to put me ashore."

She stopped, then added, in a voice suddenly empty of everything but hardness, "Of course, I know now that he never intended to return to-night."

If it had happened at home, if she had come to him in his quiet study, with his Forlì and Fra Angelico pointing him steadily to his duty. . . . If, indeed, the telephone were at his elbow, making possible conferences with this and that kindly philanthropist . . . in his study the bishop would at least have given himself pause. On board the *Norseman*, he summed up thus:

That his visitor was making use of an unfortunate escapade to engage the sympathies of such persons of power and benevolence as she might find aboard a yacht like the *Norseman*. He was familiar with such schemes. She must promptly be put right as to the success of hers. And there was something else that worried him. Every moment he expected to hear the light step emerge from the saloon, every moment to meet the expression of his friend's daughter flashing inquiry at him and this—interloper. Instinctively he guessed at the child's feeling of pain, her sensitive horror at this unhappy thing, this dark mushroom of life that had sprung up so near the fair budding of her own happiness. An unreasoning anger made him decide quickly. He took a restless step or two before turning to the figure in the chair.

"This is most unfortunate, and believe me"—he tried for sympathy in his voice—"I am exceedingly sorry for you. But, of course, you have done the right thing. There are respectable hotels here, I believe, boarding houses. . . . I will furnish you with funds. There is a regular boat leaving in the morning. . . . You understand that this is all I can do for you." He might have said it in a tone that meant, "I believe

in and trust you." He chose rather to suggest that there was a young girl of his party who must be shielded from disagreeable contact. It was the way he took to let his visitor see that she must leave the *Norseman* at once.

Most people have a lasting incredulity for brutality. We may generalize about the coldness and selfishness of our world or of our friend, but the blow comes fresh, the treachery is forever new. The visitor from the *Spirit* rose obediently but unsteadily. So might a person walk toward the mirage fading before his eyes. So might quiver a mouth tasting new and ashy bitterness.

"Why!" the girl said in a low tone—she seemed afraid the very night might hear and condemn the lack she herself must bitterly acknowledge—"why, it cannot be that *you* have not understood?"

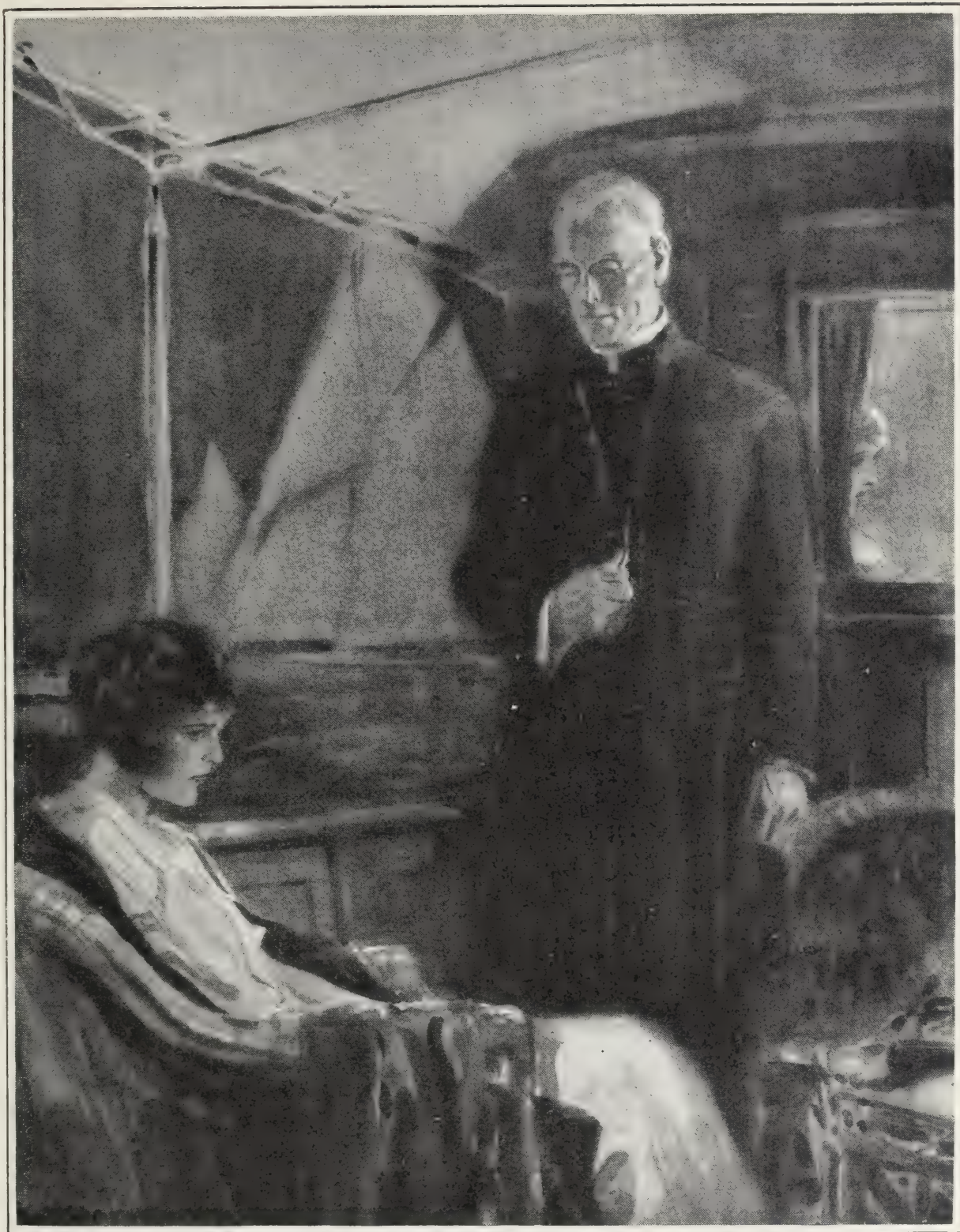
The bishop was stiffly silent. The reproach was an impertinence which he told himself he was accustomed to. He had had much experience in earlier days with men and women who had taken rash steps and been frightened back into the paths of rectitude. They had a unique way of trying to prove the limitations of their benefactors. Nervously he dreaded the sound of the light step, silently waiting for this unwelcome guest to leave. It was this grave silence that was his answer to her question. He was surprised that she dared break it.

"You have said"—she was trying for coldness like his own—"you are Bishop Farwell?"

He signified "Yes," impatience in the affirmation.

"I have often heard of you. A woman told me once that to shake hands with you meant to gain strength. I saw your face at the carnival. I—I trusted it." A flicker of displeasure crossed the face she had "trusted," but she bore resolutely on.

"When, to-night" . . . she closed her eyes as if trying to shut out the memory of what the day had brought her . . . "when I realized what my world



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

"YOU UNDERSTAND THAT THIS IS ALL I CAN DO FOR YOU"

will think me, when I realized how impossible it will be to go back to that town where I am known . . . I could see all of me, my soul, for a single mistake slipping down . . . down." She paused with an uncontrollable tremor. "But I had the strength to come to

someone who, God help me, I still believed would—"

It burst from her in a bitter sob, the ending of that sentence. "Surely," she leaned toward him with a kind of pitiful searching of his callousness—"surely you will take me somewhere

where I can fight, where I can forget; if you will not—why . . .” A strange weakness, a look that he at once felt to be the underlying genius of her nature flattened the emotion out of her face. She hung her head muttering, “I can’t do it alone.”

That there was less of the actress in her now; that she wore the sincerity of desperate appeal, her judge was forced to admit. With the idea of saying something helpful, he put one or two questions. But out of the brief dialogue it seemed to him that he drew nothing but her cowardly wish to lean upon his strength, to batten upon his soul-fiber. It was past the time when he wished to collect the curious lichens of human nature; he knew younger men who exulted in that sort of philanthropy, but . . . Keenly, morbidly, he shrank from it, the advance of the soul parasite, the clinging of hands irresolute for aught but clinging. The problem!

Up in the town the band was concluding the night’s concert with the Belgian hymn. The massive chords ceased suddenly like a sob. Summer night leveled on the black waters of the harbor. Pensive scents of the sea mingled with the breath of the moors, with snatches of perfume from the old town gardens. Amid these things suggestive, subtle of association, the bishop, angry against his will, found himself caught in the toils of spiritual tangle with the girl standing there. Had it not been for a deeper reason than a woman’s weak cowardice that she had come to him? Was it for any reason stronger than a cowardice of his own that he was refusing, ought he not to. . . What was that?

Surely the sound of a silken skirt. Surely a light step his ear never mistook. . . .

Do men and women understand that it is seldom their own hearts and brains that decide for them? Circumstance, that little ballet dancer pirouetting before feasts and tragedies, decided for the bishop.

“I think your launch is waiting.” So extreme gentleness and courtesy may create an impassible gulf. “Will you not accept such help as I can give you?”

Almost immediately, as if mocking his words, the breeze wafted to them the sound of loud talking and laughter; down over the harbor a man’s mellow tenor made sonorous by the megaphone of his rounded fists, hailed from a landing:

“On board yacht *Spirit*!”

A moment later, from the same landing stage came the judge’s voice, crisp, imperative, rasped with the annoyance of undesirable propinquity, “*Norseman*, ahoy!”

At once rose the chug, chug, of the *Norseman*’s obedient little tender. But no launch shot out from the side of the *Spirit*. The reason for this showed in the anxious countenance of the Swede who appeared at the *Norseman*’s companionway. He was waiting. His gesture to his passenger was undecided, but the girl nodded reassuringly. An old habit of bravado, some desperate strain in her nature, seemed to thrill through her at the sound of that voice calling with its indolent power of command, “On board schooner *Spirit*.”

She turned a wild face in the direction whence it came, then looked again into the face in which she had once believed. With a slight smile she turned away.

It was not, however, until she stood, hair blowing in the wind, waiting for the gig to steady below, that the full force of what she was about to do came home to the bishop. What idea had come into her head? What . . . what had she, this little waif, expected of him? . . . what was he allowing her to commit herself . . . here on the yacht of his friends?

“Of course, I cannot permit. . . .” He stood there in the half light of the deck raising that powerful white hand, the hand laid so often on young heads, whose very gesture was command. It fell clumsily on the air . . . all author-

ity gone out of it. It might have been the hand of a banker, a professional pool player; any soldier's hand would have more earnest authority. And she, this slip of a girl who faced him—what had happened to her young face? . . . Was there not about her a somber decision, something that brooked no interference, no misunderstanding? The slender figure seemed to grow majestic, terrible to . . . to remind him . . . him, the bishop, of something which he would have believed he could forget. He passed his hand over his eyes, watching her slender form float away from him in descending into veils of mystery and night.

Where the *Spirit's* launch boiled the water into a ghostliness of phosphorescent gleam rose white patches of foam that, like foam faces, seemed to stare blankly and break into blackness. One, a girl's solemn rebuking face, set toward a conscious destiny, did not look back as it drifted away into darkness.

How long the bishop stood watching he was not conscious. Suddenly there broke from him the sharp ejaculation of a man who must act at once. Walking toward the rosy lights of the saloon, his thoughts were not so much dismayed as whipped into a turmoil of confused expedients. He had made a mistake to let the girl go. But how—how might he have safely kept her, this child of infamy, of evil associations, on the deck of the *Norseman*? Suddenly he remembered something. He paused at the door of the saloon, composing his face, ready for superficial inquiry, ready to make evasive reply.

Senda Harbeck met him at the door. He noticed in bewilderment that she had donned a heavy cloak and her dark blue Breton cap. There was something clear-meaning, definite in the look she turned on him.

"Has father come back yet . . .? I . . . I must see him . . . at once."

"They've gone for him."

Suddenly he saw her tremble. "Dear, what is it? Are you cold . . .? Some-

thing unmistakable in her wide, reproachful eyes made the bishop try to take the two cold little hands. Suddenly he understood. "You heard . . .?" in grave reproof. "You . . ." he tried to hide the sudden shame rushing through him. "You listened?"

It would seem that she wished to observe the outer respect due his cloth. The girl bowed her head gravely.

"I heard! I listened!" She repeated the words after him as if wishing not to shirk their significance. "I came back to . . . to . . . welcome her. I heard her say . . . what she did, and heard you tell her . . . that you would . . . that you *could* not help her. Was it because you were here on this boat's

deck or because you would not have helped her really, anyway? I heard you strengthen your argument against saving her with my name, with the fact that I am here on my father's yacht. . . ."

She paused, the light from the saloon cast a strange glow on her solemn young face as she said, "It was considerate."

"It was most unhappy, most regrettable." The bishop found that in proportion as her voice was broken he could keep his own controlled. "She was a very frequent type of hysterical woman without moral quality." (Since this child had listened, since she had, as he could see, judged him, he decided not to spare her his sharp decision.) "She was not sincere. You heard her refuse my offer of help?"

There was a tray of glasses and a punchbowl placed on a near-by table; the tall figure in its clerical garb went over to this and filled one of the small cups, which he offered to the girl. At her silent refusal he calmly filled another for himself. He raised the cup to his lips, saying, quietly: "It was not my intention to lose sight of her. When your father returns we will see what can be done."

"When my father returns," replied the girl, steadily, "I shall ask him to let me go to that yacht and see her and beg her to come back—if she can forgive

us. . . ." She drew a long breath and looked at the little watch glittering on her wrist . . . "if it is not too late."

She stopped a sob and he saw, regretfully, how the thing was exciting her. "I should have come out at once, the moment she came to us . . . if I had not . . ." again her voice quivered—"trusted you."

He ignored the slight childish shaft.

"*You will ask her to forgive you . . . us?*" He meant to say it quizzically; he was able at least to smile; but he saw with astonishment that she met the smile hotly.

"To forgive me?" with quiet passion. "I am a girl of her own age. I am sheltered from—from *everything*. It was to protect me further that you drove her away. . . . Ah, you were no more true to *me* than you were to her." The young breast heaved and the bishop saw with wonder a hauteur he could not have imagined in her. For a moment she seemed to him like a young Sibyl that panted and labored with condemnation and prophecy. There was no flippancy in this brave little mouth that summed him up. . . . "You have been true to nothing."

The fact was very quietly given him. He put out his hand to the back of a chair. Did this child guess, did she know, how far she had seen? Under his successes, his power, his charm, rose what he alone knew of himself and it stared him in the face. College days, one or two forlorn hopes of radicalism, then the compromises and futilities that had placed him beyond worldly criticism, had made him forever the target of his own scoffing. But she—this little flower that the judge had kept so fair, so unwitting of life . . . why, it was as if his own Fra Angelico, his own Forlì, a thing all rose and gold and azure aspiration, had stepped suddenly out of triptych or lunette and come, daz- zlingly inexorable, to judge him.

"You think . . ." he began. . . . He guessed what she thought, what he knew he ought to have done.

Suddenly the great man standing there remembered the girl's remark: "Older people are the greatest disappointment of my life;" at her childish exception in his favor . . . and now . . . "You have been true to nothing."

"I see . . . you would have had me believe in her. You would have had me trust her." His voice was very gentle now. He stood looking on this crusading face of youth with utter sadness. As a boy he had felt like that. The bishop only too well understood how he must seem to her stormy compassion. He hoped, since there was so much he still felt he might not say, at least to make peace, but he was not prepared for her answer given with a lip that shook: "I would have had her believe in you . . . the Man of God . . . a great, strong soul that up to—to-night she believed existed. . . . Now she believes in no one. . . . Oh, poor thing, poor thing!"

It was a child that broke down, a child that threw herself into the chair under his hand and passionately wept.

"Little girl, little girl!" the bishop said. His voice broke. Under its mastery, the habit of years, he also made appeal. When at last he could make her look up he remembered the motto on Gilbert's ring and spoke gravely with her as to a woman nearer his own age. "Depths Unsounded". . . . Not for years to come would he be able to forget that deepest, most unutterable woman-cry, "I would have had her believe in you."

"I am sorry," said the bishop. He stared into the summer night. There was a very strange look in his face as he repeated, gravely: "Forgive me. I am . . . sorry."

Twenty minutes later the *Norseman's* little launch was leaving the side of the black schooner *Spirit*, and in the stern sat two girls, one whose bowed head leaned toward the other. The judge and Miss Penelope, anxiously waiting, drew a mutual sigh of relief.

The judge smiled significantly at his sister, asking, "Where'd she get all the age . . . ? It's the awful maturity of her I object to! Dear lamb, if she wants to rescue guttersnipes, let her. . . . I say, Penelope, will you sort of keep your eye on this chivalry thing?" He yawned, adding, "But I wouldn't fuss around to-night. Let Farwell and the child manage it together. I could see she'd worked him up to a prodigious pitch. . . . Well, well, Pen, her mother was like that. I suppose we couldn't keep her a child any longer. The next

thing, that young Gilbert will turn up, damn his assurance and his jaw!"

It meant in its way the end of things for the judge. He turned into the saloon, solemnly switching off lights as he went.

But the bishop, waiting to say good night, asked for the sard ring. "'Depths Unsounded,'" he said, smilingly, and seemed his whimsical self. Then he placed the ring on her hand and raised her face to his. And, if after they made their peace and he walked away, a shadow fell upon his own face, it was a shadow that his smile could conquer.

A PICTURE

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

I HAVE a little dark sketch,
All black and brown,
Where a pale water flows,
And a pale sky looks down.

Three trees are on the bank,
Round willows, bent
Over the quiet water,
Windless and intent.

Under them a stealthy hound
Quests as in a dream,
Yearning toward the dark field
Across the narrowed stream.

In the long grasses there
Small lives must glide;
He will ford the shallows,
And find them where they hide.

In that strange twilight land,
All brown and black,
I follow with the questing beast
The pale water's track.

Beyond the bending willows
I find what I would seek—
A wide, clear breathing-space,
Cool and dim, and bleak.

Neither night nor day it knows,
Neither song nor wings;
Only dusk and silence,
And the sense of lonely things.

WORKING WITH THE WORKING WOMAN

V.—LABELING PILLOW CASES IN A BLEACHERY

BY CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

ONE should write of the bleachery in poetry, and the poetry should be set to music—the Song of the Bleachery. What satisfaction there must be to an employer in a business where so much light-heartedness is worked into the product! Let those who prefer to sob over woman-labor behind factory prison bars visit our bleachery. Better still, let them work there. Here, at least, is one spot where they can dry their tears. If the day ever dawns when the conditions in that bleachery may be referred to as typical of American industrial life—then exit the agitator, the walking delegate, and the closed- and open-shop fight.

I can hear a bleachery operator grunting: "My Gawd! what's the woman ravin' over? Is it *our* bleachery she's goin' on about?" Most of the workers in the bleachery know no other industrial experience. In that community, so it seems, a child is born, attends school up to the minimum grade required, or a bit beyond, and then goes to work in the bleachery—though a few do find their way instead to the overall factory, and still fewer to the shirtwaist factory. No other openings exist at the Falls.

There is more or less talk to-day about industrial democracy. Some of us believe that the application of the democratic principle to industry is the most promising solution of industrial unrest and inefficiency. The only people so far who have written about or discussed this, have been either theorizers or propagandists from among the intellectuals, or enthusiastic applicers of the principle more or less connected with its business application. What does in-

dustrial democracy mean to the rank and file working under it? Is it one of those splendid programs which look epoch-making in print, but which never permeate to those very people whom it is especially designed to effect?

It was to find out what the workers themselves thought of industrial democracy that I boarded a boat and journeyed seventy miles up the Hudson to work in the bleachery, where to the pride of those responsible for it the Partnership Plan is in operation.

What do the workers think of working under a scheme of industrial democracy?

What do the citizens of the United States think of living under a scheme of political democracy?

The average citizen does not think one way or the other about it three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Even on voting days the rank and file of us do not ponder overlong on democracy *versus* autocracy. Indeed, if it could be done silently in the dead of night, and the newspapers would promise not to say a word about it, perhaps we might change to a benevolent autocracy; and if we could silence all orators, as well as the press, what proportion of the population would be vitally concerned in the transition? Sooner or later, of course, alterations in the way of doing this and that would come about, the spirit of the nation would change. But through it all—autocracy, if it were benevolent, or democracy—there would be little conscious concern on the part of the great majority—always provided the press and orators would keep quiet.

Judging by my own experience, the same may be said of industrial democracy. Autocracy, democracy—the rank and file of the workers, especially the women workers, do not understand or bother about.

“Say,” chuckled Mamie, “you’d ‘a’ died laughin’ once. A fella came through here askin’ everybody what we thought of the Partnership Plan. My Gawd! when he got to me I just told him I didn’t understand the first thing about it. What ‘ud he do but get out a little book and write down what I said. Never again! Anybody asks me now what I think of the Partnership Plan and I keep my mouth shut, you bet.”

Once an enthusiastic visitor asked me what I thought of working under the Partnership Plan. After he had passed the girls began to giggle. “Say, these folks that come around here forever asking what we think about the Partnership Plan— Say, what any of us know about that could be put in a nutshell.”

And gray-haired Ella Jane, the smartest of all, who had folded pillow cases for ten years, said: “I don’t know anything about that Partnership Plan. All I know is that we get our share of the profits and our bonuses, and I can’t imagine a nicer place to work. They do make you work for what you get, though. But it’s all white and above-board and you know nobody’s trying to put something over on you.”

But the general spirit of the place? Can that be traced to anything else but the special industrial scheme which underlies it? One fact at least is certain: the employing end is spared many a detail of management; the shift in responsibility is educating many a worker to the problems of capital. And production is going up.

Have you ever tried to find a spare bed in a town where there seems not a spare bed to be had? I left my belongings in an ice-cream store and wandered the streets, following every clew, whether a helpful hint from the one policeman,

or the drug-store man, or a fat, soiled grandmother who turned me down because they were already sleeping on top of one another in her house.

At length I found my way to the sisters Weston. They had worked in the overall factory in their earlier years, hours seven to six, wages five dollars a week, paid every five or six weeks. Later they tried dressmaking; later still, boarders. I belonged to the last stage of all—they no longer took boarders, they took a boarder. Mr. Welsh from the electrical department in the bleachery, whose wife was in Pennsylvania on a visit, being sickly and run down, as seemed the wont of wives at the Falls, took his meals at our boarding house. That is, when he was awake for them. Every other week Mr. Welsh worked night shift.

My belongings were installed in the room assigned me, and the younger of the sisters Weston, seventy-three, sat stiffly but kindly in a chair. “Now, about the room rent?” she faltered. Goodness, yes! My relief at finding a place to sleep in after eleven turn-downs was so great that I had completely neglected such a matter as what the room might cost me.

“What do you charge?” I asked.

“What do you feel you can pay? We want you should have some money left each week after your board’s paid. What do you make at the bleachery?”

My conscience fidgeted within me a bit at that. “I’d rather you would charge me just what you think the room and board are worth to you, not what you think I can pay.”

“Well, we used to get eight dollars a week for room and board. It’s worth that.”

At that rate it is cheaper to live than die in the Falls. Three hot meals a day I got: breakfast—coffee, toast, two eggs, mush, later fruit; dinner—often soup, always meat, potatoes, vegetables, coffee, and a dessert; supper—whatever was left over from dinner, and tea. Always there was plenty of everything.

At six o'clock in the morning the bleachery whistle blows three times, loud enough to shake the shingles on the roofs of the one-hundred-year-old houses and the leaves on the more than one-hundred-year-old trees about the Falls. Those women who have their breakfasts to get and houses to straighten up before they leave for work—and there are a number of them—must needs be about before then. Seven o'clock sees workers on all roads leading to the bleachery gate. At 7.10 the whistle blows again; and at 7.15 the power is turned on, wheels revolve, work begins.

It must be realized that factory or any other kind of work in a small town is a different matter from work in a large city, if for no other reason than the transportation problem. Let us say that work in New York City begins at 7.45. That means for many, if not most, of the workers, an ordeal of half an hour's journey in the subways or "L," shoving, pushing, jamming, running to catch the shuttle; shoving, pushing, jamming, running for the east-side subway; shoving, pushing, jamming, scurrying along hard pavements to the factory door—and at the end of a day of eight or nine hours' work all that to be done over again in order to get home.

Instead, at the Falls, it meant a five minutes' leisurely—unless one had overslept—walk under old shade trees, through the glen along a path lined with jack-in-the-pulpits, wild violets, moss. The same five minutes' walk home at noon to a hot lunch, plenty of time in which to eat it, a bit of visiting on the way back to the factory. A leisurely five minutes' walk home in the late afternoon. No one has measured yet what crowded transportation takes out of one in the cities.

It so happened that a cataclysmic event had taken place in the Falls the week before my appearance. A family had moved away, thereby detaching a worker from the bleachery—the girl who ticketed pillow cases. The Sunday

I appeared in town, incidentally, seven babies were born. That event, or those events, plus me, minus the family who moved away, and an old man who had died the week before, made the population of the Falls 4,202. Roughly, half that number either worked at the bleachery or depended on those who worked there. Who or what the other half were, outside the little group of Main Street tradespeople, remained a mystery. Of course there were the ministers of the gospel and their families in the same generous overdose apportioned to most small towns. The number working in the bleachery was about 620 men and women.

It is odd in what different lights you can see a small town. The chances are that, instead of being a worker, I might have spent the week end visiting some of the "élite" of the Falls. In that case we should have motored sooner or later by the bleachery gate and past numerous company houses. My host, with a wave of the hand, would have dispatched the matter by remarking, "The town's main industry; the poor devils live in the houses you see."

Instead, one day I found myself wandering along the street of the well-to-do homes. What in the world? . . . Whoever lived way up here? Whatever business had they in our Falls? Did they have anyone to talk to, anything to do? I laid the matter before Mamie O'Brien.

"Any rich folk living around here?"

"Guess so—some swell estates round about—never see the people much."

"Are they stuck up?"

"Dunno—na—saw one of 'em at the military funeral last week. She wasn't dressed up a bit swell—just wore a plaid skirt—didn't look like anybody at all."

In other words, we were the town. It was the bleachery folk you saw on the streets, in the shops, at the post office, at the movies. The bleachery folk, or their kind, I saw at the three church services I attended. If anyone had dared sympathize with us—called us "poor devils"!

At our bleachery, be it known, no goods were manufactured. We took piece goods in the rough, bleached, starched, finished it, and rolled or folded the finished stuff for market. In Department 10, where most of the girls worked—the west end of the big third floor—three grades of white goods were made into sheets and pillow cases, ticketed, bundled, and boxed for shipping. Along the entire end of the room next the windows stood the operating machines, rows of girls facing one another, all hemming sheets or making pillow cases. There were some ten girls who stood at five heavy tables rapidly shaking out the hemmed sheets, inspecting them for blemishes of any kind, folding them for the mangle, hundreds and hundreds a day. At other tables workers took the ironed sheets, ticketed them, tied them in bundles, wrapped and labeled and stacked the bundles, whereupon they were sooner or later wheeled off to one side and boxed. Four girls worked at the big mangle. Besides the mangle, one girl spent her day hand-ironing such wrinkles as appeared now and then after the mangle had done its work.

So much for sheets. There were three girls (the term “girl” is used loosely, since numerous “females” in our department will never see fifty again) who slipped pillow cases over standing frames which poked out the corners. After they had been mangled they were inspected and folded, ticketed, bundled, and wrapped at our three “U”-shaped tables. Also at our tables one or two girls spent part time slipping pieces of dark blue paper under the hemstitched part of the fancier pillow cases and sheets, so that the ultimate consumer might get the full glory of her purchase.

The first week Nancy, a young Italian girl (there were only two nationalities in the Falls—Italians and Americans) and I ticketed pillow cases. At the end of that time I alone kept the bundler busy, and Nancy was put on other work. Ticketing means putting just the right amount

of smelly paste on the back of a label, slapping it swiftly just above the center of the hem. There are hundreds of different labels, according to the size and quality of the pillow cases and the store which retails them. My best record was ticketing about six thousand seven hundred in one day. The cases come folded three times lengthwise, three times across, sixty in a bundle. As fast as I ticketed a bundle I shoved them across to the “bundler,” who placed six cases one way, six the other, tied the bundle of twelve at each end with white tape, stacked them in layers of three until the pile was as high as possible for safety, when it was shoved across to the wrapper. How Margaret’s fingers flew! She had each dozen in its paper, tied, labeled, in the wink of an eye, almost.

In our department there were three boys who raced up and down with trucks; one other who wrapped sheets, when he did not have his arm gayly around some girl; and the little man who packed the goods in their shipping boxes and nailed them up. There were two forewomen, pretty, freckled-faced Tess and the masculine Winnie. Over all of us was “Hap,” the new boss elected by Department 10 as its representative on the Board of Operatives. It is safe to say he will be re-elected as long as death or promotion spares him. Hap is a distinct success. He never seems to notice anybody or anything—in fact, most of the time you wonder where in the world he is. But on Hap’s shoulders rests the output for our entire department. The previous “boss” was the kind who felt he must have his nose in everything and his eye on everybody. He was called to another job. The first month after Hap and his method of leaving folks alone came into power production jumped.

But Hap spoke up when he felt the occasion warranted it. The mangle girls started to quit at 11.30. They “got by” with it until the matter came to Hap’s notice. He lined the four of them up, and while the whole room

looked on with amused interest he told them what was what. After that they stayed till twelve.

At another time a piece-rate girl was overpaid two dollars and failed to report it. Hap called her into the office.

"Didn't you get too much in your envelope this week?"

"I dunno; I 'ain't figured up yet."

"Don't you keep track of your own work?"

"Yes, but I 'ain't figured up yet."

"Bring me your card."

The girl reddened and produced a card with everything up to date and two dollars below the amount in her pay envelope.

"You better take a week off," said Hap. But he repented later in the afternoon and took it back—only told her to be more careful.

The first morning at the bleachery the foreman led me to the narrow space in the middle of three large heavy tables placed "U" shape, said, "Here's a girl to ticket;" and left me.

It was the bundler who took me under her wing that first day—pretty Mamie O'Brien, three generations in the Falls. There was no talk of vamping, no discussions of beaux. Everyone told everything she had done since Saturday noon.

"Hey, Margaret, didjagototha movies Saturday night?"

"Sure. Swell, wasn't it?"

"You said it. I 'ain't ever saw sweller."

"I seen Edna's baby Sunday. Awful cute. Had on them pink shoes Amy made it."

"Say, ain't that awful about Mr. Tinney's grandchild over to Welkville! Only lived three hours."

"They're puttin' in the bathtub at Owenses'."

"What dya know. After they got the bathroom all papered at Chases' they'd made a mistake and it's all got to be ripped down. Bathtub won't fit in." ("Improvements" was one of the lead-

ing topics of conversation day in and day out at the Falls.)

"Ain't that new hat of Jess Tufts' a fright? I 'ain't never saw her look worse."

Back and forth it went—all the small gossip of the small town where everyone knows everything about everyone else from start to finish. It was all a bit too mild for Mamie, as I later learned; indeed, I began to learn it that day. It was no time before Mamie was asking my opinion on every detail of a prominent divorce case; did I think Mrs. So-and-so would get her divorce; did I consider somebody or other guilty of some crime or other; somebody gets the electric chair to-morrow; wasn't it the strangest thing that somebody's body hadn't been recovered yet; what-dyaknow about a father what 'll strangle his own child; a man got drowned after he's been married only two days; and did I think Dempsey or Carpentier would win the fight. "Gee! wouldn't you give your hat to see that fight?"

Meanwhile I was nearly drowning myself and the labels in paste, at the same time trying to appear intelligent regarding a number of things about which I evidently was most uninformed. And all this time I was feasting my eyes on fresh-faced girls in summer wash dresses—no rouge whatever, not a sign of a lip stick, except on one girl, little or no powder; a large, airy, clean, white room, red-and-white-striped awnings at the windows, and wherever the eye looked, hillsides solid with green trees almost close enough to touch. The bleachery is set down in a hollow beside a little river. Oh, it was too good to be true, after New York!

Pretty, gray-haired, pink-cheeked (real genuine pink-cheeked) Mrs. Hall and I were talking about the bleachery on our way to work one morning. Mrs. Hall had been a forewoman in a New York private dressmaking establishment. She had what is called "style and personality." Her wages in New York were thirty-five dollars a week and she had

much variety and responsibility, which she loved. Circumstances brought her to the Falls. She had never worked in a factory—the very idea had appalled her, yet she must work. One day she went up to Department 10 to see what it was all like. “Why,” she said, “it took my breath away. I felt as if I was in one of those lovely rooms where they did Red Cross work during the war. Of course I get only a small amount a week and it’s the same thing over and over again, and after what I was used to in New York that’s hard. But it never seems like I was in a factory, somehow.”

Just so. There was never the least “factory atmosphere” about the place. It used to make me think of a reception, the noise of the machines for the music, with always, always the sound of much talk and laughter above the whirl. Sometimes—especially Mondays with everyone telling everyone else what she had done over the week end, and for some reason or other Fridays—the talk was “enough to set you crazy,” Margaret used to say. “Sure it makes my head swim.” Nor was the laughter the giggly kind, indulged in when the forewoman was not looking. It was the riotous variety, when at least one of a group would “laugh till she ’most cried”; nor did it make the least difference whether the forewoman was one foot or one hundred away. As likely as not the forewoman was laughing with the rest. All day there was talk, all day laughter, all day visiting a bit here and there, back and forth. Yet in the month of April production had reached its highest point, and the month I was there was expected to surpass April. It is significant that with all the fun the standard of efficiency and production of our bleachery was such that, out of eighteen like industries in the country, we were one of the only two running full time. Thirteen were closed down altogether.

That first day I asked Mamie at what time work began in the morning. Mamie giggled. “I dunno. Say, Mar-

garet, what time does work begin in the morning?” “Seven-fifteen, I think.” Under the Partnership Plan I knew that each operative was allowed a week’s vacation on full pay. But every time she was late—after an allowance of fifteen exemptions—deducted so many minutes from the vacation, just as time off without sufficient cause meant that much less vacation. “Ever been late?” I asked Mamie. More giggles. “Say, Margaret, she wants to know was I ever late!” Then she answered me: “Ninety-seven times last year—no vacation at all for mine. Ask Margaret how many times she’s been late.” More giggles. Margaret giggled, I giggled. Margaret had been late one hundred and eighteen times. Some of the girls were late practically every day; they were like small boys who would not for the world have anyone think they would try to do in school what was expected of them. Yet there were several girls who were to come into their full week off—the names and dates were posted on the bulletin board; others were given five days, three days, down to a few whose allotment out of a possible week was one half day. But several of the most boastful over their past irregular record, and who were receiving no vacation at all, claimed they were going to be on time every day this coming year, “sure!” (This was the first year the vacation with pay had been granted.) I thought of Tessie at the candy factory where I had worked, who had been sent speedily home by the pop-eyed man at the door because she was ten minutes late, due to taking her husband to the hospital. Verily, there is no “factory atmosphere” about the bleachery, compared with New York standards. The men, they say, take the whole matter of punctuality and attendance more seriously than the women.

The second day I began my diary with, “A bleachery job is no job at all.” That again was by contrast. Also, those first two days were the only two, until the last week, that we did not work over-

time at our table. When orders pour in and the mangle works every hour and extra folders are put on, and the bundles of pillow cases pile up, then, no matter with what speed you manage to slap on those labels, you never seem to catch up. Night after night Nancy, Helen, Margaret and I worked overtime. From 7.15 in the morning to six at night is a long day, and by the end of a week of it we were almost "tuckered out." But the more orders that came in the more profits there would be to be divided fifty-fifty between Capital and Labor.

(The *Handbook on the Partnership Plan* reads, "Our profit sharing is a fifty-fifty proposition. The market wage for our industry is paid to Labor and a minimum of 6 per cent is paid to Capital. After these have been paid, together with regular operating expenses, depreciation reserve, taxes, etc., and after the Sinking Funds have been provided for by setting aside 15 per cent of the net profits for Labor and 15 per cent for Capital, the remaining net profits are divided 50 per cent for Capital and 50 per cent for the operatives, and the latter sum divided in proportion to the amount of each one's pay for the period. . . . A true partnership must jointly provide for losses as well as for the sharing of profits. . . . These Sinking Funds are intended to guarantee Capital its minimum return of 6 per cent during periods when this shall not have been carried, and to provide unemployment insurance for the operatives, paying half wages when the company is unable to furnish employment.")

In the candy factory in New York City Ida, the forewoman, would call from the end of the room, "My Gawd! girls, work faster!" At the bleachery, when an extra effort was needed, the forewoman passed a letter around our table from a New York firm, saying their order must be filled by the end of that week or they would feel justified in canceling it. Every girl read the letter and no one said, "You gotta work overtime to-night!" We just mu-

tually decided there was nothing else to do about it, so it was, "Let's work overtime to-night again." It was time-and-a-half pay for overtime, to be sure, but it would be safe to assert it was not alone for the time and a half we worked. We felt we had to catch up on orders. A few times only some one by about four o'clock would call: "Oh, gee! I'm dead! I been workin' like a horse all day. I jus' can't work overtime to-night." The chances were if one girl had been working like a horse we all had, such was the interrelation of jobs at our table.

Except, indeed, Italian Nancy. Whether it was because Nancy was young, or not overstrong, or not on piece rates, or a combination of these three reasons, Nancy never worried herself working, either during the day or overtime. One evening she spent practically the entire overtime hour, at time-and-a-half rates, washing and ironing a collar and cuffs for one of the girls. Nor did any of our table think it at all amiss. During the day Nancy was the main little visitor for our table—she strolled around and brought back the news. If this was sufficiently interesting, another of us would betake herself off for more details. One day Nancy's young eyes were as big as saucers.

"Say, whatdayaknow! That Italian girl Minna, she's only fifteen and she's got a gold ring on with a white stone in it and she says she's engaged." We sent Nancy back for more details. For verification she brought back the engagement ring itself. "Whatdayaknow, only fifteen (Nancy herself was a year beyond that mature age.) The man she's goin' to marry is awful old—twenty-five. Whatdayaknow!" At a previous time Nancy had regaled our table with an account of how, out of a sense of duty to a fellow-countryman, she had announced to this same Minna that she simply must take a bath. "Na," said Minna, "too early yet." That was the end of May.

All at our table, even I after the third

day, were on piece work, except Nancy. Most of the girls in Department 10 were on piece work. There was one union in the bleachery, in another department where mostly men were employed—the folders. They worked time rates. With us, as soon as a girl's record warranted it, she was put on piece rates. Nancy and most of those young girls were still, after one or two years, on time rates, making about \$11 a week. There was the case of a girl who did little day in and day out but her hair, the one girl who used a lip stick. They had taken her off time rates and put her on piece work; she was a machine operator. The last week I was there her earnings were a little over \$2 for the week. She was incorrigible. Some of the machine operators made \$30 a week. The mangle girls earned about \$25. Old Mrs. Owens, standing up and inspecting sheets at the table behind me, made from \$20 to \$25. (Mrs. Owens had inspected sheets for thirteen years. I asked her if she ever felt she wanted to change and try something else. "No, sir," said Mrs. Owens; "a rolling stone gathers no moss!") Mamie, bundler, made around \$16; Margaret, at our table, went as high once as \$25, but she averaged about \$20. My own earnings were \$12.53 the first week, \$15.23 the second, \$8.27 the third. All the earnings at our table were low that last week—Margaret's were about \$12. For one thing, there was a holiday. No wonder employers groan over holidays! The workers begin to slacken up about two days ahead and it takes two days after the day off to recover. Then also we indulged in too much nonsense that last week. We laughed more than we worked, and paid for it. The next week Mamie and Margaret claimed they were going to bring their dinners that whole week in order to work the noon hour and so make up for our evil days. But as gray-haired Ella Jane, who laughed so much that week, said, "We'll be a long time dead, once we die. Why not laugh when you get a chance?"

Why not?—especially in a small town where it is well to take each opportunity for fun and recreation as it comes—since goodness knows when the next will show itself. Except for the gayety during working hours, there was little going on about the Falls. Movies—of course movies. Four times a week the same people, usually each entire family, conscientiously change into their best garments and go to the movie palace. The children and young people fill the first rows; the grown folk bring up the rear. Four times a week young and old get fed on society dramas, problem plays, bathing girls' comedies. Next day it is always: "Sadie, did ya saw the show last night? Wasn't it swell where she recognized her lover just before he got hung?"

As for dancing, once a week, every Friday evening, there is a dance at the "Academy." Time was when Friday evening's dance was an event and the male contingent from the largest near-by city was wont to attend. But it cost twenty-four cents to journey by trolley from the largest near-by city to the Falls, fifty cents to attend the dance. Unemployment at the largest near-by city meant that any dancing indulged in by its citizens was done at home, minus car fare. Also, the music for dancing at the Falls did not receive favorable comment. So sometimes there were six couples at the dance, once in a great while, twenty. The youths present were home talent, and supplied few thrills for the fair ones present.

Indeed, the problem of the Falls was the problem of every small town—where in the world could an up-and-doing girl turn for a beau? The only young men in the place were those who had married when they were still younger and anchored there, or possessed of too little spirit to leave. Those left hung over the rail at the end of the Main Street bridge and eyed every female passer-by. It was insult heaped on boredom, from the girls' point of view, that a Falls youth never

so much as tipped his hat when spoken to. "Paralysis of the arms is widespread," Bess put it. "You oughta see 'em in winter," Margaret giggled one Sunday while four of us were walking the streets for diversion. "If you want to know where the gallants of the Falls are in winter, look for a sunny spot. They collect in patches of sun, like some animals."

As for reading—"Do you like to read?"

"Crazy about readin'."

"What, for instance?"

"Oh, books, movie magazines. Don't ever remember the names of anything. Swell stories. Gee! I cried and cried over the last one. . . ."

Or, "Do much reading?"

"Na, never get time to read."

My old-maid boarding-house keepers never so much as took the newspaper. They figured that if outside news was important enough they'd hear about it sooner or later, and meanwhile there was much to keep up with at the Falls.

"Can't hardly sleep nights, got so much on my mind," the seventy-sixer would say.

One night she grew frightfully nervous and restless, worrying lest her brother might not get to the Baptist chicken dinner after all, when he had paid seventy-five cents for his ticket.

Sunday there was church to attend, the Catholics flourishing, the Episcopalians coming next, four other denominations tottering this way and that. I heard the Baptist minister preach that every word in the Bible was inspired by God, ending with a plea for the family altar:

"Christian brethren, I'm a man who has seen both sides of life. I could have gone one way. It is by the grace of God and the family altar that I stand before you the man I am!"

There were thirty-one people in the congregation who heard his young though quavering words, the organist and her husband, eight children, and nine of the remainder women over sixty.

The Methodist, that morning, preached on the need of a revival at the Falls, and Mr. Welsh, the electrician, whose wife was resting in Pennsylvania, thought he was right. Sunday baseball—that day our bleachery team played the Kean Cutters—pained Mr. Welsh. The former Methodist minister had been a thorn in the flesh of his congregation. He frankly believed in amusements, disgraced them by saying out loud at a union service that he favored Sunday baseball. Another minister got up and "sure made a fool of him, thank goodness!" Where was the renegade now? Called to a church in a large Middle-West city where they have "no more sense than to pay him twice what he was getting at the Falls."

That night I heard a visiting brother at the Methodist church plead for support for foreign missions that we might bring the light of the ideal Christian civilization under which we live to the thirsty savages in dark places. He poured his message to an audience of twenty-one, ten of them gray-haired women, one a child.

Three of us girls rowed up the lake one night and cooked our supper and talked about intimate things. It was a lake worth traveling miles to see. It was one block from the post office. Mamie had been to the lake twice in all her life. It was good for canoeing, rowing, fishing, swimming, and not least of all, just for the eyesight. Yet to the great majority it did not exist.

The bleachery, through its Partnership Plan, ran a village clubhouse on Main Street. The younger boys worked the piano-player out-of-school hours from morn till night. There was a gymnasium. Suppers were given now and then. It was supposed to be for the use of the girls certain days, but they took little or no advantage of it.

Otherwise, and mostly, when the weather permitted, up and down the street folk sat on their front porches in the evening and rocked or went inside and played the victrola.

"Gawd! if I could shake the Falls!" many a girl sighed. Yet they had no concrete idea what they would shake it for. Just before I came the bleachery girls were called into meeting and it was explained to them that Bryn Mawr College was planning a two months' summer school for working girls. Its attractions and possibilities were laid forth in detail. It was explained that Vassar College and a woman's club were making it possible for two bleachery girls to go, with all expenses paid. Out of 184 girls, four signed up as being interested. One of those later withdrew her name. The two chosen were Bess and Margaret, as fine girls as ever went to any college. There was much excitement the Saturday morning their telegrams came, announcing Bryn Mawr had passed favorably upon their candidacy. Bess especially was beside herself. "Oh, it's what I've longed to have a chance to do all my life!" She had clutched a *New Republic* under her arm for days containing an article about the summer school. Both Margaret and Bess had spent a couple of years at West Point during the war as servants, for a change. They had worked for the colonel's wife and loved it. "Gee! the fun we had!"

Yet it was no time before Main Street characteristics came to the front.

Only four girls had so much as expressed an interest in the Bryn Mawr scheme. Within a week after the two girls received the telegrams tongues got busy. Margaret looked ready to cry one afternoon.

"Hey! what's the matter?"

"My Gawd! this place makes you sick! Can't no one let a person get started enjoyin' themselves but what they do their best to spoil it for you." Her hands were wrapping pillow-case bundles like lightning, her head bent over her work. "Don't I know I ain't nothin' but a factory girl? Don't I know I probably won't ever be nothin' but one? Can't a person take a chance to get off for two months and go to that college

without everybody sayin' you're tryin' to be stuck up and get to be somethin' grand and think you won't be a factory girl no more? I don't see anything I'm gettin' out of this that's goin' to make me anything but just a factory girl still. I'm not comin' back and put on any airs. My Gawd! my Gawd! why can't they leave you alone!"

I asked two of the Falls men I knew if their sex would have acted about two men going off for a two months' treat as the girls were doing. "You bet," they answered. "It's your darn small-town jealousy, and not just female at all."

Suppose then, on top of all the drawbacks of small-town life, the girls had had to work under big city factory conditions? At least there was always the laughter, always the talk, always the visiting back and forth, at the bleachery.

My last day on the job witnessed a real event. Katie Martin was to be married in ten days. Therefore she must have her tin shower at the bleachery. Certain traditions of that sort were adamant. At Christmas time the entire Department 10 was decorated from end to end until it was resplendent. Such merrymaking as went on, such presents as were exchanged! And when any girl, American or Italian, was to be married the whole department gave her a tin shower.

Katie Martin inspected and folded sheets. She was to marry the brother of young Mrs. Annie Turner who ticketed sheets. Annie saw to it that Katie did not get to work promptly that noon. When she did appear, all out of breath and combing back her hair (no one ever wore a hat to work), there above her table on two lines hung the "shower." The rest of us had been there fifteen minutes undoing packages, giggling, commenting. Except old Mrs. Brown's present. It was Mrs. Brown's first experience at a tin shower and she came up to me in great distress. "Can't you stop them girls undoin' all her packages? 'Tain't right. She oughta undo her own. I jus' won't let 'em touch

what I brought!" Ever and again a girl would spy Mrs. Brown's contribution. "Hey! here's a package ain't undone!" "No, no, don't you touch it! Ain't to be undone by anybody but her." Poor Mrs. Brown was upset enough for tears.

There were a few other packages not to be undone by anybody but her, because their contents were meant to, and did, cause peals of laughter to the audience and much embarrassment to Katie. On the lines hung first an array of baby clothes, all diminutive size, marked "For little Charlie." This was in accordance with tradition. There hung also seven kitchen pans, a pail, an egg beater and gem pans, a percolator, a double boiler, and goodness knows what not. On the table stood six cake tins, more pots and pans, salt-and-pepper shakers, enough kitchen ware to start off two brides. Everybody was pleased and satisfied. Charlie, the groom-to-be, got a friend with a Ford to take the shower home.

The last night of all at the Falls I spent at my second Board of Operatives meeting, held the first Friday night of each month. "The Board of Operatives is intended to represent the interests of the workers in the bleachery. The board is elected annually by secret ballot by and from the operatives in the eleven different departments of the mill." Margaret and Bess went too, on request from above, that they might appear more intelligent should anyone ask at Bryn Mawr about the Partnership Plan. ("My land! what *would* we tell them?" they wailed.) The board meetings are officially set down as open to all the operatives, only no one ever heard of anyone ever attending. The two girls were "fussed" at the very idea of being present, and dressed in their best.

The president, elected representative from the starch room, called the meeting to order from his position at the head of the table in the Village Club House. Every member of the board shaves and puts on his Sunday clothes, which in-

cludes a white collar, for the board meeting. At the end of the meeting they are given two dollars apiece for attending—just as if it were Wall Street. The secretary read the minutes of the Board of Management. (According to the *Handbook* "The Board of Management was set up by the Board of Directors in July, 1919, as a result of a request from the Board of Operatives for more than merely "advisory" power which the Board of Operatives then enjoyed in reference to matters of mill management, wages, working conditions, etc. The Board of Management consists of six members, three of whom are the Treasurer, the New York Agent, and the local manager, and three of whom are elected by the Board of Operatives from their number. . . . The Board of Management is authorized to settle and adjust such matters of mill management as may arise. . . .") The company statement, up to March 31, 1921, was read. There followed reports, starting with the housing committee. First a financial statement. Then it seemed somebody wanted to put somebody else out of a house, and there were many complications indeed arising therefrom which occasioned much discussion from everyone and bitter words. It looked as if the matter would have to be taken to court. The conclusion seemed to be that the board felt that its executive secretary, chosen by the management, though paid out of the common funds, had exceeded his authority in making statements to tenants. We girls rather shivered at the acrimony of the discussion. Had they been lady board members having such a row, half of them would have been in tears. Third, old Mrs. Owens, who shook sheets behind me, wanted to buy a certain house on a certain avenue—company house, of course. Fourth, one Mr. Jones on Academy Street wanted us to paper his kitchen—he to supply the paper. There followed other items regarding paint for this tenant, new floor for that; should an old company board-

ing house be remodeled for a new club house or an apartment house; it was decided to postpone roofing a long row of old company houses, etc., etc. The operative from the folding and packing room was chairman of the housing committee, a strong union enthusiast. The representative from the mechanical department reported for the recreation and education committee; all the night-school classes had closed, with appropriate final exercises, for the season; the children's playground would be ready for use July 1st. The man from the Grey room and Singe house reported for the working conditions committee. Something about watchmen and a drinking fountain, and wheels and boxes in the starch room; washing facilities for shovelers; something about benches and back stairs.

The finance committee reported a deficit on the mechanical and electrical smoker. Much discussion as to why a deficit and who ought to pay it, and what precedent were they setting, and all, but it was ordered paid—this time. Webster's bills were too high for papering and painting company houses. He was a good worker, his plaster and his paper stuck where they belonged, which hadn't been the rule before. But it was decided he was too costly even so, and they were going back to the company paperers—perhaps their work would stick better next time. A report from the Board of Directors was discussed and voted upon. . . . The minutes of the Board of Operatives were posted all through the mill. Did anyone read them? If so, or if not so, should the Board of Management minutes also be posted? It was voted to postpone posting such minutes, though they were open to any operative, as in the past.

Under old business was a long discussion on health benefits and old-age pensions. For some months now the bleachery has been concerned over the subject of old-age pensions. Health benefits have been in operation some time. The question was, should they

pay the second week for accident cases until the state started its payments the third week?

Under new business the resignation from the editor of *Bleachery Life* was read and accepted. Acrimonious discussion as to the running of *Bleachery Life*. Again we girls shivered. It was announced that a certain rich man who recently died had left the Village Club House five hundred dollars—better write no letter of thanks until they got the money. Should the new *Handbook* be printed by union labor at considerably greater expense, or by an open shop? Unanimously voted by union labor. More health-benefit discussions under new business. It was voted to increase the Board of Management by two additional members—one operative, one from the employing side. Election then and there by a secret ballot. The operative from the Grey room and Singe house was elected over the representative from the office force by two votes. Some further housing discussions. At 11.15 P.M. the meeting adjourned.

"Say, I'm for coming every time." Perhaps we three girls will have started the style of outside attendance at the meetings.

Whether a wider participation of operatives, a deeper understanding of industrial democracy and the Partnership Plan develops or not, certainly they are a long step on the way to some sort of permeation of interest. For the next morning early, my last morning, as I started work, I heard toothless old Mrs. Holley from her sheet-inspecting table call over to aged Mrs. Owens, whose husband even these days is never sober: "Hi! Mrs. Owens, what do ye know habout hit!—Ain't hit grand we got out over five million five hundred thousand yards last month!"

"I say it's grand," grinned Mrs. Owens. "More 'n a million over what we done month before."

"Hi say—over fifteen million the last three months. Hi say we're some bleachery, that's what *Hi* say!"

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE DESERT

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

I USED to think of Algeria as a flat place with three palms and a white-washed dome. Now it seems to be nothing but mountains, mountains that run away beyond the ends of sight, over and down the bend of the globe, naked, desert, towering. I used to dream of an African sun nailed in the top of a blistering sky. Yesterday the trail down Djebel Bous was so badly iced that we had to dismount and trail the mules, and all afternoon through the gorge above Maafa we tramped to our ankles in good New England snow. And the two mountain men that came down to watch us at our noonday snack above the spring at Aïn Kartous were as blond as any Swedes.

In all the sweep of the African Atlas there is no better hunting for the romance stalker than this God-forsaken fairyland of the Aures of eastern Algeria. It is a place of desolation, a huge, twisted land, melancholy and at the same time menacing, with the curious menace that walks in the white light of noon. It is the true desert, the great Sahara crumpled and torn at its northern edge. It has its oases—green pockets hidden away in far, high gorges—but no camels come to them, and for horses one must look to the rare passage of French gendarmes (traveling in pairs). For the roads of the Aures are sometimes crevices, sometimes steps, sometimes shelves, and always anything but roads.

It is a place, more than any I have ever known, remote. And yet, speaking by the geography, it is not remote. Gazing out of the windows of the wagon-restaurant of the Alger-Biskra express, the English, the Danes, Finns, Belgians, Swedes, Spaniards, and Americans who

have turned a penny in the war may behold the rosy ranges lifting in the eastern sky. Pretty! Pretty! And already the waiter is banging down the next course, the mountains have vanished, and none of those lunching voyagers will ever find them again.

They will go on down to Biskra and see the Sahara *à la mode*. Everything! The last surviving lion of Barbary gone blind in a Barnum & Bailey cage, the street of the *Ouled Naïls* decked out to a traveling British spinster's taste with red carpets and painted girls, the *cafés chantants* where the clockwork dances want even the last desperate resource of obscenity, and the haggard casino, the insolent servants, the daggers and daggers, the guides and guides.

The guides will suggest almost anything—a three-mile ride on a warranted camel to see the well-preserved sand-patch which still remains the Sahara of a compulsory common-school education, a run to Sidi Okba, or down to the new Sahara *à la mode* at Turgurt, or even to Ouargla at the bottom of the Baedeker map. Almost anything but the Aures. The Aures, hardly two good marches to the northeast, they will not be expected to mention. The Biskra guides, being Arabs, love the flat lands; being humans, they love their skins.

The feud between the Arab plainsman and the Berber mountaineer comes down the centuries from the time when the hosts of Islam, pouring out of Asia, overran the lands of the ancient white race of the Mediterranean and drove it, little by little, into the waster places, the mountains on the one hand and the far depths of the Sahara on the other. There the Berbers exist to-day, in the

bottom of the desert as the veiled Tuaregs, "the never seen men"; in the mountains as the "Confederates" of Kabylia, and as the Shawia of the Aures. They remain a race apart. They speak languages of their own; and if they have long since accepted the religion of the "One God" at the point of sword and brand, they have done it with ritualistic reservations that trace back to the dawn of historical time, and their faith brother, the Arab (especially if he is to be found alone with a marketable mule on a mountain trail) is yet no brother of theirs.

So the Arab keeps pretty well out of the Aures. Even at El Kantara, under their very shadow, the muleteers we got by application to the native *caïd* had never been in as far as Beni Ferah, five hours' march, and it was only by the promise to leave them at another Arab village in the valley oasis of Djemmorah, whence they could return through proper Arab country, that we got them at all.

El Kantara, where we have been staying for some time, is the logical point of departure for the Aures. It is called the Gateway of the Desert, and it is as literally that as if a man had built a two-thousand-foot stone wall across the northern face of the East-Algerian Sahara and cut a sixty-yard doorway there. Everything that comes up from the south must pass through that fissure in the living rock. All day long one may see, all night long one may hear the padding pilgrimage of nomads, with their camels and asses, their women and goats and sheep. And there are army camions grinding north or south, and the Batna diligence, and night and morning, whistling through its high tunnels, the train.



EL KANTARA IS CALLED THE GATEWAY OF THE DESERT

The Gateway indeed! On the one side, in the shadow of the wall, a man wants an overcoat at almost any hour of the day, for he is in the mountains of the north. Three hundred paces down through the gorge he will be the better for a helmet on his head, for he is in the desert of the south. He has stepped out into a Sahara oasis of date palms and fig trees and oranges, of mud fences and mud villages and dirty, crooked, baked-mud streets . . . streets from which it is a fine thing, after one has seen them in the same light at the same hour each day for weeks, to get on a mule and depart.

We set out in the rose of dawn, our faces to the first wall of the *massif* rising beyond a broad valley strewn with stones. Our magnificence begins and ends with the van, Belkassem, the government orderly, sitting the high, red

saddle on his mincing Arab gray, his high turban white as the snow peaks against the distant sky, his multitudinous burnouses of blue and cream cast over his shoulders, and his mustachios jutting like a brigand's. After that the remainder of our little caravan can come as nothing but the dismalest of antilimaxes. The two Arabs that swarm bare-soled over the sharp stones screeching, "Brrra!" at the mules are El Kantarese, and accordingly ragged, weak-eyed, and unkempt. The mules are not ornamental. Neither are we. It is hard to ride with a dashing air on a double carpet stuffed to the shape of twin Zeppelins with straw, oats, canned goods, sweet chocolate, and a change of underwear. Of the three of us, only Simpson, in what remains of a British army uniform, lends the faintest swagger to the main body of the troop.

Simpson is a little man with spidery legs, a stoop of inquiry, a sense of humor, and an inexhaustible enthusiasm. Where we are going he will be no stranger. He is the man that writes monographs, that

begs, buys, or steals all manner of worn-out things that nobody wants in the mountains and sends them off to Oxford by express post, and he is the man that asks questions. He is the "Sem-Sem" of the Aures, and after we are all dead and gone perhaps he will be a legend.

He is bound on a shady errand. We consort with a man beyond the law. The hereditary Shawia doctors whom he is going to meet and question (and, if possible, beguile away from them their precious instruments) are persons altogether unlicensed and abominable in the eyes of the colonial government at Algiers. And so, for fear of localizing any one of these harassed men of science in his proper hilltop village (and, as Simpson has it, "putting the wind up all around"), I think it best to get them out of the way here, all in a lump, and let continuity of narrative take care of itself.

Of course the French authorities know in a large way that the doctors are there. They may be aware, for instance, that in a certain *douar* there must be a man

who performs a certain operation on the eye, and in another valley a specialist in broken bones. It is not improbable that there is here and there an official who could make a shrewd guess as to the actual identity of the practitioner in his district—and, to save an immense amount of trouble, refrains from guessing. But in the strict eye of the law the Berber surgeon remains a potential murderer, and meat for New Caledonia if caught. . . . That they continue to carry on under such circumstances is perhaps not the humblest of the moral victories



A SAHARA OASIS OF DATE PALMS AND MUD VILLAGES

of the profession to which (have it or not) they belong.

Let it be said that some of them are fakirs, as pure as you will find in any Christian land, and that some are surgeons of an ability almost beyond the credence of an age steeped in the dogma of ether, sterile gauze, and green soap—men who will remove a cataract, graft a bone, even trepan a broken skull, doing it all without anæsthetics, using instruments hammered out by the local smith and thick with rust, having recourse to the rag heap in the corner for bandages, and for antiseptic dressings to the dung pile in the court.

Heresy of heresies! men do live. Some die, but the wonder is the other way, and the average of recoveries is said to be creditably high. Before we are through we shall be introduced to a man who had upward of a square inch of bone removed from his skull nine years ago, and to a youth who, getting a charge of bird-shot fairly through the lower jaw, shows after four months hardly a scar. We are destined to sit at table with an old man who wields a knife with a right arm that the French doctors at Ain Touta once condemned to immediate amputation—or else, they said, he would die. Being a Mohammedan, and so constrained by his faith from bodily dismemberment, he told them he would rather die at home in the hills. In the hills a man who can neither read nor write the odd scraps of his *materia medica* jotted down in a worn, three-cent notebook, took him in hand. He removed the upper half of the upper arm bone, shattered by shotgun fire, borrowed part



ONE OF EL KANTARA'S CROOKED, BAKED-MUD STREETS

of the femur of a jackal dog slaughtered for the purpose, fitted the whole thing neatly together (all this while the patient looked on with a degree of interest to be imagined), and gave the old man back as sound a limb as one will find in the hills.

And before we are done we shall have conversed with three of these mountain surgeons; two of them, each in his own specialty, and in a subterranean, fly-by-night fashion, famous from Batna to Turgurt. We shall meet them unostentatiously, by the light of a candle under a mud-brick roof, by the glare of noon in a desert field. And here is the disturbing thing. From beneath the burnous of each one of these three scarcely literate men, in this isolated *massif* of the African hills, we shall see looking back at us the precise likeness—there is no other phrase on the American side of the language but “the spittin’ image”—of all the surgeons that are worth their salt in the wide world. It is disturbing and it is absurd. The same

alert serenity, the same economy of expression and of speech, the same iron gentleness, the same frank, level, well-let's-see-what-can-be-done look of the eye.

I hold no brief in the case. I am a layman. Nor have I enough of the facts to judge whether it would be to the advantage of a colonizing government to try to make some use of this kind of human metal—to educate it rather than, unsuccessfully, to fight it—to give these men at least the simpler remedies, disinfectants, antiseptics, and at least tolerable steel instruments to replace the clumsy iron scalpels, the tin bleeding-cups, copper seton-needles, bamboo circumcision sticks and bone saws out of antiquity that we are to see them handing over by stealth, under cover of their burnouses, into the insatiable paw of "Sem-Sem," the collector.

It is a query. I do not know.

But at all events the Shawia doctors of the Aures are now accounted for in this adventure, without, I hope, putting anyone under the necessity of knowing where or who they are; and we have got up out of the valley of desolate stones

and over the high first range. We walk on top of the world, among juniper trees as tall as a man.

We walk because the air is strong drink and the mules are too slow for the tippers. We abandon them and cast adrift into the high and quiet sea of stone. Its waves pass under us, flecked with rare spume-clots of snow. There is no sense of fatigue or of time. The sun has come to the zenith. We careen down the face of a pink breaker and in the hollow below we behold the town of Beni Ferah overrunning a rock begirt with gardens.

Coming to this stone-built stronghold of the Sons of Ferah after the reeking mud villages of the plain is like coming to heaven. An etcher's heaven, let us say, where every step of the clambering, doubling, four-foot thoroughfare turns up new patterns of light and shade to beguile the eye—creamy white splotches of wall high up against the flat sky; rich, fat blacks cut in oblongs and crescents under the arches where the street takes to earth for rods under tipped-up pueblos of windowless stone; and there are dusty velvet doorways



DJEMORRAH, THE NOMAD CAPITAL

spotted by the sultry stars of forges, where artisans squat at work; and always, everywhere, the tall, strong, slender silhouettes of the mountain men, standing suddenly still at our intrusion.

"*Selem alicum!*"

"*Alicum selem!*"

And we must kiss our fingers after we have taken their hands.

Giving over the two Arabs, together with Belkassem the Glorious and the beasts, into the hands of the local *caïd*, we spread our noonday meal in a room of the French school, where the Kabyle school-master plays host in the way of table, knives and forks, and where, afterward, his plump, sick-looking wife is constrained to bring forth her dower of ornaments, made by her brother back in the Kabyle hills. Turning over in our hands the huge, heavy pieces wrought in silver and enamel, even the hardened "Sem-Sem" wonders. Such things as these even he has never seen. All the interminable pins and ear hoops, amulets and chains, and hands-of-Fatima of the Arab-Berber lands turn thin and pale before the color, the sumptuousness, the infinite bold craft of these glowing plaques for the hair and the breast. . . . And, having eaten, if not of her salt, at all events with her knives and forks, we cannot so much as ask her if they have a price.

After that a singular thing happens. What could seem more singular, indeed, to simpletons who have arrived at the conclusion, in three months of reading, gawking, and general puttering about, than that Moslem women, like good chil-



THE SNOWY MOSQUE AND ITS NAKED GRAVEYARD

dren of Christendom, are to be seen (heavily veiled) and not heard—what could be more unsettling, I say, than to be summoned to take after-lunch coffee with a Moslem lady in her home? That is the trouble with ethnological generalizations; a good sound rule is laid down for all time, and immediately some one (like the Shawia women of the Aures) proceeds to explode it. Hostesses in Islam (honest ones, I mean) are not even rocs or hippogriffs; they have never existed even in fiction. Yet I challenge the world to show a more gracious, a more cordial, a more aristocratically garrulous hostess than the old Berber widow that awaits us at the door of her home in the upper town.

Last year Simpson and his wife were here in Beni Ferah for a month, and M'barka was their friend. Her house cannot be much over ten feet high, but in that space it boasts two floors. It is to the second that we are ushered, picking our way among looms and cooking pots and women in the mud-plastered

gloom below, and ducking our heads up a crazy dozen of steps. The chamber there is as clean as only clean-swept mud can be, and a flood of sunshine pours in through an open door that opens out on the void; and if the ceiling of frond quills supported by palm boles threatens the back of our heads, we can always sit down on the floor.

M'barka does not sit. She has called in two male relatives to do the honors, and it is they that make the cross-legged circle with us around the halfa mat, that pour the coffee into the cracked and precious cups, and that produce from the biscuit-box cupboard the double handful of hard dates with as fine an air of nonchalance as if in this dateless mountain a widow's cupboard held dates of the desert every day.

But they are only lay figures, after all. The old, half-ragged woman with the strong teeth and the weak, streaming eyes, hovering here, squatting there, dominates the event. She must know the health of all of Simpson's family; she conveys the greetings left against his coming by friends gone south with the herds; she gives the little gossip of the hills, the death of this one, the divorce of that, the marriage of little Fatima to Belkassem of Menaa beyond the mountains, where we shall see her presently ensconced at the *bordj*. . . . Nor are we who are deaf and dumb in Arabic neglected. Her gestures speak. G. is to

have another drop of that thrice-precious coffee. I must take another of those dates, "which are as the dust of the ground." Dates in Barbary are not always above suspicion in a worm way, but he would be a tawdry gentleman who would open one of M'barka's to peek, and for every minute until we arise and make our adieus I swallow down one of them with only the precaution of a little prayer.

I want no better comfort of welcome than dates and coffee in M'barka's house, nor sincerer Godspeed than her hand kiss of farewell.

"She was once the wife of a rich man, a jolly rich man, I believe," says Simpson as we go off, "some kind of a sheik down Biskra way."

And that is the end of the tale. . . .

Leaving Beni Ferah at three— But this won't do! I have got through half the chapter and only half a day. I might get on more precipitously, I suppose, in the style made famous by an author lately under a cloud—as to say: "After demanding half-holiday for school children leave Beni Ferah amid plaudits at 3 P.M. for Djemorra (7½ m.), road poor, mules (with muleteer 20f per d., bargain advisable) slow. At summit of first range (2 m.) G.'s mule will be seen to kick B.'s horse resoundingly in ribs; fine view from (5 m.) crest of second ridge. Arrive Djemorra by moonlight and dog howling at—"



MENAA CALLS ITSELF "THE CAPITAL OF THE AURES"

But no; I am not in the pay of Mr. Baedeker and I cannot do it. Let him in search of mule time-tables search elsewhere; I am no better than a journeyman storyteller at large in a strange land; I love heroes better than hotel keepers, and if geography is anything it is a stage.

The stage of Djemorrah (as lit by the sunset of another day) is Belasco drunk with red wine. At our tea before the gates of the *bordj*—the government rest house built low and square like a fort on a bald mound rising in the midst of everything—we sprawl as in the stage box ordinarily reserved for the noble and the rich.

Here we are *in* but not properly of the mountains, for a dry estuary of the Sahara plain penetrates for a long way here into the body of the *massif*; the villages hiding away under the green serpentine of the oasis are mud villages of the flat lands, and the *Ouled Ziane* that live here call themselves of Arab stock.

Once on a time in Morocco seven tribe brothers went to fetch a bride. A *djinn* stole the girl and flew away with her. Then they were ashamed to show themselves in the village. They turned their faces east and became wanderers. So they wandered into Algeria. So they came to this valley, conquered it, and settled down. All this was very long ago, the story says, and it is why they are here.

And still they are the Wanderers. Djemorrah is only the place from which they wander and to which they wander back again. Always the great majority of them are away, drifting months to the north or south with the drift of the flocks, living in tents.

We saw one of those tents to-day when Simpson (who enjoys a quite gratuitous reputation as a gratuitous physician) was called out into a neighboring rock ravine to look at an ailing child. Let romantic fiction have its way with the



THE STREETS GO UP IN COBBLED ZIGZAGS

wild, free life of the dwellers in tents; from all I have been able to gather it may be wild and free enough, but it is not worth living. Here are none of the silken hangings of song; here are webs like dirty sacking, stuffed with halfa in the split places, open to all the winds of a cold North-African heaven, bare of goods and gods beyond a handmill and an earthen pot, filthy with the droppings of donkeys and goats and hens that a sore-spotted Little Boy Blue cannot always keep out of the bag of corn, and glorified by a womanhood bent double at twenty-five by burdens a mule would protest, and at fifty too old to take care of its nose.

So they live, these wanderers, and it is only at rare and happy times that the

drift of existence will bring them home for a little while to the nomad capital, to rest their eyes in the shade of its palms and fig trees, to loiter by the warm spring where great, queer, green hot-water fish cruise slowly under the oleander banks and white-limbed boys and girls stamp out the wash with a rhythmic slap and toss and slap of soapy soles, to pass a devout hour by the bier of the Marabout in the snowy mosque, to idle at gossip in the naked graveyard all pitted with the ghoul work of jackals and of midnight crones in search of fresh corpse hands wherewith to stir their aphrodisiac stews, or to sprawl in splendor on the café mats in the white dust of the square—before they wander out again. . . .

As I have said, we are in, but not of, the mountains. Around the valley the mountains stand in a cliff, pink even at white noon, even, as I have seen it, by moonlight—pink now to the distraction of the eye in the rays of the sun going down behind the Mountain of Salt away out on the desert plain. There comes an instant when it is too much, when the cliff will hold no more, and the color seems to stand away from the rock, lose hold, topple in huge chromatic avalanches to embroil the valley floor, incarnadine the green oasis, and swirl around us on the little mound top before the *bordj*.

It grows gray. Moment by moment the dusk tide lifts out of the bottoms and washes the foot of the cliff. From the darkling oasis comes up faintly the call to prayer. A moon hangs two hours high in the east. The stage is in twilight—the Twilight of the Desert Gods.

Within a seven-yard radius of our chairs a scene of the play, which is as old as the years, goes on. The actors are two: the lance corporal of *gendarmes* from Biskra and the *caïd* of the tribe.

The old *caïd's* role is one of wandering—the protagonist perhaps of the seven wandering brothers who lost the bride. He wanders here, there, a strong, straight old man wrapped in a snowy burnous, white-bearded, bronzed, kindly, wrinkled-eyed. He stands, humming an air in thought, silhouetted against the great pale block of his home under the hill and the arcades of his guest house where a fire begins to throw a little glow. He speaks a word to his dark secretary (for he has no French), and once again the secretary asks if there is anything in the world we lack for content.



NOW THE WAY IS OUT IN A BEND OVER THE VOID

And again the old fellow is wandering, wandering in his little orbit of seven yards.

Basha Bashir is more the sheik than the *caïd*, more the patriarchal chieftain of a tribe than the native administrator of a *douar* of the *Commune Mixte*. And that is the tragedy of his role in this drama of the twilight of certain gods. In Djemorrah, of all the mountain *douars*, there are two *caïds*, and the other one is young. The other one is more pliant, more adaptable. His French is perfect, and so is his tone, and altogether he knows how to get along with the lords of the *Commune*.

When there is trouble in his half of the *Ouled Ziane*—an adultery, a theft, or the like—he doesn't go down to the square and roar with Jove's thunder and earthquake among the mats and have the thing out in the ancient hit-or-miss fashion of absurd old Basha Bashir. In his domain the parties are had in court, as written in the law of France. Nor does he ever take an erring brother of the tribe by the scruff of his neck and give his teeth a thorough good rattling in sight of the world. *He* is much more the *caïd* than the sheik.

For a long while there has been in the air an anonymous wonder as to whether, after all, one *caïd* would not be enough for the *Ouled Ziane*. It has never come baldly into the open. It moves in mysterious ways. Three years ago Basha Bashir went out of the mountains to ride on a train. The trains there run slowly in places, slowly enough for some one to jump on the running board, thrust the muzzle of a shotgun through the window, pull the trigger, and leave the old man's arm hanging by two shreds of flesh. No one ever knew who did it, nor why, for of course it could have nothing at all to do with the policy of a *douar*.

Just now the younger one is off the scene. He has left Djemorrah and gone to live at his other house at the Fountain of Gazelles on the plain. For the moment the question of the *caïdship* is in

abeyance. Perhaps it is dead. Who, indeed, knows?

Who, indeed, knows why the lance corporal of gendarmes is here in Djemorrah to-day, on his "*petite promenade*"?

It is his role to sit. While Basha Bashir, the nomad, is everywhere, he is always in the same place, like the government of France. He sits his chair as we saw him sitting his horse when he rode in this afternoon, sprawlingly, his cap on the back of his head, his tunic unbuttoned, the little tab of his shirt front hanging out—a gross, fat, untidy man. He has lived sixteen years in this country, without imagination. The day of his spirit begins and ends with his five-o'clock *apéritif* and "*Petit Parisien*" at the Biskra *Cercle Militaire*. He knows how to treat the natives. He is a good fellow. He can pass a big loud joke with the secretary; he can clap old Basha Bashir on the shoulder as soundly as if Basha Bashir were as good a man as he. . . . All the while, resting his empty *apéritif* glass on the jut of his paunch, he watches the sheik wandering in the gloom.

"He's a good sort, the *caïd*," I offer him. "*Un brave type, eh?*"

He smooths the mustache away from his red, red lip.

"*Peut-être!* He is getting old now. There are two *caïds* here. The other is younger. He is more up to date. *Plus habile.*"

Within the last two years, by war and pestilence, Basha Bashir has lost his wife and all his children but one. For minutes he has been standing, indistinct and motionless, gazing down the valley to the west where a ghost of warmth still lingers to fight the chill of the moon. Now he comes to bid us good night, and for the first time I notice that the hand stretched out from the white bundle of his burnous trembles a little before it finds mine. Perhaps it is that old wound he got in the train. Perhaps it is the new cold of the night.

As he goes off down the hill, his guest, the lance corporal, goes with him, his

cap still on the back of his blond, round head, the little tab of his shirt front still hanging out, his great horse boots making a rattle among the moonlit stones. . . . I am quite sure that the next time I come to Djemorrah the sheik will be gone, and that the *caïd* will be an up-to-date man. . . .

At Menaa, on the day after the morrow, we have to do with a *caïd* who is an up-to-date man. He is so up to date that I doubt if much business gets far past the town entrance, where the café is his and so the tobacco shop, the *fondouk*, and the bath that complete the gantlet of the gate. But, for all of that, he is a most charming fellow, a courtly conversationalist, a just ruler, a demon for clean streets, and, to look at, a spade-bearded stripling of a Persian emir out of the Thousand Nights and One.

Menaa calls itself the "capital of the Aures." Sometimes it calls itself "the little Constantine," and not without some warrant, for it is built on a rock with a gorge on one side and a valley on the other, like the great city of the north. But that is not what they mean. For just as all the romantic and wishful awe of the townsmen of the south goes up to the Rue d'Eshelle, the Rue Perrégaux, the Place, the cafés, cinemas, and great bridge of that wild, bright, sinister capital (where your pilgrim in search of the *potpourri* which is Barbary would do better to stop and stay than travel to the last blank end of the guidebook map)—in just such a way do the back gorges of the *massif* pay spiritual homage to Menaa.

It sits in the third main valley, dominating the mule routes of the western Aures. How we come to it would be too long to tell in detail, and worth telling, too. A tale of scrambling along the stream beds of pink cañons, of clambering by zigzag stepways through hanging villages—Beni Swig, a stork's nest on a dizzy chimney pot—Amontane, ranged in steep amphitheater around in vivid green garden stage, a story of halts in queer places for food and rest, or for the

thick, sweet coffee that makes the African world go round; of sudden swoops into the sky, and of teeterings along high, bare-boned ridges where nothing moves but the wind and nothing is to see but the snow peaks crowding the horizon all about. Till at last, by grace of the stones we have placed to the glory of Allah on all the travelers' cairns along the way, the vale of the Oued Abdi opens out beneath us in an hour of sunset, and we see the cone of Menaa smoking in the glow.

So the days of Menaa begin, days long and lazy and very full of things and all too short; days of icy mornings when from the *bordj* we can look up and see the town, still in the shadow of the higher cliffs, blown all over with mist, like a smoking cinder pile; days of hot noons ringed about with distant snows, of tremendous sunsets, perfumed dusks, clear, cold, moon-drowned nights.

In the forenoon, while G. is off one way and Simpson, mysteriously, off on another, I wander up into the town. Kalla Amor, the *caïd*, will be standing before the café in the tunneled entrance-way, and with him I pass the time of morning, as with his father, an ivory-faced old image set down on the matted ledge before his tobacco shop. Feeling most humble and self-conscious before their patrician ease, I escape and begin to climb.

The streets go up in cobbled zigzags; on the downhill side one looks fairly over the roofs; on the uphill hand the house walls, broad, white, and windowless, seem to touch blue heaven, they are so tall with the steepness of the town; and now the way ducks under a house in a dark, square burrow, now it is out in a bend over the void, now it is level for a wink. I have reached the top, and nothing else but the mosque tower goes on up.

Little doors are open; behind them the artisans sit at work, slipper makers, wool weavers, carpenters, and everywhere clanging silversmiths. All these men, all the men climbing up and down

the tilted streets, give me greeting, and when I return it they give it back again with mysterious embroidery of words; and when we shake hands we touch our lips with our fingers, as if we were all kings and free men.

They are so different from the pathetic, spoiled, soiled, sullen people of the plain. These men are strong, clean-eyed, and human, and their women (always the young ones of course, in Islam) are very beautiful.

The women are abroad on the south face of the town. Every angle where the doubling of a street makes a balcony is thronged and colored with them, carding wool in the sunshine, breaking up fagots, loitering to gossip under the weight of goatskins fat with water from the valley springs, or sweeping off their door-sills, or nursing their babes. They are not like any women I have yet seen in this land. They wear rolled turbans on their heads, their faces are white as nuns' between the silver-cruled plaits of their hair, their features are curiously boyish, their bodies powerful and slim.

There are other women than these in Menaa (not many, for the face of the *caïd* is set against them)—women who neither toil nor spin. They are "the ones from the hills." They, too, are beautiful, and more than one of them has married a rich man, even a *caïd*, in the west or the south. For, for all the old feud between the stocks, an Arab plainsman with courage and money and sense enough will look to the mountains for a wife.

We see these "ones from the mountains" of an evening at the café. In Menaa, as in every other town, big or little, in Barbary, the evening café is the crown, the goal, and the justification of the day. The afternoon is hollow with waiting. We do all sorts of lazy things to fill it up. Perhaps we lag out to the *zaouia*, the Mohammedan monastery built like a white town on a rock of its own, where the plump, pallid, genial-eyed old Marabout comes to the gate to receive our salutations flanked by his

lay brothers and his wives (for be sure there has been no nonsense about priestly celibacy in Islam since the good Prophet walked this earth). . . . Or, in the court of the *bordj*, I lay me at length on a mat in the sunshine, listening drowsily to the voice of Belkassem the keeper enumerating to "Sem-Sem's" notebook the feasts of the Shawia year, droning on, "And in this night, monsieur, no man goes out of his house from sunset till the dawn," or, "This is the night when one takes a water bowl and drops therein a brand of fire, repeating, 'Thunder in the air; Mohammed in the water!'"—droning on, the while I watch his pretty, ailing wife, the little girl from Beni Ferah, crouched in the shadows of the kitchen doorway and nibbling the charcoal prescribed by "Sem-Sem" and furnished out of the Draftsman's kit.

In such empty ways the afternoon goes, dusk comes, and starlit night. We dine and then go down across the gardens, treacherous with ditch and terrace, and along the stone road to the foot of the town. We avoid the *caïd's* place on tiptoe; turning to the left on the outer street that runs like a gallery along the town's north face, we come down to the second and humbler of Menaa's cafés.

It would seem that all the adult and near-adult males of the *bled* were gathered in that one mud-plastered room. The mat in mid-floor is banked about with the hollow circle of the players at "Espagnole"; a single candle stuck with a dab of clay in the center throws its glow over the faces and over the horsemen, the red cannon, the crowns and swords and footstools of the curious bent cards. Already Belkassem the keeper (with the *bordj* key in his pocket, be certain, like the good and careful husband he is) is down among them. The other Belkassem, the orderly, fortified with a new-bought *gasba*, is edging toward the far corner where the reclining crowd on the stone dais is lightened by the presence of woman. Another might

be daunted. He is one against many. But yet is he not Balkassem the Glorious, clothed in silks and red leather and blue government wool, and has he not the gift of playing on the bamboo flute? Perhaps, presently, the "one from the mountains" will smile on him, clank her hundred jewels, and dance.

And perhaps we shall neither hear nor see. For presently in the other corner, the corner where we are sprawled along the edge of the matted dais trying to look comfortable with our boots on, an amazing thing is going to occur—or, more precisely, be discovered.

We have stood treat in our neighborhood (after all, against sociability, what are four-*sous* coffees? and the franc at seven cents?); the hot cups have gone around among the dozen shrouded mountaineers packed on our platform, and all are sipping shrilly, even to the boyish-looking one propped in the very corner of the wall. And it is that boyish-looking one that is to turn out the most extraordinary person any of us has seen, or is ever apt to see, in a Moslem land.

The first inkling of it comes in this wise. I have somehow got myself mixed up with a lesson in geography, and on a borrowed sheet from Simpson's notebook I have struck off in a rather dashing way a map of the world on Mercator's projection—all to the end of proving that America is *not* within the bounds of London proper. And now I am weighing in my mind the question as to whether the map shall become the property of the *caïd's* son (a clean, nice youth), or of the affable fellow with the big nose hanging over my left shoulder. It is just now, above the little confusion of the room, the grunt and bickering of the players at "Espagnole," the rustle of voices, the seductive wail of Belkasssem's flute, that I overhear a remark passed to Simpson, seated a yard to my right. The speaker is an unprepossessing lad in soiled *gondoura*, army breeches and a greasy *chechia* from Tunis.

"*Capitaine*, the young man in the corner there wants to speak to you."

Like a flash the *caïd's* son has reached over to tap Simpson's knee.

"Do not be mocked, Sem-Sem. He says that only to make you look, and be mocked, for it is not a young man, but a woman."

"A woman!"

The exclamation point is the author's. I, in the good American phrase, am the goat. I turn around and stare at the white-muffled figures reclining against the wall. The one in the center with the boyish eyes returns my stare. . . . Simpson does not turn. He has lived long enough in Mohammedan countries to know that what the *caïd's* son has said cannot be true. He smiles politely and is not taken in.

But, "What d'you mean?" I go on demanding, getting hold of the nice lad's burnous. "Really, a woman?"

Now the big-nosed fellow is in.

"Yes, yes, that is true. It is a woman, *je vous assure!*"

"Ever since she was a little one she has dressed like a man."

"She lives like a man, works like a man, like a man she takes the flocks on the mountain. Already, with a gun, she has killed two men."

"See, like a man she smokes a cigarette. She is like a man, *tout à fait*, but she is a woman. See!"

We are all looking now. Everyone on our side of the room is trying to get in a word at once, with I cannot tell what pride of voice and gesture. In a land where woman is a beast of burden in this life and an unpaid "super" on the stage of the next, and where even the mention in polite conversation of the noun that means a woman must be accompanied, even as in the case of "pig," by an "I beg your pardon for pronouncing it"—in such a land and tradition this spontaneous outburst of pride in a rebel female is beyond belief.

Under all this fire of convergent and public attention the bundle in the corner has half turned away. Then, as if ashamed of that, the boyish eyes return to face us, giving back stare for stare.

Even Simpson is staring now.

"If it were true—if it *were* true—it would cut under everything we think we know." There is something ridiculously like complaint in his tone. "But—it simply isn't true."

Of course not. In England, in war time, that would be all very right. But in a country and under a religion where even the after-lunch hostess-ship of a M'barka of Beni Ferah seems a prodigy of feminine emancipation, this tale of a Berber amazon will not go down.

"Has she any relatives?"

"She has three brothers."

"And they take care of her?"

"Ah, but they have no need. Did we not say that she had killed already two men?"

"Let's get out of here," says Simpson.

We escape the conspiracy and find a moon risen out of doors. An old man is coming out of a door higher up along the blue street. Simpson has known him for a long time.

"Tell me, Si Taieb, what is this tale of a woman that goes clothed as a man? Is it true?"

"A woman clothed as a man? You will mean Yamina bint Hassim Rah. . . . But see!"

Just down behind us the door of the café has opened, given out a wink of

yellow light, and closed again. Under the almond tree in blossom at the corner a white-burnoused figure is going away alone. The spotted bloom-shadow is over it for a moment; then it has slipped out into the full radiance of the moon, stepping down a rock-strewn gulley that gives, after a few rods, into a hillward trail. And even in this tricky night light, even at this distance, there is an undeniable, undefinable something or other of silhouette or carriage that was never of any man.

"But—well—about the men?" says Simpson, after a moment.

"She lives always with the men."

"Yes, I know, I know. But—"

"Ah yes! But no, I assure you, with Yamina they do not forget themselves. There was one, the year gone, in the mountain. But Yamina shot him with a gun and he died."

I should like some day to come back here and get all the story of Yamina, daughter of Hassim Rah. It still remains a thing beyond belief in Islam. . . . It is rather fine of destiny, though, to have saved it for us till the last of our nights in the hills.

To-morrow night by this time, after crossing two ranges and passing literally under another, we shall have cut the railway at the foot of Maafa Gorge.

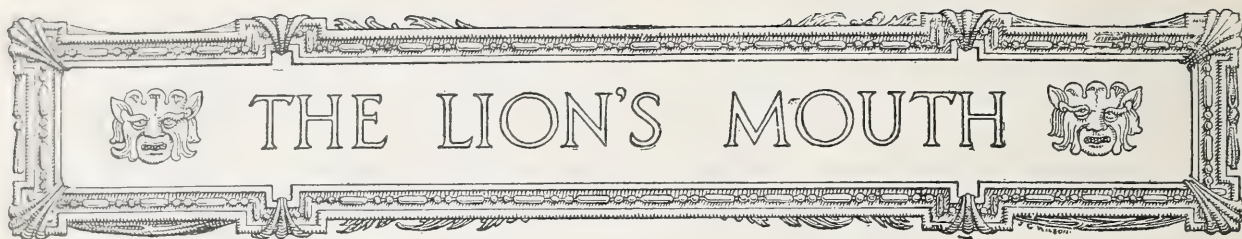
THE BUILDERS

BY E. DORSET

WE were a different race, from king to churl;
And if we loved the sun,
Punched a friend's nose in liquor, kissed a girl,
What harm was done?

Hard labor, brain and hand, contested nerve,
Delight of flesh and soul;
In sight of God, do these not humbly serve?
They kept us whole.

Light life and certain; wise and soothing laws,
(Lost aims that all are free!)
To-day the things ye sighed for, are—because
Of such as we.



THE LION'S MOUTH

TRAVELED MINDS

BY F. M. COLBY

MY table companion seems to have kept going around the world untouched by any wayside curiosity, impelled solely by hatred of those people who do not make a thorough job of it. Proceeding along the equator, or as close to it as possible, and always making a continuous voyage, he cannot endure anyone who goes around a smaller circle, or zigzags, or hesitates. So far as I can judge from his conversation, he revolves around a totally naked planet, deriving nothing from it but a sort of circumferential hauteur. Like other globe-trotters, he is insufferable.

Yet I suppose we ought to feel more kindly toward globe-trotters and toward travelers generally, for that matter. Perhaps no interesting person is ever allowed to go around the world, being detained by others for the pleasure of his company; whereas the uninteresting person, being undesired by anybody at any point of the circumference, naturally keeps going around. Perhaps globe-trotting is not an act of will at all, but a series of ejections, the man being spat out rapidly from one place after another, and thus involuntarily completing the circuit. At all events, it disposes the mind more leniently toward travelers when they talk if they be thought of as ejected from some place rather than as going to another.

Take, for example, a newspaper correspondent just back from Bulgaria. Instead of blaming him for being as tiresome as he always is about Bulgaria, or, what is still more unreasonable, instead of blaming Bulgaria, one should reflect that perhaps he had not the slightest

desire to go to Bulgaria and may have even tried hard not to go there, but, being objectionable to all intermediate populations, found himself one day off in Bulgaria, the nearest point on the earth's surface at which people could bear him. It almost seems as if the hand of Providence were in the thing, the man just back from China being so often the very man you would have chosen to send there. I commend this thought by way of a bit of sunshine to cynics who, in their ennui at the traveler's return, forget the blessing of his absence.

But, while I believe that the sort of people who travel extensively ought to travel even more extensively than they do, touching at a home port seldom, if ever, I would reverse all the rules implied in the writings of novelists and educators. And after a century of colonial reverence among our educated classes I would discourage all direct mention of a visit abroad. As to our literary class, I would expose no good American writer to a European background, but only the bad ones. Rarely has an American writer been exposed to a European background without becoming rather foolish or disagreeable on the subject. The frequency and volubility of these exposures have prolonged the colonialism of American literature. Of course a year in England might do no harm to an American writer if he could refrain from writing about it, but as this apparently is impossible, he had better stay near home. A good writer will invent a better country than he will ever see, and travel disposes him to substitute quite ordinary gazetteer matter for the products of his imagination.

The indiscriminate esteem of travel common to our educated class seems to

be constantly setting the wrong kind of man in motion. To the simpler forms of intellectual life travel probably does no harm. Aside from outer wear and tear, travel apparently makes no more difference in a serviceable senator, financier, college president, newspaper correspondent, or fashionable person than in a good valise, these simple organisms being valued only for their social contents and not for any personal quality. Individuality is not desired of a senator, for example, as it is desired of a novelist, but only soundness, as is desired of a suitcase; and loss of imagination, assuming that a senator had any, would make him all the more senatorial. And it is the same way with all these other classes who subsist by uniformity, not by variation, and are serviceable mainly as repositories of public thoughts. The public mind can be put in and taken out of any one more conveniently if he has no mind of his own.

But in the more complex literary organisms, valued in the long run for diversity, there is always a loss when the mere actualities of travel experience are substituted for invention. Everybody is still interested in what Mark Twain did not see and nobody ever cared a rap about what he did see, his best work being done on the Mississippi River in the dark and his worst while traveling around the world with his eyes open. I think it may be fairly inferred from his volume, *Following the Equator*, that the more things Mark Twain looked at in the actual world the worse it was for his readers. Jail would have been better for him as for many other writers, for the more things that happened to them from without, the fewer things happened inside them, whereas the fancy often took its farthest flights out of disagreeable little nests of circumstance. Jail would have developed remarkable powers in Mark Twain as it did in Bunyan. Freedom is so often followed by literary evaporation, that when a good author is seen gadding cheerfully about the world his readers almost always have

reason to be sad. On the other hand, the news that Mr. H. G. Wells, for example, was about to spend a year in jail would justify his true admirers in the highest literary expectations.

Perhaps Kipling is a better example of this inverse ratio of literary result to external experience, for everybody must have noticed how uninteresting Kipling always becomes when interesting things are happening around him. The more he stirs about the less he stirs his readers and when he writes from the thick of a Boer war or a world conflict it is almost impossible to keep your eyes open. Dropped from an airplane and saved by a miracle, Kipling would cable immediately to the London *Times* something on the order of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." When exposed to great adventures and the clash of worlds his mind fills up at once with little scraps of newspaper.

And the same strange inner attenuation was observed of the best contemporary writers during the war, when the whole world was thundering with dramatic circumstances around them. The more tremendous the event, the milder the literary consequence, and in the general excitement even Henry James became quite simple-minded. He lost not only his second manner, but his first, and to the astonishment of everybody became an elemental, primitive man not unlike the writer of a leading article in the London *Spectator*. Stir an author too much and he will merely join in the ejaculations commonly heard in stirring times. If he runs along with great events he falls behind in literature. All of which is perceived in a dim way even by contemporary educators and publishers. They know it is true of greater men than Mark Twain or Kipling, and they do not measure writers by square miles of ground covered or piquancy of external incident. Even an educator does not argue that advantages of air travel would have made Shelley more ethereal, or visits to volcanos made Carlyle doubly eruptive. Yet if Petro-

grad is in utter confusion everybody seems delighted to learn that Mr. Wells is on the spot growing more and more confused. And wherever there is a great disturbance there is sure to be some novelist in the midst of it who is apparently expected to write a better novel when greatly disturbed.

And it is insisted that persons far inferior to Mark Twain or Kipling are not only benefited by travel themselves, but benefit the rest of us. Thus, the superstition of our educated class that contact with an older civilization will even cure a man of his natural dullness; thus, also, the remarkably low standard of intelligence applied to a man who has passed a season in Rome, as compared with that applied, say, to a man who has passed a winter in Philadelphia. Nature must have done a great deal for the man who is interesting on the subject of Philadelphia. For the man back from Rome nature need have done nothing at all.

Nor did we forget to lift reverently the carpet that protects the tablet let into the tombstone of Izaak Walton. After tea, that pleasant function, we drove to the Hospital of St. Cross, beautiful and always dear to me, being, as it is, the scene of Trollope's lovely story, *The Warden*.

No American magazine addressed to the cultivated classes has ever refused a string of these remarks within the memory of any man now living.

From the characteristics of this huge mass of pious transatlantic testimony one would naturally conclude that contact with the older civilization lowered the vitality of American literary pilgrims, which, of course, would be a mistake. Following in the footsteps of Samuel Johnson probably does not lower a pilgrim's vitality, but only pilgrims of low vitality follow in the footsteps of Samuel Johnson. So strong is the faith of our cultivated class in the efficacy of the older civilization that they never notice anything amiss with anybody who can prove that he has been exposed

to it. Persons suffering from the gravest literary defects, fatal in other circumstances, have naturally taken advantage of the situation.

"WHO LET IN THE HIPPOPOTAMUS?"

BY GRACE HODSDON BOUTELLE

ONCE there was a dinner party. Everyone was having a delightful time. Nothing had to be explained. No one used too many words, and the words they did use flowered spontaneously out of what had been said before. A stiff mantle of lifelong shyness was visibly sliding off the shoulders of one of the younger guests. None of us had ever seen her like this before. The man opposite watched her with amazement and delight. He had been away for years. They had once been in the same school, two classes apart. Now he was obviously wondering if this could possibly be the same person. By and by they began spinning back and forth across the table the most delicate and shining web of wit and fancy imaginable. Once she paused, unmistakably for the sheer delight in choosing among a dozen words, the exquisitely right one . . .

"Tell me, how is your Aunt Sarah? Never saw you look so much like her before. Been getting thinner, haven't you?"

It was the voice of somebody's visiting cousin. People always spoke of him as bluff and hearty. Up to this moment he had been blessedly, unexpectedly silent. The shy girl answered him. One could see her shoulders taking on their accustomed burden again. It was her Aunt Sarah who once had told her what became of little girls who wrote lies when she had found an unfinished fairy story scribbled on a slate. It was Aunt Sarah who had told her the day she was valedictorian and curled her hair, that plain girls were a laughing stock when they tried to prettify themselves. Also it was Aunt

Sarah whose large-boned gauntness had passed into a neighborhood proverb.

The man who had been to the same school remembered Aunt Sarah very well. He had not seen her for years, but he knew that even Time would find her rigidly unmodifiable. One could see him savagely wishing that the bluff cousin had never been born. As a forlorn hope, he flung another glinting thread across for the girl to catch and spin back to him. The thing could not be done. The whole bright web was irreparably broken. Some one, unhappily impelled to save the situation, asked him how his latest idea was coming on. (I forgot to say that he was an inventor.) Naturally this was quite fatal. A slowly rising fog of ineptness enveloped the table. Even the candle-light seemed dim. Only the bluff cousin's appalling heartiness remained intact. It was indeed his opportunity. He told a story—the steam-calliope kind—desperately we leaped on to the conversational merry-go-round, clinging tensely to the mane of prancing wooden jokes. (Incidentally, it was years before the shy girl and the inventor thoroughly found each other again.)

That night I had a dream. The starting point was the garden. Beyond that was a paddock. There were ponies in the paddock, and I am fond of ponies. Also there was a calico horse, and I wanted to see if he had white eyelashes. So I went out through the garden gate, and did not stop to shut it. In the far corner of the paddock there was a low, dark, indistinguishable mass of something which did not interest me. It seemed to be slowly, almost imperceptibly moving. The calico horse refused to let me examine his eyelashes, and the ponies were sleepy. I climbed over the stile and followed a footpath across the fields till I began to be hungry and came back to the house, where apparently I was a guest.

The Duke was dining with us that night. My maid told me. In a voice

husky with reverence, she assured me that he was Thrice-Royal. She laid out for me a gown of exquisitely fluted French pastry. We both knew that this was the only proper thing to wear when dining with Royalty. Presently I came down the broad staircase with dignity and splendor. The Thrice-Royal One had come already, but no ceremonial silence enshrined him. He looked warm and rather bewildered. Nothing makes one hotter than to have everyone talking at once in high, excited voices.

The host rushed to meet me.

"You haven't seen anything of it upstairs, have you?" he asked, anxiously.

"Seen what?" His manner dazed me.

"The hippopotamus!" he said.

Just then some one cried: "There he is—look out of this window—he's chewing up the aeroplane!"

The eldest son started violently, then heroically swallowed his anguish. For his father said with a large and noble gesture: "Be that as it may, this is the dinner hour. Food for the Duke!"

So we all went into the dining room. There were no flowers upon the table. The hostess looked severely at the head butler. They conferred in whispers. I heard him murmur despairingly: "E made one bite o' the garden, and then 'e sat down on the conservat'ry."

The Duke, sitting at her Ladyship's right, looked away tactfully as if he did not hear. She sighed, and turned to him confidentially.

"Sometimes I think heirlooms are a mistake," she said.

"How true that is!" he answered with deep feeling. "But really, you know—a hippopotamus—all the oldest families have *those*!"

This remark seemed to cheer us all greatly. The conversation began to grow light and sparkling, in spite of the sound of rending wood and linen which came in through the window. There was the most spirited unanimity among us. We were all in thorough agreement as to fundamentals, and yet no two of

us approached the same topic from the same angle. Logic floated like thistle-down on a sunbeam, and fantasy went off like a rocket into multi-colored stars.

The Duke beamed. "Real table talk," he said. "I always hoped to hear some. It isn't done at the Castle, you know," he added, wistfully. We all looked modest and felt superior. At that instant the eldest son leaped from his chair. He stared with a fixed, ecstatic incredulity at the door.

"Can you beat it?" he muttered, rapturously. "*What* do you know about—" the rest was lost in a composite shriek. We had all seen at once what was coming in. With a slow, majestic thud of his huge, inexorable feet the hippopotamus advanced upon us. Nearer he came, still nearer, till the rose-and-silver-shaded candlelight gleamed distressingly upon his nose. He deliberately climbed over me on to the table, and lay down upon the candles, the china, and the table talk. This done, he fell asleep and snored prodigiously.

The hostess became hysterical. Gallantly the Duke did his best to cope with the situation.

"There, there, don't let it disturb you for a moment," he said, soothingly. "It's so exceedingly apt to happen, you know."

It was then that the overwrought host turned on me.

"*Who* let in the hippopotamus?" he asked with awful emphasis.

Secure in my innocence, I laughed scornfully. "Whoever it was," I said, speaking with icy deliberateness, "it certainly was not I. I never saw your stodgy hippopotamus before."

At this point, two things happened at once. The hostess sobbed indignantly: "He isn't stodgy—he's an Institution! He was quite grown up and a court pet when Cousin Offa was King of Mercia."

And the eldest son transfixed me with a baleful glare, and said bitinglly, "What about the garden gate?"

I stared at him stupefied. Dimly I saw that he was avenging his chewed-up aeroplane. Then a lightning flash of memory played over the paddock—I perceived again the dark mass in the corner that had moved slowly, almost imperceptibly. My doom was come upon me. I rose. The hippopotamus snored on. I trembled so violently that my sleeves began to flake off at the elbows. An indignant young footman sprang to sweep up the crumbs of pastry.

"I think," I bleated feebly, "I had better go and latch the garden gate."

The dinner guests growled at me menacingly. Above the terrible sound I heard the reproachful voice of the Thrice-Royal Duke.

"You have ruined the table talk," he said, with bitterness, "the only good table talk I ever heard." The company rushed upon me . . . and I awoke.

Since that dream I have more than once seen the hippopotamus lie down upon the dinner table and snore. Happily, I have not always been the guilty one who let him in. Almost always it is when the conversation floats and turns and shimmers in the air like a flight of radiant bubbles that we are all delightedly blowing. Then from somewhere comes a heavy, thudding footfall, and the hippopotamus climbs slowly and lumberingly up on the table, and lies down upon the candles, the flowers, the china, and the table talk. And always one wonders uneasily: "*Did I latch that garden gate?*"

EMBROIDERERS

BY FRANCES KELLEY DEL PLAINE

OUR good literalist relative, Aunt Martha, has just gone home, and my household of embroiderers has drawn a sigh of relief in the feeling that they may now relax somewhat the scriptural austerity of speech necessary in her presence. I fear we were a real trial to her; we did our best, but cheer-

fulness, of our own kind, would creep in. Only this morning I handed eight-year-old Willie the vegetable man's basket, and said, "Give him my love, dear, and wish him a merry Christmas." Aunt Martha broke into expostulation: "The idea of sending a child out to insult that good old man. I should think you'd be ashamed." A moment's fear dismayed me. I slipped out hastily behind a concealing arbor to hear Willie saying, "Sara says the vegetables are unusually nice, and thank you." My doubts reproached me. Of course William is an embroiderer; he has never failed me.

This is written for private circulation only. It might, indeed, be better to leave it carelessly in my desk and hope for posthumous publicity, but it has always seemed to me poor satisfaction to speak frankly to a world already committed to the mildest of panegyrics or of epitaphs. At present, however, there are too many good literalists among my friends and relatives for me to speak publicly about them, for no literalist ever accepted that appellation for himself or recognized as legitimate the great fraternity of embroiderers.

Embroiderers, I have called the non-literalists in honor of that prince among them, Mark Twain, whose mother said that when he was a boy she was accustomed to "allow thirty per cent for embroidery," and so got at the truth of his statements with ease and dispatch. With a mother like that, what wonder that he grew up to "tell the truth like lies," like happy, rose-colored, world-cheering lies, and was entitled to say with the blessed Hibernians, "Take me as I mane, and not as I say."

Ants and certain other happy insects, I am told, communicate solely by a touch of their antennæ. With much the same ease, immediacy, and certainty, I may exchange views with an embroiderer. A brush of mental feelers, and we are heart to heart. There is no need to report to him about the weather as if he were a bed-ridden invalid with his head under the blankets, nor to

apologize for an abrupt turn of the conversation.

The literalist is not so; and the buffets of life sometimes tempt the embroiderer to compound with him, and so expose himself to unforeseen difficulties. I had lived a dozen sane, sober, strait-laced weeks with serious-minded friends when a devil-may-care fellow spirit arrived. At dinner we matched each other in highly seasoned reminiscence, crimination, recrimination, and libel, until, at my playful allusion to her recent murder of a school director, she said: "Never mind. You've lived here long enough for these people to know how much to believe of what you say." A premonitory chill struck my spirits with a sudden memory of solemn dinners in the past. A hush fell, and then my hostess spoke, "My dear, Sara has been with us for a long time, and we have never doubted a word she said." The hush resumed its sway. Then my host spoke, "We've always found Sara perfectly truthful in everything." The school director was left defunct, but the conversation became safe and sane.

"That's what you said. Isn't it true?" and, "Just what did you mean by that?" are at once the mottoes upon the crest of the literalist and the shibboleth by which the embroiderer is brought to confusion. Lewis Carrol gives us a beautiful example in the conversation between Alice and Humpty-Dumpty in which the latter uses the term "glory."

"What do you mean by glory?" asks the true literalist.

"By glory I mean a nice knock-down argument," says Humpty.

"But glory doesn't mean a nice knock-down argument," protests Alice.

"When I use a word it means exactly what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less," responds Humpty; and there spoke the real embroiderer.

I have always suspected that it was after an encounter with some cousin of Alice's that Elia wrote, "When a man has said a good thing, it is rarely wise to

follow it too far." Dear Charles, I think he might be elected patron saint of embroiderers were it not for Robert Browning, who must not be overlooked in his likeness and contrast to Humpty-Dumpty, and who is still furnishing endless delight to succeeding generations of Alice's. "Now, Mr. Browning," began one of these earnest souls, "just what did you mean by that line?" Whereupon the great embroiderer with all courtesy and in all sincerity replied: "I don't know. Perhaps he killed her. Really, I don't know." Since that day the grub souls of the annotators have given up Humpty-Dumpty, and have reveled in Mr. Browning, who didn't know himself exactly what he meant.

Clashes between the literalist and embroiderer are gentle enough, when reduced to print. It is when the two live under one roof that the patience of the former and the courage of the latter may be sadly tried. And if they be unequally yoked together! Twenty years after her wedding day I saw my friend crimson with mortification and vexed beyond endurance while her devoted but embroiderer husband, portly as she was plump, explained to me how a spring in the sofa had been broken. "Jenny," he said, blandly, "was so sure that she could dance like a fairy that she got up there to show me, though I begged her not to do it." But even such accusations are not so trying as a husband's recitation of his privations. "Your salad fork is just under the edge of your plate there, Mr. Punch," cooed a nervous hostess the other evening. "Salad fork," repeated Mr. Punch, with an inane and bewildered look. "Oh, never mind. I don't need it; so often I can't get even one fork at home."

When two embroiderers dwell under the same roof there is a bit of heaven. The most fortunate member of the clan of whom I have ever heard engaged a new maid who promptly thrust her head into the study to say: "The man has come with the coals, miss. What shall

he do with them?" "Put them into the refrigerator," responded her mistress, and soon rejoiced to hear them rattling into the bin. Such felicity is, however, rarely met with in relatives, and exceeds mortal expectations when found among servants.

There are moments when the necessity for literal translations seems unendurable, but patience is probably advisable, for few things equal the havoc wrought when a literalist reports in all seriousness to amazed outsiders some fling of a straight-forgotten moment or a tale of arabesque conceit. The most patent of fictions sometimes suffer such interpretation. The modest young author who spends his summers near us is the victim of his wife's suspicions whenever he publishes a new sentimental story in which the complexion of the heroine differs from her own. And she, in turn, is at loggerheads with a former friend who rushed in after reading his latest, to say: "My dear, I never knew your husband had been married before; and how terrible for him to have promised to wear her miniature always over his heart. Just fancy!"

Praise be, however, our literalist friends endure our crotchets, bolstered up by a reassuring confidence in their own rectitude, and the embroiderer, preacher or layman, teacher or jester, pushes ahead merrily with a broadback for the slings and arrows of outraged annotators and reporters. He has an unflagging appetite for each new adventure, be it of life or of words, and goes on to the end with his heart and mind intent upon:

Thoughts hardly to be packed

Into a narrow act,

Fancies that broke through language and
escaped.

Life for him is too full to leave much time to give heed to the amazed looks of the literalists or to their inevitable, "How can these things be?"



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IT is cheaper to live in a Ford than in a house—much cheaper than to live in two houses. I know, for I have tried both. Perhaps it costs somewhat more for plumbing in a Ford than in a house, but not much more. And in a Ford you get much better changes of scenery and more appetite with less exertion. Living in a Ford is like having creation brought to you on a plate—or, Fords being Fords, on a saucer. It makes one realize why, when motor cars were first being disseminated, one read of so many people mortgaging their houses to buy them.

Can a house still be mortgaged, do you suppose? So many things that used to be possible no longer go! But Fords are still possible and still go, and when it drew near to the middle of August and it was hot, and nothing seemed any longer to come easy—not even the Easy Chair, and, though it was vacation time, one could not seem to make a definite plan to go at any stated time to any stated place, Blandina and I just put some things in bags and put them into the back part of the Ford, and started up the road one morning and stayed away fifteen days. That is a good thing to do on occasion. We liked it very much. And it is so feasible, because everybody who has a little something has at least a Ford.

On the porch at our house the other morning we found a tired-out hound asleep in the hammock. She wagged her tail, but would not get up. And soon another turned up, and the two of them visited us all day. Obviously, they were hunting dogs that had got lost, and their master's name was on their collars, so we telephoned him. And we fed them and showed them hospitality; but in the

afternoon they disappeared, and a thunder storm came up, and we wondered what had become of them. The Ford was standing out, with the top up all through the storm, and when Blandina came to look in it, there were the two dogs, asleep, and waiting to be taken home. Evidently they had said; "Lo, here is a Ford! This is our home, or the way to it." So they got in, and I thought it a wonderful tribute to the present status of American civilization.

Blandina and I got into our Ford in much the same trustful spirit and proceeded as aforesaid up the road, which was up the Housatonic Valley to the Berkshires, taking little or no thought for the morrow, that the Scripture might be fulfilled. You don't have to take thought for the morrow in a Ford in New England, because there are roads everywhere now, and hotels with more or less town around them every few miles, and notable frequency of places where they will sell you gasoline and oil and put on new tires or mend punctures for you if necessary. Really, contemporary life in New England is very easy if only you can get around to it. And in a Ford you can. You can go anywhere in a Ford that you think you can, and of course New England, all fixed up as it is with modern improvements, is easy.

Mussed up as this world is, life is still pleasant in some parts of it if one has time to live it. The prospect is good of most of us having more time. Business being bad, and sluggish about improving, time is about the only thing we can count with confidence on having if things go on as they have been going. We may find it a salutary change to have more time. Life has been getting more and

more headlong these many years until it has come to be fairly hard to keep up with for long on a stretch, and especially if one has passed beyond the so-called heyday of youth. But time is like most other things in being subject to turn without notice from being an asset to a liability. In that it is like food and drink and, possibly, money. Enough is good for you and too much is bad. There seems to be an understanding that time belongs to this world, and that we get rid of it when we shed our bodies. It is a relief to think so because, though the prospect of a little spare time in which to catch up with the rush of life is delightful, the prospect of a large accumulation of time to be invested and accounted for makes for heaviness of spirit. You either have to use time or to be used by it. If you don't use it to some purpose you lose the competition in the game of life to those who can, and that is why so many people of sense prefer to go on with work that they know and can do till the end, reducing their exertions as their strength diminishes, but not quitting altogether until time is called. For time is the heaviest responsibility we have—more, even, than money, because undetachable. One cannot delegate it, nor give it away, nor lose it in Wall Street, nor lend it to an applicant who is not good. It is an inexorable thing that everyone must deal with for himself, and one may be sure beforehand that his dealing, at best, will be defective. So it is a good deal of a bogey and I am glad we are quit of it when we emerge from here.

But to Blandina and me, as we rolled up the Housatonic Valley, time seemed an asset and we were glad to have fetched some loose from the ordinary, and much too exacting, demands of life. We had two brand-new tires between us and calamity, and two others that seemed to have vitality left in them, and some of the carbon had been taken out of the engine, and we went along very blithely indeed, and passed all the other Fords and most of the superior cars that

we overtook, and which we spoke of scornfully as snails.

We spent three nights and two days in Stockbridge, resting from the exertion of getting off and enjoying the very superior social opportunities of that place. One night we spent in a hotel, and the rest of the time we found shelter and entertainment under the hospitable roof of two ladies. The international discussion of the plight of the world was proceeding in Williamstown, and enough of it leaked over into Stockbridge to enliven discourse there. We got a little of it at first hand at Williamstown on our northerly way, and viewed the operators of the discussion from the gallery of the hall in which they spoke. But after lunch there we pressed on through Bennington and spent the night with an opportune and hospitable cousin over the border of the state of New York. Then eastward over the hills, which were child's play to the Ford (and one in particular called Peru Mountain, at the top of which we ate our lunch looking down a valley), to the Connecticut River, and up to Windsor and Cornish, and spent the night at the hotel in Windsor, but dined out and saw all the Evarts houses in which, from many years of hearsay, I had a special interest. Then we visited a hospitable lady for two days in Cornish, a place like no other, as yet, in this land; where the decoration of life is taken seriously, and the summer residents paint pictures, devise sculptures, write books, plan gardens, and exercise their minds (not without resulting emolument) on the problem of making the world more beautiful, and contriving that men shall dwell together in it in harmony. When the millennium sets in very little will need to be done to Cornish. Meanwhile it is an object lesson in the humanities.

We went on in due time, much enlarged in knowledge and improved in spirit, down the river and eastward again to Dublin and Peterboro, and on—after a night in a tavern and several visits in Peterboro, and lunch with kind

people in Dublin in a beautiful house with a delightful garden—through Concord (New Hampshire) and Exeter with their famous schools, to Portsmouth, where we spent Sunday and looked at that old town and at its Colonial doorways, and went to church at old St. John's, and over to York Harbor for lunch and discourse.

How we forayed up to Kennebunkport the next morning and spent the evening and night there would make a separate story, so attractive is that place and so interesting the two writers whom it was my errand there to see, and discuss with them some of the mysteries of this current, perplexing episode of time. That was our farthest north. The next morning we turned around, started for Boston, and got there in the early evening, after lunching at York Harbor. On our way down the North Shore we inspected Colonial Newburyport, which I have been going to see these forty years. We missed the shortest road sometimes, got a new tire somewhere, and had a puncture mended at Salem, but we got to Boston before it closed, and to the Parker House while food was still obtainable. We were in the neighborhood of Boston for three days, spending one night in town and two with a hospitable man about fifteen miles out in the country. To anybody who has lived in New York, the felicity of Boston in being able to get out so easily into its adjacent country and finding it so delightful when you get there, is one of the marvels of existence. We lunched out and dined out, and got lost on the roads, and had other pleasant experiences in the Boston district, and rode on in due time to Newport, and lunched there and talked a great deal and went to see a tennis match and out to tea, and finally crossed a ferry and spent the night in Jamestown in a pleasant hotel much approved and populated by naval officers. And the next day, which was Saturday, we journeyed on home. We got there without misadventure, a hundred miles and perhaps more, but blithely sped.

I lived on the shore twenty miles east of New Haven for about twelve years. While I was there a trolley line was built between New Haven and New London, and it was helpful to the life of that neighborhood. It passed by our house and we used it on occasion and the cars seemed to be well filled. But as we came up that road from Newport I noticed that the trolley line was being taken up. Evidently it had ceased to pay, and the owners were getting back what money they could by putting the rails to other uses, or selling them. To me that was rather an appalling sight, but it was just an example of what is going on, on a large scale, in New England and doubtless elsewhere. The roads have been so much improved and the motor cars have so multiplied and cheap cars have come to be so cheap, that a good many of the rural trolley lines have not been able to stand the competition.

That will not be news to anyone who knows anything about trolley lines or has had money invested in them, but it impressed me a good deal to see those rails taken up that I had ridden on. It stood for an important change gradually proceeding in the habits and methods of transportation. In the development of the world as interpreted by geology, there has been a succession of creatures adapted to the conditions they were born to, most of which were duly superseded by other creatures when the conditions had improved enough to warrant a change. The same thing happens now to machines; the new ones keep driving out the old. When the change is sudden it is troublesome to investors; but progress is seldom considerate of investments. In the case of the Ford and the rural trolley car, one remarks that a small, nimble vehicle is biting the head off a big one not so nimble, and that a machine completely responsive to the will of its user is beating one in which the user's convenience had to adapt itself to the times and occasions of other people and of the machine.

That, as far as it goes, is a develop-

ment in the direction of individuality, which we so often think is in danger of being extinguished by the multiplication of mechanisms. Factory life and mass production are not especially helpful to individuality, though their products may be, but Fords and state-made roads do help it. Whereas in a railroad train you start when the train comes in and go where the train goes and get off where it stops, in a motor car you start when you get ready and go where you want to, and stop when you get there. And, indeed, the great point about motor cars is that they enlarge the potentialities of the human will and make men freer, and the great point about Fords and other cheap cars is that, being cheap to buy and cheap to run, they do it for millions of people instead of thousands.

Somebody has written a magazine article to the effect that evolution is all in the direction of greater freedom. It began with the primeval slime which in the course of time produced creatures that could move, which produced fishes which could swim in water, and out of that came amphibians that could go either in the water or on land. As the water subsided and things got drier, the amphibians were succeeded by the land-going mammals, which could get about better than the amphibians and finally beat out the biggest and clumsiest of them and ate off their heads. And finally came the hardy and ingenious mammal, man, who was able to profit by experience, generation after generation, and got so that he could go anywhere and

live in any climate and beat all the animals; and this ingenious writer's deduction was that all progress is in the direction of more freedom and greater ability to change location and the climate, and that it is a natural expectation, and in accordance with science, that when presently we are quit of our bodies altogether, our progress continues, and we go on lightened and relieved to still more remarkable adventures.

One great relief we got from the Ford was the lapse of all obligation to read anything. Occasionally Blandina would swallow a novel before going to bed and I sometimes looked at a newspaper. Usually I bought the papers and did not read them. Blandina could not read while driving the Ford—it was too dangerous—and I inspected the landscape as we went along and occasionally entertained thoughts and occasionally smoked a cigarette, and talked as much as possible whenever we found anyone who was good to talk to. To read all the time is like seeing life through somebody else's spectacles. It is quite a good thing to look at this world now and then with bare eyes. In these times there is a great deal to write about, and there are a good many writers who have something to say, and a good many more who write for a living irrespective of the importance of what they have to communicate. When one is at home it becomes an obligation to keep track of what they are talking about, but not so when one is out in a Ford. School does not keep then, nor teachers set tasks.

EDITOR'S DRAWER



AND FILLED THE VARNISH BOXES WITH THE BRIGHTEST, WARM VERMILION!

THE RIVAL BOOTBLACKS

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

ANTONIO CONFETTI—may his star be still ascendant!—
 Conducted an establishment for keeping boots resplendent.
 Giuseppe Malatesta, who was saturnine and bony,
 Equipped a Shoeshine Parlor on the corner near to Tony.
 Antonio was jovial, robust, and amply nourished;
 His patrons loved his merry mien, his undertaking flourished.
 Giuseppe glowered gloomily upon his happy rival,
 And wondered if the fittest had a prospect of survival.

Antonio's establishment had every shade of varnish
 That Fashion holds employable in freeing boots of tarnish;
 And not the most fastidious had ever cause for quarrel
 With any of his polishes, mahogany or sorrel,
 Or russet, whether umberous or lit with rosy flushes;
 And all approved the artistry with which he plied his brushes.
 Yet, while his super-excellence was proved beyond contention,
 He covered up a weakness that I'm now about to mention:



IN GALAXIES AND HOSTS THEY SOUGHT ANTONIO'S PAVILION

The talented Antonio, so famed for human kindness
 And manual dexterity, was cursed with color blindness;
 And though for any flake of mud his eyes were like a fox's,
He knew his colors only by the labels on the boxes!

Giuseppe Malatesta, by some artifice or other,
 Obtained the fatal secret from Confetti's foster-mother.
 The little bird that told me heard him gnash his teeth and mutter,
 "Antonio Confetti shall be humbled to the gutter!"
 Then, waiting for the moment when Antonio Confetti
 Was safely in a restaurant inhaling the spaghetti,
 His rival's place he entered with a strategy reptilian,
And filled the varnish boxes with the brightest, warm vermilion!

There now appears a Personage bekknown to every reader,
 Augustus Roy Plantagenet, the famous social leader,
 So dignified, so courteous, so graceful in his bearing,
 Who always wears precisely what-the-well-dressed-man-is-wearing.
 (But, since the while he passes through the jostle and the jangle
 His nose is always tilted at the proper upward angle,
 His own effects he rarely sees, I've heard his friends avowing—
 Except, of course, his hat, his gloves, and cane, perhaps, when bowing;—
 His *shoes* he *never* sees *at all*, save when, at his adorning,
 A servitor presents them on a cushion in the morning.)

To A. Confetti's business place Plantagenet proceeded;
 The service of Antonio he somehow felt was needed.
 Where some would look, and some would guess, and some would pause and study,
 Augustus *knew* his boots were flecked, because the streets were muddy.
 Upon the throne he sate him down; he made a regal gesture.
 Antonio he louted low and doffed his upper vesture;
 Each russet shoe he daubed anew and polished well and cleanly.
 Augustus flung a purse to him and went his way serenely.

But up and down The Avenue was fascinated wonder;
 The very sparrow ceased to chirp, the traffic ceased to thunder;
 And gaping thousands lined the walk and crowded step and basement;
 The clubs with all their windows stared, and thronged was every casement,
 While each beribboned officer and neatly clad civilian
 Took up the word—"Plantagenet!—his shoes are bright vermilion!"
 That whisper ran through shops and slums, through banquet halls and bread lines;
 The papers hurried out the news with bright vermilion head lines;
 So, while Augustus sauntered on, his pedal charms displaying,
 In countless homes, on countless streets, uncounted tongues were saying:
 "Augustus Roy Plantagenet—they say he's worth a billion—
 Has set the style of wearing shoes in what they call 'vermilion'!"

Whatever move Augustus makes becomes the ruling passion;
 And since one might as well be dead and gone as out of fashion,
 The people poured from every side in ranks, in files and musters,
 In floods, in mobs, in swarms, in shoals, in droves, in herds, in clusters;
 In galaxies and hosts they sought Antonio's pavilion,
 That every shoe might have the true Plantagenet Vermilion.

Antonio Confetti, in a coat of furry lining,
 Directs a thousand men who keep a city's boots a-shining.
 Giuseppe, all repentance (which is mighty rare in ballads),
 Maintains a tea room widely praised for cress-and-garlic salads.
 Augustus, if he had a thought about that footwear, hid it;
 But anything he did, he knows is right, because he did it.

The Main Question

A MAN was arrested on the charge of robbing another of his watch. It was said that he had thrown a bag over his victim's head, strangled and robbed him. There was so little evidence, however, that the judge quickly said:

"Discharged!"

The prisoner stood still in the dock, amazed at being given his freedom so soon.

"You are discharged," repeated the judge.
 "You can go."

Still no word from the prisoner, who stood staring at the judge.

"Don't you understand? You have been acquitted. You are free. Get out!" shouted the judge.

"Well," stammered the man, "do I have to give him back his watch?"

She Failed

JANIE was returned from the Home for the Feeble Minded to the Orphans' Home, as the doctor's examination had proved her merely "subnormal." Said Mamie to Anna in a burst of confidence and gossip:

"Janie was sent away to be an idiot, but she couldn't pass and had to come back."

An Accommodating Lecturer

"GENTLEMEN," said the unperturbed speaker, when the lights went out and the hall was suddenly plunged in total darkness, "this does not disturb me in the least, so I shall continue my speech. I only ask that the last man out of the building lets me know when he is leaving and I'll stop then."

Mistook the Breed

WHILE a certain business man was recently conferring with a prominent banker in the latter's office, a clerk brought in a number of checks which the banker, continuing the discussion with his visitor, began hastily to sign. After watching him a few moments, the business man observed:

"You've got pretty good nerve—signing those checks without looking at the amounts or vouchers."

"Good Heavens!" replied the banker, horrified. "Were those checks? I thought they were affidavits."

He, Too, Had Had Experience

MR. GARVER is often invited to say a few words to the students whenever he visits the public schools. As he is an entirely self-made man, every boy who has listened to his stories is made aware that if it is not economy it is industry that eventually lands one in his position of dignity and power, but a newcomer to town drew his conclusions from the depths of his personal experience.

Mr. Garver had been addressing the school on the subject of the bee—its marvelous capacity for labor and accumulation. "And now," he said, in conclusion, "what does the busy, busy bee teach us?"

"To keep away from the hive," said the new boy, simply, but feelingly.

Scottish Thrift

AN American, who has spent much of his time in Scotland, tells of a comical blunder which an eminent citizen of Glasgow was eager to perpetuate upon the city's

statue of Nelson. Nothing florid in the way of an inscription was wanted, but something the merit of which would consist in its brevity and sincerity.

"Glasgow to Nelson!" was the advice given by the American when approached by the city fathers.

"Ayè, a very guid suggestion," said one of the citizens. "And, as the toon o' Nelson's close at hand, micht we no juist say, 'Glasgow to Nelson, sax miles,' so that it micht serve for a monument and milestone, too?"

Brevity, The Soul of Wit

AS a street car arrived at a transfer point in Montreal a woman who had been riding on the car commenced to argue with the conductor about a transfer which a conductor on another car had given her. She blocked the car entrance and kept a crowd of impatient people from getting on.

Having completed a long and perfectly incoherent story, she got off, much to the relief of the conductor. Turning to a man on the platform, the conductor shook his head sadly and remarked, "She ain't well!"

Where Sparks Fly

THE family had been discussing the achievements of Madame Curie. A while later Robby asked:

"How did Madame Curie happen to discover radium, anyway?"

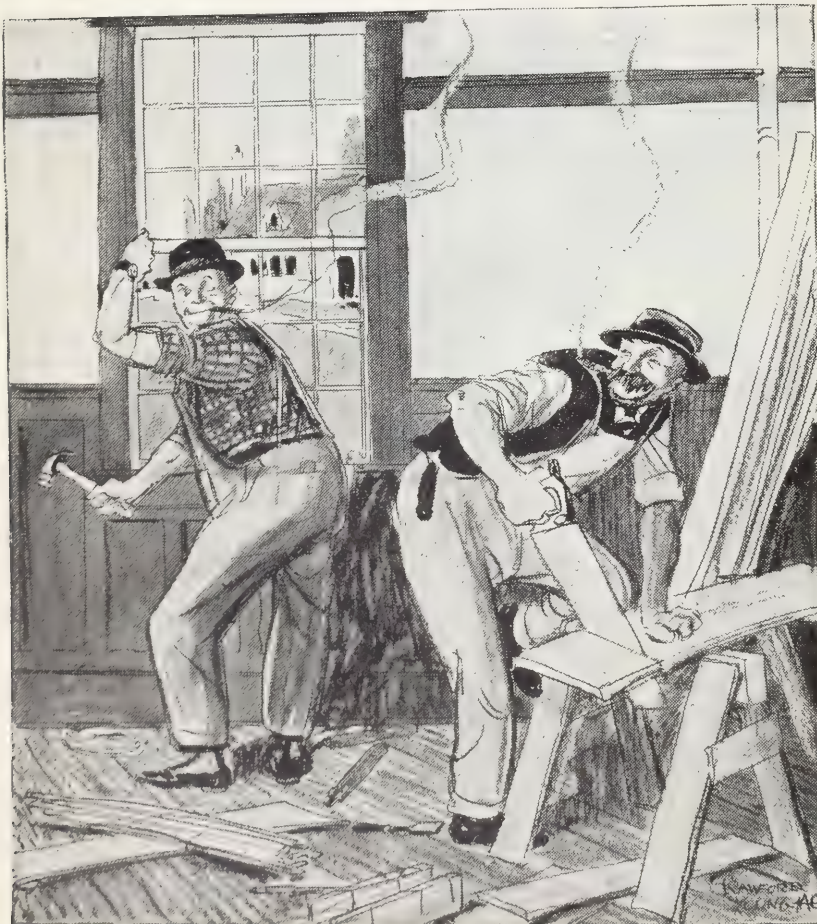
Mother answered, "By experimenting with her husband."

True to Form

PETER; the five-year-old son of a scientific man, had lived in the country most of his short life. One day a caller, wishing to make friends with the little fellow, took him on his knee and asked:

"Are there any fairies in your woods here, Peter?"

"No," responded the boy, promptly, "but there are plenty of edible fungi."



"Say, Bill! wouldn't ye hate to live in a shack that's built as badly as this?"



NIECE: "But there's no use in going further downtown when we can get a bus here for uptown."

UNCLE: "Aye, Lassie! But it's only a short ride, from here an' we'll na' get our money's worth."

Some Modern Progress

NED, just a bit of a lad, was having a heart-to-heart talk with his grandfather, and they were sounding some mysterious depths.

The boy was full to the brim with interrogation points, especially in regard to matters of theology. He looked into his grandfather's face and asked, "Grandpa, did God make you and grandma?"

Grandpa smiled and answered, "Yes, of course he did."

Ned waited a moment and then asked, "Did God make papa and mamma?"

Grandpa stared at him and answered: "Yes, certainly he did. But why do you ask?"

"Did he make all of my big cousins?"

"Yes, yes. But why all of these odd questions?"

Ned looked serious and said: "Oh, nothing. But don't you think that he's doing lots better work lately?"

One Ahead

MRS. JONES was having her house cleaned, preparatory to letting it to a new tenant. Assisting her was a "cleaner" who proved to be very inefficient.

Finding a room supposed to be in order but still very dirty, Mrs. Jones swept it herself, and when she met the charwoman in the hall she said to her:

"Why, Mrs. Downey, I thought you told me you had swept the front room, and here I have got a whole dustpanful of dirt out of it."

Nothing disconcerted, Mrs. Downey responded, with a beaming smile:

"Did ye now, mum? I got two."

Unworthy Son

A CERTAIN Senator, who is a close student of American dialects, thought he had detected from the speech of the driver of the coach in which he was driving through the Yellowstone Park the region from which he came.

"You come from Missouri, do you not?" the Senator asked.

The driver pulled in his four horses, set his brake with his foot, and turned impressively toward the Senator.

"Senator," he said, "my father 'n' mother onct went to Missouri on a visit, and they visited there twenty year. During thet time I was born; but I want to tell you right now thet I'm no derved Missourian!"

Seized For Debt

IN the mind of the Southern darky the question of the rightful ownership of fowls is always a bit hazy, and he harbors few scruples against borrowings from a neighbor's hen roost. In this instance, however, Joe considered that the prize was his by all rights of the law.

His master was surprised one day at finding a plump turkey served for dinner, as he had given no order for its purchase.

"Where did you get this turkey, Joe?" he asked the colored servant, who was grinning with pleasure at the fine appearance of the bird.

"Well, suh, I'll 'splain. Dat turkey, suh, he was roostin' on our fence five whole nights, so dis mawnin' I jest seize him fo' de rent of de rail."

Diamond Cut Diamond

ONE day not long ago there entered the office of a Western business man a friend who had been much intrigued by an incident he had witnessed some days before in that same office.

"Jones, old top," said he, "that was a queer conference you had with Smith the other day. When I looked in on you, both of you were sprinting round the office like two racers or two prizefighters."

Jones frowned. "Well, you see," he explained, "I'm very well read in this efficiency stuff, and I know, of course, that in an important conference you must always have

your back to the light, so that your thoughts cannot be read. But Smith, too, has been taking an efficiency course, I suppose. He was certainly wise to that dodge. Why, when we finally got down to business we were both sitting on the window sill!"

Confession

I DON'T mind writing poems,
For, as everyone has said,
Your poems simply Come to You
At midnight while in bed;
You never have to hunt for rhymes
Or themes or anything—
Just think of your woes or some scenery
And open your mouth and sing!

I don't mind writing stories,
For, as everybody knows,
You just sit down with pen and ink
And the Inspiration Flows:
They tell me so at afternoon teas—
Just feed me an ink and a pad,
And I roll my eyes and produce at once
A story that sells like mad.

I don't mind being an author,
For, as anybody will tell,
All you do is to Write a Book
And send it along to sell.
The only work about writing—
It's a very terrible thing—
Is wrapping your stuff and stamping it
And tying it up with string!

MARGARET WIDDEMER.



MRS. JONAH: "Jonah, dear, I hope you haven't forgotten your pocket flash lamp."

Such a Good Baby

ONE hot afternoon a young man in shirt sleeves was wheeling a baby carriage back and forth before a small house near the National Park in Washington. He looked hot, but contented.

"My dear!" came a voice from an upper window of the house.

"Now let me alone!" he called back. "We're all right."

An hour later the same voice, again in earnest, pleading tones: "Arthur dear!"

"Well, what do you want?" he responded. "Anything wrong in the house?"

"No, Arthur dear, but you have been wheeling Clara's doll all the afternoon. Isn't it time for the baby to have a turn?"

Still Held the Reins

IN a Pennsylvania town where the Friends abound, a prim old Quaker spinster one day attended the marriage of her grand-nephew, a young person who in the course of his twenty-one years had received much needed discipline at her hands.

The old lady was at her best on this festive occasion, and at a pause in the wedding breakfast her young relative looked at her with a beguiling smile.

"Tell us why thee never married, Aunt Penelope?" he said, teasingly.

"That is soon told, William," said the old Quakeress, calmly. "It was because I was not as easy pleased as thy wife was."

The Meaning of System

A CAPABLE housewife was trying to impress upon her maid the need of system in her work.

After carefully explaining her own methods in her work, she asked: "Now, Olga, just what do I mean by system? Do you know what system means?"

"Ja, ja," giggled Olga, "seesteem mean doin' theengs the hardest way."



BIG BROTHER: "Doctor, I want a tooth pulled out, and never mind the gas, 'cause I'm in a hurry."

DOCTOR: "Show me the tooth, my brave little man."

BIG BROTHER: "Show him your tooth, Freddie!"

Exhausting for Everybody

A CASE in which Smith, the eminent counsel, was employed came up for a hearing late in the afternoon, and Mr. Smith asked the judge to allow it to go over until the following day.

"I have been speaking all day in another court," he said, "and I am rather exhausted.

His request was granted.

The clerk called the next case, and immediately a young attorney rose who, for some reason of his own, did not want the case to be tried at that time. He also requested that his case might be postponed.

"Why?" asked the judge, coldly.

"May it please Your Honor," the young attorney said, "I, too, am in a state of exhaustion, for I have been listening all day to Mr. Smith."



Stockings

MAN-HOLE MIKE: *"Begob, Pat, from this view Fifth Avenue looks like a Mormon mantel-piece on Christmas Eve."*

No Labor-saver

A TRAVELING man was eating in a stuffy little restaurant one very hot day where there were no screens at windows or doors. The proprietress herself waited on her customers and "shooed" flies from the table while doing so. Her energetic but vain efforts attracted the attention and

roused the sympathy of the traveling man, who said:

"Wouldn't it be better to have your windows and the door screened?"

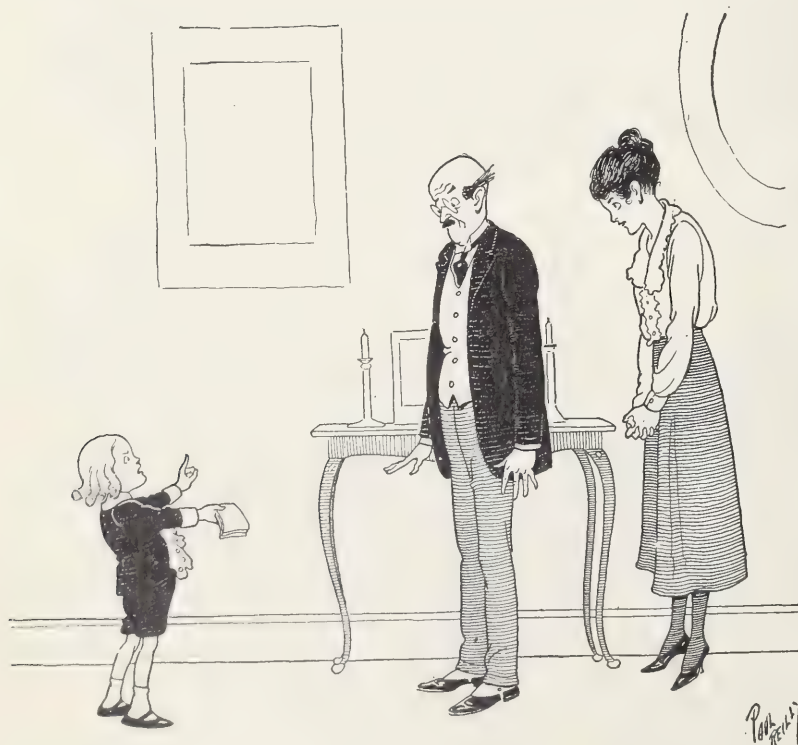
"Well, yes, I suppose that would help some," she replied, after a moment's reflection, "but don't you think it would look kinder lazylike?"

No Time For Pets

A FARMER and his wife went to town to buy a new clock. "Here," said the dealer, "is something very attractive in the way of clocks. At each hour a bird comes out from the top and sings, 'Cuckoo!' For instance, I turn this hand to three o'clock and the bird comes out and sings, 'Cuckoo!' three times."

"Don't that beat all?" cried the elderly farmer, enthusiastically. "Mother, let's have one."

"No, no!" his wife protested. "That sort of a clock might do for folks that have got lots of time, but it 'd take me half the forenoon every day to take care of that bird."



CHILD MOVIE STAR (to Parents): *"You must think I'm made of money. Now, for Heaven's sake, try to live within your allowance."*

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Mention of **Sir Paul Dukes** is made in an editorial note at the head of his article. The account of his Petrograd experiences will be concluded in next month's issue of the Magazine. **Alexander Porterfield** will be recalled as the author of "A Bacchanale of the Boulevards" and "The New Steps to Parnassus" which have recently appeared in the Magazine. **Henry Seidel Canby**, formerly a professor of English at Yale, has for the past year conducted the Literary Review of the New York *Evening Post*.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy has lived much abroad in the diplomatic service. "The Needless Serpent" comes as a sort of delightful sequel to M. Joly's detective adventures which were the subject of a series of stories appearing in the Magazine some years ago. **E. Alexander Powell** has had a varied career in the consular service and as a special correspondent in many foreign countries for both English and American publications. He was with the German armies during the advance on Paris in 1914, and in Antwerp during the siege and bombardment. After America's entrance into the war Mr. Powell joined the army and served in various capacities. He has been decorated by the Belgian, Montenegrin, and Italian governments. A previous article by Mr. Powell, entitled "Training the Soldier for Peace," appeared in the April issue.

Jack Burroughs sends to HARPER's the poem "A Child Questions Me" from the office of the *Call*, San Francisco. **Lee Foster Hartman** is the Associate Editor of HARPER's MAGAZINE and an occasional contributor to its pages. **Alexander Black** will be recalled as the author of "The Great Desire" and "The Seventh Angel"—two recent novels which have made for him an important place

in American fiction. **Edwina Stanton Babcock** makes her summer home at Nantucket, and her stories have frequently reflected the scenes and delineated the people of this and kindred New England settings. **Marion Couthouy Smith**, who lives in East Orange, New Jersey, is the author of several volumes of verse and is a contributor to various magazines. **Cornelia Stratton Parker** has been frequently mentioned in these pages in connection with her present series of articles, which began in the June issue of the Magazine.

Wilbur Daniel Steele at last writing was still in England, but planning to return to the Mahomedan lands of North Africa which he has come to love so well. The first of Mr. Steele's short stories written in Algeria will appear next month. **E. Dorset** is also the author of "The Turn in the Road," which was published in the October issue. **F. M. Colby**, scholar, editor, and writer, is always at his best when excoriating present-day intellectual pests. **Grace Hodsdon Boutelle** is a new name in the list of contributors to HARPER's. **Frances Kelley Del Plaine**, author of "Wanted: Weeds" in the August Magazine, sends this second contribution to the Lion's Mouth. **Arthur Guiterman** is one of the most popular of our younger American poets. His recently published volume, "A Ballad-Maker's Pack," has scored a brilliant success among the publications of the season.



The Magazine is shortly to have the pleasure of publishing a series of articles by Herbert Adams Gibbons, who has been making a tour of the Province of Quebec in company with Lester G. Hornby, the artist. As a foretaste of Mr. Gibbons's articles we print, for the benefit of our readers, the following letter from him:

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QUÉBEC, September 10, 1921.

Desire to get away from the Volstead Act was not what brought Lester Hornby and me to Canada; for the Scott Act, which holds sway here, is more rigidly conceived and enforced than American measures hostile to genial beverages. To the thirsty we do not advise a trip in the Province of Quebec. But as we had not the time to explore old towns in France this summer, we came up here.

Fifteen hours after leaving Boston we were in a little-known region of New France, where the villages retain the distinctive *cachet* of the mother country. We did not know where we were going or what we should find in the valley of the Ottawa River west of Montreal. It was a voyage of discovery. The tourist literature of the railroads and steamboats, the guidebooks, said nothing of the Lac des Deux Montagnes, of Como, Saint-Joseph, and Oka. We did not know of the existence of these places. We stumbled on them. Lester's pencil was never in his pocket. He knew that you could never use all the delightful "subjects"—you know his word—but he just went on sketching and painting at Oka and its environs as if you had ordered a whole magazineful of Quebec Province drawings—churches, houses, barns, smithies, monks, Iroquois, and wine presses that are of no more use now than the old oaken bucket.

That was Oka, a glimpse of Quebec of the past. When I dragged the Artist away from the Ottawa Valley, we hurried through Montreal to Trois-Rivières, down the St. Lawrence halfway between Montreal and Quebec. There we had a glimpse of Quebec of the present, one of the earliest settlements, but a city that has kept abreast of the times. Trois-Rivières is a port and a railroad center, full of pulp and paper mills, iron foundries, shipyards, convents. A good part of the town was burnt over ten years ago, but enough of the eighteenth century remains to give the contrast between the past and the present. We stopped at a hotel which is half sanatorium, with doctors and nurses ready to look after you if the food laid you low, as it nearly did both of us. They talk French well in Quebec Province, act French a little bit, but they do not cook French at all. The subscriber who wrote you testily some years ago complaining of my tendency to talk about kitchen and cellar in the French inns we visited (when she didn't have the slightest interest in what Lester Hornby and Herbert Gibbons ate and drank) will have no reason to scold about our forthcoming articles on French-Canadian towns. You do not get away from awful fried stuff, followed by soggy pie and doughnuts, when you cross the frontier from Maine to Quebec.

At Quebec the Château Frontenac did not take us in. We decided to see more of the province before we performed the tourist duties, *char-à-bancs* to "points of interest,"—Montmorency Falls, "the longest bridge in the world," Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré, and all that sort of thing. After two hours in Quebec, we struck north into the Laurentian Mountains, dipped into Lac St.

Joseph, abandoned pen and pencil for fishing-rod, and then went on north as far as the railroad would carry us to the railhead at St.-Félicien. Of course the grandeur of Lac St.-Jean, with the mountains of Labrador (*on dit!*) beyond, intrigued us, and we realized the possibilities of *ouananiche* and moose. But that was not our story. We saw an old race become a pioneer people on the fringe of their own country, with farms growing up around an Indian reservation and Hudson's Bay post, and cutting into forests that stretched out from their clearings unbroken to the Arctic Circle. Indians were going north for the winter trapping. Beside them French Canadians were extending—recreating—their old civilization with the most modern agricultural machinery, while their women wove with spinning wheels by electric light. But I shall not tell the story in this letter! You shall have it later. I must not forget to say, however, that we found a copy of HARPER'S in the home of the factor at the Hudson's Bay post. He welcomed us as a Scotchman should. "Harper's—you are here for Harper's?" he exclaimed. "I have been reading your magazine for more than twenty-five years."

A circle of nearly two hundred miles southeast around the lake brought us to Chicoutimi on the Saguenay, where we took the steamer back here. We do not intend to write about the Saguenay trip. What we shall send you is, as the French say, *inédit*.

Faithfully yours,

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS.



What with letters of inquiry, advisement, recrimination, even, that reach an editor's table, it is always a satisfaction to an editor when he receives a communication, no matter how challenging or accusatory, if he knows where he can lay hands upon his moral means of defense. Such is the happy case in our receipt of a complaint the burden of which is as follows:

Why do you always give place in your pages to essays harping upon the failings of woman, and never to those sounding her virtues? Is it that some foreign critic may be "smart" at her expense—(I mean at the expense of the American Woman in particular)?

We presume that our correspondent may still be smarting over some very frank, but not inimical, observations made by W. L. George, which drew fire in a sharp fusillade for several months thereafter. If so, we now have the pleasure of directing our correspondent's attention toward a champion come to the rescue. We can do no better than ask that she read and carefully digest the article in this number entitled, "The

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Truth About Women," in which Mr. Black valorously shifts the burden of proof upon Man for most of the shortcomings of Woman. Indeed, in her behalf not only does he rap dead immortals who may have maligned her, but ordinary Man-alive comes in for his full share of the injury done her, in the ordinary course of his caretaking and misconception as regards her "place" in the world.



And while we are on the subject of men and women, the following letter, written after reading an article in last month's issue of the Magazine, may be appropriately inserted here:

URBANA, September 29.

DEAR HARPER'S,—I have been both deeply interested and vastly amused in reading your delightful essay entitled, "What a Woman of Forty Thinks About Men." In the main my own experience tallies wonderfully well with hers, and especially in her observations concerning the "protective" instinct of the head of the house, which instinct, becoming stressed, may pass into a "perfect catalysis of self-satisfaction." It is along the line of this trait that, if opportunity offered, I should like to consult this very clever lady Anonyma. If I might I should like to ask her if she had anything to report, either from experience or from observation, on Man as the Educator of the partner of his joys and his sorrows (as well of any other womankind that may be under the protection of the family palladium, or, more precisely, his palladium). Let me be frank, and say that the "protective" zeal, which, I am sure, we are both ready to commend, may run into what I know no other name for than Educational Propaganda.

For the Man I Know Best—he thinks and says I do not know him at all—I let that pass, and proceed on the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*—or is it *pro mirifico* (both equally gratifying to Himself!)—this dear Man, it seems, started out with his Educational Idea nearly as soon as the marriage service was pronounced. I, of course, was not at first "wise to" this intention of his. Indeed, it took me even a few sorry years to discover, and to perfectly resign myself, thereto. Really, he meant, with the kindest intention, to "lead out" (that is, to "educate"), if possible, any latent intelligence in me derived, presumably, in the line of my *paternal* inheritance! How well I remember our first "education" bout! "You women," he said, are forever trusting to your impressions, your intuitions, and all that. Will you never learn any *objective* truth—look on the *facts* of a case? If you would, you would often be saved from jumping at conclusions." And I remember, too, how flippantly I replied to the effect that I was very well satisfied, thus far, with the results of my own "acrobatic methods."

It was about the same early date after the mar-

riage service that, following some peculiar exhibit of feminine *non sequitur* on my part, my Home Educator asked me, with humorous gravity, "Did you ever at that remarkable Finishing School of yours, or elsewhere, chance to have studied *Logic*?" "No," I snapped, I'm very glad to say, I never did—and I never want to." "You mean," he corrected, casually, "you never want to study it—or, rather, you never *wish*, for you do *want* Logic, fearfully." And then, because my Educator was never a Schoolmaster, he smiled, quite benignantly.

We had other "splits," later on, more serious than that of the dismembered infinitive. One was just after a "difficulty" that had arisen in a conversation between certain of my Educator's near relatives and myself, in which I was plainly, even *logically*, right this time, and the Educator knew this, too (and knew that I knew he knew it, as well). Still, dear man, desiring above most things to preserve his own peace of mind, he undertook my (safe) chastening. I am ashamed to say that his course reduced me to the disgusting feminine argument of swift, angry tears. "Why," I entreated, "do you always correct *me*, and never any others?" "Because," he answered, with what he intended, no doubt, as a placebo to anything I might find bitter in the medicine—"because *you* have more brains than the others, and I can appeal to your intelligence." "If that's the case, then, nothing remains for me," I retorted, "but to blow my brains out, for I want to be treated like any other *human* woman. I am tired of your trying to make a 'little man' of me." I shall never forget the actually hopeless look he gave me. He had bestowed the highest encomium he knew—that of having "brains," and it hadn't worked.

But I have learned wisdom in my generation, or I think I have. I have learned to "use logic," or some sufficing show thereof; also, I have practiced trying to "be just" (another early lacking desideratum of mine), to display "a little horse sense," also recommended by my Educator (but not, I fear, partaking of the traditional "honesty" of the equine model; for I have studied, and seized, the occasions when its use would be most profitable to myself!). Another thing there was. I was to try to "think in universals." (I wonder if he thinks I *do*, or if he perceives my ingenious fakings in this line, in our conversations.) I have devoted myself to newspapers, and with a parroting faculty I have of committing the printed word to memory I have (or have I?) been able to convince him that I have been "educated up" in civics, politics, both domestic and European, and numberless other questions of—and for—the day. Does he take pleasure in the "brightness" of his humble pupil? Or does he silently deplore the lack of quality in the material he has had to work with? And, dear Editor, if you by any chance should print this letter of mine, will the Educator himself be educated at any point where he was not previously entirely perfect?

Very sincerely yours,
(MRS.) JAMES STURGES BANNING.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

The following letter, with which the Editors agree, makes a point which in justice to Mr. Balfour should perhaps be made public. But we trust that our correspondent—and Mr. Balfour as well—will not take too seriously what was riffled from his writings in a spirit of friendly jest. The Mouth of the Lion, agape for contributions, is configured in a sly smile—or such, at least, the Editors conceive the leonine expression to be. And even “An Anthology of Gloom” may be compiled in a spirit of joy.

DEAR HARPER'S,—In HARPER'S for August, in an article in “The Lion's Mouth” on “An Anthology of Gloom,” is an excerpt from the writing of Arthur James Balfour picturing an unspeakably dark future for the human race. The implication is that this is Mr. Balfour's own view. The extract is from his great book, *The Foundations of Belief*, and represents the consequences of the philosophy of evolution. This is the very view which the book is written to controvert. Is it quite fair to publish it without some note of explanation, and thus commit him to the endorsement of an opinion exactly the opposite of what throughout the book he maintains?

(MRS.) JENNIE LOGUE CAMPBELL



Writers who must deny themselves the pleasure of seeing their name in print have at times their compensation, as the following from the anonymous author of “The Confession of an Idealist” testifies:

The “Confession” has provided me with a great deal of amusement. I have had the interesting experience of hearing it discussed in summer hotels, on trains, in meetings, and at dinner. A day or two ago our dean of women here (formerly at Smith) stopped me on the campus to ask a question about some routine matter. She carried in her hand a copy of the August HARPER'S. “Some one,” she explained, “has told me about an interesting article in this number of HARPER'S, and, since I missed it in August, I wish to read it now.” She mentioned the “Confession” and asked me if I had

read it. I told her that I had. And only a day or two before this incident, one of my friends in Cleveland told me that a luncheon club in the city, made up of business men, journalists, and artists, had discussed the paper at three consecutive Wednesday luncheons.

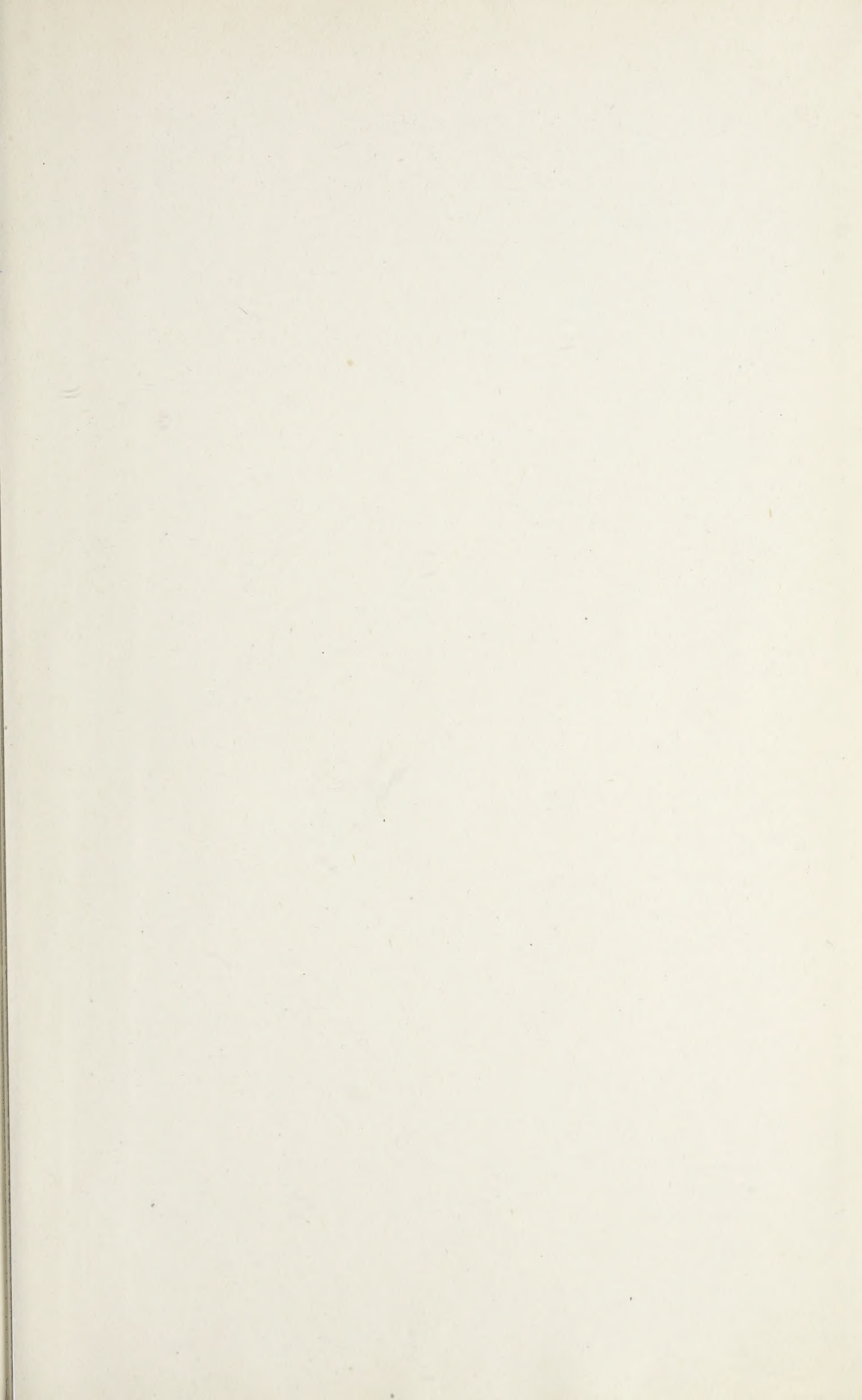


We are glad to give space to the following letter, which comes to us from Augusta, Maine—but with an editorial addendum to the effect that in the second sentence in the second paragraph our correspondent shoots very wide of the mark, with three incorrect assumptions regarding the anonymous author in question.

DEAR HARPER'S,—Kindly permit me to thank you for printing so much in the October HARPER'S with which I can heartily and conscientiously agree; also to congratulate you, for I am not ordinarily an agreeing person. Most of the time I find it hard to agree with anybody—even with myself.

Not that I find everything in the October number agreeable. I should like particularly to take a fling at that happily married lady of forty who is so careful to hide behind a smoke-screen of anonymity for fear her husband will find her out—just as if he hasn't, long ago. However, I shouldn't dare to sign my name to it, for a reason similar to that which leads her to refrain.

To come to the point, the thing which has been most instrumental in putting me in an agreeable mood this morning is Philip Curtiss's contribution to *The Lion's Mouth*. Largely, perhaps, because it helps to fortify me in the belief that the shame I, and you, too, have felt when we have assumed, all too frequently and all too readily (I speak authoritatively, of course, only for myself), the Mucker Pose, has sprung from a true instinct and not from a reprehensible remnant of inherited puritan prudishness. If to recognize and proclaim high standards in morals and in art is to be a highbrow, then let us by all means be highbrows, those of us who can, and be proud of it. Surely it is better to suffer from frontal hypertrophy, however agonizing it may be at times, than to succumb to the more comfortable affliction of the osteocephalic.





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